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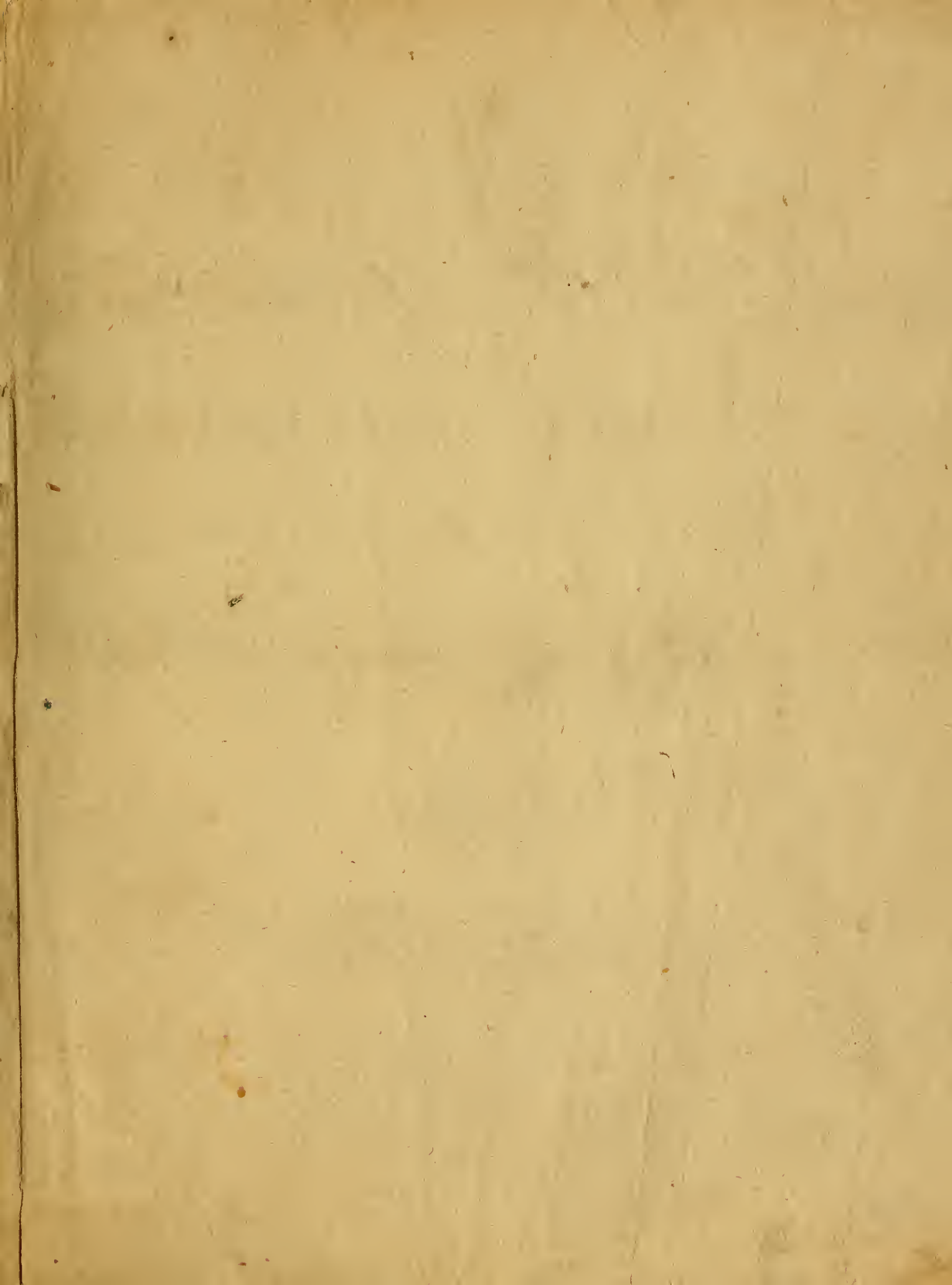
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VOLUME I—1802—3.



TO SOAR ALOFT ON FANCY'S WING;
AND BATHE IN HELICONIA'S SPRING;
CULL EVERY FLOWER WITH CAREFUL HAND;
AND STREW THEM O'ER OUR NATIVE LAND.

B O S T O N :

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ERRATA.

- Page 2d, col. 2d, 52d line, for *dread*, read *drear*.
col. 3d, 8th line, for *vigitating*, r. *vegitating*.
P. 5, c. 1st, in motto to Gossip, for *redicules*, r. *ridicules*.
P. 12, c. 1st, line 18th, for *wag*, r. *cragg*.—Same p. line 51st,
for *that*, r. *that's*.
P. 13, c. 2d, line 21, for *expance*, read *expansf*.
P. 16, c. 2d, line 3d, for *for*, r. *far*.
P. 28, c. 2d, line 6, from bottom, for *fit*, r. *set*.
P. 60, c. 1st, line 22d, for *may*, r. *may'st*.
P. 136, c. 2d, line 63, for *the*, r. *their*.
P. 140, c. 1st, line 32d, for *love*, r. *lofe*.
P. 180, c. 1st, line 10th, for *myft*, r. *myfk*.
P. 208, c. 3. line 10th, from the bottom, for *Oh how degrad-*
ing that paffion is, r. *O how degrading to that paffion it is*.
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WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

DEVOTED TO

MORALITY, LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, THE FINE ARTS, AGRICULTURE, &c. &c.

GENERAL PLAN AND CONDITIONS OF THIS PUBLICATION.

THE Editors and Proprietors of the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE, respectfully present the public, with this sheet, as the Specimen of a Work, both in matter and manner, which they have been induced to commence, at the recommendation of their friends.

It will readily be acknowledged, by an observing mind, that no auxiliaries are wanted in the field of *Politics*—it is equally true, that the great & important interests of *Commerce*, require no aid, in this place, beyond what is daily bestowed, by the exertions and industry of those, already engaged in its service.

REASONING in this manner, and disposed to listen to the voice of friendship, we have adventured our little Barque on a new and untraversed ocean, in the hope of experiencing, from the novelty of the undertaking, a useful and prosperous voyage.

We shall be extremely sparing of promises, as we deem a profuse display of them, to be the dictates of a weak or insincere mind; we shall therefore merely observe, that in making our *Selections*, the utmost care will be taken, to copy such, as are calculated to afford instruction, as well as amusement. In furnishing original matter, (and from the quantity this day presented, we may expect much) we must depend on the friendship of those who have the ability, and disposition to oblige us with the fruits of their genius and erudition—we hope to experience a portion of such friendship; and trust we shall not be found undervaluing of it.

The common occurrences of the day will be briefly noticed. To these will be added, a general list of *Marriages, Deaths, &c.*

CONDITIONS.

- I. The Publication will be comprised in a half sheet, of the same size, and impressed in like manner with this Number.
- II. The price will be Two Dollars per annum, payable one in advance, and the remainder at the expiration of the year. As it is not intended to be considered as an advertising paper, the price, it is hoped, will not be thought unreasonable.
- III. It will be published in the afternoon of every Saturday, and delivered to the Subscribers in town, at their houses or stores, and to those in the country by the first conveyance.
- IV. The First Number is sent to the inhabitants of Boston, generally, gratis, as a specimen of the plan of the Work.—Those who may feel disposed to encourage it, will be good enough to forward their names and address, or leave it with the carrier, who will wait on them in the course of the ensuing week for that purpose. The Second Number will be delivered only to those who may signify a desire to encourage this infant establishment.

This Address, and the Conditions annexed, are respectfully presented to the public, by its devoted servants.

SAMUEL GILBERT,
THOMAS DEAN.

Boston, October 30, 1802.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

To soar aloft on FANCY'S wing,
And bathe in HELICONIA'S spring;
Cull every flower with careful hand,
And strew them o'er our native land.

FOR THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP.—No. I.

O imitatore, servum pecu!

PERIODICAL papers have hitherto been considered as very proper conveyancers of instruction, amusement, and satire; nay, through their ridicule has been successfully aimed, at follies, and vices, which would have laughed grave advice out of countenance, and set the moral reasoner, or judicial pleader at defiance.

Europe has had her Spectators, Tattlers, Adventurers, Guardians, Ramblers, and Idlers.—

Spirits of immortal genius, which dictated to the pens of the authors of those useful, entertaining, and inimitable works, whither are ye flown?—Have ye quitted our terrestrial sphere forever; is there not one beam of thy radiance left, to guide me in the adventurous talk of following at humble distance, the steps of my illustrious predecessors. Are there no little gleanings in the field of literature which I can pick up? alas no! A GLEANER has been before me. What then remains if I cannot instruct, I must be satisfied merely to amuse; and next to the person of sense and education, I know of none more readily received into all societies than the GOSSIP. I do not mean the malicious, impertinently curious, or officiously meddling Gossip: but the good natured inoffensive being who with vacant head and round unthinking face, trots from house to house, picking up all the intelligence he can, as who is going to be married, who is sick; who dead, and who likely to have a christening in their family—who gave the finest dinner or supper, had the most crowded party, lost or won most at cards, wore the most fashionable dress, or is thought to live beyond their income, and likely to appear in the papers with a woeful WHEREAS to their names. This kind of being is always welcome; a smile animates the face of a family circle at his appearance. The chair is placed in a warm corner, the tea ordered, and the question of "well what news?" bursts spontaneously from every mouth. The budget is then opened. The poor girl who just immersed from childhood, is not allowed to mingle as yet in the gay world above once or twice in a year; listens with delight to a description of balls, routs, or jams; hears Miss Polly is much admired, and Miss Harriet has a declared lover; and thinks, if she were permitted to go abroad she might be equally fortunate. The old Lady in the easy chair, who for more than twenty years has turned her back on the world and its follies, lifts up her hands in astonishment at the extravagance of the present times, and declares, "there was no such doings when she was a girl."—The virgin who has lived perhaps near fifty years in "single blessedness," and finds herself often overlooked or forgotten in the parties which are formed by her more youthful acquaintance, wonders; that children are allowed to mix in such scenes, and is surprised that "men of sense can have patience to mingle in society with mere babies," rails at youth and beauty, as offensive dangerous things, and declares that sense and discretion are alone worthy admiration. Now if the Gossip is thus welcome, to old, young, and middle aged; what more agreeable appellation can I assume? But Gossip as I am, and welcome as I hope to be in all families, I do seriously declare I will never, listen to, or disseminate scandalous anecdotes. I shall be very glad to receive intelligence that may make my friends laugh in the retailing; nay it will give me pleasure to discover any scene of distress which might assist the benevolent to enjoy the exalted pleasure of bestowing relief. I shall deem vice and folly wherever I find them, as fair game, either to laugh or rail at; and as Gossips are generally fond of giving advice, I shall be ready to give mine to any who may think

proper to ask it. Oh it is the delight of my heart to be made of importance, to be entrusted with a secret, that I may have the pleasure of whispering it, *in perfect confidence*, to half the town. It is impossible to convey an idea of the consequence I shall feel when I shall fall out in some future day laden with a piece of intelligence which I have reason to think is perfectly new. How self importance will swell every feature; and add at least two inches to my height.

Now am I confident, that by this time much curiosity is excited to know who, and what I am. Some will settle it within themselves that I am an idle prating fellow with more time than wisdom, who can talk a great deal and yet say nothing; others, that I am an envious ill-natured, meddling being, determined to pry into secrets that do not concern me, and rail at pleasure I have not the power to partake. But conjecture as you please, I will not unmask. Whether male or female, young or old, whether I write in order that I may eat, or to amuse myself, and weary others; are secrets which I shall not unravel—time that elucidates all mysteries will most likely discover this.

I have no intention of attempting to imitate the style or manner of those who have gone before. Alas, to put myself in competition with Addison, Steele, Johnson, &c. would be as ridiculous as for a man after the fun was set, to light a rush candle and expect the world to mistake it for the return of day. Those great luminaries of taste, wit, and literary talents, are set in night; but the world is still cheered and enlightened, by the bright emanations of genius which they left behind, and which nothing but a worse than gothic darkness can ever obscure. For my own part, if happily the beams of my feeble taper may now and then illumine an humble cottage; amuse some solitary, or cheer some sad traveller, in his passage through this vale of tears, or arrest one erring being in the mad race of folly, its end will be amply answered, my ambition fully gratified.

FOR THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE FRAGMENT.—No. I.

NO Child has ever heard the story of Jack the giant killer's cap of darkness, without envying the pleasures of invisibility."

This power is, in some degree possessed by the writer of an anonymous paper, who has peculiar privilege in hearing what is said of him (or at least of his productions.)

But of all the various observations, to which works of genius are exposed, none perhaps are so mortifying as that they should not be noticed at all—and while the privileged, invisible is fishing for opinions, concerning the merits of his performance, he draws nothing from the company but what is foreign from his purpose—and shews that the object of his fondest anticipations had not been noticed, by the very persons from whom he had expected a cloud of *incense*—or a storm of *cenfure*.

Publications that are actually intended for the amusement, or for the profit of the reader, if they gain the honor of an attention from the public, are immediately suspected of some political design, and the merit that is stamped on them by the no-

vice which they receive, is seldom a defence from the scrutiny of suspicion. A work so well guarded as to be proof to such inquiries, if it should discover brilliancy, as well as strength, is however, too valuable for a concealment of the author. And the curiosity of the reader, cannot be sufficiently gratified without both his name and his design.— In this case stood the author of the Mirror, whose reply on the occasion, I shall be gratified by the liberty of applying to the Fragment:—

“The complexion of my paper will depend on a thousand circumstances which it is impossible to foresee. Besides these little changes to which every one is liable from external circumstances, I must fairly acknowledge, that my mind is naturally much more various than my situation. The disposition of the author will not always correspond with the temper of the man. In the first character I may sometimes indulge a sportiveness to which I am a stranger in the latter, and escape from a train of very different thoughts, into the occasional gaiety of the” WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

“Somebody has compared the publisher of a periodical paper of this kind to the owner of a Stage Coach who is obliged to run his vehicle, with or without passengers. One might carry on the allusion through various points of similarity. I must confess to my customers, that the road we are to pass together, is not a new one; and that it has been travelled again and again, and that too, in much better carriages than mine. I would only insinuate, that, though the great objections are still the same, there are certain little edifices, *some beautiful, some grotesque and some ridiculous*, which people, on every side of the road, are daily building, in the prospect of which we may find some amusement. Their fellow-passengers, will sometimes be persons of high, and sometimes of low rank, as in other Stage Coaches; like them, too, sometimes grave, sometimes factious; but that ladies, and men of delicacy, may not be afraid to take places, they may be assured that no scurrilous or indecent company will ever be admitted.”

USEFUL AND INSTRUCTING.

MRS. ROWSON'S ACADEMY.

ON Thursday, 14th inst. the public were gratified by an Exhibition of the Drawings, Needlework, and other improvements of the young ladies of Mrs Rowson's Academy, in Medford. The Pupils, &c. assembled in Franklin-Hall, Nassau-Street, which was decorated with a number of very beautiful specimens of Embroidery, Paintings and Drawings, in water-colours, maps, &c. &c. A variety of pieces of Writing executed in a style of neatness and elegance, which did great honor both to the young ladies—and their Instructors. The exercises were appropriate, and performed with precision and accuracy. The Pupils displayed a very competent knowledge of English Grammar, Geography and History—and one gave evident proofs that she had not been inattentive to competition—delivering a very affecting Farewell Address, as she was on the point of quitting the Academy, where she has resided above two years. Two Poems and several pieces in prose were read by the young ladies, with taste and propriety; one of each kind we have procured, thinking they would be an acceptable gratification to our friends. The ladies were adorned with the greatest simplicity; no ornament whatever appearing among them—all pure white, a fit emblem of their own innocence.

RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

READ BY MISS M. WARNER.

WHILE Patriots on wide Philanthropic plan,
Decclaim upon the wondrous Rights of Man;
May I presume to speak? and tho' uncommon,
Stand forth the champion of the Rights of Woman.
Nay spare not gentle fits, indeed 'tis true
That Woman has her rights, as well as you,
And if she's wife, she will assert them too.

If you'll have patience, and your wrath forbear,
In a few words I'll tell you what they are.

You know, when Man in Paradise was plac'd,
(Blest garden with eternal verdure grac'd)
In vain for real happiness he tried,
"Till heaven in compassion, from his side
Taking a rib, fair Eve in all her beauty
Appear'd; to Adam proffering her duty,
In terms so gentle, sweet, and void of art,
That e'er he thought on't, Adam lost his heart.
Now pray don't think I mean to take Eve's part;
No, she'd no right, 'twas acting very wrong,
To listen to the Serpents flattering tongue;
And from her error, her descendant's claim,
A right to be tenacious of their fame;
Knowing how easy she was drawn aside,
We claim a right to call up all our pride.
Discretion, honor, sense, to our assistance
And keep insidious flatterers at a distance.

Next we assert our right, for 'tis our pride
In all domestic matters to preface;
And on the mystery of raising pies,
Compounding brews, and soups, philosophize;
Study the bulb, the vine, or brambles fruit,
Into transparent jellies to transmute;
Whip the light syllabus, all froth and show,
White, sweet, and harmless, like a modern beau.

Are fathers, brothers, friends; oppress'd with care,
We claim a right in all their grief to share;
Shed balm upon their pillow of repose,
And strip of thorns life's quickly fading rose;
Augmenting to the utmost of our power,
The pleasures of the gay or tranquil hour;
While man abroad for happiness may roam,
'Tis ours to make a paradise at home.

Our known exclusive privilege of beauty
You all allow; and next in filial duty
Pre-eminent we stand. The Grecian dame,
Who daily to her father's prison came,
And while maternal fondness wrung her heart,
Forsook the mother's, for the daughter's part.
The fair Virginia, who would not withstand
The stroke of death, from a lov'd father's hand;
But meekly yielded, left the next day hour
Should give her to the vice-Regent's power;
The gentle Ruth, who bore scorn by friendship tried,
Refus'd to quit Jerusalem's side,
Boldly asserted, and her right approved,
To serve the mother of the man she lov'd.
As 'tis our right, oh! be it still our praise,
To gild the eve of our dear parents days,
Smooth the dread slope which leads to man's last
And decorate with grateful love, their tomb.

Next 'tis our right to watch the sick's mans bed,
Bathè the swollen limb, or bind the aching head,
Prevent each noxious draught with tenderness,
And hide the anxious tear we can't repress;
On uptide glide around the darkened room,
And strive by smiles to dissipate its gloom,
Chear, comfort, help them patient to endure,
And mitigate the ills we cannot cure.

We claim undoubted right the tear to dry,
Which gushes from afflictions languid eye,
The widows heart to cheer, her wrongs redress,
And be the mother of the parentless;
Snatch them from vice, or poverty's abode,
And dedicate their orphan lives to God.
Not by immuring them in gloomy cells,
Where pallid fear, or superstition dwells,
But teaching them the duties of their station,
Guarding their infant minds against temptation,
Learning them by industry how to be
Good useful members of society.

These are our rights: those rights who dares dispute
Let him speak now. No answer, what all mute?
But soft, methinks some discontented fair
Cries, "These are duties, miss." Agreed, they are,
But know you not that Woman's proper sphere
Is the domestic walk? To interfere
With politics, divinity, or law,
As much deserved ridicule would draw
On Woman,—as the learned grave divine,
Cooking the soup on which he means to dine,
Or solemn Judge the winders at his knee,
Preparing pills to work embroildery.
Domestic duty! Oh how blest are we!
All women are not so, for we are free

Those duties to perform, in varied stations,
While the poor women of the eastern nations,
Shut from society, hard! hard! their care is
Forbidden to walk abroad, or show their faces;
From every care, from thought and duty free
Live lives of listless inactivity.
Live did I say?—no, I'm mistaken there,
'Tis vitigating, like the gay paterne,
Where tulips, roses, pinks, allure the eye;
Expand their beauties, are admir'd, and die.

While humon'd to employ lifes active pow'rs
How great, how blest, a privilege is ours:
While laudably employ'd, all men respect us;
Oppress'd, we have fathers, brothers to protect us;
And are we Orphans; Orphans never care
In vain, protection from the good and brave,
Then ever let it be our pride ye fair,
To merit their protection love and care,
With useful knowledge be our heads well stor'd,
While in our hearts we every virtue hoard,
These rights we may assert, and bowe'er common,
These, and these only; are the Rights of Woman.

INFLUENCE OF THE FEMALE CHARACTER ON SOCIETY IN GENERAL.

READ BY MISS C. HUTCHINGS.

DIFFERENT nations, and various characters
Of men in those different nations, have given to
Women different degrees in the scale of intellectual being; some sink her to a grade scarce a remove from the peacock, the parrot, or the macaw; others fill more degrading, class her with that stupid drudge the ass, and some with the patient camel, kneeling to receive its allotted load, or the fawning spaniel, fondly kissing the hand by which it has been cruelly, and perhaps unjustly chastised. To mark the degree where they should be placed, is neither my province nor intent; they are in the eye of unprejudiced reason undoubtedly so to be considered, as ranking higher or lower according to the brilliancy of their understanding, the virtues of their hearts, or the extent and usefulness of their talents. But one thing I will beg leave to observe; their manners, habits, and inclinations, have a much more diffusive influence on society in general, than the other sex are willing to allow. To exemplify this, observe the children of a woman of sense, virtue, and refinement, and see what modesty, delicacy, and unaffected rationality, dignify the conduct of her daughters; what magnanimity, undaunted bravery, and steady integrity, characterize her sons. The purity of her mind is evinced by the neatness and regularity of her family. In her personal ornaments though perfectly simple, she is always elegant; those who behold her, wish and strive to imitate her. In her manners, courteous without servility, and dignified without arrogance. The ill-bred and rude are corrected by her example; the meanly proud are taught humility by her artless affability. Where is the family whose mistress is a woman of a cultivated understanding, and really good heart; not foolishly attempting to rise above, nor thoughtlessly sinking below the duties of her station; but every branch of it partake in some degree, of her suavity of manner; catch as it were imperceptibly, her benevolence, purity and gentleness—may her influence extend farther, her inferiors loving and respecting her character, follow her example; her superiors, conscious of her worth, respect her according to her merits—not the rank she holds in society—and the most audacious libertine would not dare to offend her, for there is such heavenly majesty in virtue, it is like an adamant shield to beauty, and guards it from assault. Men are in general apt to depreciate the merits of the opposite sex, not men of sense and candour—no, though they even argue that two suns cannot shine in the same hemisphere; yet they can passionately admire

the lustre of the moon even at her full, and are willing she should shine most splendidly glorious, provided the admiring multitude are convinced, and freely own that she derives her splendor from the planet of day. And true it is, the moon would be a dark and cheerless mass without the sun's refracted light, and Woman, an isolated miserable being, without the protecting arm and directing judgment of Fathers, Brothers, or Friends of the other sex. But this allowed, it takes not from my former argument of the influence of female manners on society in general. The Father gazes with delight, while listening with rapture to the conversation of a well-informed Daughter; the Brother, however profligate her manners, or licentious his principles, puts a guard on his words, looks and actions in the presence of his virtuous sister. What then is the inference? Were all Women rational, unaffected and virtuous, coxcombs, flatterers and libertines would no longer exist. What man would entertain a woman with nonessential trifles, if he were certain to be treated with contempt? Who would flatter a woman, however handsome, if sensible he would only be despised for his folly? Or what man would dare to breathe a word derogatory to the sanctity of virtue, if conscious the woman he most esteemed, would by an indignant glance, look him into annihilation; and by an effort of heroic virtue, tear him (however beloved before) from her heart forever? Man degrades us in the scale of beings, and why? because we take no pains to preserve our own dignity. Women were not formed to lead armies on to conquest; to preside in the senate, or decide in the intricacies of the law; but it is equally certain nature never designed her, to pass her time in deciding on the colour of a ribbon, the form of a robe, or the placing of a cap. She has a reasoning soul, let her improve its powers; she has strength of mind, let her exert it. Let her consecrate the pure temple of her soul to Virtue; let Religion raise the altar, and Reason sacrifice upon it. Envy, Vanity, and false Pleasure, those demons ever ready to lead the female heart astray. Then, none will approach the sacred Fane without respect—our brothers, awed by our virtue, will never transgress her sacred laws; our friends, charmed with our good sense, and pleased with our society, will model their manners by that rule which would be only free to obtain our approbation—the present generation would admire; the rising one revere us; and future ages bless our memories, as having led the way to real felicity in this life, and planted flowers in that dreary avenue through which we must pass, to that which is to come.

VALUABLE INSTITUTION.

BOSTON DISPENSARY.

At an annual meeting of the Contributors to the *Boston Dispensary*, on Thursday, Oct. 14, 1802, the following gentlemen were chosen Managers for the year ensuing:

Mr. Jona. Ancrey, Jun.
John Andrews, Esq.
Mr. Thomas Brewer,
Mr. Benjamin Duffey,
Samuel Dunn, Esq.
Stephen Gorham, Esq.

Rev. Dr. Parker,
Henry Hill, Esq.
Samuel Salisbury, Esq.
Rev. Dr. Silliman,
William Tudor, Esq.
Rev. Dr. Welf.

William Smith, Esq. *Treasurer.*

Upon examination of the records it was found, that, from Oct. 1, 1801, to Oct. 10, 1802, two hundred and three patients have been recommended to the care of the Dispensary. Of which number upwards of 185 have been attended by the several physicians of the Dispensary, and about 17 by the other gentlemen of the faculty; that of the number recommended

31 had died—128 cured and discharged—44 remain under the care of the Dispensary.—Total 203.

That 370 dolls. 39 cents was charged by the apothecary for medicines, and 101 70 by the vintner for wine, delivered to the patients within the term aforesaid.

Upon a comparative view with the report made last year, the number of patients recommended has increased more than one fourth part, and the Managers regret very much that a greater number of persons have withdrawn their subscriptions from this very useful and benevolent institution, than have been added by new subscribers. They, however, flatter themselves that its great utility will induce the generous and benevolent to afford it a yet more ample support. It is now put under such regulations that no expense is incurred by either the attending or consulting physicians; the gentlemen who fill those offices have, since July last, very generously, and, as the managers believe, very faithfully, attended that service gratis.

SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERIES.

CHEMISTRY.

IT appears from Mr. HAZEN'S Analysis, (presented to the Royal Society of London) of a Mineral substance from North America, containing a metal hitherto unknown, that the ore consists of iron combined with an unknown substance, and that the latter consists of three-fourths of the whole.—This substance is proved to be of a metallic nature, by the coloured precipitates which it forms with prussiate of potash, and with the tincture of galls; by the effects which zinc produces, when immersed in acid solutions; and by the colour which it communicates to phosphate of ammonia, when melted with it. From experiments made with the blow-pipe, it seems to be a metallic substance which retains the oxygen with great obliquity. It is an acidified metal; for the oxide reddens litmus paper, expels carbonic acid, and forms combinations with the fixed alkalis. But it is very different from the other acidifiable metals, viz. arsenic, tungsten, molybdena, and chromium; and still more different from the uranium, titanium, and tellurium. The precipitates obtained from this ore, Mr. Hatchett thinks, might be employed with advantage in pigments. After consulting several ingenious chymists, he has been induced to give this new metal the name of *Cobaltum*.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Ornithorhynchus is about 17 inches long, and 11 inches in circumference. It is found only in the fresh water lakes in New South Wales: it does not swim upon the surface of the water, but comes up occasionally to breathe, in the same manner as the turtle. The natives sit on the banks with small wooden spears, and watch them every time they come to the surface, until they get an opportunity of striking. When they are taken on shore, they use their claws with so much force, as to oblige the natives to confine them between two pieces of board while they are cutting off the bars of the spear to disengage it. When loose, they run upon the ground with as much activity as a land tortoise. It inhabits the banks of the lakes, and is supposed to feed in the muddy places which surround the lakes—but the particular kind of food on which they subsist is not known.

MEDICAL.

I HAVE been of opinion that a sweat of black Snake-root will cure the yellow fever. I have several reasons for thinking this, but aiming at brevity I omit them. I with an experiment to be made; if it succeed (and I have the greatest hope of it) I say further that a glass of black snake root biters taken daily during the season will prevent any one from taking this distemper.

Perhaps some physicians may say such a sweat in that case is immediate death, notwithstanding which I pray an experiment may be made.

Twenty five years ago they said a vomit was immediate death in the camp fever, but it proved on trial an immediate relief to all that took it, and several to relieve A. are here (still to prove it).

A FRIEND.

P. S. The above sweat will cure the autumnal fever in an hour, of which I have had 40 years experience.

Baltimore county, October 15.

AGRICULTURE.

A VERY important secret in Agriculture was made known, for the communication of which 200 guineas was previously subscribed. It is a preventative for turnips against the insect called fly. "The discovery is to sow flb. of radish seed on every acre of turnip land, with the turnips, which the inventor declares, will so attract the fly, as to prevent its proving at all injurious to the turnip."—*Lon. pap.*

[Communications from Societies or individuals, on the above subjects, or any other discoveries, will be gratefully received, and punctually attended to.]

BOSTON:

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 30, 1802.

Those Gentlemen in the country, who may receive the first number of this Magazine, are invited (with their friends) to give notice to the Editors, as soon as possible, if they wish to encourage the undertaking.—Post-Masters will please to distribute those which may be sent to them, and use their influence to obtain patronage; for which the Editors will be duly sensible of.

THIS DAY, is the Birth-Day of the Hon. JOHN ADAMS, Esq. of Quincy.

ISAAC TICHENOR, Esq. is re-elected Governor of Vermont. "Thanksgiving" is appointed in this State, on Thursday the 25th November.

The "Literary Fair," is postponed to the first Monday in December next, to be held at Philadelphia.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE EDITORS beg leave to express their grateful acknowledgments, to their friends, for the original matter with which they are able to present the readers of the first number of the *Weekly Magazine*—and to assure them: their liberations shall always meet with due attention.

"The *Gossip, No. 1.*" we meet a hearty welcome! Such productions must amuse, while they instruct.

The author of the *Fragment*, will always find a good seat in our "Rage coach," whenever leisure will permit him to take an airing. We are sure he will not be alone, and we pledge ourselves not to be found *dressing*, so as to make it dangerous or uncomfortable in travelling.

We shall be happy in the continuation of the favors of "Euphonia," the first number of which is given this day.

"*Courade*," shall never find us cold as ice.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

AN ALLEGORY; Lines written on an Infant; and several other favors from our correspondents, shall enrich the next number.

Our friends have favored us with two Novels for publication; they are under examination.

We thank our friends for the loan of several valuable Manuscripts and Publications. We shall avail ourselves of occasional extracts therefrom.

ORDAINED.

At Hubbardston, on the 20th inst. the Rev. David Kendall.

MARRIAGES.

At Norwich, Mr. Levi Huntington, mer. to Miss Catharine Richards.—At East-Haddam, Mr. George Richards, to Miss Lucretia Arnold.—At Randolph, (Vt.) Mr. Stephen Tucker, to Miss Ruth Hennick.—At Providence, Mr. Josiah Humphrey, to Miss Eliza W. Eaton.—At Windsor, Mr. Culeb Stone, to Miss Abigail Brown, of Worcester.—At Salem, Mr. George Archer, to Miss Mary Oigold.—In Boston, Mr. Daniel Butler, of Northampton, to Miss Eliza Sumpkins; Capt. Samuel Nickels, to Miss Susannah Johnson; Mr. Larkin Snow, to Miss Nancy Willis.

DEATHS.

At Effequibo, Capt. Charles Pendleton, of Stenington. At Port-au-Prince, Mr. Theodore D. Foster, of R. Island, Et. 23.—At the Isle de Los, Capt. Isaac B. Hichborn, formerly of Boston, Et. 34.—At Troy, Mr. Phineas Hoyt; Mr. Herman Moffitt; Mrs. Maria Baldwin.—At Trenton, Mr. Robert Hunt, Et. 25.—At Bordenton, Miss Mary Lawrence, daughter of Gen. Elisha L.—At Charleston, Miss Maria Louisa Victoria De Cottes, Et. 17, daughter of Madame De Cottes, of St. Domingo.—At Salem, Mr. Isaac Perkins, Et. 83.—At Portland, Mr. Geo. Webb, Et. 20; Mr. Peter Tobin.—At Pittston, (N.J.) Mrs. Nancy Hatch, Et. 25, wife of Mr. Wm. Hatch.—At Bristol, (M.) Miss Patty Mears, Et. 13.—At Springfield, Mrs. Mary Lyman, Et. 50.—At Gloucester, Mrs. Jane Griffin, consort of Mr. Dudley G.—At Lynn, John Carnes, Et. 79.—At Cambridge, John Gardner, Et. 72.—At Dorchester, Mrs. Susannah Glover, Et. 72; Mr. Marquis Metcalf, of Franklin, Et. 22.—At Charlestown, on Thursday last, Mr. William McNeil, Et. 93.—On board the ship Sampson, on her passage from London, to Boston, Mrs. Susan Colburn, the amiable consort of Mr. James S. Colburn, merchant, of this town, who came passenger.—On his passage from Lisbon, Mr. Henry Ewers, Et. 17, son of Capt. Silas Ewers, of this town.—In Boston, Col. William Perkins, Et. 60; Mr. Isaac Fuckerman, Et. 75; Mrs. Mary Conde, Et. 47; Mrs. Abigail Dawson, Et. 16; Mrs. Hannah Connor, widow, Et. 75; Mr. Benj. Baxter, Et. 73; Mr. Thos. Foote, of Kennebec.

POETRY.



We rifle PARNASSUS of every sweet,
A fanciful garland to make;
Oh flight not the offering we lay at your feet
Ye fair: It was made for your fake.

FOR THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE

MIRANDA.

WHEN first I saw Miranda's face,
Adorned with each bewitching grace,
Which love and joy could bring;
Struck with her fascinating form,
I thought her blithe as opening morn,
And cheerful as the Spring.

The longer known, the charms'd the more,
Music and wit had join'd their force,
To all the force of reason;
Her foul chaste as the dew's which lay,
On snow drops in an April day,
Yet warm as summer leafon.

Her sense and sweetness's inard' each heart,
Yet none their passion dar'd impart,
Such pure respect the taught 'em.
The fun of May was in her eye,
Her lips the cherries' fardle eye,
Her bosom tempting Autumn.

Thus every leafon lends a share,
To decorate the charming fair,
Few lovelier are than she.
But Winter in that breast of snow,
Has plac'd a heart, though it can glow,
Is ice, cold ice, to me.

CONRADE.

CAMBRIDGE.

EPIGRAM.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF JOHN JOYS, TO MERCY BONN.

THOUGH JOHN for MERCY long had pray'd,
And many schemes for MERCY laid;
Yet MERCY still—of *Hymen* fond;
Put off her JOYS, and kept her BONN.
JOHN (parry'd thus) the *Pillar* ply'd,
And soon his *Red Venice* MERCY cry'd!
Confuting MERCY hear'd his voice,
Gave up her BONN for danc'ring JOYS.

MONITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

FOR THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE MORALIST.—No 1.

THE cautious traveller, who is a stranger to the way, will inquire which of the many roads before him, leads to the place of his destination. He will walk with careful steps through the different and untried places, he has to go over. His care and vigilance will be increased, as those are multiplied.

Happy would it be for us, if in the journey of life, we used the same precaution! Happy, indeed, if, to treat prudence in our common affairs, we added the utmost deliberation and circumspection in all our moral actions.

For want of this how many times are we obliged to "go back forrowing" over the ground we have cautiously trodden? And frequently, cannot, with all our repentance, repair the loss and injury our own imprudence has brought upon us. How much easier to prevent by care, than to remedy by repentance, the false steps of hurry and inattention.

We are moral agents, destined to pass a life of change and trial here, and soon, very soon, to land on the firm and immutable ground of an eternal

existence. The happiness of every part of life depends much on our conduct in the preceding period—in the same manner the condition of the future on the general tenor of the present.

EUSEBIUS.

VARIETY.

LONDON FASHIONS—FOR SEPTEMBER.

EVENING DRESSES—1. A round dress of thin white mullin, trimmed round the bosom with lace; the sleeves short and very full. A loose body of mullin trimmed with pink worn over the dress.—A cap of pink mullin ornamented with wreaths.

2. A round dress of white mullin, the back full and low on the shoulders; the bosom trimmed with lace, the sleeves plain with lace let in round the bottom. A Spencer of yellow silk, covered and trimmed with black lace. A Spanish hat of yellow silk covered with black lace, turned up in front, and ornamented with a yellow feather.

WALKING DRESSES—1. A walking dress of buff mullin, with long sleeves of white cambric mullin. A habit frill of cambric, the front trimmed with lace. A bonnet of buff mullin.

2. A child's walking dress of cambric mullin, drawn close round the neck with a frill; full long sleeves. A straw hat tied down with blue ribbon.

OBSERVATIONS.—The prevailing colours are white, buff, lilac, and blue. Large straw hats, and short round dresses trimmed round the bottom with lace, or narrow frills of fine mullin, are much adopted for walking. Spanish cloaks and small round hats with white veils or feathers, are very general.

PUMPKIN PEACHES.

A Cincinnati paper, of the 11th. ult. mentions the following extraordinary fact, that, "in the garden of Col. John Armstrong, of Columbia, there is a peach tree, on which is fruit, nearly as big as a half bushel, and which, as is supposed, would weigh from 20 to 25 pounds.

ACCOUNT of a MODE of KILLING SEALS.

On the fourth side of the *Isle of Zante*, is a village named Agala. Its inhabitants, in addition to the agricultural labors which are common to them with the other islands, avail themselves of their situation to carry on the seal-fishery. They live at the distance of only two miles from the sea, which, nevertheless, they cannot reach without descending precipices, of which the bare aspect is sufficient to inspire terror. Those mountaineers, however, having acquired intrepidity from habit, descend to the sea-side with astonishing agility, only supporting themselves by a thick rope fastened to a tree or the point of a rock.

At the water-edge, the rocks that border the sea are full of caverns, into which the seals retire to sleep, and to bring forth their young. To penetrate into these caverns, it is necessary for the adventurer to wade in the water almost chin-deep, taking care to hold aloft the pistol with which he intends to shoot his game. If the seal happens to be asleep at the time, success is certain; but, if awake, at the approach of his enemy he violently darts into the water; in which case the greatest dexterity is requisite to hit him in the head, the only place where the shot is mortal: in any other part, the wound would be but slight, and insufficient to prevent his escape.

When the mountaineer has killed the seal, he slays him in the cavern, and takes away only the skin and fat, leaving all the rest of the animal to be devoured by the birds or carried off by the waves. The skin being properly dressed, serves to make shoes, which are found more durable than those of neat's leather. The fat is melted and reduced to oil, which those peasants burn in their lamps, and which gives a clearer light, and lasts longer, than olive-oil; but the smell which it emits while burning is intolerable to any person whose olfactory nerves are not habituated to it, as those of the inhabitants of Agala. The spring is the most convenient for this species of fishery.

ORIGIN OF THE ISLAND OF NANTUCKET.

AN INDIAN TRADITION.

On the West end of Martha's Vineyard, are high cliffs of variegated coloured earths, known by the name of Gay-head. On the top of the hill is a large cavity, which has the appearance of the crater of an extinguished volcano, and there are evident marks of former subterraneous fires. The Indians, who live about this spot, have a tradition, that a certain deity resided there before the Europeans came to America; that his name was Manhop; that he used to step out on a ledge of rock, which ran into the sea, and take up a whale, which he broiled for his own eating

on the coals of the afore said volcano, and often invited the Indians to dine with him, or gave them the reliefs of his meal. That once to shew their gratitude to Manhop for his very great kindness to them, they made an offering to him of all the tobacco which grew upon the island for one season. This was scarcely sufficient to fill his great pipe, but he received the present very graciously, smoked his pipe and turned out the *ashes of it into the sea*, which formed the *Island of Nantucket*! Upon the coming of the Europeans into America, Manhop retired in disgust, and has never since been seen. [American Myths.]

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

MANY beneficial effects would result to the community, if an Office of the above kind, could be properly conducted and encouraged. The experiment has been tried and failed several times, and what is the cause of?—but this is not to be decided now, as another trial is proposed by GILBERT and DEAN, who hope by their attention and assiduity, to meet the approbation of all who may please to honor them with their commands. A proper Register is opened for the entry of all Houses, for Sale or to Let, or Land—for Merchants and others who want Clerks, Servants, Nurses, &c.—and those who wish employ, of every kind, are required to furnish their recommendations, or their names cannot be entered. The terms are, (to be paid down)

For all Houses or Land,	37½ Cents.
The remainder, (as above expressed)	25
Every examination,	6½

N. B. Captains of Coasting Vessels would do well to enter their names on the Register, by which their friends would ascertain the Wharf and time of sailing, without any trouble or perplexity; which is now too often the case.

Wanted to Hire.—A House, or two small Tenements, suitable for two families, near the centre of the town. Apply at the Intelligence Office. Oct. 30.

THE LONG PULL—THE STRONG PULL,
AND THE PULL ALL TOGETHER!

WHAT a strange medley of PULLS!—but they are always used at Elections, and that accounts for it! It is the opinion of many that they might be converted to a very beneficial purpose in finishing South-Hadley Canal; which are thus analyzed.—The biggest of them is but only of the size of a LOTTERY TICKET; the long pull, is to be one quarter, the strong pull one half, and the pull all together, whole tickets! all of which, may be had of GILBERT and DEAN; parts at the same price as whole ones. The 2d class will soon commence drawing; and the highest prize is 10,000 dollars.—* G. & D. cannot boast of having fold the highest prize; they, however, have the satisfaction of selling several good prizes. Oct. 30.

JUST PUBLISHED, price 20 Cents,

And for Sale by GILBERT and DEAN, State-Street,
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THE TRIAL OF FRIENDSHIP, an interesting
Novel, by MARMONTEL.

Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting preference and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself.

PREFACE TO THE WORK.

THE Story of NELSON and BLANDFORD, which occupies the following sheets, is founded on reason and probability; and though more pathetic than most of the Novels of the present day, leaves on the mind, the full impression of belief and credence. The beauty of truth and simplicity, is pre-eminently heightened in the charming character of NOURALY; and the divine impulse of a pure and disinterested Friendship, is rendered particularly interesting in the conduct of Nelson and Blandford, and must draw the tear of sensibility at its perusal. The story is related by MARMONTEL, and is perhaps one of the greatest efforts of his great mind. In presenting this delicate morceau to the public, at this time, the Publishers are persuaded they shall meet the approbation of the virtuous and deserving.

PRINTED and PUBLISHED, every SATURDAY Evening,
BY GILBERT & DEAN,

No. 56, STATE-STREET, BOSTON, [over the Store of
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PRINTING, in all its branches, executed with
NEATNESS and DISPATCH.—ORDERS solicited.

WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

DEVOTED TO

MORALITY, LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, THE FINE ARTS, AGRICULTURE, &c. &c.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

To soar aloft on FANCY'S wing,
And bathe in HEBEONIA'S spring;
Call every flower with careful hand,
And strew them o'er our native land.

FOR THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP.—No. II.

Parturiant montes, neque tur radentes mur.

IT costs some persons much pains and trouble to write, and it is in general believed that those who are long in composing, taking great pains to correct and revise their works are the most elegant writers. I know not how it may be with persons of great genius and erudition, but for my own part, I may bite my nails, hammer my pericranium, dragging one word out after another, like drops of water through a filtering stone, erase, interline, re-write; and at last find all my labour vain, the production when finished will be scarcely worth reading. At another time perhaps I can set down and fill a whole sheet in a very short period of time, the language smooth as the unruddled surface of the lake, and equally as full of reflection, the style as flowery as a meadow in May or June. But it often happens, when I have finished some essay, &c. with care and attention, and am myself highly delighted with it, when I set down to read it to some intimate associate, either after dinner, or between tea and supper, when I go on with rapidity, entering with rapture into all its beauties, charmed with the mute attention of my auditor who hardly seems to breathe; at some favourite passage I have raised my eyes, (wondering no accent of approbation escaped) and beheld my friend nodding in his chair, or with eyes fixed on the fire with such a vacant stare, as plainly evinced the total absence of thought and attention; my silence having recalled recollection, my auditor has started, and began commending my performance in terms the most profuse and hyperbolic; though I have been confident had he been called upon to give the smallest account of the subject he could not have done it. This is extremely mortifying, but I believe it ought not to be complained of so much as self-love makes us think it deserves, for what may be extremely pleasant and even interesting to ourselves may be insipid or tiresome to an indifferent person; and we must be sensible our friends and neighbours exert their conversable powers very often to amuse and entertain us, when we mechanically answer yes, or no, to be sure, certainly, without retaining a single sentence in our memory.

I know a woman who has a really good heart, and amiable disposition, who will talk incessantly for two hours, and were you to pay the strictest attention all the time, you could not gather a single idea from the whole that was worth remembering; in such a case, (if ever) inattention is excusable. A man of my acquaintance is very fond of telling stories, but when he has begun he will branch out into so many digressions, drag in so many unnecessary unconnected incidents, mix so large a portion of self, with such a redundancy of says he, says she, I said, you see, and you know—

that the story must be picked out from such a heterogeneous jumble, that Patience herself would be weary of the talk, and it is more than probable when pains have been taken to join the unconnected parts of the recital, it will by no means reward the trouble it would cost.

I was led into this train of reflection by the mortification I felt last evening, when calling on a family with which I am on terms of tolerable intimacy; I saw my first number in the hands of the old lady, mistress of the family, and the Clergyman of the parish, in close confabulation with her. She had taken her spectacles off, and was in deep debate when I entered, little thinking how much I was interested in the subject; the common forms of civility being over, she turned again to the Doctor, and thus proceeded.—“Sir, I say this paper promises something, but I fear it will not answer the expectations it is likely to raise. Periodical publications require genius, talent and learning, to conduct in such a manner as to ensure the smallest degree of success, besides it is necessary that more than one person should be engaged in the undertaking, or the variety necessary to render it interesting and amusing cannot be supplied.”—The Doctor who had filled his pipe just as I went in, emitted a vast cloud of smoke from his half-closed mouth, and remarked, “such a work might be rendered very useful would any serious minded persons interest themselves in it, and espouse the cause of religion, but from what this seems to promise,” continued he, “I do not see any thing to be hoped for.”—“You are right,” I replied, “I never hoped that might forward either religion, morality, or federal government, for the whole paper disclaims any intention to meddle in politics.”—A little maiden lady who sat opposite to the Doctor, nodding very significantly, observed, that “she dared to say it would be like other undertakings of the same kind, “great cry and little wool.”—My sensibility was so strongly excited during this conversation, that I could hardly keep my seat, I snuffed the candles and then apologized for the liberty, took snuff, blew my nose half a dozen times, and in short, felt myself so agitated, that I wonder they did not read **AUTHOR** in every working muscle of my face. “Bless my heart,” said I, “when I got home, so all my endeavours to be entertaining are to be resolved into “great cry and little wool.” After a few moments consideration, my chagrin began to abate, and I thought it was true enough that one person could not possibly please a multitude, and vain as I am, and I confess I have a very tolerable share, I thought it might not be amiss to solicit the assistance of others, to make my attempts more acceptable.

Ye learned grave and Reverend Sirs, if you have any complaints to make of, or admonitions to give to, your parishioners, and do not like to do either openly, you may safely do it through the medium of the **GOSSIP**. Ye Parents, who have unruly children, or Children who have unkind, niggardly, or too tender too lavishly indulgent parents, make your appeals to the **GOSSIP**. Husbands and wives, masters, mistresses and servants, send your complaints to me. It will make me of consequence to the world, by furnishing me with many entertaining

anecdotes, and raise my self-consequence, by making me umpire in all difficult cases.

N. B. All letters addressed to the **GOSSIP**, through the medium of the EDITORS, shall be regarded with attention, and answered with punctuality.

HISTORICAL.

FOR THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

A DESCRIPTION OF CERTAIN ANTIQUES, LATELY PRESENTED TO THE MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY, BY THE REV. THOMAS HALL, CHAPLAIN TO THE BRITISH FACTORY, LEIGHORN.

TWO valuable STONE COFFINS, Etruscan, whose antiquity can be traced back, from many circumstances, at least THREE THOUSAND YEARS.

They were dug up about two years ago on an estate, belonging to the Cavalier Alexander, at a small deserted ancient village, called Casciana, about twenty miles to the eastward of Leghorn, in the neighbourhood of which are Mineral Baths, of great antiquity, and of some reputation in particular disorders. They were found by accident in digging of a ditch at the depth of four feet, in a very hard fabulous earth. Unfortunately, before the labourers had discovered them, thro' ignorance and inattention, they had demolished a great variety of ancient earthen vessels, such as lamps, bottles for preserving tears that drop into them, &c.

The Urns or Coffins are both hollow, and have covers with figures raised on them in *alto rilievo*. They were found closed, without any thing in them, and were found in a very good state of preservation, save a small quantity of gritty earth. On the face of one of them there are various figures in *basso rilievo*, which display a correct Grecian style—and are in good preservation.

“On examining the stone,” says Mr. Hall, “I find it exactly the same with that which is extended in one solid mass throughout the whole plain of Leghorn, for several miles, from three to four feet of earth at the most; which stone is admirably adapted for use in all kinds of buildings, as it easily yields to the chissel, immediately upon being taken out of the quarry, and after being exposed for some time to the open air, it becomes hard enough to resist the rudest attacks of our incessant climate. Upon its being buried under the earth for a considerable time it may return, perhaps, to its pristine state of friability. This circumstance leads me to conclude that they were made at or near the place; and the figures being of Grecian form and *Cosiumi*, convinces me that they are Etruscan, and that they are in commemoration of some remarkable action performed in Ancient Etruria which differs so widely from the modern that a brief sketch of it may not be amiss.

“Ausonia, in general, was peopled from Greece. The Etolians gave it the name of *Ιτολία* [Itolia] which in their dialect was written *Αιτολία*, [Aitolia]:—But passing over the several Grecian colonies which in time became so many independent states—let us consider only Hetruria, which the latins wrote without the H, and sometimes gave them the name of Tuscan, or Thuliscan, from their *sacrificing*, which the Greek word expresses by a similar sound *Thusa*.

"This country often changed its name. The Umbri drove out the Aborigines, and they in their turn were driven out by the Pelasgi, who were subdued by the Lydians, whose King Athys, sent his brother (some say his son *Tyrrhenos*) Tyrrhenos, with a numerous colony of Greeks, and gave it his own name, whence the sea on that side is called *Mare Tyrrhenum*. Ancient Etruria was formerly bounded by the river Magra or Macra, (now Macralla) which separated it from Liguria, the Arno, the Apennines, the Tiber and the sea. Formerly it contained twelve different people commanded by as many independent chieftains. The name of the people who formerly inhabited the country round about the place where the monuments are found, were called *Vetulonii*."

Mr. Hall, who is an antiquarian, thus offers his conjecture concerning the figures on these coffins :

"The Vetuloni might have been at war with some of the neighbouring people, the Volaterrani or Ruscellanii, and after a successful campaign have proposed to them terms of accommodation."

"The young Vetulonian Hero, with a winged Genius at his side advances;—seems to stand over an altar with a palm branch in his hand."

"On the opposite side the Ruscellian Chief, with his *suit*, appears offended, as one may conclude from his attitude, by his laying his right hand on his sword or dagger."

"This Monument may have been raised sometime after in honour of the Vetulonian Chief, who may have met with an untimely death. The other Monument may be in memory of his father, or some near relation."

Whether the conjecture of this gentleman and eminent scholar, be most ingenious or just—the Monuments are valuable curiosities for any country. They were esteemed *Antiques* in It-

CAMBRIDGE.

aly, and being introduced into this new world, where nothing so ancient has yet appeared, will doubtless attract the attention of curious and literary men, who may be gratified with the sight, by visiting Mr. TURREL'S Museum, in Tremont-Street, Boston, where they are now deposited; and where a great variety of curious things, ancient and modern, are exhibited daily, to strike the fancy of people in general, and especially to please the taste of Virtuofos.

BIOGRAPHY.

LADY HARRIET ACKLAND.

..... In Affliction's hour
..... the lenient hand of Love
Froves its best office. Then the virtuous wife
Shines in the full meridian of her truth.

HAYARD.

THIS Lady's name will ever be an honor to her sex, while female heroism and conjugal affection continue to be estimable qualities in the eye of the world.—We are sorry that it is not in our power to state any particulars of her birth or family; it is, however, of much more general importance to record, for example's sake, the sufferings which she so bravely underwent during the American war, in her passage through the enemy's army, to attend her wounded husband, Major Ackland, an officer serving under General Burgoyne, and then a prisoner. The wonderful story would exhibit, if well delineated, an interesting picture of the spirit, the enterprise, and the distress of romance, realized and regulated on the chaste and sober principles of rational love and conjugal duty.

This Lady had accompanied her husband to Canada, in the beginning of the year 1776. In the course of that campaign he had traversed a vast space of country, in different extremities of season, and with difficulties that an European traveller will not easily conceive, to attend, in a p. or: but at Chamblee, her husband upon his sick bed.

In the opening of the campaign of 1777, she was restraining from offering herself to share the fatigue and hazard exposed before *Ticonderoga*, by the positive injunctions of

her husband. The day after the conquest of that place he was badly wounded, and she crossed the the Lake Champlain, to join him.

As soon as he recovered, Lady Harriet proceeded to follow his fortunes through the campaign; and at Fort Edward, or at the next camp, she acquired a two-wheel tumbril, which had been constructed by the artificers of the artillery, something similar to the carriages used for the mail upon the great roads of England. Major Ackland commanded the British grenadiers, which were attached to General Frazer's corps, and, consequently, were always the most advanced part of the army. Their situations were often so alert, that no person slept out of their clothes: in one of these situations, a tent, in which the Major and Lady Harriet were asleep, suddenly took fire. An orderly sergeant of the grenadiers, with great hazard of suffocation, dragged out the first person he caught hold of;—it proved to be the Major. It happened that, in the same instant, she had, unknowing what she did, and, perhaps, not perfectly awake, providentially made her escape by creeping under the walls of the back part of the tent. The first object she saw, upon the recovery of her senses, was the Major on the other side, and in the same instant again in the fire, in search of her. The Sergeant again saved him, but not without the Major being severely burned in his face. Every thing they had in the tent with them was consumed.

This accident happened a little time before the passing of the Hudson's River: it neither altered the resolution nor cheerfulness of Lady Harriet; and she continued her progress, a partaker of the fatigues of the advanced corps.

The next call upon her fortitude was of a different nature, and more distressful, as of longer duration. On the march of the 19th of September, the grenadiers being liable to action every minute, she had been directed by the Major to follow the rear of the artillery and baggage, which was not exposed. At the time the action began she found herself near a small uninhabited hut, where she alighted. When it was found the action became general and bloody, the surgeons of the hospital took possession of the same place, as the most convenient for the first care of the wounded.

This was this Lady in hearing of one continued fire of cannon and musquetry for four hours together, with the presumption, from the post of her husband, who was at the head of the grenadiers, that she was in the most exposed part of the action. She had three children, and as with parents, she thought of these female circumstances than her, the Baroness of Reidesfel, and the wives of two British Officers, Major Harnage, and Lieutenant Reynell. But in the event their presence served but little for comfort. Major Harnage was soon brought to the surgeons very badly wounded; and a little time after, intelligence was brought that Lieutenant Reynell was shot dead.—Imagination will grant no helps to figure the state of the whole group.

From the date of that action to the 7th of October, Lady Harriet, with her usual serenity, food prepared for new trials, and it was her lot that their severity increased with their numbers. She was again exposed to the hearing of the whole action, and, at last, received the shock of her individual misfortune, mixed with the intelligence of the general calamity:—the troops were defeated, and Major Ackland, desperately wounded, was a prisoner.

The day of the 8th, was passed by Lady Harriet and her companions in common anxiety; not a tent or shed standing, except what belonged to the hospital, their refuge was among the wounded and dying.

"When the army was upon the point of moving," says General Burgoyne, "after the halt described, I received a letter from Lady Harriet, submitting to my decision a proposal (and expressing an earnest solicitude to execute it, if not interfering with my designs) of passing to the camp of the enemy, and requesting General Gates's permission to attend her husband.—Though I was ready to believe (for I had experienced) that patience and fortitude, in a supreme degree, were to be found, as well as every other virtue, under the most tender forms, I was astonished at this proposal. After so long an agitation of the spirits, exhausted not only for want of rest, but absolutely for want of food; drenched in rain for twelve hours together; that a woman should be capable of such an undertaking as delivering herself to the enemy, probably in the night, and uncertain what hand she might fall into first; to me appeared an effort above human nature. The assistance I could afford to give was small indeed. I had not even a cup of wine to offer her; but I was told she had found, from some fortunate hand, a little rum, and some dirty water. All I could furnish her with was an open boat, and a few lines, written upon dirty and wet paper, to General Gates, recommending her to his protection."

Mr. Brudenell, the Chaplain to the Artillery, readily undertook to accompany her; and, with one female servant,

and the Major's valet de chambre, they rowed down the river to meet the enemy.—But her distresses were not yet to end:—the night was far advanced before the boat reached the enemy's out-posts, and the sentinel would not let it pass, nor even come on shore. In vain Mr. Brudenell offered the flag of truce, and represented the state of the extraordinary passenger. The guard, apprehensive of treachery, and punctilious to their orders, threatened to fire into the boat, if it stirred before daylight.—Her anxiety and sufferings were thus protracted through seven or eight dark and cold hours; and her reflections upon that first reception could not give her very encouraging ideas of the treatment she was afterwards to expect. But it is due to justice, at the close of this adventure, to say, that she was received, and accommodated by General Gates with all the humanity and respect that her rank, her merits, and her fortunes deserved.

Let such as are affected by these circumstances of alarm, hardship, and danger, recollect, that the subject of them was a woman, of the most tender and delicate frame, of the gentlest manners, habituated to all the soft elegancies and refined enjoyments that attend high birth and fortune; and far advanced in a state in which the tender cares, always due to the sex, become indispensably necessary.

NATURAL HISTORY.

[§] "No species of information is received more generally and with greater pleasure than natural history, particularly the history of the inferior animals. We are delighted to observe the superiority of the human mind to the rest of the creation; and with a conscious pride we behold itself employing its utmost efforts in vain to emulate the operations of reason. Hence it comes, that we are most surprised and delighted by those actions of animals that approach nearest the actions of man. The dog emulates not only the mental powers of man, but even some of the human virtues. Every anecdote therefore that tends to elucidate the nature and powers of this animal, must be particularly amusing and interesting to all the lovers of natural history."

THE following is authentic, says the London Monthly Magazine, and is an instance of that sagacity and attachment which so justly contribute to make the dog our favourite:—

Those valleys, or glens, as they are called by the natives, which intersect the Grampian mountains, are chiefly inhabited by shepherds. The pastures over which each flock is permitted to range, extend many miles in every direction. The shepherd never has a view of his whole flock at once, except when they are collected for the purpose of sale or fleecing. His occupation is to make daily excursions to the different extremities of his pastures in succession; and to turn back, by means of his dog, any stragglers that may be approaching the boundaries of his neighbourhood. In one of these excursions, a shepherd happened to carry along with him one of his children, an infant about three years old. This is an usual practice among the Highlanders, who accustom their children from the earliest infancy to endure the rigors of the climate. After traversing his pastures for some time, attended by his dog, the shepherd found himself under the necessity of ascending a summit at some distance, to have a more extensive view of his range. As the ascent was too fatiguing for the child, he left him on a small plain at the bottom, with strict injunctions not to stir from it until his return. Scarcely, however, had he gained the summit, when the horizon was suddenly darkened by one of those impenetrable mists, which frequently descend so rapidly amidst the mountains as, in the space of a few minutes, almost to turn day to night. The anxious father instantly hastened back to find his child: but, owing to the unusual darkness and his own trepidation, he unfortunately mist his way in the descent. After a fruitless search of many hours amongst the dangerous morasses and cataraets, with which these mountains abound, he was at length overtaken by night. Still wandering on without knowing whither, he at length came to the verge of the mist; and, by the light of the moon, discovered that he had reached the bottom of his valley, and was now within a short distance of his cottage. To renew the search that night, was equally fruitless and dangerous. He was therefore obliged to return to his cottage, having lost both his child, and his dog who had attended him faithfully for years. Next morning by day-break, the shepherd, accompanied by a band of his neighbours, set out in search of his child; but, after a day spent in fruitless fatigue, he was at last compelled by the approach of night to descend from the mountain. On returning to his cottage, he found that the dog, which he had lost the day before, had been home, and on receiving a piece of cake

POETRY.



We rifle PARNASSUS of every sweet,
A fanciful garland to make;
Oh slight not the offering we lay at your feet
Ye fair: It was made for your sake.

FOR THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

LINES

WRITTEN WHILE ROCKING A CRADLE.

MY Maria—careful joy,
All my moments you employ;
Time advanceth not for me,
'Tis devoted all to thee;
Circled in my fond embrace,
As thy features I retrace,
Fancying charms before unknown,
Quite enthusiastic grown,
Beauteous as Helen, I exclaim,
Though most unlike the Grecian dame—
Virtue shall be my Julia's guide,
Prudence watching by her side,
Through every ordeal fire shall pass,
Confid'd the fair, accomplish'd lass:
And though a Paris may assail,
Never shall his arts prevail,
With Virgin pride her breast shall glow,
Serenè as truth her passions flow,

'Tis while I snatch the ardent kiss,
Repeating oft the fragrant bliss,
Or while I yield the howled scream,
Of golden scenes I fondly dream,
With roses frowning every hour,
Which rears to life my pretty flower.
Gaily futurity expands,
And tip-toe Hope with chaplet stands,
Its perfum'd sweets diffusing round,
And closing every former wound.

'Tis thus the Cherub in my arms,
My pleas'd imagination warms,
Arresting every rising thought,
With busy plans and wishes fraught.
Each day successful as it moves,
My labour unremitted proves,
Just as I said—her opening worth,
Only of three short months the growth,
My every moment hath purloin'd,
Morn, noon, and night to her resign'd!
For though the little charmer sleeps,
And silence its soft vigils keeps,
Some hurt or vest my work supplies,
And see that cap unfinish'd lies:
Something remains which must be done,
This robe completed, that begun;
So that it is exceeding plain,
I can no leisure hour obtain.

Well, be it so, content am I—
My moments pass serenely by,
No Flowering, with half my glee,
Expecta his opening buds to see,
Or builds, though high he mounts in air,
His castles more than half so fair.

And as he looks—when to his eyes,
The blooming scene shall gaily rise,
While all the charms which Iris wears,
His bower of blending hues prepares;
Or as of shaded evening walks,
And clustering sweets be often talks,
Luxuriant tincts which fancy spreads,
And all her richest odours sheds.

So I—or more presuming still,
Expect that time my grasp will fill,
With more substantial good than blooms,
Then Nature's painted growth assumes;
More than exterior beauty knows,
Sweets which perfume the damask rose,
Or which the white ro'd lily wears,
When its majestic head it rears

Anticipating I behold,
Increasing loveliness unfold,
Until a prop for lingering years,
The angel in my arms appears.

Life's evening the will duteous shade,
Exerting every youthful aid;
My downhill path will gently slope,
Giving to age its fairest hope:
With tenderness these eyes will close,
When they shall seek a long repose,
When Nature heaves its parting sighs,
When vital heat no more supplies
Its genial glow to this fond heart,
In which the bears so dear a part.

And, forward borne, to yonder skies,
Where spirits disembod'd rise,
My flower, transplanted, shall inhale,
Celestial airs—that bright'ning gale,
Which immortality bequeaths,
And which the richest fragrance breaths.

There we shall live—and their receive,
Enjoyments such as God can give,
Together live—beyond the death of time,
Sublime our pleasures—and our hopes sublime.

FOR THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE EXILE OF ERIN.

THERE came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin;
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill,
For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight repairing,
To wander alone by the wind beaten hill.
But the day-star attracted his eyes sad devotion,
For it rose on his own native life of the ocean;
Where once in the glow of his youthful emotion,
He sang the bold anthem of "Erin go brab."

Oh sad is my fate, fad the heart broken stranger,
The wild-deer, and wolf to a covert can fly;
But I, have no refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not for me!
Ah never again in the green sunny bowers,
Where my fore-fathers liv'd and the sweet hours;
Or cover my harp with the willow o'wer flowers,
And strike to the numbers of "Erin go brab."

Erin, my country! tho' sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
But alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And fight for the friends who can meet me no more;
Oh cruel fate, wilt thou never replace me,
In a mansion of bliss, where no pill can chafe me?
Ah never again shall my brothers embrace me?
They died to defend me, or live to deplore!

Where is my cabin-door fast by the wild wood!
Sisters, and fire, did ye weep for its fall?
Where is the mother, that look'd on my childhood,
And where is the bosom, dearer than all?
Ah! my sad soul long abandoned by pleasure,
Why did it doat on a fast-fading treasure;
Tears, like the rain drop may fall without measure,
But rapture and beauty, they cannot recall.

Yet all its fond recollections suppressing,
One dying with my lone bosom shall draw;
ERIN, an Exile bequeaths thee his blessing,
Land of my fore-fathers "Erin go brab."
Buried, and cold, when my heart fills its motion,
Green be thy fields sweetest life of the ocean;
And thy harp-stringing beads, sing aloud with devotion,
Erin va courras, "Erin go brab!"

FOR THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SONNET.

CONTENT is Happiness the Sages say,
Yes; such as the poor shipwreck'd sailors taste,
Who all night brav'd the waves, at dawn of day,
Find themselves landed on a barren waste—
And thankful they have 'scaped the danger o'er
Dream not 'twill be their fate to starve on shore.

So when we hear life's tempest round us beat,
Ambition, Envy, Pride, and Jealousy;
The mind desires in some lone retreat,
To shun the beating of the raging sea,
Nor thinks within th' apparent calm abode,
What silent misery may the heart corrode.

LYDIA.

MONITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

FOR THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE MORALIST.—N^o II.

"Be Just and fear not."

IT is as excellent a maxim as ever offered consolation to the breast of affliction. In our career of life, we find experience continually shewing us, that to deal justly and act fairly, are the only ways to acquire the good things of this world, and to obtain that peace of mind which, superior to the little ills with which a vicious world is filled, can smile on the weak phalanx, and defy its force. To what but the innate evidence of this truth, can we attribute the sayings and feelings of children, respecting right conduct? They early have impressed upon them an idea, that DEFRAUDING even in play, will not be prosperous: As mankind have advanced in life, they have invariably seen, that the goods obtained even by wayward methods which are not either illegal, or, in the eyes of the world, disreputable, have suddenly disappeared and scarce left a benefit behind them: While the property acquired by honest industry, frugality and attention, has proved its stability by the blessings it hath entailed, and the prospect of transmitting it unimpaired to posterity. The means used, the pains taken, and the plans projected, to procure an unfair advantage, often costs more labor and study than would be necessary to acquire double as much in a reputable and honest manner. See the ingenuity exercised by those who are the objects of legal punishment. Observe with what mechanical art and almost scientific genius, they will construct machines, and devise plans for wronging society, and robbing other people of their honestly acquired property. Half the talents exercised in a reputable way, would secure them honor, and fortune, instead of which POVERTY always haunts, and disgrace is sure to overtake them. The evidences of these truths are continually to be seen. And as the first impressions made on the mind of youth are favourable; it must be attributed to unaccountable inattention, that they are so little regarded, or that injustice, fraud, and over-reaching, are not banished from the world.

Ye PARENTS, endeavour to strengthen these first impressions on your children—plant them deep, refresh them with the dew of admonition; nurture them, as they grow into years—and, secure them, that they may withstand the mildews of injustice or unfairness. EUSEBIUS.

VARIETY.

A MODEST CREATURE!

IT is stated in a French paper, that a man at Novitz, devoured, in the presence of several persons, an entire, full grown sheep, together with all its wool! From such a gourmandiser, deliver us!

AN Officer in the West-Indies, having formed a tender connection there, and not wishing to return home, has written to his wife, at Kilkenny, that he died last year of the yellow fever, and therefore hopes she will not expect his return!

A Gentleman not much verified in literary affairs, once asked an Hibernian friend what was the meaning of posthumous works? "Zounds!" exclaimed Terence, "dont you know that? why they are books which a man writes after he is dead, to be sure!"

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MORALITY, LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, THE FINE ARTS, AGRICULTURE, &c. &c.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

To soar aloft on FANCY'S wing,
And bathe in HELICONIA'S spring;
Cull every flower with careful hand,
And brew them o'er our native land.

FOR THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP.—No. III.

Larvam detrahete.

WITHOUT apology, I shall present my readers with the following letter:—

TO THE GOSSIP. Nov. 8, 1802.

YOU think you have wrapped yourself in an impenetrable veil, Mr. Gossip, but you are mistaken, and may as well unmask at once. I know you well and do to many others. Your style, your scraps of latin, by which you seem willing to let people know you are "*homo doctissimus*," make your name as evident to many, as if you had signed it to each paper. But pray do you imagine you will be permitted to proceed with your *gossiping* scheme with impunity? I suppose you think, that under the mask you have assumed, you may reprove, satirize, or tell tales, just as your capricious fancy may prompt you. If through your means we hear of any of the *Recu's*, or *Ge's*, to which you cannot help sometimes being a witness, we will make you repeat your gossiping with a vengeance. I would also inform you that you are not taking the right method to make yourself very acceptable to the ladies by your chattering. Do you think the girls will be pleas'd with a busy meddling fellow who goes prying about to pick up all the stories he can, in order to make them public? What though you promise not to be scandalous, and never to propagate falsehoods of any kind whatever, yet you ought to know that, "truth is not proper to be told at all times." What if you should happen to see a young lady, taking a walk of a moon light evening with a favourite admirer, who though favoured by the lady herself, might have been forbid by the careful, or rigid parents, all intercourse with their daughter, and should take it into your wife head to give her a lecture on the subject in the *Gossip*. Think what a dilemma you would bring the poor girl into, how many tears, how much equivocation you would cost her, and how the dear creature would bate you in her heart. In short friend Garulous, there are a thousand incidents which take place every day, which would do you world of mischief were they given publicity. For instance, suppose a wife, a learned, or a reverend gentleman, be seen at any time kissing a pretty girl, (and I do assure you such things will sometimes unavoidably happen) or should they at any time (accidentally) be thrown off their equilibrium, by the volatile spirit of champagne, burgundy, &c. ascending to their pericranium, as it passed from the glass to their lips, how shocking it would be to have it Gossiped forth to half the world.—Or should some fair and lovely creature wadedecked in smiles, and loves; and graces: charms all eyes and wins all hearts when in company; should she I say, when at home indulge in ill humour, snap her sisters, speak petulently or disrespectfully to her mother, or her elders and superiors, scold the servant, call the little girl who waits on her hard names, and perhaps box the poor unoffending little beings ears.—Think good *Gossip*, how she would blush to be told of such faults publicly. But I shall stop here, I trust I have said enough to lead you to appear at the bottom of the next number in *propria persona*: if you do not I shall take the liberty of making your name public myself.

Yours as you merit,

VATICINATOR.

The Gossip thanks Vaticinator for his advice, but informs him his spirit of divination is not dreaded. I defy him to make me unmask until I think proper to do; and as to his pulling it off for me, I venture to aver, with all his art he would be puzzled to divine on what particular spot of the habitable globe I reside. On some points on which he fears I may dissent, I should

judge he is very tender himself, or he would not so feelingly sympathize with those *wife*, *learned*, or *reverend* gentlemen, whom he thinks likely to fall under the lash of satire. But to use thine own familiar style friend Vaticinator, I think the word *reverend*, would have been as well omitted in your letter when connected with the follies you mentioned. The sacred character of a minister of the gospel, should not be sported with. "They are," you will say, "but men." Nothing more indeed; and on that account what errors they have, should be glanced over with a lenient eye, and those who are quick sighted to discover them would do well to remember, how weak, how frail human nature is, and how much we all stand in need of charitable allowance for our daily faults. It is much to the honor of Columbia, and to the Northern States particularly so, that her Ministers in general are men whose example energetically enforce their precepts. And let Vaticinator be told, that had he indeed discovered who the Gossip was, he would have known it was a person, who never jests with sacred characters, or things; he would have *divined* that it would be the aim of the author to amuse innocently, or correct gently; but never to increase the poignancy of self-accusation, cause a blush to suffuse the cheek of modesty, or wring a tear from the heart of sensibility.

N. B. * A letter signed *Labels* and *Almira*, will be noticed in due time.

FOR THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE FRAGMENT.—No. II.

"Forever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to LOVE!"

AND as he uttered this well toned apostrophe to Madam Fortune, he enforced it with a sigh, and the sadness of his countenance, was an indubitable indication that the sigh was too sincere.—There is a peculiar kind of languor to be seen in the *triste ensemble* of the features which distinguishes this species of *amais*, as clearly as any diagnostic symptoms can determine the nature of a disease—"Frank," said I, "thou art ill at ease, take heart, my dear fellow, *Almira* may yet be kind"—and I perceived I had "touched the string on which hung all his sorrows"—like the lambent flame from dying embers. His eyes resumed a temporary animation, he grasped my hand, and with another sigh, began his piteous complaint!—A heart which never felt the soft infatuation, might have dictated a frown. I am sure a merry fellow could not forbear to laugh, and that most heartily, at such a tragic-comic story. By the help of a little sympathy however, which I was so fortunate as to call forth on this occasion, from a recollection of similar sensations of my own, I collected so much philosophy as to help my love-lorn friend to a few suggestions on the subject which I imagined might prove salutary.—You exclaim against fortune; you call her capricious, and accuse her of being the destroyer of your happiness. Pray, what has fortune done to prevent your being happy?—Fortune has been kind to *Almira*, you say.—And is fortune the less kind to you for the favors which she has bestowed upon *Almira*? Her native charms have awakened your admiration. She is young and handsome, and has a *je-ne-sai-quoi* of agreeableness which actually hits your taste. Your fancy is delighted with her beauty, and her youth gives you an idea of sensations that are congenial. Fortune has done no more against you than to set this delicate composition of mind and matter in the fairest point of view; and have you any reason to be displeas'd at this? You might as well complain of those who have nourished or instructed her, or of the unseen powers which have made her amiable. The only accusation you can have against Fortune is, that she has done too much for your inanimate

You suppose that she has set her beyond your power to obtain. It may be not. It is possible, at least, that you may yet obtain this paragon of excellencies; and if you do, it is more than probable that you will find yourself in a worse predicament. Fortune may be less your enemy than you imagine. This mighty obstacle to your happiness, may be the guardian of your tranquility, and the arbitress of your real enjoyment. Excellency stands confessed, and every one may enjoy the admiration of it. Female loveliness may, next to heaven, hold the highest claim. But, **** it is those ideas of *appropriation* which promise you such a paradise of enjoyment, and depend upon it, Frank, these are most wretchedly delusive. Your imagination represents to you a refinement of felicity which was never realized by mortal, and it is your *fancy*, and not your *fortune*, that is threatening to jilt you. There are properties in this talisman of fortune of which you are not aware. Its importance damps your hopes; and its nature would destroy your happiness. *Almira* is too evidently attractive, and she may draw you to perdition. Believe me, Frank, that she, amiable as she is, has habits and expectations that none could satisfy, but such as are her match in point of fortune, and passionately as you doat upon her now, and kindly as she may regard you in the character of a Lover; a disappointment in these interests which come nearer to a Female Heart than you can have any idea of, will soon check the ardor of your mutual attachment, it will gradually extinguish the flame of Love, and instead of the celestial which your fond imagination had taught you to adore*****

***I began to be engaged in this lecture about nonsense, and was going to proceed, when a slight recollection struck in with the apparent apathy of my pupil. I dropped a period at once to my hopes and harrangue, being decidedly convinced that

"REASON is impertinence to LOVE."

THE NOVELIST.

* We insert the following, at the request of several respectable friends, from the "London Monthly Visitor."

THE CHILD OF MISERY,

A TALE.

ONE evening in the Spring, as I was returning late from a convivial circle, passing the end of a dark alley in Fleet-Street, the accents of female misery caught my ear. I stop and listened, lest it might be the effect of some artful villain to decoy, and then plunder, the unwary passenger.—The moan was repeated, and in a tone so natural, I was convinced of its being excited by real anguish. By the assistance of a single lamp at the extremity, I explored this gloomy recess, where I found a shivering female half naked, and extended on the step of a deserted house. She raised her languid head as I approached, and in words scarcely articulate, sued for pity. The feelings of humanity were not dormant—the tear of sympathy bedewed my cheek: I left her, and flew to procure relief.

With the assistance of two watchmen, she was conveyed to a neighbouring house, where, after I had satisfied the proprietor, she was accommodated with a bed, and these refreshments which were suitable to her low state. She strove to thank me, and pressed my hand, but could not speak: promising to see her in the morning, I left her to the enjoyment of that repose to which she seemed to have been long a stranger.

I kept my word, for I found myself interested in her fate, and there was something in her air which bespoke her not a kin to the vulgar. It was eleven o'clock when I called, but illness had incapacitated her from rising, and she was still in bed. I sent a message up, and was immediately admitted. The curtains were undrawn at the foot of the bed, and I had an opportunity of beholding her features: the remains of beauty were still visible in her wan face, and her eyes, though now dim, seemed once to have sparkled with the rays of vivacity. In a faint voice she thanked me for my kindness; I drew near, and sat down by the side of the bed: "Oh sir," said she, "if you have a daughter or a sister, for whose welfare you are anxious, warn them of the fate of your sex, and save them from impending danger; or should they deviate from the path

POETRY.



FOR THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

ON the rude cliff that o'erhangs the sea, As eve opprest by gloomy thought I rove;

Where the rough billows on the neighbouring beach, Breaks foaming with a hollow fullen roar;

Down I down your fall! He drives toward the coast, Where the black wain from awful o'er the sea;

Oh God 'tis vain! the helm has no controul, Th' impetuous storm hurries her to the shore;

This Passion rag'd within my tortured breast, 'Tis Reason vainly would direct its course;

I saw the rocks, o'er which the billows dash, Labour'd to shun them with my umo'd care;

CAMBRIDGE.

CONRADE.

FOR THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE PRAYER.

I ASK thee not VENUS thy cœsus to lend me, For bright as it is, it will fade on the eye;

But I ask the aid of each Virtue and Grace, 'Thine alone have the power his fancy to bind;

Proud JUNO I ask not thy dignified air, Thy insolent carriage or fire darting eyes;

APOLLO I ask for thy dulcet tone thy lyre, Let thy nine tuneful sisters their favours bestow;

THE WHITING AND THE CLOWN.

A JEU D'ESPRIT.

A whiting of the dabbling kind, A fish of Hodge if he had seen a wind.

FOR THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ON A CANARY BIRD.

WHOSE MISTRESS GOING FROM HOME FOR A FEW DAYS, WAS FOUND DEAD IN HIS CAGE THE SECOND MORNING AFTER HER DEPARTURE.

HIS mistress gone, poor little Bill His wings in pensive fadness hung;

"Ah mistress mine where art thou gone? Return! return!" he plaintive cried;

Poor bird with thee I sympathize; Such pangs the feeling bosom proves,

EPITAPH

ON a gentleman, more remarkable for his loquacity than his veracity, written in the fifteenth century:—

HERE'S old Johnny Anderson lying in dust, Or lying old Anderson, chuse which ye trust:

MONITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

FOR THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE MORALIST.—No III.

IT is a greater dignity and mark of a heroic soul to bear evils with fortitude and patience, than by an absenting and alienation of the mind, from things present, to future.—PATIENCE

is rather the governor of necessity, than the servant of fortune. If thou wilt not be oppressed by evils, expect and exercise for conquering thyself, that wrong may not conquer thee.

Patience keepseth reputation unspotted; it filencheth the tongue of calumny, and, though outward force be destroyed, this makes the mind invincible.

Patience is of such similitude, and so nearly allied to fortitude, that she is either her sister, or her daughter: She fettereth a zeal upon all virtues, and is ever first in the list, and the last in the triumph.

ing written a letter, with much study and labor, to be sent to the Pope, asking for fands to be cast upon it, his Secretary, being half asleep, poured the ink in the stamfith thereon, which greatly defaced it: Yet such was his patience, that his reply only was, "Come, we must write it over again."

Boston, Nov. 12, 1802.

EUSEBIUS.

VARIETY.

[Collected from various sources.]

DURING a late storm at Ritchfield, in New-York state, a Fish came down the chimney of Mr. Obad Edion, measuring 6 inches long.

ON Wednesday, the 27th ult, a smart gust of wind was felt at New-York. The cupola of the City-Hall, was much shaken and the windows blown to pieces, to the extreme discomfiture of the watchman, who was just in the act of crying "all's well!"

AN irregular apprentice frequently keeping late hours, his master, at length, took occasion to apply some weighty arguments to convince him of the "error of his ways."

THE following curious trees have been discovered within the last twenty years, viz. the Bread Fruit Tree, the Butter Fruit Tree, the Tallow Fruit Tree.

A YOUNG man of the name of Neck was married last week in Devonshire to a Miss Heels.

A MARRIED Lady lately consulted her lawyer on the following question—Querie, "As I wedded Mr. T—for his estate, and that estate is now spent, am I not to all intents and purposes, a widow and at liberty to marry again?"

THOSE ladies whose husbands bestow corrections too freely will be glad to hear of a cure. At Barking in Essex, whenever a fisherman beats his wife, his neighbours empty a sack of chaff at the door.

SOME people being recounting several wonderful feats of horsemanship, an old soldier, who was present, said he had seen an English light-horseman, on full speed, pick a copper off the ground with his eye-lids.

A CONVERSATION taking place on the subject of extraordinary things done by dogs—one of the company said, he had seen two mastiffs fight till nothing was left but their tails!

ALMANACKS FOR 1803.

THOMAS, Farmer's, Low's and Poor Richard's—for sale at Wm. T. CLAP'S Store, Fish-Street, sign of the Boston Frigate, by the groce or single.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

STERN winter approaches, consequently we all wish for a warm fire, and a beautiful table. Servants, of all descriptions, who want employ, are invited to the above Office—Where they may heat of places for two Boys, in reputable families, a young Man to take care of a horse, &c.

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To soar aloft on Fancy's wing,
And bathe in HELICONIA'S spring;
Cull every flower with careful hand,
And strew them o'er our native land.

FOR THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP.—No IV.

*** Facilis desensus Averni,
Noctes atque dies patet atri jonus ditis.

BEING on a journey some little time since, I was obliged from a variety of circumstances, to be on the road on the Sabbath, stopping to dine at a small town, and hearing the bell ring for public worship, just as I had finished a very comfortable meal, and thinking a longer rest might be acceptable to the poor animal who had drawn myself and companion above twenty miles that morning, over a heavy read, and that I might gain some information by following the groups, pressing to the court of the King of Kings, I proposed going to meeting, my companion acquiesced, and we joined the family who kept the tavern where we dined. I do not exactly recollect the text from which the Clergyman drew his discourse, but it was impressive and nervous; and tended to prove that they who broke one Commandment, was guilty of the whole. I was greatly affected by the energy, with which he endeavoured to prevail on his auditors, to be careful how they infringed on the most trifling moral or religious duty. My heart smote me several times during his sermon, my soul shuddered at what my future prospect must be, if, "they who broke one, was guilty of all." As I pursued my journey in the evening, my mind dwelt on the solemn subject, and even after I had retired to rest, I still reflected, if such was really the case, how few, how very few, would attain everlasting happiness: Alas, said I, how various, how multiplied are the ways by which we may offend, well may it be said, broad is the way that leads to death. My mind continued to be agitated with fear, not daring to hope for mercy, conscious how little I had deserved. It was very late before I could close my eyes, and when sleep at length shed her influence on my corporeal senses, my mind still impressed with the awful subject I had been contemplating, fell into the following dream or vision.

Methought I was awakened from a profound sleep by a tremendous clap of thunder, and starting from the earth on which I seemed to have been lying, I beheld the Heavens covered with dark clouds from which the sulphurous and forked lightnings darted in every direction, repeated thunders accompanied by a loud and solemn blast of trumpets, seemed to shake the solid earth even to the centre. Terrified and shuddering at the dreadful appearance of the sky, and the noise of the thunder and trumpets, I fell on my knees and exclaimed, "surely the day of judgement, is come, oh that I could hide me from the face of the judge." As I gazed towards the eastern horizon, I beheld the lofty mountains that closed the distant view, began to smoke, the heavens opened and enthroned on clouds, borne on the wings

of thousands and ten thousands of cherubins, appeared the great ALPHA OMEGA: The effulgence of light that blazed around him, totally obscured his form and figure from my weak eyes, but a cry on every side of "behold he comes" convinced me the hour of general retribution was at hand. As I stood transfixed by the most excruciating fear, I felt something touch my shoulder, and turning, beheld a figure wrapped in a white but almost transparent robe, his face grave, but mild, his hair fair and shining. Trembling mortal said he, "calm your fears and prepare to follow me." "Oh not into the presence of the judge," I exclaimed, "a little longer, a moment more before I hear my last irrevocable doom." "It will be some time yet," said he "before your hour arrives, in the mean time, come with me and attend to what you will behold;" he then took me by the hand, and methought I ascended with him from the earth, and passed lightly through the air, as we swam through the expanse of ether, I lost my fears in a great measure, and breathed with more freedom. At length we stopped upon the summit of an exceeding high mountain from whence I beheld a vast plain, covered with an incalculable multitude, consisting of all the nations of the peopled earth. The clouds on which rode the ETERNAL ONE, hovered immediately over this plain, and from the eminence on which I stood I beheld on his right a Cross, supported by two figures, which my guide told me were PATIENCE and MERCY on the Cross, which shone with the lustre of the noon day sun, in letters of a crimson hue, were these words, "THE GREAT ATTONEMENT:" before him stood JUSTICE with a flaming sword that turned every way. A little to the left was FAITH, with her eyes fixed on the Cross, and the word of TRUTH in her hand. HOPE, leaned on the shoulder of FAITH, and CHARITY seated beneath appeared to support them both.

I was gazing with a mixture of wonder, awe, and delight on this sublime appearance; when my guide directed my eyes to a group of venerable figures on the plain below, directly opposite the throne. Those, said he, are the Jewish lawgivers, and the apostles. They will strictly examine that immense multitude, who will receive their final doom from the great ETERNAL. The host of heaven in hymns of exultation will welcome the accepted to their everlasting rest; the unhappy lost, and unbelieving, will be struck by a flash from the flaming sword of JUSTICE, to the dark abyss which yawns immediately beneath the throne, where involved in darkness, debased all society, even with each other, they will continue passing from one dreary cavern to another, the victims of remorse and horror. "What, forever," said I, "must they suffer eternally?" My guide laid his finger on my lips, and replied, "HE who formed them, HE who judges them alone can tell, enquire not what he thinks proper to conceal from all.—At this moment my ears were saluted with the most seraphic sounds, and I beheld millions of angelic beings soaring to the bright regions beyond the throne. Those, said my guide, are children who were called from the world before they had offended their Maker. Another strain louder, stronger, more sublimely grand, broke on my ears, and thousands of happy spirits in white robes, with

harp in their hands, joining the heavenly choir, followed the beatified children. Those, said my guide, are pure virgins, chaste matrons, and pious men, who have withstood temptation, who professed the christian faith, and sealed their profession with their blood. A solemn pause now ensued, and I saw a number of figures advancing towards the venerable examiners; the silence was profound and universal. "What are your claims?" said an awful voice. We have fasted, we have prayed, we have built hospitals, we have endowed churches, we have been just, we have done no wrong, we have broken no commandment.—Hypocrites, said the voice, ye have broken them all. Ye fasted and prayed to establish your characters for piety, but your hearts were far from God, your lips did him honor while your souls worshiped Mammon. Ye have built hospitals and endowed churches that your names may be held in veneration amongst men. Ye have been just, because ye feared the law; but whose heart have ye ever cheered? whose wants have ye relieved? what self denial have yourselves practised to benefit your fellow creatures? Though ye did not wrong your neighbour, have ye not desired his possessions? At that moment a horrible crash of thunder broke over them and the lightning swept them into the dark abyss.—"Who shall then escape," said I. My guide made no answer, but motioned me to silence, and directing my attention towards the plain below again, I looked and beheld a multitude of women were advancing with slow and irresolute steps, covering their faces with their hands; when they were nearly opposite the throne, they fell on the earth and a broken murmur arose from among them, "unclean, unworthy, self-condemned." These words were interrupted by sighs and tears. "Who are these?" said I. Those said my guide are unfortunate women who have wandered in the mazes of guilty pleasure. But mark, a small soft voice now spoke. "Your guilt has been great, but your sufferings have been multiplied, and your penitence is sincere. Ye have clothed the naked, and fed the hungry, ye have watched by the sick, and comforted the afflicted, ye have broken the prisoner's chains and caused the wretched to sing for joy, look up poor penitents." At that moment the cloud beneath the feet of MERCY separated, and the humble sorrowing crowd, passed in and were wrapped in a veil of pale translucent light. But oh, just then a horrid shriek was heard and an innumerable throng hurled into the abyss below. Those, said my guide, are the seducers of innocence, the corrupters of the young mind. I looked and saw women in appearance like harpies amongst the detested group, but as I stood penetrated with horror, a loud voice cried in my ear, "Come! come! now! thy hour is arrived." I raised my eyes, and thinking I saw a flash from the sword of justice just ready to fall on me, in an agony of terror awoke.

—The Gossip has received R. Steady's complaints, and can only observe, that though domestic grievances may be trusted to confidential friends, they should never be made a topic for public animadversion.—The application of NIXEE, for advice, shall be attended to in the next number.

MAXIM.

We arrive novices at the several ages of life, and often want experience, notwithstanding we have had years enough to learn it in.

THE ITINERANT—No 1.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit"

IS a sentence which fell from the sacred lips of him, who could not deviate from truth. It will be acknowledged by the attentive and reflecting, that pride, and an idea of self-importance, are incompatible with real enjoyment. Jealousy of superiority, anxiety for imaginary dignity, and a forced hauteur and reserve, designed to check the forwardness and familiarity of inferiors, are the wearisome companions of the proud, and disturb the serenity of mind, the quiet of relaxation, the calmness of temper, which are always necessary to constitute true felicity. To souls like these, are unknown the joys of social intercourse, of unrestrained intimacy between the frank and open minds, and the pleasures of free conversation, not shackled by jealousy, nor distorted by affectation.

Elated with the vanity of nobility, or pampered by the affluence of wealth, men, degraded for human beings, forget their humanity. Imagining themselves of a superior order, they fall below the grade of their own species, and cherish the lowest and vilest passions, which infect the bosoms of infernals: Passions, which rustle and poison the placid streams of happiness, and counteract the benevolent intentions of him who created us.

The humble, the "poor in spirit" is not disturbed by ideas of his own superiority, nor jealous of the superiority of others. He neither despises those whom a wise Providence has placed below him, nor courts the familiarity of those who esteem themselves above him. Easy and sociable with all, he is easy to himself. Enjoyment attends him in his business and his pleasures, and peace sheds her balmy dew on his pillow.

The ambitious may expect happiness from power and grandeur, and devote all his energies to their attainment; but the sting of disappointment will overtake him, and unexpected calamities teach him his error. Jealousy and Suspicion, the destroyers of peace, the poisoners of happiness, are their inseparable attendants. The malice of rivalry, the enmity of competition, the slander of envy, and the pain of defeated hopes, embitter those gilded scenes of life, which excite our admiration, and render palaces the abodes of wretchedness. Happy is he, who, with a competency of what this world affords, has contentment for his portion; whose life is untroubled by the whirlpools of ambition, whose connexion with society is unhackled and unembittered by pride and presumption, and who, in the variety of his different walks, supports that lowliness of mind, and equanimity of temper, which Heaven has pronounced the source of blessedness. H.

FOR THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE CENSOR.

Their looks, their speech, no longer are the same,
Alas! we've lost all native, but the name.

OF all the appearances in the human character, there is none more disgusting in the common use of the word, than *Affliction*. It is almost inconsistent with nature and certainly opposite to truth. Into whatever society or nation it may gain a footing, their manners are instantaneous, ever fails to succeed.—It makes all habits of one, and nothing of the whole. The wise man becomes a fool, and the fool appears to be a wise man.

The present age is the age of *Affliction*, and I care not who hears me say so, there is not a person whom I can meet to-day that will appear the same to-morrow, this may seem a bold, and even erroneous imputation, but it will be only thought so by those whom habit has blinded and rendered incapable of discerning with the eyes of impartiality.

Those who live in this century have an invincible antipathy to every thing natural and original, and I call for nothing else in justification of this, than any girl of fifteen, and boy of twenty, within hearing of this place—only look at the paint on her cheeks, and observe his dress, the poor girl stands trembling with the cold, (nothing under heavens on but a little mullin hardly decent in appearance!) and he! an unmanly barber-monger has all her cloths stuffed in his neckerchief! Ah, young man, you need not try to slick your hair up, only look in the glass, and if it dont go up itself, I'm very much mistaken. I tell you what it is, I'd advise you to go home—take off your father's breeches, (for they are much too large for you) and that ribbon, that you have button-fewed too over it; and restre those Fisherman's boots to the right owner—sood after your shall have dressed yourself decently, go about some usefull labor, and play the fool no longer.

As for you, my sweet little maid, you would be very handsome if you would let yourself alone—you are comely and are naturally well made, but you need not show too much of your make!, the face is enough in all conscience—but do tell me, was you born with that hair, or was the change of colour occasion'd by a fever—bless me! the whole surface of your head appears to be loose! a wig! a wig by Jove!!

THE NOVELIST.

THE CHILD OF MISERY,

A TALE.

(Concluded from our last.)

KNOWING him to be one of those severe stoics who, rigidly adhering to the strict principles of honour themselves, view, with a scornful eye, the least deviation from her path; I resolved to exert all the little eloquence I possessed in behalf of his unhappy child.—Fortunately, Sir Charles was at home; he, I knew would assist me. I was received with every mark of friendship and esteem, but, when I explained the motive of my coming—"Forbear, Sir," said the old man, "I charge you to let me hear no more of that; she is no child of mine, neither perish when and where she may."—I entreated him to hear me, assuring him that Dr. L.— had given me ~~power~~ that he ought to consider it as the dying request of a repentant daughter.—Spite of his apathy, the paternal tear glistened in his eye: I persevered in my suit, but all my efforts fell short of the desired effect; he abruptly broke from me, exclaiming, "I forgive, but I cannot, will not see her!"—My poor friend, almost as much distressed as his suffering sister, when I vainly endeavoured to move his father to compliance; he gave him permission to visit his sister, bade him assure her of his forgiveness, but firmly resolved never more to behold her.—Sir Charles and I set off next day, and, when we arrived in town, found Louisa somewhat better than I left her, but not sufficiently amended to promise recovery: the languish expellations of hope had raised her spirits, but they were seized only to suffer depression. Between such a brother and such a sister, I shall not attempt to describe the interview; the pencil of imagination may paint it, but the pen cannot do it justice: they whose feelings vibrate at the tender touch of sympathy, may behold it in glowing colours, and for the rest of the world I heed not its approbation.

I will leave them together, while I briefly inform my readers, that, from the moment of discovering the fault which,

"Because she loved, and was a woman,"

poor Louisa had been guilty of, was the banished from the no longer friendly mansion of her only parent. Driven for shelter to the metropolis, after parting with every trinket to procure a sad subsistence, she, whose soul originally spotless as a cherub's form, had, by a regular gradation of obstructive vice, arrived at that summit of agonizing misery on which I found her. Her brother had in vain attempted to discover her retreat; she had changed her name, and all his researches were fruitless.

Her father's refusal deeply affected her spirits, but she blessed him for his firmness, and resigned herself to the protection of that Being who never turns a deafened ear to the repentant sinner. After lingering three days, during which her brother or myself were scarcely ever absent, she bestowed a dying benediction on all around, and we witnessed the final sign of this poor victim of parental cruelty.

Scarce had the pulsation of life ceased to vibrate when—my blood chilled while memory delineates the scene—her too late relenting father arrived, and, hastily entering the room, beheld, with horror in his looks, all that remained of what was once his daughter. When convinced of her death, the poor maniac confined in the walls of Bethlehem, is less an object of terror or of pity, than was the father of Louisa; wild phrenzy glared in his aged eyes, and, in a

paroxysm of despair, he threw himself on the bed which sustained the lifeless corpse, kissed her cold cheek, and a thousand times implored that forgiveness he had so long refused to grant. In the midst of our vain endeavours to calm his distracted soul, as if fate had despair'd of rendering us sufficiently miserable, another wretch appeared.—My unhappy brother, without waiting for an answer to his letter, had taken the earliest conveyance to London, and traced me from my lodgings to the sad spot where friendship and humanity claimed my attendance. When the dreadful spectacle struck his astonished sight, he gazed for a moment—it was too much for his tired spirits to support: without uttering a word, he sunk lifeless to the ground. I can no more—description loses her power, and I must draw a veil over distress so complicated and acute.

The body of Louisa was conveyed to the country, whither her sad mourners attended. On the evening of her funeral the inhabitants of the adjoining village strewed the "church-yard path" with flowers, for she had been kind and liberal to them, and in her earlier years, when innocence and plenty crowned the opening prospect, many of the sons and daughters of poverty blessed her bounteous hand, and proffered prayers for lasting peace—for long years of happiness and honour. Alas! those prayers were disregarded! Far-well thou dear departed one! may no rude rustic insult thy memory: nor the unceasing pride view, with a disdainful eye, thy sepulchre! In the wide mansion of eternal joy, thou art now in possession of that happiness denied thee upon earth, and thou shalt enjoy it forever free from the fears of misery and distress.

A marble tablet, bearing the following inscription, has been placed by her disconsolate father over the family vault.

Sacred to the Memory

of

LOUISA RAINSFORTH,

the Child of Misery;

Who fell

a timeless Victim

to false Honour

and parental Severity.

A settled gloom, which change of company and situation has not been able to dispel, has taken place on my brother's mind; and the desponding father of Louisa will not long survive the loss he has sustained.

May this "simple tale" operate as a useful memento to parental harshness; may it inculcate the value of female virtue, and teach future fathers to shelter, rather than expate their erring offspring.

CARLOS.

HISTORICAL.

[We are sure the following will gratify many of our readers. It is an extract of a letter from a young gentleman of character and intelligence, now travelling in Europe, to his friend in America. We extract it from the Gazette of the United States.]

AMSTERDAM.

THIS great city, which is sometimes called Amsteldam, takes its name from the river Amstel, which runs through it, compressed into a canal. There is no tide in the many waters here; a circumstance which occasions a hateful stench. They count nearly 300,000 inhabitants. The people are ever more knavish, nigardly and illiberal, than in the places we have already visited. I went, between eleven and twelve last night, to a singular institution; by an ordinance of the government there is a number of Bagrio houses in this town, to which women, who have no better means, are invited on the terms of a support for life. I paid a small sum for an admission to this mercenary nursery. Its disgusting inmates are numbered, and like stalled cattle, each one has her allotted place. They were generally squalid and ugly, and degrading to their sex in their persons, as much as in their situations. When this abominable course of life is once entered upon, they are compelled to continue it, and seldom, if ever, and then with great difficulty, escape from the house in which they are confined, but absolutely wear out in this detestable service.

Last night we all went to the Dutch Theatre, prepared to meet ridiculous objects; unfortunately we arrived too late for the Ballet, which is said to be very well. The performance we saw was an Opera; the singing and acting not despicable. The subject seemed to be the introduction of a Wild Boy into the civilized world, and his insatiable admiration of a Female, to whom he was married of course.

The Marine School, which we have visited this morning, is an establishment of more honor, perhaps, than service to this country. There are in it 104 Boys, who are instructed and practiced in every thing relating to the government of a Ship. In the yard there is a vessel of 170 tons

POETRY.



FOR THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

As you have inserted my Gradle Piece so Landsomely, I follow it by a BIRTH-DAY INVITATION, written some months after, which if you give with equal accuracy, you shall hear again from a sincere well wisher to your very laudable undertaking.
HONORA MARTESIA.

JULIA, to ANNA MARIA, sends greeting,
 For though but a youngling, she aims to be prating;
 And now having rounded completely a year,
 She wishes to make her importance appear.

She would, if she could, pen the love speaking lay,
 To ANNA MARIA impretively say,
 Come hither sweet girl—for it is the return
 Of the annual day on which I was born;
 Come hither, with me commencing the year,
 The first in my circle of friends to appear.

Come see how Mamma, the best flowers culling,
 Each vase and each pot this morn hath been filling,
 With foliage so verdant adorning the room,
 The air by their various sweets to perfume.

Here the holly-hock stands so gracefully tall,
 And there the nasturtium creeps over the wall;
 The globe amaranthine—perpetual flower,
 Arranged in pots fresh beauties discover;
 The garden is ransack'd, and all to disclose,
 The gladness supreme in her bosom which flows;
 Come see the bell flowers how the hath twin'd,
 A wreath for the brow of her daughter design'd
 Where the purple so rich conspicuous blooms,
 And every leafaded beauty affumes;
 A wreath which for fragrance and colour might vie,
 With the rose of idleness, or hue of the sky,
 And which is intended my temple to crown,
 On the very same hour which made me her own.
 Come receive, my sweet girl, the charming bouquet,
 Made up by her hand as a present for thee;
 Where gillies, and lark-spurs, and pinks not a few,
 Are shaded and grac'd by the marvel peru;
 Where jessamines mingling with each pretty blow,
 Are combined her love, and her fancy to show.

Of the ham and the chickens, too the would tell,
 The pudding and custards in which we excel;
 The tea and the cakes, bread and butter and cream,
 That nothing imperfect, nor wanting may seem;
 While garlands of flowers shall girth each dish,
 As many as ANNA MARIA can wish.*

And gradually passing from each groffer scene,
 To paint a futurity gaily serene;
 When ANNA and JULIA in friendship's soft bands,
 Their hearts shall unmingle, uniting their hands,
 When Amity germin shall open to them,
 Esteem the rich fruit, and sweet kindred the stem;
 This good still unending kind heaven will give,
 If well we design, and discreetly we live.

'Tis thus, if she could, the Gipsy would chatter,
 But she is but a child, and 'tis no matter;
 While wanting the power we only can say,
 Come, ANNA MARIA, and spend the white-day.

HONORA MARTESIA.

* *The beautiful little girl, since deceased, to which the invitation was addressed, early evinced the delicacy of her intellect, by an uncommon attachment to flowers.*

FOR THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ELEGY,

Addressed to the friends of an amiable young woman, who when the period for her marriage was fixed, was seized with a lingering illness and died.

PEACE! Peace! no murmure, 'tis the will of God,
 That God, who orders all things for the best;
 'Tis yours to suffer, bow and kiss the rod;
 'Twas hers, to seek the mansions of the blest.

She rests in quiet, why should you lament?
 What tho' for her were Hymen's fetters wove;
 'Twere better for to die, than to repent,
 Or live till she had lost her husband's love.

To see another triumph in her right,
 Perhaps some trifler dissolve and vain;
 To sink with Lorrow that must flun the light,
 To bear repeated wrongs and not complain.

Or had it been her happier lot to prove,
 A long success of bright happy hours;
 While firm integrity and faithful love,
 Combin'd to brew her path of life with flow'rs.

Even then what anguish might her heart have known,
 Some child snatch'd early from her fond embrace;
 Her hopes all wither'd, all her schemes o'er thrown,
 Or lingering sickness with pale haggard face,
 Seize her lov'd partner, waste his pow'r's life,
 To find how vain the aid of medicine proves:
 Great God! what agonies ditract the wife,
 Who lives to mourn the husband whom she loves.

From this and more did heaven think fit to save,
 The pure unspotted maid who breathless lies;
 Bade her worn frame rest in the silent grave,
 And call her blameless spirit to the skies.

FOR THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

TO AMYNTAS,

THE CAMBRIDGE BARD.

CHILD of the muse whom Fancy did not scorn,
 Stoopest delighted from her starry sphere;
 Sweet as the music of the vernal morn,
 Thy native song first wood's her partial ear.

Oh join the Patriots with the Poet's flame,
 And teach our vales and woodlands to repeat,
 The praise of Him, who built Columbia's fame,
 The rock on which the storms in vain may beat.

Or strike the string thy hand too long forbears,
 And scourge the follies of a wayward age;
 Strip off the mask that Vice invented wears,
 And war with wickedness and Falshood wage.

Who wears a sword should never refuse to draw
 Gainst foes of Virtue, Order and of Law.

HAMMOND.

MONITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

FOR THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE MORALIST.—No IV.

EXTENSIONS directed to the melioration and expansion of the human heart, may awaken, invigorate and call into play, its latent good qualities, its warmth of friendship, generosity, charity, piety, gratitude, and all those sumbling virtues, the proper exercise of which would animate mankind with such a spirit of philanthropy and benevolence, as should induce all parties and all orders in society, cordially to embrace as brothers of the human race, and fellow-citizens of one extensive world, created for their mutual enjoyment by one divinely beneficent and parental Being.

As a skillful jeweller instructs his self knowing pupil, to distinguish the native brilliancy of a red diamond from the dazzling glare of imitative paste, so should the Moralist develop to mankind the fallacy of those too sanguine ideas, and the delusive allurements of those headstrong passions, under whose glittering banners so many of the human race begin a fruitless march, in quest of Happiness. Too often do the warm effusions of inexperienced fancy, (breathing forth in Novels and Romances, often eagerly read) and working on a glowing imagination, raise too flattering hopes and suggest too false ideas of human life, covering them with a wreath of aromatic flowers, the sharpening dagger of rancorous disappointment.—Tell this child of folly, the only road to happiness is that which pure, simple nature meant him to pursue, a benevolent exercise of the untainted feelings of a generous heart. Life itself is short, very short, yet I believe more of it is spent in the fruitless pursuit of imaginary happiness, than is ever devoted to a just contemplation of its real good.

Man is born to a state of progressive improvement, and as his ideas expand, he should be taught to form a proper estimate of human life; to a youthful mind, (born with any warmth of hope or ambition) happiness appears to be imperferably attached to popular applause, accumulated riches, or eminence of station, whose outline he fire dazzles his

inexperienced eyes; it takes him a long time to give certain belief to this important truth, that, "not the situation in which he is placed, but his behaviour in it, entitles to, or excludeth him from, his share of merit," when he once comesto find that all permanent enjoyment solely results from a satisfactory peace of mind, he is loth to hazard its loss by throwing it into a dependence on the capricious humours of the world, or the uncertain distributions of fortune.—He looks for comfort within himself. A conscious rectitude of intention, his internal Monitor, and a benevolence of heart leading him to alleviate the pains, to diminish the wants, and compassionate the sufferings of the human race. Thus he becomes like the industrious husbandman, who, "though he hastoid through many a shivering wintry blast to foster and protect the leafless sapling, yet in the spring he is in return regaled by its odoriferous perfume, and when summer brings on full perfection, the delicious flavor of its fruit not only imparts a rich luxuriance to his palate, but yields a grateful exhilarating transport to his very heart."

EUSEBIUS..

FUNERAL.

WITHIN fifty hours, at the close of the last, and the beginning of the present week, three grown persons died at *Howarth*, in this state, and were interred in one grave.—The scene was calculated to call forth the lessons of experience; and the admonitions of piety. Nor was it unimproved. As the occasion was extraordinary, the funeral solemnities were held in the Baptist meeting house.—There the deceased, though silent, were powerful preachers of those great truths they had so often listened to in that place. Dr. Smith's state of health did not allow his attendance.

The performances were, a prayer by the Rev. Mr. Tompkins, and an exhortation and prayer, by the Rev. Mr. Abbot. Music at proper intervals soothing to melancholy. The preacher pointed the mourners to the hill for consolation. Thence, he proved to his hearers their *desires*, their *duty*, their *hope*, and the *foundations* of that hope. He told them, that as they were, all destined to die it was their duty to live a life of religion; and to prepare for this great and certain change.—Then they might look to the grave without terror, and hope that death would kindly release them from the troubles of this world, and introduce them to an eternity of bliss. But this hope must be founded on the atoning blood of Christ, who brought life and immortality to light. All the ceremonies on this occasion were conducted with an impressive solemnity.

"The withered flowers, the faded leaves that fall to the ground, speak of mortality, and the decay of nature. But these are monitors whose voices we may effectually shut our ears against. But when we see so many of our fellow creatures at once snatched from life, and numbered with the victims of death, in spite of our endeavours, a train of solemn thoughts will introduce themselves. And what subject requires such frequent contemplation as death! Scarce any other event is common to all. Not a man lives, who is not interested in death. Sooner or later, all mankind must pass from this transitory scene into an endless futurity of existence. What then is this life, and all it contains, compared with that which is to come. Here at best we pass but a few years, and sad but little happiness. There an eternity will open on us, and what a transporting thought! many will find it an eternity of happiness. Yet here in this little spece, which itself is finite, and subject to the law of change, do we concentrate all our hopes. The toys and trifles of this world to engage us, that we hardly bestow a thought on subjects of infinite importance.

"If we would see like rational beings, let us think seriously of death and its certainty and its consequences. Do not startle;—true it is a gloomy, but a useful subject of thought. By this exercise we shall see the necessity of preparing for another world; and when that most important duty is accomplished, death will no longer seem clothed in terrors. Then we shall not check the thought of death as a troublesome intruder, but shall cherish it as a friend, whose company is a source of pleasure. Amid the trials of this life it will be our comforter. When the world frowns darkly upon us, and the clouds of trouble and disappointment thicken around, we shall stand firm, supported by the reflection that death will at length come to our relief. And finally, when that solemn hour arrives, in which all sublimary joys shall fall, and this world with its enjoyments and perplexities shall seem equally indifferent to us, the eye of faith will behold, death approaching with smiling aspect to welcome us to happiness and heaven."

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

DEVOTED TO

MORALITY, LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, THE FINE ARTS, AGRICULTURE, &c. &c.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

To soar aloft on FANCY'S wing,
And bathe in HELLICONIA'S spring;
Cull every flower with careful hand,
And strew them o'er our native land.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP.—No. V.

Nunquam aliquid naturæ, aliud sapientia dicit.

TO THE GOSSIP.

Mr. or Madam GOSSIP,

AS you have offered your advice to all who may need it, myself and sister have determined to explain to you the nature of our distresses, and ask your advice, how to extricate ourselves from a kind of persecution or uneasiness, which to us is almost intolerable. You must know we are co-heiresses to a very considerable property, and that at the death of our father, we were left to the guardianship of a sister of my father, and a brother of my mother. Our uncle is a good careful merchant, who manages our money to the best advantage, never flints us in our expenses, and is never better pleased, than when he sees us well dressed, and hears our persons or manners commended. Our aunt, with whom we reside, is we believe, may we must own, what is in general called, a very fine woman. She is about 35 years old, lively, accomplished, and what the men term a very agreeable companion. And this is what we have to complain of; for though my sister and myself are without vanity very handsome, Almira is small but elegantly formed, has the finest blue eyes in the world, and a profusion of auburn hair, which she has not cut off to be in the fashion, though she dances fashionably, plays fashionably, dresses in the very pink of the mode, and has a good voice for singing. I am myself above the middle size, good complexion, dark brown hair, black eyes, and not behind my sister in any of the accomplishments she possesses. She is eighteen, and I am sixteen: and yet it is a fact that in mixed companies, Almira and myself, will be totally disregarded, or merely complimented by a few common place observations on our dress, dancing, &c. while all the beaux are chatting and laughing with our aunt. It is not more than a fortnight ago, we were all in a large party together. Almira looked beautiful as an angel, and I do not think I was myself absolutely ugly; when a gentleman fixing himself beside me on a sofa, began admiring the trimming of my robe, which was of my own fancying; he said some very pretty things about my taste, then pointed out the simplicity and beauty of Almira's head dress, which was strings of pearl braided in with her hair, and fastened at the crown of her head by a pearl comb. As he was proceeding my aunt happened to cross the room, when breaking abruptly off, he exclaimed, "that is the most elegant woman in the room to night." Would you believe it, he had on, only a crape robe, with a grey ribbon around her waist, a small lace cap fastened under her chin, with a ribbon of the same colour, and a branch of black flowers on the left side of her head—for you must understand she is a widow, and not a very rich one neither, so that I cannot account for her being so much admired, well, she passed near us, "Madam" said he, "there is room." so squeezing me into the corner, he arose while she fastened herself, and then jammed himself in between us. I have been admiring said he, Miss Isabella's taste in dress, how happy, how fortunate must the think herself, in being under the protection of a relation so capable of directing her judgement not only in that, but in every other particular. Then turning half round from me, he fell into a delightful, philosophical, sentimental, and learned conversation, with her, while the good old Lady, (for be you male or female, you must confess, a woman past thirty is not young) smiled, and showed her ugly white teeth, flirted her fan, and dropped her long black eye lashes over her large eyes in so provoking a manner, that out of all manner of patience, I seized the first opportunity of darting to the other end of the room, where Almira and myself enjoyed the satisfaction of watching and laughing at them. I should have

told you the gentleman in question, is not thirty yet, and is what we call a pretty fellow, that is in person, but he is not a ladies man—this unconceivable aunt plays and sings too, now don't you think it very absurd for a woman above thirty years old, to play and sing? but the men say the things with taste and feeling. Lord help us! I have no patience, what has an old woman to do with taste and feelings. She dances too, and many a time has Almira and myself sat still half an evening, while she has been led to the head of the room by some of the prettiest fellows in it. If this is to continue, I pray heaven to hasten the time when I may be 35 years old and a widow, in which with my sister joins me. But in the mean time, pray Mr. or Mrs. GOSSIP, give us your advice whether or no we had not better change our place of abode. If we could get to board with some old, very old maiden lady who would sanction our seeing company at home, and accompany us abroad, without attracting the notice of the young men, it would be much more pleasant to us. Pray print this, perhaps our aunt may know herself, and take pains not to be so tormentingly agreeable, at any rate give us your advice, for we are

Your perplexed Admirers,

ALMIRA and ISABELLA.

My fair correspondents ALMIRA and ISABELLA, evince the simplicity of their hearts, when they think any woman from 15 to 80 years old, would not rather exult in being tormentingly agreeable, than take any pains to repress their agreeable qualities. I cannot be a competent judge of the merits of the case, but from what the letter intimates, I should presume, if the young ladies have no other cause of complaint, they had better not think of changing their abode; they may perhaps learn a useful lesson by studying their aunt's character, especially when they reflect that she can never be younger, but they are daily growing older.

TO THE GOSSIP.

Mr. GOSSIP,

AS you have obtained the name of the "American Spectator," in the circles of my acquaintance, I feel a confidence of success in applying to you for advice in the choice of a profession for a young brother just entering upon the great theatre of life. The encouragement and invitation which you have given to apply to you in such cases, would be in my estimation a sufficient inducement, but in addition to this, I feel relief from the pain which his wavering and unsettled disposition inflicts upon my heart, which sympathizes in his sorrows and participates in his joys. But when I reflect upon the subject I find myself utterly incapable of advising him, and almost equally unsettled in my opinion as he is in his conduct. Should he apply himself to study, explain, and defend the laws of his country, a constellation of worthies must totally eclipse his inferior splendor; for though he wants not talents, yet long study and practice can alone confer a title to eminence in that profession. Should he preach the gospel and inculcate lessons of morality and good order, I am sorry to say he will scarcely obtain the necessaries of life, except he should live unmarried, and I presume celibacy would not be very agreeable to his feelings, or congenial to his disposition. Judging of your ability to advise, by the specimens of your talents and knowledge with which you have favored the world, I think my brother may rely on being freed from his doubts and determined in "the choice of life."

NEICY.

What advice I have the power of giving, Neicy shall be welcome to, but it must be deferred till the next number. Thus far I will venture to say at present, that whatever course of life necessity, or the advice of friends may lead her brother to pursue, the bent of nature should be consulted. Education and perseverance will do much when acting in opposition to nature, but when in conjunction with her they seldom fail of attaining excellence.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE ITINERANT.—No. II.

"Vain now are books, the sage's wisdom vain;—
"What has the world to tempt our steps astray?
"For ere we learn by studied laws to reign,
"The weak'n'd passions, self-subsid'd, obey."

IT is very common for those who are considerably advanced in life, to censure and condemn the gaiety and irregularities of youth, as unpardonable weakness, and egregious folly;—to reprobate every deviation from the cold rules of reason, as the effect of thoughtlessness, irresolution, or contempt of propriety. No favourable allowances are made for the violence of youthful passion; no reasonable deductions are considered on account of juvenile inexperience.

Having no taste for the amusements which captivate the young, nor any inclination to stray from the common walks of life, the aged are apt to flatter themselves, they have conquered their vicious passions; and, vain of their imaginary virtue, consider themselves as patterns of prudence, and proper examples to be copied by those, who are just rising into life.

But that is not virtue, which costs us no effort. The cold and the phlegmatic, the superannated and the aged; have little to boast of, on the score of temperance and self-denial. Where there exists no inclination to transgress, there is no merit in being pure. If, by the frost of age, or the apathy of reiteration, our passions have been damped or extinguished, we have little occasion for triumph, and as little right to condemn and anathematize those, who are still scorched by their meridian fervour. What reason for exultation, or what claim to the reputation of courage or activity has he, who leads an enemy captive, that made no resistance? Philosophy might display her arguments, and Religion proclaim her precepts and her threatenings; but with how much less effect, did not age and satiety step in to their support.

I do not mean here to advocate the vices and irregularities of the young, nor to insinuate that youth is a sufficient apology for their indulgence. Regularity, and temperance, and stability, in early life, are amiable and desirable; but we must not expect them in that degree of perfection which is peculiar to riper years. Nor must any one imagine himself more virtuous than another, because he has had less temptation to err.

It is an observation of Mr. Addison, that many are received as martyrs by the eye of Deity, who have never been called to suffer. The person, who, with strong inducements to do wrong, has resisted them in part, is doubtless more virtuous than he, who having been assaulted by no temptation, has not erred. Many, whom the world esteem as examples of excellence—as ornaments to virtue, to religion, to human nature—are, perhaps, in reality, far less virtuous in the view of their Creator, than others, who are considered by their contemporaries as vicious and abandoned; as unworthy of confidence, and incapable of good.

There are vices and passions peculiar to every age. If the young are too fond of the pleasures of dissipation, and the extravagancies of show, the

old are devoted to penury of living, and the avarice of wealth. In youth, let us guard against the vices incident to youth; and in age, let us, if possible, preserve ourself free from the vices of age. Let our attention be directed to discover our own failings, and let all our exertions be employed to correct them. Because we are partially free from the faults which we discover in others, let us not conclude ourselves perfect. Every one has faults enough of his own; and if they are not felt by ourselves, yet they are plainly seen by others. If the rage of dissipation, and the effervescence of youth have now ceased to affect us, yet we are, perhaps, influenced by passions, equally grovelling, and equally criminal. H.

Nov. 23, 1802.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE FRAGMENT—No. III.

There is much greater advantage, than people are apt to imagine, in observing the strictest truth and accuracy in conversation. I have observed two kinds of error which we are prone to contract, and which imperceptibly infuse themselves into our train of thinking and speaking: One of them proceeds from heedlessness; the other from vanity. Many persons hastily catch a report as it flies, and without either examining its credulity, or being exact in ascertaining the particulars, they conjure up a vague improbable tale, and expose it to the world as matter of fact. Such people have no intention of deceiving, but, a certain indolence of mind, prevents them from weighing the probabilities, and learning an accurate view of the affair which they take up and circulate. It is evident that men of this description, soon lose their influence in gaining belief, and though perhaps they are not palpably charged with falsehood, they are supposed to speak to much at random, that little credit is due to their representations.

The mistakes of men, who are prompted by vanity to miscoloured Truth, are equally injurious to credibility of character, as those which are the offspring of carelessness. Some persons are so fond of displaying a lively imagination, and of giving a fine air of embellishment to whatever they relate, that we can never strictly rely upon the certainty of their communications. Nothing can be more ill-judged, than for any one to imagine, he can suppose a weight of reputation among men, while he yields himself up to the delusions of fancy, and allows any circumstance to divert him from a steady adherence to truth, in those assertions and reports which he pronounces as matter of fact. Such a person when his character for exaggeration is once known, is never listened to with confidence. His acquaintance hear him converse without relying on the truth accurately as he states it; and when he has finished his harangue, the bystanders acknowledge he has made a fine story, but say among themselves great allowance is to be made, for this person is apt to exaggerate.

Both these characters, the one who misconceives and misrelates a fact from inattention; the other who heightens and misrepresents, from a vain desire of knowing much or speaking eloquently, are held in little estimation. The only sure method of preserving weight and influence, is cautiously and uniformly to adhere to truth in every narration. There is an intrinsic excellence in truth. Its energy cannot be resisted. If all men would critically observe this course of reflection,—they would inspire a perfect confidence in all who heard their declarations, and perhaps they might pass through life without once having their veracity called in question.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE CENSOR—No. II.

The very earth on which we move divides!
 All things created in some manner go;
 The fasons roll, and language too revolves!
 For *Tes*, has finally got round to *No*.

It is no less singular, than a happy circumstance, that the change of language is limited; that is, there never was known, for instance, a whole country's speech to be alike, at the same time; but the alteration takes place gradually, beginning generally at large towns, cities, &c. but before it can totally spread, another change has commenced at the place where it began. Finding this to be the case, I have, for the benefit of those who reside in a different latitude,

whose business or inclination may call them to this metropolis, at this time, constructed a guide, by which they may easily know how to understand the English language, in all points and states of its inclination. I have endeavoured to meet as many as possible, omitting only (to whom it may be necessary) *weavers, apothecaries, chimney sweeps, and several others*. To some I think it may not be necessary, such as the *quakers, bankers*, and those who talk very little; but if they get into difficulty in this respect, they must subdivide and divide, by the other tables, and to come as near that which they think common sense, as they can. I am sorry to add, that those who have not a particular table calculated and appropriated purposely for them, can never obtain an exact answer, for the ratio of the *singularis* orbis motion, being at present undetermined, renders any attempt at an accurate calculation, from other tables—abortive. The table or guide, which I have constructed, I call a **PASSION-METER**, the derivation of which is easily seen. I had thoughts at first to form it on *Fahrenheit's* plan of a *Thermometer*, but some insurmountable difficulties obliged me to throw it by. The following is a plan which with ten thousand compliments, unheard of respect, and inconceivable esteem, I beg leave to lay at the great toe of the Emperor of China.

PASSION-METER, (for the present time.)

THE LOVER'S—No. 1.

<p>1 I hate you!</p> <p>2 Disgusting creature!</p> <p>3 Impudence!</p> <p>4 Get out of my sight!</p> <p>5 I'll never speak to you again!</p> <p>6 I care nothing about!</p>	<p>MEANS</p>	<p>1 I love you!</p> <p>2 Delightful creature!</p> <p>3 Pleading familiarity!</p> <p>4 Dont Go!</p> <p>5 Not till you ask me a question!</p> <p>6 I love you as my life!</p>
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THE VISITOR'S—No. 2.

<p>1 I'm very glad to see you!</p> <p>2 I tho't you would have</p> <p>3 Why didnt you come sooner?</p> <p>4 I was fearful you were</p> <p>5 Come stay all day.</p> <p>6 La! dont go you going?</p>	<p>MEANS</p>	<p>1 What on earth could you have come hear for?</p> <p>2 I heartily wish you had!</p> <p>3 Why did you come at all?</p> <p>4 I hoped you was dead!</p> <p>5 For heavens sake make haste!</p> <p>6 Am glad of it with all my soul.</p>
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THE MATRIMONIAL—No. 3.

<p>1 My dear!</p> <p>2 My beloved!</p> <p>3 My darling!</p> <p>4 How happy we've lived since our union;</p> <p>5 How dear to me is that smile!</p> <p>6 My wife!</p>	<p>MEANS</p>	<p>1 My cheap!</p> <p>2 My behated!</p> <p>3 You are very indifferent!</p> <p>4 In misery and slavery!</p> <p>5 Worth about—nothing!</p> <p>6 <i>The woman I an united- [to for life!]</i></p>
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HISTORICAL.

In the following account, the Editors of the *Boston Weekly Magazine*, have taken the liberty to erase all remarks of a political nature, as well as those which do not immediately relate to the subject:—

LETTER II.

FROM A YOUNG GENTLEMAN TRAVELLING IN EUROPE.
[From the Gazette of the United States.]

ANTWERP, SEPT. 1, 1802.
 "WE have been very busy these three days. At 9 o'clock, on Sunday morning, we left Amsterdam in a yacht. In this boat we made 50 miles, at about 3 miles an hour, drawn by two horses. At 6, we reached Utrecht, the ground is somewhat higher, more diversified, and pleasant. About 11, the next day we set out, with four horses, and with difficulty, arrived in the evening at Rotterdam. At 2 in the morning we sailed in a small vessel that was provided for us, and through the Meuse, cuts, and canals, got to Williamstadt by noon. After an hour spent in procuring horses, we took our departure. Ten or 12 miles carried us off the dykes into *Brabant*, and the deepest fanders, through which we laboured as many more, and between 11 and 12, at night, we gained this second Florence.
 "I have been the far-foaming Scheldt, which is about as wide as the Schuykill, but much more rapid and deeper. There are in it a few vessels. Time was, when 200,000 wealthy inhabitants filled the now crumbling and dilapidated houses of Antwerp; when 500 ships daily weighed anchor, from the harbour; when John Daens lent Charles V. a million of gold for the conduct of his wars, and burnt the bond of acknowledgement in a fire of cannon; when the two brothers, De Koring, paid, one the condottiere, and the other Louis 14th's forces.

For a century and a half this once great city has been torpid and mouldering. Great, but experimental efforts, are now making to reanimate her. Whether she will ever rise to her former imposing posture is a problem; and it is certain it must be the work of years. Her rival, Amsterdam, holds an unrivalled capital. The parallel between them will run exactly between Washington and Philadelphia,—the one has a great nation and the conveniences which it, the other wealth. Our host tells me, that houses which, before the opening of the Scheldt, might have been had for 15, cannot now be bought for 2500 louis; but then he is a native, and interested. What the honest statement is, I cannot precisely understand, or whether the immigrations have been many of late. The town certainly, looks crazy, and untenanted. A short time will decide its fate.

Antwerp has been accounted a very fine place. It is well walled and moated, and defended besides by a fortress constructed by Van Can, which reckoned for excellent, as to have served for the model of many others. The street in which our hotel stands is spacious and handsome,—generally they are narrow and dark. There are two large cathedrals, one of which has been entirely stripped. In the yard there is a representation of purgatory and of Mount Calvary, all the figures as large as life. In order the more to liken the tomb to reality, a frightful stink is emitted from it. This residence of the true body is absurd and disgusting. The steeple of this church is said to be 600 feet high, and the body 500 long. To the height of the steeple I would not swear.

BRUSSELS, FRIDAY, SEPT. 3.

"Nothing can be more beautiful than the country thro' which we have passed in the twenty-five miles from Antwerp. Some of the houses were defaced by cannon balls, many still sticking in them; but except this, not a vestige remained of desolation. A rich harvest had just been gathered. Every field looked shaven and stunted. For the first time in a fortnight, though almost always on the road, our prospect was diversified by hill and dale; and yet more to enhance this charming scene, for which we had exchanged Holland, a clear canal ran beside the road, which for miles was lined with gardens, *jets d'eau*, palaces, and fine houses.—A richer, more cultivated, or more delightful country, can be found no where. Nobody can be left alive to the beauties of nature than I am; but this enchanting exhibition was irresistibly exhilarating.

Here, in Brussels, we are in a different region. Our hotel is in a square of palaces, on an eminence which commands the whole town and the surrounding parts. The chambers are elegant; the attendance good; we are served out of plate;—in a word, since we landed at Helvoet we have complained hourly, till our arrival here. But the face of things is now suddenly and wonderfully altered. We are now in a climate of fashion; pleasure displays herself in all her forms; gentlemen, well dressed women, carriages, all that betokens a great and gay city are before us. I never was in so fine a house as I am now; richly furnished apartments, a great many large mirrors, high furniture, painted floors, and every thing else of a corresponding style.

FRIDAY EVENING.

"We rode out this afternoon to the palace built in 1785 for the emperor, at which the Archduke Charles' sixth, who was governor of the Low Countries resided formerly. It is on a hill, down which there is a visit to a canal, and from that to a level of velvet grass to a second." There are gardens, extensive pleasure grounds, woods, temples, statues, alcoves, stables, and all the essentials and ornaments. The facade of the palace is plain, somewhat like the Woodlands, on a grand scale. The entrance is into a large oval saloon, of 52 French feet, the floor variegated marble. The floor of each room is unlike the rest, all being chequered and curiously inlaid, either of wood or marble. The apartments are numerous and very superb, but thorn and dishevelled.

SATURDAY EVENING.

To day we have been through the Arch Duke's palace, which, though much injured, is grand. The most worthy objects are several chambers of paintings, some of them by the greatest master, and a library of eighty thousand volumes, containing some very ancient manuscripts and books. The oldest is Cicero's Offices, printed at Venice in 1470. With respect to the works of the famous painters, about half a dozen of which I have seen in Flanders and Holland. Johnfon wrote an execrable *rand*, yet the fac families of it are held in great regard. So Raphael and Reubens have executed two or three pictures with an exquisite finish, the world have stamped a false value upon their performances, which are inferior to many others of not half their note. I hope I have been rather strikingly bad than good, and they were, notwithstanding, held in extravagant estimation. If the fun were to deviate, it would

POETRY.



For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THANKSGIVING.

AUTUMN receding throws aside,
Her robe of many a varied dye;
And WINTER in majestic pride,
Advances in the low'ring sky.
The lab'rer in his gran'ry scies
The golden sheaves all safe from spoil;
While from her horn gay Plenty pours
Her treasures to reward his toil.
To solemn temples let us now repair,
And bow in grateful adoration there;
Bid the full strain in hallicujahs rise;
To wait the sacred incense to the skies.

Now the hospitable board,
Groans beneath the rich repast:
All that luxury can afford,
Grateful to the eye or taste.
While the orchards sparkling juice,
And the vintage join their powers;
All that nature can produce,
Bounteous heaven bids be ours.
Let us give thanks; yes, yes, be sure,
Send for the widow and the orphan poor;
Give them wherewith to purchase cloaths and food;
'Tis the best way to prove our gratitude.

On the hearth high flames the fire,
Sparkling tapers lend their light.
Wit and genius now aspire
On Fancy's gay and rapid flight;
Now the violets brightly lay,
As the moments light advance,
Bids us revel, sport and play,
Raife the song or lead the dance.
Come sportive love and sacred friendship, come,
Help us to celebrate our harvest home;
In vain the year its annual tribute pours [hours,
Unless you grace the scene and lead the laughing S. R.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

From the shop of ELIHAET DACTYL, ZEPHENIAH SPON-
DIEE and JESHOSEPHAT TROCHEE, No. 11, 86,
Post's Corner, CAMBRIDGE.

ODE TO SOLITUDE.

LADY of stern uplifted eye,
Dear student of Astrology;
Kissing your life upon the highest rocks;
Lifting as for the tuneful owl,
Or echo of the tyger's howl;
Ourang Outang, kincajou or old hawks,
Gazing around in curious postures off,
Like a ramesat confin'd in a strange left.
Whether you tune to solemn thought the fowl,
Excluding all the world by iron gates,
Or in that bliss retirement the "black hole;"
So well adapted for a mind sedate,
For you and your fair family receive
This kind of widow's mite, all we can give!

Oh! I admire thy silent mode of life,
(Tho' differing in opinion from each wife)
It seems the way for every living creature;
Thy bed of straw, indulged finger nails;
Thy dangling hair, like graceful long rats tails;
And then thy diet too, so true to nature,
Much like the Huns those gentlemen of yore,
Whose simple mode of cooking was no more
Than on a horse's back beneath a Hun,
Chop a few weeds or so, perhaps a thistle,
(The rider operating as a pebble.)
Kede out a mile or two, the thing was done.

Then à la savage every part,
"For nature seldom wears the dress of art;"
Without a rag savage in tranquility;

Or far from noisy busy men,
Creeping across some Egypt den,
Measuring thy steps in taciturnity,
Canst only *real* happiness enjoy;
No trouble grieves thee and no cares annoy;
No curbed frowns hither dare intrude,
Nothing is like the power of solitude.

Could we Lady live with thee,
Oh how happy were our lot;
Pruder wo'd thy mental be
Than three monarchs or what not.

If o'er *Nirivai* stays you wend
Thither we thy steps attend,
Driving with a gentle thwack
Each mosquito from thy back.

Art thou hungry? soon would we
Twitch thee with thy favorite weed;
Thirsty? water thou shouldst see
Quickly, very quick indeed.

Thus our hours should fleet away,
Doing all such little choir;
And when evening shuts the day,
If you wish we'd do the more.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SONNET.

SAY, where can peace of mind be found?
If not where truth and honor dwell,
Where reason darts her rays around
The mists of error to dispel.

But oft our passions take the lead,
And hood-wink'd reason lags behind;
If spiteful honours seem'd to bleed,
Ah! then adieu to peace of mind.

Tho' reason fail, and honor die,
'Truth! awful truth! in light array'd,
Holds her bright Mirror to the eye,
And shews the victim vice has made.

We start and turn our loathing eyes
From the sad spot, the change we mourn;
Vain, vain, regret when Virtue flies,
Alas! Peace never can return.

LYDIA.

From the *Free Mason's Magazine*, Vol. 6. April, 1796. Linc-
don, G. Cawthorn, British Library, in the Strand.

THE MASON'S PRAYER.

PARENT of all! Omnipotent,
In Heaven and Earth below;
Thro' all Creations bounds unpent,
Whose streams of Goodness flow.

Teach me to know from whence I rose,
And unto what design'd;
No private aims, let me propose,
Since I k'd with human kind.

But chief to hear fair *virtue's* voice,
May all my thro'ts incline;
'Tis Reason's law, 'tis wisdom's choice,
'Tis Nature's call and THINE.

Me from our sacred order's cause,
Let nothing e'er divide;
Grandeur, nor gold, nor vain applause;
Nor friendship false misguide.

Teach me to feel a Brother's grief,
To do in all what's best;
To suffering man to give relief,
And blessing, to be blest.

MONITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

THANKSGIVING—Nov. 25, 1802.

THIS DAY is our Annual Festival of PRAYER, and of PRAISE.—OUR PIOUS ANCESTORS, arrived in a waste wilderness, inhabited only by the savage, wild and bear—and by man in a state scarce less savage. In such a state of danger and dereliction, the conscious inability of his nature, tended his thoughts to HIM, who is alone able to support and protect him. In such a view, the heart, ameliorated by adversity, and rendered humble by its continual sense of dependence, swelled with the liveliest emotions of gratitude and joy, for those mercies which the bounteous hand of Providence is unceasingly bestows abroad. Thus

circumstanced, and with such sensations, our FOREFATHERS were particularly attentive to the establishment of their annual FASTS and THANKSGIVINGS. The pious custom still remains. And it will not be thought among the *least uses* to be derived from it, for it, to us to confider, with unfeigned sincerity, whether we have not too long forgotten the days of danger and distress; and whether Luxury, Profligacy, and a lust after Strange Gods, have not hardened our hearts—rendered us too insensible of our dependence on the DEITY—and ungrateful for the blessings that we are constantly receiving at his hands. It was on this day, that one of our VENERABLE ANCESTORS, with a humility and thankfulness of spirit worthy of our imitation, returned thanks to Heaven, that it was given them to "eat of the RICHES of the deep, and to suck of the TREASURES dug out of the fands." Let not PRIDE look down on the simplicity of this example—nor vanity and false refinement deride it as trite. The pure spirit of pious resignation which breathes through it—the humble, contented, and thankful heart which inspires it—form reflections, in a well disposed mind, strikingly pleasing, as well as profitable. "Go thou then and do likewise."—[Salem Gaz.]

* They had dined on clams.

AMUSING.

[Collected from various sources for the Boston Weekly Magazine.]

SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL.

A LAD, only 9 years of age, was asked many questions by a gentleman, to which he gave very quick and appropriate answers. At last the gentleman said, "I will give you an orange, if you will tell me where God is."—"Dear Sir," replied the boy, "I will give you two, if you will tell me where He is not."

A CURIOUS SIGN BOARD.

THIS is the road to Dover, this is the way to Boxford, this goes no where! N. B. If you cannot read ax at the blacksmith's shop.

AN UGLY HUSBAND.

A LADY being asked why she married an ugly husband, said, "gallants ought to be handsome, but husbands as God pleases."

PICTURE ROOM.

AN Irish gentleman having a little picture room, several persons desired to see it. "Faith, gentlemen," said he, "if you all go in, it will not hold you."

HOT WEATHER.

IN a very hot day, last summer, a man, thinly and openly dressed, sitting down in a violent perspiration, was cautioned against catching cold. "Catch it!" said he, wiping his face, "I wish I could catch it!"

SALT-WATER WIT.

IN a great storm at sea, when the ship's crew were all in prayers, a fellow burst into a violent fit of laughter; when being reproved for his ill-timed mirth, and asked the reason of it, "why," says he, "I was laughing to think what a *biffing* the boatwain's red nose will make, when it comes into the water!"

GONE TO POT!

THE Captain of a vessel lying in the river, wishing to give his crew a treat, on a rejoicing day, left two sons of Hibernia to take care of the ship, and told them they might have a double allowance of grog, but cautioned them against firing a gun, except there was reason to apprehend some great danger. They faithfully promised; but after enjoying a hearty dinner, together with the perfumes of the liquor, one of them proposed to have a *blast* to themselves, which the other objected to, as it would make a great noise—but the most fertile in invention, said he could prevent that, and immediately placed the *iron pot*, used for cooking, on the mouth of the gun, and seating himself across it, held the pot by the ears, to prevent its flying off! He then requested his mate-rate to *blast easy*—but the alarm was heard by the Captain and crew, who hastened on board, and inquired the reason of the alarm. "Murphy, and I," answered Pat, "had a mind to have a bit of a *blast* to ourselves."—"Where is Murphy?" said the Captain—"Where is Murphy?" replied the Irishman, smiling and scratching his head, "didn't you smell him now? faith he's just gone ashore in the iron pot!"

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

DEVOTED TO

MORALITY, LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, THE FINE ARTS, AGRICULTURE, &c. &c.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

To soar aloft on FANCY'S wing,
And bathe in HELICONIA'S Spring;
Cull every flower with careful hand,
And strew them o'er our native land.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP.—No. VI.

Non omnia possumus omnes.

NOTHING is more dangerous or prejudicial to future attainments, than irresolution or a wavering disposition, indulged in the early part of life; almost every person has some innate propensity, some natural bias to a particular walk in life; and that bias followed, that natural talent cultivated with attention, seldom fails of leading the possessor to eminence in the profession he may choose.—I feel at a loss how to address myself to NIECY, on the subject submitted to my opinion, as the letter gives me not the smallest information concerning the young gentleman's age, the rank he may expect to hold in society, either from his family or fortune, what his studies have hitherto been, nor what progress he has made in literary pursuits. I do not think the question of "which profession is most likely to yield the greatest emolument?" is of half the importance, as "to which are his talents best adapted?" It is true, should he follow the practice of the law, there are many brilliant Practitioners already in that profession, whose genius and erudition are an honor to their country. But these great luminaries would never have risen to the full meridian splendor with which they now shine, had they wasted the precious days of youth in determining which they should pursue. A good and wise professor of the law, seldom fails of attracting the applause and support of the public. Men of sense and judgment will employ him, because they venerate his talents. Those who are engaged in doubtful cases of litigation, where perhaps the future support and comfort of a whole family depend on the termination of the suit, will apply to him, because his judgment is sound, and his integrity inviolable.—Has the young gentleman in question, capacity and inclination for intense study, has he the depth of penetration, strong reasoning powers, comprehensive understanding, and a soul

— Resolved and steady to his truth,
"Inflexible to ill and obstinately just."

Has he all these requisites; let him follow the law. His success is almost certain; but let him hasten to determine.—Are we not all sensible that in our daily avocations an hour lost in the morning, can hardly be redeemed by the most arduous application through the whole day; so a short period suffered to pass in inactivity, in the morning of life, will too often impede the advancement of an individual to the latest period of existence.

I am intimately acquainted with a Lady, who is always in a hurry; always full of business, and yet brings nothing to pass. Visit her of an evening, and she will tell you what an idle day she has spent, but assures you she means to make it up tomorrow. Tomorrow comes, she rises, takes out a

multiplicity of work, lays it on every chair and table in her parlour; just then recollects she has a letter to write, or some household accounts to look after, she quits the parlour, goes to her own room, opens her escritoire, and in a few moments her chamber will be as littered with books and papers, as her parlour is with work. But before any thing is accomplished that she had intended, a visit which she had engaged to make in the afternoon, crosses her mind, her wardrobe is then opened, her various dresses displayed on every screw or pin in the apartment, and before she has decided which she shall wear, the servant will inform her that it is time to lay the cloth for dinner, and enquire of her what she must do with all the things in the parlour. Hurry and confusion ensue, after dinner she has no time for any thing, but dressing for her visit, and at the conclusion of the day she is just where she was at its commencement.

It is just so with those irresolute undecided characters, who, unable to fix their attention to any one point, run from Law to Physic, from Physic to Divinity, from Divinity to Mercantile concerns; and then perhaps back again to the learned professions, until their attic story is in as great confusion as the poor lady's apartments. When the meridian of life arrives, they are perhaps obliged to throw the whole useless jumble away, and attend to something entirely unconnected with their early studies, in order to procure the means of subsistence—and when the night of old age comes on, they find they are not richer than at their first setting out, though they have gained a portion of wisdom which serves to embitter their remnant of life; for they have learnt the value of that time so thoughtlessly squandered, when it is too late to redeem even the smallest portion of it.

That the study of Divinity does not lead to affluence, I readily grant. But what have the disciples of HIM who was "meek and lowly," and "had not where to lay his head," to do with affluence? Should not moderation, temperance, humility, self-denial, be their characteristics?—Their salaries are, it is true, very inadequate to the supplying a wife and family with the elegancies of life, but in general are such as will furnish all the comforts and conveniences, which are of more real value. And where the Minister is beloved and respected, how often is their income augmented by the most liberal presents from their affectionate and grateful parishioners. When I ask what have the Ministers of the Gospel to do with affluence? it is by no means meant to insinuate that they were not worthy. No, on the contrary, I think when conscientiously discharging their duty, they are the most honorable, most deserving class of men in the world. And to enable them to employ their talents to the advantage of their flock, they should have incomes sufficient to secure them from worldly anxieties, and allow them leisure for fully investigating the sacred subject which it is their business to explain and recommend to the attention of others.—Has the young Gentleman we are speaking of, a serious reflective mind? Are his passions under the government of reason? Are his wishes moderate? Is he patient, meek, careful to avoid offence himself, and ready to forgive

and overlook the faults of others? Does he feel the importance of the sacred trust that will be committed to his charge? Is he cheerful (at proper seasons) without levity? Serious without austerity? In short, is he inclined to make his Divine Matters precepts and example the rule by which most scrupulously to regulate his own conduct.—Is this his character? Then let him preach the word of truth. He cannot fail of being beloved, revered, supported, even to the utmost extent of his wishes. Happy are the flock over whom he may be placed. Happy the woman who shall call him husband, and superlatively happy the children of such a father. He will find a mine of inexhaustible wealth in the love of his people, and the treasures of the eastern world comprized in the happiness of his virtuous family.

Perhaps the young man's mind may incline to the study of Physic, and this I am almost inclined to think, for though the two other professions were mentioned, and objections made to the pursuit of them, the healing art was entirely omitted. This profession requires deep study, intense application, and I should imagine a large portion of natural genius, but of this as I before observed, his friends must consequently be better judges than I can possibly be. In either of these professions a man may render himself eminently useful, and the bulk of mankind are forced to be content with being useful, without arriving at superlative excellence, or raising for themselves a splendid fortune.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE ITINERANT.—No. III.

"Soft thou a man wif's in his own conceit—there is
More hope of a fool, than of him." SOLOMON.

"HE is undoubtedly guilty of pedantry," says Dr. JOHNSON, "who, when he has made himself master of some abstruse and uncultivated part of knowledge, obtrudes his remarks and discoveries, upon those whom he believes unable to judge of his proficiency, and from whom, as he cannot fear contradiction, he cannot properly expect applause."

Pedantry is not peculiar to men bred in Colleges, nor to those who profess an acquaintance with the Arts and Sciences. The merchant, the mechanic, the seaman and the soldier, all professions, and all ranks in Society, are subject to the ostentatiousness of its influence. The soldier will tell of surmounting difficulties, which he never encountered, and of performing exploits, in which he never had a part. He, who has seen distant countries, will relate occurrences which never happened, describe things, which never had existence, and by distortion and exaggeration, render marvellous and astonishing, what, in the plain dress of truth, would neither excite interest, nor create surprise.

But wherever this passion for shining, this affectionation of superior knowledge is discovered, it universally excites disgust and contempt. No person is pleased with the conviction of his own ignorance or inferiority; and those who pompously attempt to display higher attainments, and more extensive knowledge, naturally irritate and displease. But

those are most unpardonable, who endeavour to impose on our ignorance; who, by discouraging fluently and at random on subjects with which they suppose us as little acquainted as themselves, and therefore incapable of detecting their absurdities, hope to move our admiration, and gain the tribute of our applause. Pedants of this class will readily create a cause for every effect, explain the principles of every movement, and account for every occurrence in the natural or the civil world. To them, no event is dark, and no principle obscure.

FLORIO will entertain his companions for hours, by the continual flow of words without meaning, and sentences without connection. He will expatiate with the greatest ease, on the most abstruse topics, without being understood by his hearers—or by himself; and in attempting to explain his own meaning, he renders it, if possible, still more obscure. If any thing remarkable is related by another, he can easily eclipse it by a story far more wonderful. And because politeness secures him from contradiction, and represses the risibility of his auditors, he fancies himself the object of deference and admiration, and retires, filled with ideas of the magnitude of his importance, and the stability of his reputation. H.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

PLEASE to give the following a place, and you will oblige
A FEMALE CORRESPONDENT.

PARELLEL

Between DRYDEN and POPE, the most eminent of the ENGLISH POETS.

THE English language does not, perhaps, furnish a more nervous, elegant and appropriate instance of critical Description, than is to be found in the subsequent extract. For sublimity of thought, and sententiousness of language, it is not inferior to the often-quoted comparison of Shakspeare's love of a quibble, with Anthony's affection for Cleopatra. It is unnecessary to say, they are both of the same author, for none but JOHNSON could have written either of them.

THE PARELLEL.

Pope had perhaps the judgment of Dryden: but Dryden certainly wanted the diligence of Pope. In acquired knowledge, the superiority must be allowed to Dryden, whose education was more scholastic, and who, before he became an author had been allowed more time to study, with better means of information. His mind has a larger range, and he collects his images and illustrations from a more extensive circumference of science. Dryden knew more of man in his general nature, and Pope in his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculation, and those of Pope by minute attention. Their is more dignity in the knowledge of Dryden, and more certainty in that of Pope.

Poetry was not the sole praise of either, for both excelled likewise in prose; but Pope did not borrow his prose from his predecessor. The style of Dryden is capricious and varied, that of Pope is cautious and uniform; Dryden obeys the motions of his own mind, Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid; Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation; Pope's is a velvet lawn shaven by the scythe, and levelled by the roller.

Of genius, that power which constitutes a poet; that quality without which judgment is cold and knowledge is inert; that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates; the superiority must, *with some hesitation*, be allowed to Dryden. It is not to be inferred that of this poetical vigour, Pope had only a little, because Dryden had more; for every other writer since Milton must give place to Pope; and even of Dryden it must be said, that if he has brighter paragraphs, he has not better poems. Dryden's performances were: hasty, either excited by some external occasion, or extorted by domestic necessity; he composed

without consideration and published without correction. What his mind could supply at call, or gather in one excursion, was all that he sought, and all that he gave. The dilatory caution of Pope enabled him to condense his sentiments, to multiply his images, and to accumulate all that study might produce, or chance might supply. If the flights of Dryden therefore are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If of Dryden's fire the blaze is brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight.

THE NOVELIST.

[*] We do not know who the unfortunate female is, represented in the following, which we extract from the New-York "Weekly Museum." It has not the genuine marks of reality, although many similar circumstances must and will continue to occur in the course of human events. Whether it is true or fictitious, the tale must operate as a severe lesson for others not to deviate from the paths of rectitude and moral goodness.]

THE PENITENT RESTORED.

DURING the warm season, after the fatigue occasioned by the necessary attendance to worldly business, I have frequently indulged myself for an hour or two on the Battery. The cheerful society which I generally had the happiness to meet with in my perambulations, served to lighten and afford a peculiar satisfaction to the past employment of the day; from the hurry of business, from the noise and bustle of the town, social conversation on various topics, formed the contrast, and rendered the pleasure mutual.

Returning alone, rather late, one evening, I was accented by a female voice, who bade me "good night." Unused to a salutation so uncommon in such a place, curiosity prompted me to return and enquire by whom I was known. "I bade you good night," said the unknown, "hoping that you might be induced to return, and afford at least your pity if not your assistance, to the wretched wretch that ever sought alleviation of complicated misery." "You appear indeed wretched," said I, "at least your dress bespeaks you so." "Not alone externally," said she, "indeed that appearance I could wish, *with some support*; but, my mind, torn with remorse and shame, knows no extenuations of its guilt. Three tedious wretched years have I lived in the haunts of vice and intemperance, I am now reduced to the last extremity—if you can afford me relief, I may yet live—"

"That power who gave me being, gave me gratitude," she continued, "and until this poor and almost worn-out thread of life is quite extinct, I shall hold in grateful remembrance the undeviating attention you have offered me." I paused in observance of her tears—"Could you still further assist the wretched, I might yet return to society—an outcast as I am might once again be happy—might know a release from the sufferings which now press on this lacerated heart."

"I was silent.
"I have a father," continued the unfortunate girl, "a reputable merchant in the metropolis of Massachusetts. His parental regards I have forfeited. The indulgence of a too fond affection proved my ruin. My father forbade me his presence. Without home, without friends,—and possessing too much pride to subject myself to the continued scoffs of connections whose pity would be cruelly, I fled to this city—Alas! the remaining part of my story you may easily conjecture,—I cannot relate it."

"Should a reconciliation with your father take place," said I, "would you be content to renounce the follies of the world?"

"The poor galley slave, chained, and subject to the lash of some unfeeling mercenary tyrant, should he, by some unexpected event, be ransomed from captivity, and permitted once again to embrace an affectionate family,—he would not feel sensations more joyful than would my bosom entertain, could I once more meet the smiles of an injured and justly offended parent."

"Then I will exert my utmost," said I, "to procure you happiness. Return to your home, and in twelve days from this call upon me."

In the interim I wrote to the father of the unfortunate GERVASE. A draft of a considerable amount accompanied his reply. Necessary for the unhappy girl were procured, and she has returned to the arms of parental forgiveness.—information of her present happy situation has reached me; and I adore the goodness of Omnipotence in enabling me to assist the return of a fellow being to the path of rectitude.

New-York, Pearl-Street,
Sept. 26, 1802.

DUSULTORY ARTICLES.

[Collected from various sources for the Boston Weekly Magazine.]

SINGULARITIES OF WAR.

WAR must occasion strange laws and customs, as it kindles enthusiasm. We may observe it in whatever is most noble and heroic; mixed with what is most strange and wild.

They frequently condemned at Carthage their Generals to die, after an unfortunate campaign, although they were accused of no other fault. We read in Du Halde, that Captain Mancheco, a Chinese, was convicted of giving battle, without obtaining a complete victory, and he was punished.—With such a perspective at the conclusion of a battle, Generals will become intrepid and exert themselves as much as possible, and this is all that is wanted.

When the savages of New France take flight, they pile the wounded in baskets, where they are bound and corded down, as we do children in swaddling clothes. If they should happen to fall into the hands of the conquerors, they would expire in the midst of torments. It is better therefore, that the vanquished should carry them away, in any manner, though frequently at the risk of their lives.

The Spartans were not allowed to combat often with the same enemy. They wished not to incur them to battle; and if their enemies revolted frequently, they were accustomed to exterminate them.

The Governors of the Scythian provinces, gave annually a feast to those who had valiantly, with their own hands dispatched their enemies. The skulls of the vanquished served for their cups; and the quantity of wine they were allowed to drink, was proportioned to the number of skulls they possessed. The youth who could not yet boast fresh martial exploits, contemplated distantly the solemn feast, without being admitted to approach it. This institution formed courageous warriors.

Men have frequently fallen into unpardonable contradictions, in attempting to make principles and laws meet, which could never agree with each other. The Jews suffered themselves to be attacked, without defending themselves, on the sabbath-day, and the Romans profited by these pious scruples. The council of Trent, ordered the body of the countess of Bourbon, who had fought against the Pope, to be dug up, as if the head of the Church was not as much subjected to war as others, since he was a temporal prince.

Pope Nicholas, in his answer to the Bulgarians, forbids them to make war in Lent, unless there be urgent necessity.

LONDON FASHIONS—FOR OCTOBER.

EVENING DRESS.—Full dress of fine white muslin, trimmed down the sides and round the bottom with small rosettes of white lace; the back made plain, with rows of lace let in across; the bosom very low, with a broad lace tucker drawn close round; plain sleeves, made of alternate stripes of lace and muslin; a row of small lace rosettas down the arm. A cap of white lace, made open at top to admit the hair, and confined with blue ribbon.

WALKING DRESS.—Dress of blue muslin, the body made full, and close round the neck; full epaulets; long sleeves of white muslin. A straw bonnet, tied down with blue ribbons.

HEAD-DRESS—1. A straw hat, lined with white, and turned up in front, with a lace cap and wreath of roses under it; the hat trimmed and tied down with green ribbon.—2. A mourning bonnet of black silk, trimmed with bows of silk, and tied under the chin with black ribbon. 3. A cap of white lace, made open at top to admit the hair, and ornamented with a lilac flower.—4. A bonnet of white farinet, trimmed and ornamented with white ribbon.—5. A cap of black lace, with a full lace border, trimmed and ornamented with yellow.—6. A close plain bonnet of green silk, ornamented with bows of green ribbon.—7. A mourning bonnet of green silk, made full, and drawn in three places, the crown finished with a rosette of the same.—8. A bonnet of colored silk, the front plain, with square corners, and trimmed all round with white ribbon; the crown full, ornamented with bows of white ribbon.—9. A fashionable head-dress of hair, with or without feathers.

General Observations.—The present fashionable colors are yellow, blue, pink and green. Straw and chip hats still continue to be worn, with white veils and small flat feathers. White cloaks likewise continue prevalent. Feathers are very general, both in full and half drefs.

ANECDOTES—LONDON WITS.

A grinning match lately took place at Fowey; the prize a roll of tobacco. A colber and a tailor entered the lists;

Amob was three grins a head, when a fellow, who had betted deeply on *Swip*, contrived to tread on one of his *corns*, which had such an effect upon his countenance, that he instantly gained the prize!

M. Blanchard has announced, in the Paris papers, that he shall set off for America in a Balloon by means of which he expects to cross the Atlantic in 7 or 8 days.

In a map-engravers catalogue, is the following article: "A new map of France, same size as that of Europe!"

Suicide.—In one of the country papers we find that Fox, Hare, and Partridge, have taken out certificates for killing game!

A gentleman being informed that *Camels* had been found in some parts of America, asked a Scotch gentleman who had just returned from that country, whether he had really seen any *Camels* while he was there—"Oh! yes," said the Caledonian, in pure simplicity "plenty of *Camphells*."

A man was a few days ago, convicted at the sessions of stealing a *rope*. This seems to be an article which thieves ought to avoid stealing, as they may come *benefitly* by it at last!

The following curious instructions for a sign-board, were sent to a painter in *Sherburny* under date, Aug. 13, 1802: "You are to draw the *Shrawbury* coach with 6 men on the roof and two on the box—and chaifs with two horses after the coach—also my name—*charis* porter and also—also I intend entertain a man on a horse—also my business wch as follow—that is farricry)—pleate to draw the flams and lancetts and that I shall nick and crop—and water for horses—I beg you to do it as you think proper yourself—and do it as I mentioned above."

BOSTON:

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 4, 1802.

A Medical Monument, is to be erected by Subscription, at Brattleborough, in Vermont, to commemorate the noble exertions of the Hon. SAMUEL STERNES, physician and doctor, of the canon and civil laws. Dr. S. has compiled and published an *American Herbal*, which exhibits the virtues, uses, and doses of American productions, so far as they are known. He has also compiled an *American Dispensary*, and a *System of Physic & Surgery*, containing an account of those things which have flooded the test of ages, in the cure of diseases, with the new medical discoveries and improvements. These works have cost the Doctor twenty-eight years labor. They are now ready for the press.

A Monument is about to be erected at Zurich, to the memory of Lavater.

An Encyclopedia, in 8 vols. quarto, is about to be published by a society of gentlemen, in Connecticut.

A new Law Book, has been published by Mr. Macanulty, of Salem, entitled "American Precedents of Declarations, collected chiefly from the manuscripts of accomplished pleaders." The work has been approved by the former and present ornaments of the bench or bar.

A Turnpike Road is contemplated between the cities of *New-York* and *Philadelphia*.

A Mr. Woodward, an American Philosopher, has lately proposed a "Theory of the Sun" in which he affirms that luminary to be a sphere of electrical fluid.

Upwards of 150,000 persons are said to be at present employed in *Great-Britain*, in the lead, iron, copper, tin, and coal mines. One hundred thousand more, are employed in managing the products of these mines.

Capt. Nath. Gookin, is chosen President of the New-Hampshire "Association of Mechanics and Manufacturers," lately formed at Portsmouth. The Society already consists of one hundred members.

CURIOSITIES.

In demolishing lately the Church of the Priests of Mont-Valerion, in France, the body of the founder of the Institution, *Hubert Charpentier*, who died in 1650, *Æt* 89, was taken from his tomb. The body was found entire and without any signs of putrefaction. The features of the face were still to be distinguished.

A wild boy, twelve years old, was with much difficulty caught a second time in the Wood of Lacane, in France. He cannot speak, was naked, healthy, and animated, eats nothing but potatoes, and has made several efforts to again escape to the woods and mountains.

A female, 17 years old, and remarkable for her great size and corpulency, at her birth, and for two years after,

is at present exhibited at Berlin as a dwarf, being not larger than a child of seven years old, and distinguished for her symmetry, and the brilliancy of her Wit.

THE MAMMOTH.

Perhaps every individual in the United States has heard of that wonderful animal, the Bones of which has lately been discovered and dug up, near Lake Ontario; and the Skeleton has been exhibited in Philadelphia and Newyork, it is supposed to upwards of 60,000 ladies and gentlemen; is the most curious production of nature ever offered for public inspection. The proprietor of the *Columbian Museum*, at Boston, has purchased an exact likeness, painted from the "real Skeleton" (the size of which almost exceeds credibility, being 12 feet high and 19 feet long) as put together by Mr. PEALE, in Philadelphia. It was exhibited for the first time on Thursday evening last. Tickets as usual, 50 cts.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"*The Gaffer*," holds a nervous and masterly pen. The number given this week, as well as the preceding ones, exhibit an ingenious display of talents, erudition, and criticism. Such writers, while they amuse the mind, improve the head, and amend the heart.

Since our last, the EDITORS have received many Communications from their numerous Correspondents, and beg leave to express their *merits* or *demerits*, in a plain and candid manner, without (they hope) giving umbrage to any. "*The Traveller*, No. 1."—We are sorry he cannot, at present, be admitted to prosecute his journey with us, but if he will have a little patience, we will make a few excursions with him at some future period with pleasure.

"*The Spectator*, No. 1."—This is very indifferent language, and on a trifling subject.

"*Yousif dan Nuff*."—Although the author has favored us with his "Preface," it is impossible to judge of its merit or merits. We wish to peruse the second number, before we can present it to the public eye.

"*Socrates*!" the most inapplicable signature you could have selected!

"*The Fugitive*," is on file for insertion as soon as room will admit.

The "*Phantom*," deserves a local habitation and a name, and should occasion (as it) will certainly appear. We think however, the farcical too pointed, which part must be omitted, as it is our aim to regard personalities altogether.

We thank "L. D." for the "documents" he promises, they will undoubtedly be very acceptable to our readers, if really proceeding from the author to whom they are ascribed.

NATURAL HISTORY, OF THE BALD EAGLE, &c. in our next.

CHAPTER OF EVENTS.

FIRES.—Last evening, this town was alarmed with the cry of fire; which destroyed the work-shop on Howard's Wharf, belonging to Mr. John D. Howard.

A Barn of Dr. Kitteridge of Dover, N. H. was destroyed by fire the 16th ult. Several other buildings were in danger.

A fire broke out, on the 23d Sept. in the commune of Guntham near Julizes, by which seven farms were destroyed, together with all the cattle, the produce of the harvest, and agricultural instruments which they contained.

A Whirlwind was experienced in England, the 4th Oct. The ship Thames, from the West-Indies, was overfet at the back of the life of Wight, and the ship and whole crew were in a moment lost.

Slager, in North Holland has been in a great measure, laid waste by a violent storm.

On the 9th Sept. a most melancholy catastrophe happened at Madeira. The *Aurora*, a Portuguese ship of 550 tons, having 40 casks of powder on board, blew up and only two poor fellows escaped of 24 souls on board. "The scene during the night, was awful, but at day-light, it was truly horrid. The poor souls were lying in every position on board the wreck; or some without legs, arms, and others actually roasted on the flames.—18 bodies only, were found. It is the prevalent opinion, that the act was designedly perpetrated by one of the sailors, who had sworn vengeance against the Captain, for having confined him for mal-practices. The wretch was sufficiently desperate, to sacrifice his own life with his ship-mates, from motives of private resentment." The ship and cargo was estimated at £60,000l.

WONDERFUL PRESERVATION.—On Friday evening, last week, a young gentleman and lady were crossing the Main-street, in Charlestown, when they heard several horses making towards them in full speed, and concluding they would keep the middle of the street, and it being very dark, they retreated back, and were immediately run down and trampled upon by the horses, who fell likewise, and threw one

of the riders into the street, who, when he had recovered himself, *humanely* rode off, with his companion, without inquiring into the consequences; fortunately the gentleman and lady were not materially injured. "While those whose lives and limbs were preserved in great danger, must feel what they owe to a protecting Providence; it will excite a just and severe reprobation against the criminal and dangerous practice of running horses, or riding fast through the streets in the night—especially in the dark.

To-morrow evening a Quarterly Charity Lecture will be given at the Old South Meeting-House; in which the elegant Chandelier lately hung therein will be lighted.

A Scotch paper informs, that "a woman was lately attacked with a fit of Epilepsy, at Bourdeaux, and by forcing some grains of rough salt into her mouth, her convulsions were at once put a top, and her speech restored. This remedy has been applied with wonderful success at Madagascar."

THEATRE.

On Monday Evening, the Comedy of *The Happy Family*, with the Farce of the *Adopted Child*.

MARRIAGES.

In Bradford, Mr. Moses Gale, jun. to Miss Sally Ruffell. In Haverhill, (M) Mr. David Hemphill, to Miss Nancy Merrill; Mr. Wm. Merrill, to Miss Ella How; Mr. Simon Coburn, to Miss Ruth Eaton. In New-Bedford, Wm. L. Fisher, to Mary Rodman; Moses Grinnell, to Betty Bowers. In Keene, Mr. Luther Holbrook, to Miss Betty Field; Mr. Archelus Ellis, to Miss Polly Houghton. In Portland, Mr. Wm. Lord, to Miss Sally Jenks. In Ipswich, Mr. Richard Sutton, to Miss Lucy Lord. In Salem, Dr. Thomas Pickman, to Miss Mary Haraden; Mr. Ebenezer Secomb, to Miss Hannah Williams; Mr. Caleb Secomb, to Miss Joanna Cressley. In Portsmouth, Capt. John Underwood, to Miss Mary W. Roach; Mr. Geo. Hubbard, to Miss Sukey Edes. In Falmouth, (M) Mr. Wm. Miles, to Miss Judith Knight. In Needham, Mr. Michael Harris, to Miss Susannah Stearns. In Medford, Mr. Josiah Bradlee, mer. of Boston, to Miss Lucy Hall. In Subury, Mr. Joseph Arnold, of Boiton, to Miss Nancy Wyman. In Lancaster, Mr. Wm. C. Reed, of Charlestown, to Miss Susannah Pollard. In Stonington, Capt. Joseph Palmer, to Miss Eunice Sherman.—In England, Mr. P. T. Hart, *Æt* 19, to Mrs. Sarah Harris, *Æt* 42, who had buried three husbands, the second of whom was his uncle: His wife was his sponsor at the baptismal font, and suckled him; so that it may be said he has married his nurse, his aunt, and his (sister) mother!

DEATHS.

In England, Miss Mary Breeze, *Æt* 78. She never lived out of the parish in which she was born; was a remarkable sportswoman, regularly took out her shooting licence, kept as good grey hounds, and was as sure a fowt as any in the country. At her desire, her dogs and favourite mare were killed at her death, and buried in one grave.—In St. Bars, Mr. Josiah Nelson, of Providence. At sea, Mr. Wm. Peirce, of Boston. In Windham, (C) Mr. Jona. Wales, *Æt* 65. In Portsmouth, Mrs. Loud, *Æt* 70; Mrs. Ann Simes, *Æt* 65; Mr. J. Jackson, *Æt* 55. In Keene, Th. MacCarthy, *Eq*, *Æt* 55. In Falmouth, (M) Mr. Nath. Carl, *Æt* 90. In New-Castle, (M) Samuel Nickels, *Eq*. In West-Springfield, Mrs. Mary Dewey, *Æt* 25, wife of Mr. Joel Dewey. In Little Compton, (R. 1) of a catalepsy, Mrs. Lucy Searle, wife of N. Searle, *Eq*—In Pawtuxet, Mrs. Mary Remington, *Æt* 94. In Porto Bello, Mr. James Prince, of Newburyport, *Æt* 22. In Charleston, S. C. the 2d ult. (drowned) Mr. John Dunlap, of Boston. In Middlefield, Mrs. Anna Stow, *Æt* 52. In Guilford, Mrs. Rachel Doud, *Æt* 28. In Concordia, Mr. Thos. Thompson, *Æt* 91. He has had 15 children, 77 grand children, 167 great grand children, and 20 of the 5th generation.—In Charlestown, Maj. Samuel Goodwin, *Æt* 86; Mr. Wm. Taylor, *Æt* 45. In Marblehead, Maj. Wm. Curtis, *Æt* 45; Capt. Thomas Peach, *Æt* 101. He was never sick in his life, and when 90, could ride a horse with much agility. He has left a widow, aged 91 years, a sister 92, and another 84. In Salisbury, Mr. Caleb Woodbury, *Æt* 62. In Worcester, Mr. John Bernard, a native of Scotland. In Salem, Mrs. Betty Lovett, *Æt* 19, wife of Mr. James Lovett. In Gloucester, Maj. John G. Rogers.

In Boston, Mrs. Mary Spooner, *Æt* 39, consort of Dr. Wm. Spooner—Mrs. Ann Coffin, *Æt* 61, wife of Mr. Ch. Coffin—Mrs. Hannah Brazier, wife of Mr. Wm. Brazier—Mrs. Sarah Luce; Capt. Duggan, *Æt* 82, Miss Esther Spear, *Æt* 26; Miss Sarah Hunnewell, *Æt* 25; Mary Ann Snowden, *Æt* 2 years, 3 mo.; a Son of Mr. Wm. T. Chap. *Æt* 2; a Child of Dea. Daniel Wild, *Æt* 2; and two other Children, total for this week, and 60 yesterday. 6. P. M. 1802.

POETRY.



For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

LINES,

Occasioned by the much opposed departure of a Friend,
upon a long and hazardous voyage.

HE is gone, he is fled from my view,
O'er yon rolling furlows to bound,
Yet still my soft wishes pursue,
And still will be hovering around.
My suit the dear wand'rer withstood,
Though tenderness plead on my side,
Resolv'd, and inflexibly good,
For reason was ever his guide.

And now I am left on the shore!
Enfild with sorrow and pain!
Reflection exists to deplore,
Joy shall not revisit again!
My prospects all barren appear,
The wintry blasts are abroad,
No hand to protect me is near,
And hope it is well nigh destroy'd!

At midnight when all are at rest,
My pillow is wet with my tears;
Anxiety tortures my breast,
And yields me a prey to my fears:
Now sickness with prevalent sway,
All pallid arranges its bands,
While every pulse must obey,
And none its dread influence withstands.

Then pirates the ship may invade,
With slaughter and violence crown'd,
How many the ocean infest,
How ready for interest to wound:
The mariners careless may prove,
Accum'd all dangers to brave,
A spark, and the ship is in flames!
They whelm in a watery grave!

And still to complete the dread scene,
My soul to transfix with despair,
The rocks and the sands intervene,
Tempestuous waves in the rear;
A ship-wreck—how dreadful the found!
Tis heaven alone can ensue,
The billows are foaming around,
And the sky no redemption can yield!

How fearful the cries which resound,
What different passions assail;
No hope of relief can be found,
And every succour must fail!
I listen, and think I can hear
The bellowing winds as they rise,
In every danger I there,
And I swell the loud blasts with my sighs.

And if when o'er charged with grief,
I yield to the pre-flure of sleep,
So far from obtaining relief,
In dreams I forget not to weep:
Dark spectres still haunt my repose,
'Tis distemper'd and feverish all,
My lids I reluctantly close,
At nature's imperious call.

O! had I the wings of the morn,
Or could I be borne on a thought,
No more by anxiety tor'd,
With fear and inquietude franght.
With the lightnings swift speed I would fly,
The watery world to explore,
Then breathe of sweet friendship the sigh,
Sweet friendship which peace can restore,

And is my Philant'ropos gone,
And left me his absence to mourn,
And will not my Exile return,
On wings of complacency borne?
Oh cease ye rude tempests to beat,
Blow soft I conjure you ye winds,
Ye furlows with danger replete;

My happiness on you depends,
Arise ye soft gales of the West,
Favonion breezes which swell,
The voyage of its horrors divert,
And gently the vessel impel:
And when to the Albion shore,
My friend is in safety convey'd,
Then may he with transport explore,
Those haunts which his fancy pourtray'd.

The Matron in youth so rever'd,
O may he with extasy press,
The hand which his infancy rear'd,
Determin'd to succour and bless:
But when in his own natal feet,
His foul hath dilated awhile,
With detestous rapture replete,
The furious of age to beguile.

May tender remembrance arise,
Honora descend to his view,
Emotions which friendship supplies,
And virtue delights to pursue,
Then speed him o'er yon rolling deep,
Ye zephyrs unfurl the white sail,
Give storms in their caverns to sleep,
And whisper the sweet vernal gale.
Celestials who watch the blue waves,
Propitious regard my soft prayer,
'Tis Mercy, sweet Deity, faves,
Then make the lov'd Wand'rer thy care.
Restore him to friendship again,
Once more to illumine the scene,
So hope shall my bosom sustain,
Nor absence again intervene.

Then joy shall suffuse my wan cheek,
And mantling pleasures shall flow,
Of goodness divine, I will speak,
With rapture my breast it shall glow:
For amity social and pure,
And love as its author refin'd,
In paradise which shall endure,
The bands of our union shall bind.

Our holy days too shall abound,
The sabbath of rest shall approach,
Devotion enkindle around,
Nor ought on its vigils encroach:
The circling clouds shall collect
Redemption the theme we will choose,
With gratitude glowing reflect,
Till none shall its blessings refuse.

Religion with reason thus crown'd,
With wreaths of benevolence twin'd,
Its pleasures shall cluster around,
And bands of contentment shall bind.
Fair liberty budding on truth
Shall smile on the eve of our days,
Till cloth'd with tributary youth,
We swell the long tribune of praise.

HONORA MARTESIA.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SONNET.

WHY, Mortals, complain,
Each day's full of pain,
And each lonely night spent in grief:
T' your folly you owe,
Each heart piercing woe,
And from sighs, in vain seek relief.

Since L**** is mine,
Cares, go to the wind,
I smile at anxiety's thorn;
No sorrow I'll taste,
Life's day will soon waste,
Blithe joy every hour shall adorn.

Come, care-crazy heads,
Cease counting your beads,
Join innocent merriments through;
The moment of sorrow
Put off 'till to-morrow,
To day's for mild mirth's cheering song.

JOHN JOLLY.

A MAXIM.

TWO easy things will vastly mankind,
An easy FORTUNE, and an easy MIND:
But the one thing, that gives a man content,
Is a good CONSCIENCE from a life well spent!

MONITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE MORALIST.—No V.

"IT is a circumstance not so novel, nor so much to be wondered at, as it is unaccountable, and to be lamented, that while men are so blind and partial to their own faults and errors, they can, at the same time, so clearly and readily discover those of others, and are so prone to censure and reprove them. Human nature is fraught with innumerable frailties and errors, from which no person is exempted; and perhaps this self partiality, which induces us to veil in obscurity, or, (when this cannot be done) at least to extenuate and lessen the degree of our own crimes, may be, not unjustly, affixed to the catalogue. Vicious principles and dispositions arise from the infirmity of our nature. But an understanding and reason are given us, by which to restrain and regulate those inconsiderate and erroneous impulses of our imperfect nature. He therefore, who deliberately indulges and pursues the cruel and unfriendly practice of CRITICISM and CENSURE, cannot screen himself with the specious pretence of being impelled by degenerate nature, but must, by every liberal heart, be accounted culpable. He who is most inclined to censure others, is generally himself, more deserving of censure, and least apt to discover his own crimes. He does not consider that exposing and expatiating upon the conduct of others, is often a greater crime than that conduct which he so malignantly ridicules.

The practice of defamation is not only culpable, but derogatory to the character and interest of man. The recollection of past follies and vices is unpleasant, and occasions disagreeable sensations. He, therefore, is naturally the object of our aversion, who takes upon himself the part of publicly and censoriously reproofing us: But he, who, with secret pity, and in generous silence, discovers my faults, and will in private retirement, and in a friendly manner, disclose to me my errors, merits my warmest thanks and sincerest gratitude; and if I have a good heart, secures them. To cultivate harmony and happiness in society, innumerable instances of misconduct, which rigid criticism should condemn, must be screened with the veil of candor, and overlooked with an eye of friendly pity and forgetfulness. It is also a symptom of a depraved heart, and an unimproved mind, when a person, for his own end and others amusement, has recourse to the illiberal and unfriendly practice of scandal and detraction.

Defamation and slander are the source of much disturbance and unhappiness in society, and ought never to be countenanced by the least appearance of attention; much less encouraged by a smile of approbation. He who can laugh at, and repeat the foibles of his neighbors, deserves himself to be ridiculed. The faults of others should be observed without being exposed, and heard without being recapitulated. Mean is the office and contemptible he who fills it, of disclosing and publishing the misconduct of one's neighbors. He who watches the conduct of his neighbors but to observe their errors, who listens, with eagerness, to the tale of infamy, only that he may increase his source of malevolent ridicule, by exposing the unfortunate, merits the severest reproaches, and most contemptuous treatment.—Every person has faults of his own, which may be a more profitable source of contemplation than those of others.—Every one, therefore, should endeavour at a reformation of his own errors; but no one may make those of another the source of his amusement and diversion, "without incurring blame and reproach upon himself."

EUSEBIUS.

APPLY SOON!

THE second class of South-Hadley Canal Lottery, will positively commence drawing the 27th Jan. Tickets Halls, and Quarters, will be for sale by GILBERT and DEAN, until the 20th Dec. at 5 dollars; after which, all unfold, pass into the hands of a Company, who will, of course, enhance the price. If you do not adventure, you must not blame the Goddess of Fortune, if she should "fit her golden sand on another's floor." Nov. 27.

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

DEVOTED TO

MORALITY, LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, THE FINE ARTS, AGRICULTURE, &c. &c.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

To soar aloft on FANCY'S wing,
And bathe in HELLICONIA'S Spring;
Cull every flower with careful hand,
And draw them o'er our native land.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP.—No VII.

Levius fit patientiæ,
Siquid, corrigere est nefas.

IT is a common adage, that "man is born to misery," and it is a moral truth, that human nature must in some degree or other, at times, experience misfortune; but this adage is too often misconceived, and misapplied. The charming Poet, from whose works I have taken my motto, tells Virgil, that "however painful the dispensations of the Gods, if borne with patience they become more easy," and this way of consoling, or assisting him to submit to the death of Quintilius, without repining. And applied to the unavoidable evils of life, it is certainly a very valuable and true remark. But I am often diverted to observe it used on the most trivial occasions. I was a short time since, invited to dine with a friend who lived a few miles from Boston, to meet a large party with whom I had a kind of universal acquaintance. The weather was dreary, it had rained twenty four hours previous to the day appointed, but as I made it a rule never to accept an invitation I am not pleased with, so when accepted, nothing but ill health prevents my fulfilling my engagements. At the time appointed, therefore, I repaired to my friends house. The party was not so large as expected, and I found they were determined to wait dinner for a fashionable couple, who had positively declared no weather should prevent their coming. Accordingly after 3 o'clock, (and dinner was to have been served up at half past 2) Mr. and Mrs. VENUSTUS drove up to the door in a phaeton drawn by a pair of bay geldings, decorated with a heavy plated harness, but the carriage itself looked in a very shattered condition; and when the lady appeared in the drawing room, it was plainly perceivable that some accident had befallen them. "My dear madam," said the mistress of the house, "I fear you have been overturned?" "overturned indeed, my dear," replied her visitor, "just as we had got over the neck, we met a drove of cattle; our horses are very spirited; blood madam, Mr. VENUSTUS imported them, I would not part with them for ——. Well, they took fright at the barking of the dogs which accompanied the cattle, and set out upon the full run, I was in hopes they would have brought us safe to your door, but about a quarter of a mile from hence, meeting a team without a driver, it ran against us, over we went, and you see what a figure I am." "What a mercy!" said Mrs. ———, "my friends wife, "what a mercy it was your limbs were not broken." "Oh, it was a great mercy, continued Mrs. VENUSTUS, that my beautiful bandeau of chiel and blond beads, and which cost me five dollars yesterday, was not totally ruined. To be sure my pink satin gown is quite spoiled; I can never wear it again; but *misfortune is the lot of all, and we must bear it as patiently as we can.*

We dined, and things went on very smoothly till tea time, when lo! the plumb cake was very heavy. This called forth a dissertation from the lady of the house, on the art of cake making and baking; and concluded with this moral reflection. "I am sure I weighed every article, beat it a full hour, and baked it by rule, and if it is not good it is not my fault, we are all liable to disappointments, so I must be patient, tis of no use fretting now." During the course of the evening, a little girl run into the room with a large waxen doll in her hand, the face of which was dreadfully mutilated by a fall. "Oh! mamma look," cried the fobbing, "my doll, my pretty doll, I let it fall, and see how it is broke." "Well child," said her father, "don't make a noise, that wont mend it." The child continued to cry, when one of the company calling her, said, "dont cry love, it was very pretty to be sure, but waxen dolls will break, and little ladies must learn to be patient." "Patience," continued he, kissing the child, "is a cure for all

evils."—The rain continued all the evening, most of the company staid all night. The succeeding morning broke very fine, and a late evening inclined the family to make a late morning. I rose before the rest of the party were stirring, and strolled into a meadow adjoining the garden, through which a foot path led to a cottage, very small and miserably out of repair; I was just opposite the door, when a young woman came out and gathering up a few sticks which were scattered about the entrance, was returning into the hovel, (for it scarce deserved a better name,) I looked in her face, and saw the tears trickle down her cheeks; her countenance was not handsome, but it was interesting; there was nothing of elegance or refinement about her, yet she appeared above the common vulgar. When my feelings were awakened, I seldom take long for reflection. I stepped forward, and pulling her by the gown as she was entering the door, said, "poor girl you seem unhappy, can I do any thing to make you more cheerful? take this trifle," (offering her a dollar.) "I thank you," said she, modestly putting aside my hand, "I thank you, but we are not in great necessity, we have all the necessaries of life, you judge right in supposing me not happy, I am not so, indeed, I never shall be so again." I had followed her into the room, in one corner was a bed on which lay the emaciated figure of a girl, not more than fifteen years old; beside it sat a woman in appearance near fifty, a child lay on her lap, and the eyes of the poor wretch on the bed were fixed upon its face. I saw surprise and some expressions of anger on the elderly persons face, and hastied to obviate it. "Madam" said I, "do not suppose an impertinent curiosity has prompted this intrusion, I saw your daughter at the door, I had not her sleep, I was affected, I wished to relieve."—"You are very good" she replied, lifting her eyes to my face as she spoke, with a look so mild, and uncomplaining, that a savage only, could have beheld it unmoved. "You are very good, but our sorrows admit not of relief; that young woman who has interested you is my niece, this poor creature is my daughter. She once was innocent, she is no longer so; a monster in the semblance of a gentleman, robbed her of virtue, and me of almost the whole of my support, by borrowing what ready money I could command, and denying the loan. But this could have borne had he not robbed my poor child of what might have supported her under accumulated misery, and smoothed her passage to another world; I mean her trust in God. He poisoned her mind, perverted her understanding, which was naturally good, and she is now shuddering on the brink of eternity, without one hope to enliven the dark and gloomy scene." "But we have not lost our confidence in God," said the young woman who had at first attracted my attention. "We know that he is as merciful as just; and never afflicts but for wise and good purposes." "True: my dear, true!" said the respectable matron, "and I praise him daily, that amidst the load of affliction it has pleased him to lay upon me, by inspiring me with patience and strength to bear it, he has made the burthen light."

Good Heaven, said I, mentally, as I turned to quit the cottage, that a sentiment so soothing! so beautiful! so capable of supporting the unhappy, should be disgraced, by being applied to such trifling accidents as the spoiling a gown, making heavy cake, or breaking a waxen doll.

At my return, I enquired about this interesting family, and learnt a story, which at some future time I may present to my readers.

N. B. A letter from three young ladies forty miles from Boston, on the road to Cape-Cod, is received.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE CENSOR.—No. III.

So very kind, so monstrously polite,
They hurt my hearing, and offend my sight.

THERE is no greater rudeness that can be, under heaven, than what some people denominated "politeness;" they seem to think it consists wholly in vexing a man to death with their attention—if they meet a friend in the street, they *infiltrate* upon his going home with them; in vain

may he excuse himself—it is of no avail. Should he come to their house, whether he wishes or not, he must eat or drink; and after he has been tormented almost into fits, it is, "don't go, do stay a little longer, why you have not been here a minute," &c. and what renders it ten times worse, is, that all this is not real, but forced, in order to show, "POLITENESS and CIVILITY!" heaven preserve me from this rude politeness!

I never go to see my maiden cousins in the country, but I experience something of this sort; they are so very kind, so terribly polite, so cruelly attentive, that I have several times been very near suffocating under five blankets, and choak'd to death with all manner of cordials! As soon as I get to the house, they all fly out to meet me, one hold of one arm and another of the other; they wonder why I had not come before; "I can't think how glad they are to see me;" and with ten thousand such benevolent "cant thinks," I am led into the house; a fire big enough to roast an ox is immediately made in the best room, and the great easy chair placed before it, in which I am compelled to sit; though I had rather sit further off; they all insist on my drawing nearer, for they would not have me take cold for all INDIA or PERU! here perhaps I wish to indulge myself by keeping my boots on; but oh, no, they are hauled off by half a dozen servants, and a little tight pair of slippers stuck on in their stead. Whatever I say is construed into something more than I intended. I happened one day, I recollect, to say something about the cat laying before me on the hearth, and before I knew it, there were all the cats and kittens in the house thrown into my lap; when one of them disliking such treatment, as I did myself, gave me so confounded a scratch that I am not well of it to this day. If I cough or hen, they think I have taken cold, and these expressions of fear are generally the prelude to some drops on sugar, or a glass of bitters; if I take it, why, I certainly must like it, and a servant is immediately dispatched, post haste, to the nearest apothecary for more, that it may stand on the table near me, and ready at a moments warning. If I am so unwise as to refuse—this is modesty, and with ten million exhortations from them all, it generally amounts to the same thing at last—so down it goes. At supper, I choose tea perhaps, but coffee "is as good as the barb at any time," and I must take coffee. I always prefer it without sugar or cream, but the dear sweet souls take care to make lypurp of it, "for they know how to take care of their cousin when he comes to see them." By this time I wish to go to bed, for this purpose, an escorted by the *subtle family*, with wine, drops, cordials, sugar, teas, perfumes, lemon water, and many other kinds of water! two warming pans are generally in the bed at once, and the last time I was there, one of them was broken, and I thought my cousin DEBORAH would have actually swooned for fear one bed pan would not sufficiently take the air out of the sheets!—a very good sized table for dining half a dozen people, is usually placed by my bed side, with the drops, &c. so that if I should wake up in the night, here is such a thing, and there is such a thing, and directions for finding them, (which however, I never trouble myself about) generally takes up 20 or 30 minutes.

It is with the utmost difficulty I can make my escape the next morning—the servants having received orders to hide my boots, lay my horse is lame, or loafe in the pasture and declare they can't catch him; or else my cousins themselves conceal my hat and cloas, and all such queer tricks and precaution to prolong my stay, they think the most eligible way of showing how fond they are of me, and how they long to have me stay. I cannot conclude this without mentioning how very far they carried their goodness to lengthen one of my late visits—while I was sleeping with my door locked they found means to get all my clothes into their possession, by sending a servant into the window in the night by a ladder, so that the next morning it was impossible for me to get up—and I was finally obliged to promise to stay two days longer before my clothes were delivered to me.

OBSERVATIONS.

THE Epicure puts his purse in his belly, and the Miser his belly in his purse.

The defect of appearing to be persons of ability, often prevents our being so.

OUR actions are like blank verse, which every one recites in his own manner.

AMUSING AND INSTRUCTING.

NATURAL HISTORY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE BALD EAGLE.

Falco leucocephalus.

THE body of the bald eagle is brown, neck and tail white, and the upper part of the legs brown. It is a native of many parts of North America, and is remarkable for habits peculiar to itself. They breed all the year round. As soon as the young are covered with down, the old eagle lays again, and leaves the eggs to be hatched by their warmth; the flight of one brood always making way for the next. These birds fly heavily, and cannot overtake their prey like the rest of their tribe: they therefore watch the fowlers in the winter, and when any birds are wounded, if they escape the fowler, they are sure to seize them. It is said they will steal young pigs, and carry them alive to their nest, which is made of twigs, sticks and rubbish, and generally almost full of bones and putrid flesh.

The following curious particulars respecting these birds, are extracted from a recent French publication. (*Voyage dans la haute Pennsylvanie et dans l'état de Newyork etc.*)

As soon as the sea bass quits the ocean to enter the river Hudson, the Fishing Hawk comes to inhabit the neighboring eminences. After rising to an immense height, the better to distinguish his prey, he precipitates himself like lightning into the water, and returns with one of those enormous fish in his claws—the weight and convulsive motions of which, renders his flight slow and difficult.—But he has a formidable enemy in his neighborhood, the Bald Eagle—who is very fond of fish, without the power of taking it: and whom the scarcity of grain in this season obliges to quit the mountains. As soon as he sees the Fishing Hawk arrived to the height of his nest, this monarch of birds quits his hiding place, where he had been watching his motions—follows him with outspread wings, till, convinced of his inferiority, the hawk abandons his prey. Then his haughty antagonist with folded wings darts like an arrow with an inconceivable address, seizes the fish before it reaches the water. As the Cormorant, from whom an enemy has taken his prize, in fight of his destined Port, undertakes a new cruise, in hopes of being more fortunate—so, the Fishing Hawk rises again into the air—soon seizes a new prey, which he at last preserves from the violence of his enemy. When the Bass quit the river, the Eagle returns to the mountains; the Hawk to the shores of the ocean, where he has no more tribute to pay.

The Fishing Hawk (*Falco piscatorius*) is large, flies high and rapid; his wings are long and pointed. He lives only on the fish he takes himself—disclaiming those the sea throws upon its shores.

GIANT CLAM.

Clama Gigas.

THIS is the largest of all the testaceous animals. Only one Shell, in Mr. TURRELL'S Cabinet, weighs upwards of 40lbs.; upon a moderate calculation the animal which it contained would afford a meal for a hundred men. It is a native of the shores of the Indian Ocean, where it is said at low water, the Tiger comes down to seek for food, he puts his paw into the shell to get at the animal, when the shell closes and holds him so fast that he either loks his paw or is drowned by the rising tide.

Another specimen in Mr. Turrell's Cabinet weighs one hundred weight.

ANTIQUITY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

IN pursuing a London Magazine for September, 1776, I find the following curious article, which if you think will amuse your readers, you may publish in your "Boston Weekly Magazine." P.

ANTIQUÉ MONUMENT IN CHINA.

"THE learned have supposed that some historic documents of very distant nations, tended to prove, that 'Christianity had been once taught in these countries, altho' the memory of the doctrine thro' length of time and other conspiring causes had been effaced. There is to much darkness brooding over remote antiquity, that what are termed discoveries, seldom seem to enlighten us in the way of truth. There is a certain point, beyond which it is conjecture, little reliance is to be

placed on coins as they are so often spurious, little confidence is to be placed in manuscripts, they are so often forged, even some Monuments when said to be dug up, scarcely deserve any credit. I am led into this train (says the author of this article) by reflecting on a certain monument said to have been dug up at *Sangfuan*, a village in China. The story is thus related from a great author.

"A square stone of about ten spans long was discovered by some persons who were digging for another purpose than that of finding relics. At the upper part of this stone was the figure of a cross, under this cross was an inscription in characters, which brought into latin is thus read in English. 'This stone was erected to the praise and eternal remembrance of the law of Light and Truth, brought from Judea and promulged in China.'—This was only the title of the monument, the body of it contained a relation how the gospel of Christ Jesus was brought out of Judea by one OLO PUEN, and propagated in China.—This transaction is supposed to have happened about six hundred years after the death of Christ. According to the history of this whole affair, OLO PUEN, the first promulgator of Christianity in China, was introduced to the court of the Emperor; here he underwent the necessary examination, the Emperor was so satisfied both with the virtue of the man, and the excellence of his doctrine, that he caused a proclamation to be issued in his favour, which speaks of the doctrine taught by OLO PUEN in the following strains of panegyric:

"Having examined the fundamental principles of his doctrine, we find it excellent beyond description, it stands not in need of any external bombast or bulle, it takes its rise from the foundation of the world."

"The Emperor thus applauding the doctrine, it is scarcely necessary to say that the inhabitants of China became the favourers of Christianity.

"If the worship of the Devil was adopted by the Prince, the Courtiers would despise the torments of hell, rather than not be in the fashion.

"After OLO PUEN'S demise, Christianity so lost ground in China, as that the recollection that it had ever existed there, would not have been preserved but for the accident which caused this stone to be dug up."

The following remark is added to the above account.

"If the relation is genuine and such a story was ever acknowledged by the Chinese historians, then it is plain that the doctrines of Christianity have been propagated in remote regions than is generally supposed. If the stone like many relics of antiquity be spurious, and the relation of its discovery altogether fabulous, it would give much pleasure to see this proved by some learned person of the age."

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT and DEAN,

IN searching for records of antiquity to gratify my natural propensity for such amusement, I have met with the following account of the extraordinary longevity of a native of Bengal. If you have nothing provided better for the entertainment of your readers, you may, (if you think proper) offer them the following

LONGEVITY. P.

"FERDINAND DE CASTEGRAKE, a native of Bengal, (according to the report of a royal historiographer) was presented to the Viceroy of India, he being then 340 years old.

"The story of this man is very curious (as given by the Historiographer above mentioned.)

"This old man of Bengal, remembered to have been the city wherein he dwelt (which was one of the most populous in India) a very inconceivable place, he had changed his hair, and recovered his teeth four times when the Viceroy saw him, his head and beard were black, and his hair thin. In the course of his life he had seventy wives, some of whom died, the rest he put away.

"The King of Poland (the account says) ordered a strict search to be made into this matter, and an annual account of this man's health to be brought him from India."

"The above account is finished by saying, 'this man died at the age of three hundred and seventy years.'"

This is a very extraordinary record, but who can say it is a false one, supposing it to be the only instance of the kind, since the days of Noah.

All things are possible with the Omnipotent former of our bodies, and it is easy with our maker to preserve the life he has given to extreme old age, as it was for him to have first formed it.

The Society of Cincinnati, of Newyork, have appropriated 1000 dollars from their funds, to carry into immediate execution, their resolution on the subject of a Statute of Geo. Washington.

THE LADIES VINDICATED.

THE critics of the fair sex tell us, they are vain, frivolous, ignorant, coquetish, capricious, and what not. Unjust that we are—it is the fable of the Lion and the Man; but, since the ladies have become authors, they can take their revenge, were they not too generous for such a passion. Though they have learnt to paint, their sketches of man are gentle and kind.

But, if the ladies were what purely misanthropes call them, who is to blame? Is it not we who spoil, who corrupt, who seduce them?

Is it surprising that a pretty woman should be vain, when we daily praise to her face her charms, her taste and her wit? Can we blame her vanity, when we tell her that nothing can resist her attractions; that there is nothing so barbarous that she cannot soften; nothing so elevated that she cannot abjure; when we tell her that her eyes are brighter than day; that her form is fairer than summer; more refreshing than spring; that her lips are vermilion; that her skin ombres the whiteness of the lily with the carnation of the rose?

Do we censure a fine woman as frivolous, when we unceasingly tell her that no other study becomes her but that of varying her pleasures; that she requires no talent but for the arrangement of new parties; no ideas beyond the thought of the afternoon's amusement? Can we blame her frivolity, when we tell her that her hands were not made to touch the needle, nor to foil their whiteness in domestic employments? Can we blame her frivolity, when we tell her that the look of frivolousness chafes from her cheek the dimple in which the Loves and the graces wanton; that reflection clouds her brow with care; and that she who thinks, sacrifices the smile that makes beauty charm, and the gaiety that renders wit attractive?

How can a pretty woman fail to be ignorant, when the first lesson she is taught, is, that beauty supercedes and dispenses with every other quality; that all she needs to know is, that she is pretty; that to be intelligent is to be peccant, and that to be more learned than one's neighbour, is to incur the reproach of absurdity and affectation?

Shall we blame her for being a coquette, when the indiscriminate flattery of every man teaches her, that the homage of one is as good as that of another? It is the same darts, the same flames, the same beaux, the same coxcombs. The man of sense, when he attempts to compliment, recommends the art of the beau, since he consents to do with awkwardness what a monkey can do with grace. Withal, she is a goddess, and to her all men are equally mortals. How can she prefer when there is no merit, or be content when there is no superiority?

And are men so unjust as to censure the idols made by their own hands? Let us be just; let us begin the work of reformation; when men cease to flatter, women will cease to deceive; when men are wise, women will be wife to please. The ladies do not force the taste of the men; they only adapt themselves to it. As they may corrupt and be corrupted, so they may improve and be improved.

ADVICE TO THE FAIR SEX.

AN admirer of female delicacy perfumes, in point of dress, that naked elbows being exhibited are highly disgusting; but more particularly that skinny or fraggy elbows, as also tumid or brawny elbows being displayed are most detestable objects. He is even still more sensible of the folly of fashion, in observing, as repugnant to Nature, the flowing ornamental hair being worn inverted, and allusively frizzed over that prominent feature the forehead. It cannot but be supposed, at all events, he is induced from professional experience, to advise, with becoming deference, the fashionable females of every description, while winter is in its rigour, to lengthen the sleeves of their chemises, as also to add cuffs to the sleeves of their gowns; left their naked elbows, being exposed to the inclemency of the weather, should occasion that very incommensurable complaint—a lumbago—which could not fail most sensibly, to interrupt their pleasurable enjoyments.

A PRACTICAL PHYSICIAN.

PARISIAN FASHIONS—FOR OCTOBER.

Turbans are made of all sorts of shawls, and hence they present the greatest diversity in forms and colours. In some rare instances they are, at the middle, surmounted with a pointed cap of a bit of stuff. Some few have an end hanging down. They are more generally oval than perfectly round. The brim or the stem of the hats is cut away at the neck. Some are rose-coloured; others, sky-blue; the greatest number, white. None are yet made of satin. Some black hats are starred over with dark red comets. Straw hats are not now worn. Carmine-poppies are very common on the hair in full dress. Savoy

handkerchiefs for the neck, of an embroidery on a thin ground imitating lace, continue still to be worn. The sleeve is purified only for a third part of the length of the arm. The perfuming ends in a band from which extends a plain lisle. A loop and button support the drapery of the short sleeves. The button is either a diamond or a precious stone. Ruffs are worn on the neck. Between the ruff and the neck-handkerchief appears a necklace of purple coral grains, or of gold netting; square shawls of Smyrna cloth, embroidered with gold, are in the highest fashion. Of these some are carmine-red; others amaranth; some Egyptian brown. Although large, they are worn unfolded, and at their full breadth and length.

The young men wear plaited neckcloths, black-grey frocks, and black gaiters.

BOSTON:

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 11, 1802.

An Island was discovered by Mr. Sharp, (a British frigate) on the 22d December last, in lat. by observation 28 miles S. and long. by account 163 deg. E. It is from N. to S. five or six leagues; from E. to W. not quite so much. The latitude and longitude are computed from the centre of the Island. The discoverer named it Shank's Island.—Many of the cocoa nut trees could be distinguished. The vessel was on her passage from *Port Jackson to China*.

The Members of the Boston *Humane Society*, are notified to meet the 14th instant, at the Senate Chamber of the old State House, for the annual choice of Officers.

The *Society has expended* (says a Salem paper) 93 dollars, as premiums in the two past years. Since 1787, it had expended 540 dollars in burs erected for the benefit of ship-wrecked mariners.

In the English Monthly Magazine, for July 1802, we notice the following curious article, taken from the "Portfolio of a Man of Letters." In relating a severe battle between the Swifs and Austrians, the writer observes, "that the Austrian Duke facing his banners in danger of the enemy, and hearing the standard-bearer call for assistance, threw himself into the thickest of the battle, ran to the hammer, and perished in its defence. The standard-bearer was also found dead, with part of the flag still in his mouth; he had swallowed the rest to prevent it from falling into the hands of the enemy."

The excellent Bridge over the Connecticut between Greenfield and Montague in this State, is now finished. It is upon four arches, and is 620 feet in length and 30 wide. It will meet a turnpike, and open a communication very important to this State.—*Salem Reg.*

A new state is now added to the Union, called the "Ohio." This makes the 17th.

CHAPTER OF EVENTS.

On the 19th ult. an extremely melancholy occurrence happened at Cedar Creek, in New-Jersey. A son of Mr. Daniel Williams, aged 14 years, went out in the morning to his rabbit traps, some distance from the house, and being absent longer than usual, his mother became uneasy, and sent in search of him, when he was found in a little thicket, murdered! An axe with which he was murdered, was laying by him. A coroner's inquest brought in their verdict *wilful murder*. It is said a person (who was one of the inquest) has since been apprehended on suspicion.

A murder of a dreadful description, attended by circumstances of the most shocking cruelty, was yesterday committed at Morslake. A man named SILLWELL who kept a public-house known by the sign of the Jolly Gardeners, in that village, rose, as was his custom, yesterday morning at five o'clock, and whilst he was dressing having some words with his wife, towards whom he had always manifested great conjugal affection, the unhappy man was so hurried away by the violence of passion, that fetching a horse pistol, loaded with eight flugs, he presented it at his wife, and pulled the trigger! Fortunately, the flint being worn out, the fatal discharge was prevented, but even this providential interposition had no effect in calming the fury of the enraged husband, for with a vengeance truly diabolical, he rushed upon the wretched woman, and with the butt end of the pistol beat her about the head with such unrelenting ferocity, that, on the neighbours entering the room, alarmed at the uproar, they discovered the body of Mrs Sillwell lying on the bed, her head literally beat to pieces, and her brains scattered about the room. The author of this inhuman act retained the barrel of the pistol in his hand, for he had struck with such force, that the stock was entirely

demolished. The alarm of a country village at a circumstance of this nature may be easily conceived; but as from the confusion had subsided, Sillwell was taken into custody, and the offence being committed in Snury, was conveyed before the Magistrates of Union-Hall. *Lond. Pap.*

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

GRATEFUL for the many original Communications with which we have been favoured since the commencement of our *Magazine*, we feel anxious to express the sentiments with which the liberality of our literary friends has inspired us; and to assure them that when we reject their productions, it is by no means our design to offend. We formed our plan at first, of publishing a weekly paper, on the hope of rendering an essential service to the Fair Sex, by offering them a work in which should be united at once, Amusement and Information, and thought it would be peculiarly acceptable to them, as the daily papers are merely vehicles of political controversy, and advertisements. This being our avowed design, it behoves us to be particularly careful in what we present to their eye. Delicacy of sentiment, accuracy and elegance of language, and purity of moral tendency, will ever be strong recommendations; for we think we shall merit their patronage not from the variety with which we may present them, but from the intrinsic merit of the whole; and we had much rather offer them a good extract from an approved work, than an indifferent original.—When a person visits the market with a design of purchasing fruit, in order to present some select friends with a pleasant and grateful collation, he carefully examines all, before he determines which to purchase, rejects the unripe or unsoft, sedulously culling that which is fairest to the eye, and from its bloom and freshness promises to be most delightful to the palate yielding a delicious refreshment, without endangering the health. Those persons whose fruit would not bear the test of a scrupulous inspection may be and most likely are offended at being neglected, but will not the merchants who deal in the best fruit always eagerly offer him the best choice.—So from the fruit of genius lent us by our correspondents, we select the most wholesome for the rest of our friends; the unripened judgment or vitiated taste may blame us for rejecting some, but the sensible, judicious, and discerning, will, while they commend our caution, still generously continue to furnish our readers with a repast of choice and wholesome delicacies.

We expect from the MSS of the gentleman whose figure is *P. some Biographical Anecdotes*, and other articles of information and amusement, which when received, we shall present to our readers.

The author of "Preface," is requested to send for a letter at this Office, on Monday next.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Dr. Barton is about publishing at Philadelphia, *Elements of Botany*, in one large 8vo volume, with a large number of Plates by the first American artists. From the well known abilities of the author, the lover of Botany may expect to be highly gratified with this work, the first of the kind that has issued from the pen of an American Botanist.—We also understand that the Dr. has in the press, the 2d part of his *Fragments of the Natural History of Pennsylvania*, in folio, which has been some time delayed on account of the indisposition of the author. We also learn that the Dr. intends when his leisure and health will permit, to publish a collection of Engravings of American Plants, that are useful in Medicine or the Arts; the drawings taken from Nature by the first artists; to be published in decades of ten plates each.

Dr. Stevens, who has a long time resided in St. Domingo, intends to publish a complete Natural History of that Island, in folio, with plates by artists of the first abilities.

Messrs. Munroe and Francis, of this town, have published the first number of a new edition of *Shakspeare's Plays*, which for neatness of execution exceeds any other American edition, and equals many English, and is one third cheaper than any other, ever published. It is to be completed in 16 volumes, at 33 cents each; making eight handsome 12mo numbers, each adorned with an elegant vignette title page. It also contains the valuable Notes and Prefaces of Dr. Johnson. The vignette title page, engraved by Mr. Gridley, is elegant and well executed.—They deserve success in this arduous undertaking.

Messrs Russell and Cutler, have issued proposals for publishing a new work, entitled "A Political and Historical view of the civil and military transactions of Bonaparte, from the French of J. Chas."

Messrs. Whiting, Leavenworth & Co. of Albany, have in the press, a work by Dr. Paley, entitled, *Natural Theology*, which has just reached this country.

Messrs. Thomas and Andrews have lately published a new edition of *Morley's Geography*, in 2 large vols. 8vo. with great improvements, price 6 dollars, bound. Also an abridgement of the same, in 12mo. at 1 dol. Pike's Arithmetic, and Root's Federal Arithmetic.

Saml. Hall and Manning and Loring, have published two Sermons, delivered April 27th, 1783, on the institution and observance of the Sabbath by the late Rev. Dr. Jeremy Belknap; and the Sermon, Address, and Charge at the Installation of the Rev. Thomas Waterman, in Charlestown, Oct. 7, 1802.

Mr. Thomas, jun. of Worcester, has just published the *Moral Monitor*, by the late Rev. Nathan Filke, he has also issued proposals for publishing, *Zelthoffer*, on the dignity of man, and the valuable objects principally relating to human happiness.

Townsend's Guide to Health, in a large 8vo vol. price 2dls 50 cts. is just published, and for sale at the several book-stores.

MARRIAGES.

In Barrington, Mr. Matthew Watton, to Miss Lucretia Waterman. In Norwich, Mr. Wm. Baldwin, to Miss Ellis Huntington. In Windham, C. Mr. Robert J. Collins, to Miss Eunice Kennedy. In Coventry, Mr. Gordon C. Young, to Miss Polly Robinson. In Portmouth, Mr. Wm. Turner, to Miss Hannah Perkins. In Pelham, Mr. Abiel Phelps, to Miss Polly Sears. In New-Braintree, Mr. John Hill, to Mrs. Desire Richmond; Mr. Roger Granger, to Miss Eliza Goodenough. In Gloucester, (R. I.) Mr. Eleazer Bowen, *Æt* 81, to Mrs. M. Ballou, *Æt* 74. In Cornish, Mr. Samuel Payne, to Miss Pamela Chaise.—In Brimfield, Mr. Andrew Ferrell, to Miss Polly Nutting; Mr. Thos. Death, to Miss Meh. Bliss; Mr. Samuel Brown, to Miss Polly Hoar. In New-London, Mr. Danl. O'Brien, to Miss Mercy Wait. In Groton, (Ct.) Mr. And. Baker, to Miss Nancy Moseley; Mr. John Lanh, to Miss Eunice Baker. In Reading, Mr. David Preston, of Danvers, to Miss Rebecca Upton. In Salem, Capt. Joseph Cook, to Miss Rebecka Manning; Mr. Samuel Becket, to Miss Hannah Carroll.

In Botton, Capt. Daniel Sargent, jun. to Miss Mary Frazer.

DEATHS.

In England, Sir Philip Hales. He was of the most ancient Catholic family in the kingdom, and the vault in which he was buried, is said to have cost £1000. In Norwich, Capt. Ephem. Bill, *Æt* 84. In Brooklyn, (Ct.) Mrs. Read, wife of Mr. B. Read. In Hartford, Mrs. Elizabeth Kneeland, *Æt* 61. In Utica, Mr. Daniel Holden, *Æt* 25. In Lansingburg, Mr. Samuel Brown, *Æt* 27, lately from England. In Northampton, Mr. Geo. Clap, *Æt* 74. In New-Jersey, Joseph Shinn, Esq. He was thrown to the ground while riding to a neighbouring farm. In Haverhill, (M.) Mr. Jer. Eakly, *Æt* 94. In Salisbury, Mrs. Sarah Currier. *Æt* 70. In Isaac Mansfield, of Lynnfield. In Providence, Mrs. Terence Reiley, *Æt* 63; Mrs. Sarah Childs, in Cranston, (R. I.) Mrs. Hannah Paine, *Æt* 83. In Surinam, Mr. Simon Aldrich, of Rhode-Island, *Æt* 119. In East-Windsor, Rev. Thomas Powtine, *Æt* 71. In Bristol, R. I. Miss Sophia Bourne, daughter of the Hon. Ben. Bourne. In Litchfield, (Ct.) Mr. Abraham Shores. He was returning from work on horseback, was thrown off, and before expired; also Mr. Joseph Taylor, killed while blowing a rock. In Horton, (N. S.) Mr. Wm. Caldwell, *Æt* 108. In Guadaloupe, Capt. Robert McDonald, of Windham. In Portsmouth, Mr. Joseph Benson, *Æt* 76; Mrs. Mary Elliot; Mrs. Sarah Lucy; Mrs. Elizabeth Pickering. In Cambridge, Hon. Joseph Lee, Esq. *Æt* 93. In Sharon, Mrs. Catharine Randall, *Æt* 93. In New-York, Mrs. B. Little, mer. In the prison at Albany, where he had been confined for debt upwards of 15 years, Mr. Thos. Condrage, *Æt* 60. In Newport, Mrs. Sarah Robinson. In New-London, Mr. Samuel Cheney, *Æt* 60. In Lime, Mrs. Conant, wife of Rev. Wm. Conant; Mrs. Lane, wife of Mr. Samuel Lane. In Deerfield, Mr. Wm. Shalden, *Æt* 30. In Springfield, Mr. Warham Wright, *Æt* 24. In Boylston, Mrs. Annis Smith, *Æt* 21. In Shrewbury, Mrs. Mary Heywood, *Æt* 39. In Kentucky, Mr. Wm. and Mary M'Hutton, *Æt* 108, and 96, man and wife. They lived together in a married state 76 years. *Æt* 627 adults, and 469 children, died at Philad. during the prevalence of the fever this season. In York, Miss Mary Kemble, *Æt* 66. In Salem, Dea. Stephen Cook; an aged man named Lillie. He was found dead in the North River, standing with his cane in his hand.

In Boston, Edward Davis, son of Mr. Wm. Davis, *Æt* a Miss Abigail Casneau.—Thomas Clark, Esq. *Æt* 52; a Woman from the Alms-house, and 5 Children, making the number of deaths this week *Nine*, ending yet. 6 P. M.

POETRY.



For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

BALLAD.

AH why is thy countenance sad, gentle fair? And why roll the tears from thine eye? Hast thou wander'd all night thus exposed to the air? Bencath this cold wint'ry sky?

Ah why swells thy bosom with sighs, gentle fair? And why droops thy head on thy breast? Art thou doom'd the harsh frowns of misfortune to bear, And hast thou no home where to rest?

Come tell me the cause of thy grief, gentle fair? Come tell me the cause of thy grief; I'll pity thy sorrows, I'll lighten thy care; Art thou poor? I will give thee relief.

Yes, oft do I wander all night, friendly soul, And few are my moments of rest; But I feel not the chill winds that through the trees Nor the cold storm that beats on my breast.

For a shade far more dreary than night, friendly soul, Has hid every joy from my view; And a blast that's more piercing than winds round the shore Has chill'd my poor heart through and through.

More distant, kind soul, than harsh poverty's frown, More cold than the winters sharp frost; The bosom I once thought most friendly is grown, The heart I most value is lost.

Then ask not, kind heart, why the silent tears roll, Nor why swells my bosom with grief; The friend whose unkindness has frozen my soul, Alone can afford it relief.

LINES.

Addressed to a young Lady, whose Anger had been expressed in very strong Terms, in consequence of a Servant having broken a favorite Looking-glass.

The mirror was fragile, and careless the maid; Eliza beheld the sad brook; Her passions were rous'd, her resentment display'd, And pleasure aside in a moment was laid, As thus in a fury she spoke —

"Your always destroying what ever I prize; "Those hands are as heavy as lead." Yet, ah! had I seen but the fire of her eyes, She would rather have vented her anger in sighs, Than a word to the servant have said,

The mirror was broke, so the could not behold The effect of her anger and spleen; Then let her for once by an old friend be told, There is not so shocking a sight as a fold, Or one so unfit to be seen.

And, then, let her know that the sorrows of life So thick and so frequent appear, That for trifles the must not indulge any strife; Or else she will never become a good wife, And smile midst the frowns of her dear.

And let her be taught to control her desires, For anger encourag'd brings shame; And mildness is what all the male sex admires; So ladies should smother those embers and fires Which passion might light into flame.

ON WRITING.

TELL me what genius did the art invent, The lively image of the mind to paint! Who first the secret how to color found, And to give shape to reason wisely found? With Lodges how to clothe ideas taught, And how to draw the picture of a thought? Who taught the hand to speak, the eye to hear A distant language, roving far and near?

Whose softer notes outstrip loud thunder's found, And spreads its accents thro' the world's vast round? Yet with kind secrecy securely roll Whispers of absent friends from pole to pole; A speech heard by the deaf—spoke by the dumb, Whose accents reach along—long time to come; Which dead men speak, as well as those that live, Tell me what genius did the art contrive?

Sudden thought of a LIBERTINE on passing by the Newport Meeting, in time of worship. TRAIN'D in each virtue, moral and divine; See in the decent crowd, what natural beauties shine; No airs unteemly, no indecent nod, Their hearts on heaven, and their thro'ts on God; Whose modest garb, and tenets well express, That true Religion wears no tinsel dress: Distinguish'd only but by real good, By those abandon'd, and by those pursued; Meek, unadorned, with every merit join'd, Lodg'd in the soul, and treasur'd in the mind.

MONITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

HOLY SCRIPTURES.

In a Speech of Sir JOHN SHORE, to the Asiatick Society, the following appear to have been the sentiments of the celebrated Sir WILLIAM JONES.

Vide Europ. Mag. for Apr. 1795.

THE collect of trads, which we call, from their excellence, the Scriptures, contain, independently of a divine origin, more pure sublimity, more exquisite beauty, purer morality, more important history, and finer strains of both poetry and eloquence, than could be collected, within the same compass, from all other books, that were ever compos'd in any age, or in any idiom. The two parts, of which the Scriptures consist, are connected by a chain of compositions, which bear no resemblance, in form or style, to any that can be produced from the stores of Grecian, Indian, Persian, or Arabian learning: The antiquity of those compositions no man doubts, and the unrestrained application of them to events, long subsequent to their publication, is a solid ground of belief, that they were genuine predictions, and consequently inspired."

EXTENT OF DURATION.

POPE to ADISON.

"OUR whole extent of Being, is no more in the eyes of Him who gave it, than a scarce perceptible moment of duration. Those animals whose circle of living is limited to three or four hours, as the naturalists assure us, are yet as long lived and possess as wide a scene of action as Man, if we consider him with an eye to all space and to all eternity."

"Who knows what plots, what achievements a Mite can perform in his kingdom of a grain of dust within his life of some minutes, and of how much less consideration than even this, is the life of Man, in the light of that God, who is from ever, and for ever."

AMUSING.

THE late Mr. Cambridge, was one of the chief literary props of a periodical paper, a titled The World. Mr. Moore, the conductor of that paper, in any extremity, constantly applied to his friend Cambridge, upon whose fertile genius and friendly promptitude, he could always rely. It happened, that an application of this kind was made to Mr. Cambridge on a Sunday, and during the service at Church he appeared so much wrapt in thought, that when it was over, he was gently rebuked by a lady for suffering his mind to wander from the solemn purpose of the place. "I assure you, Madam, (said he) you are mistaken, for my thoughts were really employ'd upon the next World."

London Paper.

IT has been very properly remarked, that those who despise puns as unworthy of their notice, are the very same persons who, after a frequency of effort, are unable to attain that amusing art of playfulness. It is recorded, in all ages, that the most learned men, and the most acute wits, have very often relaxed from the fatigues of their more grave concerns by this digression of the fancy. A person was once tried before Lord CEXE, on a charge of having written a book in *folio* which contained a number of scurrilous expressions, of which, after a long trial, he was acquitted. His Lordship observed, that the writer had like to have brought himself into a snare by a folio, but—looking to the Twelve Jurors—that he escaped by a *duodecimo*. Ibid.

DAVID'S SOW—origin of the phrase—A few years ago, one David Lloyd, a welchman, who kept an inn at Hereford, had a living sow with 6 legs, which occasioned the resort of great numbers to his house. David had a wife who was much addicted to drunkenness, and one day, having taken an extra cup, and dreading the consequences, went into the yard, opened the flye door, let out the sow, and lay down in its place, thinking a short nap would dispel the fumes of the liquor. In the mean time, a company arrived to see the much talked of animal; and Davy, proud of his office, whered them to the flye, exclaiming, "Did any of you ever see so uncommon a creature before?" "Indeed, Davy," said one of the farmers, "I never before observed a sow so very drunk in all my life!" Hence the term drunk as David's sow. Ibid.

A FEW days since, a gentleman observed two sailors very busy in lifting an ass over the wall of a pound, where it was confined. On asking the reason, the tars, with true humanity and character, made the following reply—"Why, lookee, master, we saw this here animal aground, without victuals, dy'e see; and for my meffmate and I agreed to cut his cable and give him his liberty, because we have knowen before now, what it is to be at short allowance!" Ibid.

HENRY IV of France, asked a lady which was the way to her bed-chamber. To which the feistfully and modestly replied, the only way to my bed-chamber, Sir, is through the Church.

A FASHIONABLE young beau made his addresses to a woman, who was well stricken in years and had been remarkably homely in her youth, but was possessed of the attractions of a large landed property; and as a counterfeited part is commonly overdone, especially in courtship, the young spark was exceedingly profuse in his professions of attachment. In the mean time, the lady was prudent of suspicion. At length, while they were walking together arm within arm, over her lands, and after he had been repeatedly declaring his ardent passion, the very seriously addressed him as follows—"Sir, my glass told me, even when I was young, that my person was very plain and forbidding; and old age has added wrinkles to my natural deformity; therefore, tho' I wish to believe you, I can hardly think it possible, that such a handsome, accomplished young man as you, should fall in love with an ill looking old woman."—"Oh! it is possible, it is real, replied the Gallant—such is my affection for you that I love the very ground you walk upon."—"Indeed!"—"I thought the Gallant—with warmth, "I suspected it before—I thought that my ground and not my person was the object of your affection, and I am now determined that you shall possess neither the one nor the other." Holfon Balance.

"Ye Volries of Fortune, give ear to my theme, I've Riches in plenty to mention; My father's the Lottery, built on a capital scheme, And—worth your undivided attention!"

FARMERS always prefer sowing and reaping on land which is the most rich and fertile. A capital bargain now offers of 10,000 acres, which is of the best kind, situated in the town of Hadley, in this State. It will be sold at the very low rate of ONE TWENTIETH part of a CENT per acre, if applied for before the 21st inst. The candidates for this rare bargain are already many; and the reader must know that "Procrastination is the Thief of Time." Apply to GILBERT & DEAN. All tickets in South-Hadley Canal Lottery, after the 21st inst. pass into the hands of a Company, who will then raise them to 50, and will continue to rise. Dec. 11.

THE TRIAL OF FRIENDSHIP.

A BEAUTIFUL Novel, by MARMONTEL, has lately been published by GILBERT & DEAN, price 20 Cts. The reader will find on perusing this Novel, that Friendship meets with as severe a trial as it could possibly experience; besides the display of excellent moral principles. Dec. 11.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED, every SATURDAY Evening, By GILBERT & DEAN, No. 56, STATE-STREET, BOSTON, (over the Store of Mr. PEIRCE.)

Price Two Dollars per annum—half paid in advance. Subscriptions received by the Publishers, by E. LAROKIN, No. 47, and WEST & GREENE, No. 56, Cornhill—and of the principal Post-Masters in New-England.

IF application be made immediately, Subscribers can be supplied from the first Number of the Boston Weekly Magazine.

BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

DEVOTED TO

MORALITY, LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, THE FINE ARTS, AGRICULTURE, &c. &c.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

To soar aloft on FANCY'S wing,
And bask in HELICONIA'S spring;
Cull every flower with careful hand,
And brew them o'er our native land.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP.—No VIII.

Strenua nos exerceat inertia.

THE following letter, though bearing the signature of three females, I strongly suspect to have been written by a man; and yet it somewhat excites my curiosity, that the writer, though learned enough to understand and apply my scrap of latin, as it is elegantly expressed; had not wisdom sufficient to discover the false spelling in the word *ridiculous*, but has literally copied it from the Magazine, without noticing so glaring an error, and which was typographical. I present my readers with the letter, because I choose to be impartial, and that must plead my excuse for engaging their attention, upon so trifling a subject. The letter is inserted verbatim, as I received it.

"TO THE GOSSIP.

"AS you have publicly invited, all those who labor under grievous burthens, to make known their complaints; and in return you have kindly promised your fair advice; we gladly accept your invitation, and proceed to a statement with as much perspicuity as possible.

"We live about 40 miles from Boston, on the road to Cape-Cod, and however masculine the appearance may be, we do not blush, when we confess, we are a trio, appointed by a circle of young ladies, for the express purpose of attempting a redress of grievances, through the medium of the Gossip.

"Our companions—until within a year past, have enjoyed the most undeviating attention, from the young gentlemen; no one presumed to offer a censure, for their conduct was without blemish. Balls, rides and jams, employed all the leisure time we could snatch from domestic duties, and served as a sufficient relaxation for the mind, after reading, &c. It was then we partook of THAT "feast of reason, and THAT flow of soul," which was without a parallel.

"The above is a picture of the politeness offered us by the gentlemen 12 months ago, but alas! how astonishingly have they degenerated. When they appear in company, which is seldom, they are either possessed with a morose disposition, or what is more frequent and still more worse, a horrid fatuity, which tends to conversation so puerile, that we cannot express our disgust of it in a better manner than by inserting the scrap of latin which we observed at the head of your 2d number.

"*Parturiant montes, nascitur ridiculus mus.*"

"It is not one time in ten that these gentlemen will take the trouble to walk with us home, and rather than they should exult at our mortification of trudging alone, we are obliged,

"*Like some endangered Spark,
To scud off on tip-toe in the dark.*"

"A Ball would be almost as much of a rarity here as an Elephant.

"And as for rides, you see them engaged in none, unless it is with some mother, a maiden aunt, or an aged grandmam; and perhaps they will once in a while have what they term a "gander party," and go to Quoddy;—where this Quoddy is we don't know, but suppose it some temple devoted to Bacchus; however we don't mean to insinuate by this that they are knights of the bottle, for notwithstanding their trivial faults, we declare in the sincerity of our souls, we do not know of any vice they carry to excess.

"Thus we have given you a detail of our troubles, and ask your advice; we doubt not you will assist us in tendering them some admonition, that will be profitable. We do not ask you to gather grapes from thistles; because we know that there yet remains in them, a latent spark of politeness,

which we hope you will contrive to fan into a flame, and confer an obligation upon

"DELIA,
"EMMELINE, and
"ALMIRA."

If these complaints are real, I am extremely sorry the young ladies have exposed themselves to the sneers of their male acquaintance by publicly acknowledging of how much consequence their attention are to them, and supposing it really, (for I must do so in order to answer it as may be expected) I cannot but fear the ladies have cause to blame themselves for the defection of gallantry in the opposite sex, and on those grounds, shall proceed to state a few cases wherein I think *Men*, yes even *Gentlemen* may be excused for treating self-consequential and capricious girls with neglect. There has unfortunately within a few late years, sprung up a class of young women who assume airs of superiority, and independence; despite the opinion of the world, and treat the remonstrances of prudence with contempt. These kind of *boy girls*, for I am at a loss by what other epithet to denominate them, talk and laugh loud at public assemblies, behave with insufferable insolence to their elders and superiors, and stare modest unaffected simplicity out of countenance; boldly and in all companies diftance upon their rights and privileges, form parties, make excursions, or parade the streets at late hours, without any male protector, and foolishly aiming on all occasions, to prove they are above being in the least dependent on the other sex for assistance or safety, sink themselves even beneath their contempt. If my fair complainants are of this order of beings, I can only say I think the gentlemen are perfectly right to refuse them the enjoyment of their fancied independence, and to ride, walk, or dance, by themselves.

I could not but smile at the expression of a "feast of reason and a flow of soul" to be enjoyed at a Ball or a Jam.—Why at the very word *Jam*, Reason, poor timid dame, takes her flight, the fears should the venture into one, she should be so humbled and hooted in the dissipated crowd, that her very existence, might afterwards be doubtful; and at a Ball, I fancy the mental faculties are generally in a very dormant state, while the animal spirits are in a delightful and exhilarating flutter, and the active powers employed in the innocently pleasurable amusement of dancing. Poor girls, if these are your ideas of a "feast of reason and a flow of soul," I cannot wonder that the male part of your Society, are either silent in your presence, or labor to entertain you with trifles. But they prefer the company of your mothers, aunts, and grandmothers to yourselves. This is lamentable indeed! but know you not that they may with safety pay every attention to those ladies, ride with them, dance with them, walk, visit and chat with them, fit by them a whole evening, and not be suspected of any design farther than the amusement of the present hour. But this is not the case with young unmarried women. If a young gentleman dances with a young lady twice, waits on her home as often, rides with her a few times, says he thinks her agreeable, and joins her should he meet her walking alone. Her giddy acquaintance compliment her on her conquest, it is reported they are to be immediately married; and when in self defence he is obliged to declare he has no such intention.—The self-deluded girl thinks herself ill-used, and he is railed at for an inconstancy of which he is perfectly innocent. This being the case, can it be surprising that men should prefer a Gander party, or going to Quoddy, or indeed any where else, to avoid the eternal din of "when did you see Miss —?" Oh we know, we understand, you never visit her of an evening; never take a long walk with her! you do right to be sure to plead ignorance.

My fair complainants, if you are free from the faults I have here pointed out, the gentlemen of your society are little better than *Hottentots* to treat you with neglect.—And I heartily wish they may soon awaken to a sense of politeness and good breeding. If your confidence pleads guilty to the charge, take shame to yourselves, fit industriously about a thorough reformation, and by so doing, draw them back to their allegiance; an allegiance, which I will venture to affirm no man of sense and feeling ever voluntarily abandoned, unless driven from it by folly or impertinence.

✂ The correspondent who pays the GOSSIP a compliment

at the expense of the Editors, is very obliging—and is informed the fault he mentions (the quality of the paper on which the Magazine has been printed) the GOSSIP believes to have been at the time unavoidable, and can assure him, the Editors in future will avoid giving him; or any other of their Patrons, similar cause of complaint.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE ITINERANT.—No IV.

—*Gurrit aniles
Ex reballatis.* HORACE.

THE Sun had just begun to brighten the eastern horizon, when LORELLA, the beautiful daughter of ABIAO, left the dwelling of her parents, and commenced her accustomed walk in the adjoining garden. Animated by the beauty and freshness of nature, and cheered by inhaling the unadulterated air of morn, she tripped with nimble feet from path to path, and visited with hasty steps every division of the inclosure; she regaled on the fragrance of the opening pink, and brushed the sparkling drops from the modest violet. It was the garden of innocence and virtue; no choaking weeds were suffered to infect it, and no poisonous herb sprung from its soil.

LORELLA had almost completed a bouquet for her bosom, when she was surprised by the approach of a stranger. But the modesty of his aspect, the sweetness of his accents, and the respectfulness of his address, silenced her apprehensions, and dispelled every fear. Youth and sensibility glowed in his countenance, and his every motion was grace and activity. They discoursed on the beauties of nature, and the charms of virtue, and arm in arm visited every tree, and examined the varying tints of every flower.

At length, taking the fair maid gently by the hand, the young stranger addressed her in the following words: "My charming LORELLA, you are innocent, you are virtuous, you are contented, and you are happy. You have never passed the limits of these walls; you are ignorant of other flowers, of other fruits, and of other amusements than what you here enjoy; you therefore feel not their want, because you know not their excellencies. But could you be persuaded to accompany me, I would conduct you into these fair gardens of pleasure which surround us; I lead you through lofty groves and embowering shades; through walks ever green, and fields ever covered with verdure. You would there gaze with delight on the beauties, and enjoy the grateful fragrance of flowers unknown before; regale yourself with fruits which you have never tasted; and dance to music, whose enchanting sounds have never yet flattered your ears. There labor and care are unknown, and the stream of pleasure flows without alloy, and without end."

LORELLA listened with eagerness and astonishment. "Those fatal gardens," she replied, "have my parents taught me ever to avoid. Their glowing fruits, and variegated blossoms, which at a distance appear so delightful, the lip of parental fondness have said, didly poison and exterminate life. The tyger and the deadly adder inhabit their groves, and the friend of misery haunts every dwelling. I dare not go with you; the reiterated warnings of my parents I must heed, and their commands I must obey."

The young visitor, in reply, represented the account as fabulous, and protested that a short excursion into these happy inclosures would not be attended with any ill consequences, but, on the contrary, be perfectly safe, and productive of inconceivable delight. They even might return if she pleased, before her parents could suspect her being absent. Invitations to pleasure, urged by youthful eloquence, and seconded by the ardor of curiosity, were too potent for the resistance of female fortitude, and she at length consented to accompany him.

They entered the confines of pleasure, and were immediately invited by the company to join in their amusements, and feast themselves on the profusion of dainties which were spread before them. LORELLA admired their fruits, and tasted freely of their wines. She confessed them to be far more delicious than those which her own garden afforded.

and after having finished her repast, mingled in the dances. All was gay, all was romantic, all was delightful. She almost fancied herself in the garden of Paradise, and accused her parents of rigour and cruelty, for wishing to deprive her of such enchanting pleasures.

Fatigue and the fumes of wine at length overcame her, and she sunk into the arms of sleep. Stupified by the poisonous feast, and the deleterious draught, she for a while remained insensible and ignorant of what was passing around her. On waking, she found herself deserted and alone, surrounded by horrors, and exposed to every danger. A dreary desert appeared uninhabited by human beings, where nothing presented itself but barren sands, rocks piled upon rocks, and precipices threatening destruction; where nothing was heard but the whistling of winds, the howlings of wild beasts, and the screams of birds of prey.

Transfixed with terror, she remained motionless; She knew not whither to proceed for safety, and to remain was death. No friendly hand appeared to conduct her; no friendly voice saluted her; no propitious power defended her. "Alas!" she cried, "where am I now? Is it real, or is it a dream? Nothing meets my eyes but images of horror and wretchedness—no place of refuge can be found, no way of escape is possible. Gracious Heaven! I have forsaken the dwelling of virtue, and strayed from the garden of innocence; I have despised the warnings of experience, and disobeyed the commands of wisdom; the laws of nature have I broken, and offended the Majesty of Heaven. To thee I dare not look up for assistance, nor fall at thy feet for pardon. To these abodes of misery hope never comes; no cheering ray of distant happiness warms the cold bosom of their wretched inhabitants; despair is her only portion, and death her only relieve. Come then, thou friend of the miserable; in thy cold embrace will I seek for comfort, and an exemption from my sufferings. This pointed steel shall liberate me from the confines of this dreary abode, and consign me to an eternity, in which my uncertain fate must be irrevocably fixed."

She said and with the firm hand of desperation, plunged the deadly steel into her bosom. H——N.

Dec. 9.

For the Boston Weekly Magazine.

PREFACE.

HA! ha! ha! I can't refrain from laughing to think I should begin my authorship in such a droll way — and yet upon my soul this my first appearance before you, dear friends — I assure you, I'm a merry fellow. — I come laughing before you — tell me, are you glad to see me?

Friend, what are you thinking about me now? — but I can't stop to reason with you. I am in great haste — do tell me however, are you glad of my coming? Why you begin to grow *mad*! (I mean to write a whole page about this word) — perhaps you are saying — How should I be glad to see you before I know who you are? — Well then, in order that I may get rid of this teasing curiosity of yours, I will tell you — I am, and always shall be, no more or less than what you have seen of me already — serious, silly, and sensible by turns. I shall sometimes favor the Magazine and the public (never thought I was so impudent before) with curious non-descript productions similar to the present — I don't know whether to send this directly to the press or let it rest a week and read it over — take it — I tremble — have you formed any opinion of me yet? I suppose not — then I'll tell you what I think of myself — stop — no, I've altered my mind — I'll not tell you. — O! immortal spirit of STERN! why — I wish to God I could get out of this scrape. I do hate apophthegms — however, I mean to finish mine some time or other. When — how — I can't for the soul of me get a going again. That (I was just about to say curst) apophthegm has quite put me out. Oh — I am out of spirits — I could cry my eyes tearful and my heart could grieve itself to dust. — And art thou dead! — oh gone — gone — gone forever!

A friend of mine said to me one day, "would you, were you possessed of wit and genius, employ them to the neglect of more worldly concerns?" I happened just then to be in an ill humour (I was thinking on the rascality of man's character) and I answer'd him very crustily — But I am (as my pen moves) revolving the question in my head — hear and determine — Remember I have nothing but to think and write. First then — (did ever a man think by rule before!) — the human — fudge! fudge! fudge! I am out — I triche friend, excuse me till to-morrow.

YCNAF DAN NUF.

SELECTED EXTRACTS,

From the MSS CUNONOLGY, &c. of a Citizen of Boston.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Number A LONDON paper of Nov. 25, 1786, contains the following account of the fecundity of FISH, viz. Mr. Harmer, in his accurate Tables, instances the increase of Herrings, which annually in the month of June come from the North Sea, and in astonishing shoals visit the coast of Great Britain. A Herring, caught the 25th October, weighed five ounces five penny weights; the weight of the spawn was four hundred and eighty grains, and the number of its eggs, *thirty six thousand nine hundred and sixty*. A *Coffish*, taken in the winter, contained spawn, the weight of which was twelve thousand five hundred and forty grains, and the number of its eggs, *three million six hundred eighty six thousand seven hundred and sixty*. The fecundity of the Flounder, Mr. Harmer has also shewn to be nearly *one million and an half*. The weights Mr. H. used, were Avoirdupois, and he reckoned 487½ grains to an ounce.

No. IV. — The following account is from an officer on the *Ohio*, to his friends in Connecticut some years past: "There is an animal in this country which excites the admiration of all who have had an opportunity to view, being amphibious; it resides in the water during the day time, but at night repairs to the land in quest of prey, which are Deer, they lie in the Deer paths undiscovered, and resemble an old stump, until the Deer, unaware of his enemy, passes over him. This creature immediately seizes him, and entangling him in his tail (which is 15 feet in length) notwithstanding all the exertions of the Deer to clear himself, draws him to the water, where he drowns and then devours him. One of our men lately discovered one in the morning early with his prey, of which he informed some of the company that were nigh — they soon came up and killed him with clubs; the Deer was dead, and weighed 444 pounds. These animals live in muddy creeks, where we can find no bottom. It has two heads, in shape resembling a turtle, and by the Indians called OONAO."

No. V. — NUMBER OF INHABITANTS ON THE EARTH. — "It is agreed by all nations that this globe is capable of subsisting *three thousand million* of the human species, but that a third part of that number never actually existed at one time." The following calculation by an author on the use of the bills of mortality, shews, "That Europe contains upwards of 125 million, Asia 450 million, Africa 150 million, America 160 million, making in the whole eight hundred and eighty five millions and one third of a million of human beings on the earth. If we reckon with the ancients that a generation lasts thirty three years, in that space 885 million and 300 thousand men will be born and die, and consequently 81,762 will die every day, 3406 every hour, 56 every second, and at the end of 84 years they are all dead.

"More males born than females in the proportion of 1050 to 1000; but was and other accidents bring both sexes to nearly an equality.

"The children of a country are computed to be *one fifth* part of the inhabitants.

"Since the christian Era, there has been between 54 and 55 generations."

SINGULAR EVENTS.

LONDON, OCT. 13, 1802. — The very singular medical case which occurred lately in the City of Chichester, is strongly authenticated by the following particulars. — On a latter day of Feb. last, a child of Jonathan and Elizabeth White, living at Mrs. Holden's, in the WestParlant, (Clerk,) having the care of its infant suckling brother, aged six mo. whilst in the cradle, put to its mouth a two-bladed knife, with a horn or bone handle, (for the present appearance of the evacuated fragments do not warrant either conclusion) which the infant swallowed with some pain, but with no consequent dangerous symptoms. It does not appear that medical assistance took place, but only that castor oil was recommended and given, also poppy water by the mother, as a narcotic. The infant's linen soon assumed the appearance of iron mould, and on May 24 (three months after the accident) the shortest blade was evacuated in a very corroded and diminished state, and on June 16, one half or side of the handle was cast up in a Gabled, but not softened state, which upon attempting to straiten, broke in two at the rivet holes; a piece of iron was at the same time cast up (probably the living iron), much corroded. — Nothing more appeared until Sunday, July 25, when one of the blades came away, corroded but not much diminished. — Fourthly, on Wednesday, the 11th inst. the iron back piece was cast

up, in a less corroded and diminished state than the others! this measured three inches and a half, and is at one end as pointed as a common packing needle. The whole instrument thus appears to have come away at the above four times, except the rivets, which, it is presumed, are either become dissolved, or escaped inspection. The chalybeate property has not only flown itself upon the infant's linen, but even wood which the faces have touched, have inefficably receive the iron mould stain. The child is described as having suffered much pain, particularly near the times of the several voidings taking place; it is rather an emaciated appearance, and has much loathed its food. It has been suckled once each day since the accident, but is now more at the breast, and there is every reason to expect its full recovery. The above principal points are from the notes of a practitioner, who has occasionally (only) seen the infant, and who is in possession of some of the above extraordinary vestiges; the mother keeping the remainder. The knife must have been full three inches long, and was of the sort attached to pocket books.

BENNINGTON, Nov. 29. — On the 17th inst. departed this life, in this town, Danl. Stratton, son of Mr. Joel S. Aet. 20. This youth was seized with what the physicians termed the sciatica, in July, 1793, in a dreadful manner, and, at different periods, endured a dislocation of most of the joints of his body. For 8 years past, he never stepped on his feet; his back was drawn out of joint before he was confined to his bed, and soon afterwards all his joints, one after another, even to his fingers, were dislocated and rendered useless, except the right elbow, which enabled him to move his right hand about an inch or two up or down on his breast. For six years he was not turned in his bed, or moved in any way, but by removing his bedstead, and all together. For three years, his jaws were set, and all his fastenings administered, sliced to thin, as to be thrust into the orifice, about the eighth of an inch wide; and the disorder affecting his eyes deprived him of sight for three years. He was afterwards, by the inveteracy of his disorder, rendered quite deaf of one ear, and received no liquid but what he sucked through a straw, for 2 years before his death. What is remarkable in this case is, that he retained his senses through the whole time, and his power of utterance never failed him. He knew people by the tone of their voice, or their footsteps, as quick as any one in the house, while his hearing remained. In his last moments he called the household together and bid them farewell in an affecting manner, and died calm and composed, a dreadful instance of the mighty power, and solemn dealing of God in the dispensations of his providence, and a sacred proof of the operations of his hand exceeding the power of intellectual nature to account for.

AMERICAN MANUFACTURES.

IN the proceedings of the Legislature of Connecticut, Nov. 1, 1802, we find the following article: — "The petition of John Holland, &c. praying for an Act of Incorporation, by the name of the *Connecticut Mining Company*," and the petitioners were heard by council, who stated, that the company was formed by a number of wealthy and respectable gentlemen belonging to Boston, Cambridge, Providence, Connecticut, and NewYork, for the purpose of working a Copper Mine on Ridge Hill, in the towns of Hamden and Cheshire. This mine was discovered about one hundred years ago, before the settlement of the country by the Dutch, who dug the hill in several places, but to little or no effect. Between the years 1720, and 1730, a Company was formed in Newjersey and NewYork, and England, for the purpose of working this mine, and a lease obtained by them from the town of Newhaven of the mine for ten years, to be forfeited on their relinquishing the working the mine for two years. In the fourth part of Cheshire, the Company sunk a shaft in the hill about seven feet deep, and obtained considerable ore from it — They also sunk two or three more shafts about three miles below the town of Hamden, and drifted a passage under the hill, for the purpose of draining the mine. The quantity of ore taken out of the hill in this place was considerable. Report says that the Company loaded a vessel with the ore, and sent it to England to be assayed and refined. — In the mean time, the company delayed working the mine, and covered up the shaft in Cheshire, and probably one of the shafts in Hamden, leaving the tools in them, intending to open them again, when they should have returns from England. The vessel was lost; one of the principal owners died; and two years elapsed before they were ready to resume the working the mines. They afterwards applied for a renewal of their lease, which was refused by the town of Newhaven, and the other proprietors, as the people began to have large notions of the richness of the mine.

POETRY.



From an ENGLISH MAGAZINE.

Look before you leap.—A poetical Epistle, from SENECA'S TO JUVENUS.

OUR immortal Poet* says, and true I ween, There is a tide in the affairs of men, Which taken at the ebb, most surely leads To fortune, fame, and honour : all their deeds Through life are mark'd by an assured success : But when this turn of tide, is hard to guess, Say some. I think what the great Poet said, Aim'd at the time when men resolve to wed. With men and women too, the ills of life Or good, depends on husband or on wife, But left this mode of reasoning should fail, I will exemplify in a TALE.

CHARLES was a modest worthy youth, His soul the feat of steady truth : Possessed of wit and solid worth, And form which serv'd to fet them forth : His manners were by all approv'd, And all who knew his merits lov'd. From Academic toils releas'd, His knowledge by those toils increas'd ; His wisdom far beyond his years, Yet free from all pedantic airs ; Tardy to give or take offence, The well-bred polished man of sense.

Such was our hero, to be sure He was not rich, nor very poor. He had a small but clear estate, A mansion elegantly neat ; A handsome nag to take the air, And one to draw a Cabriole chair. He could conveniently afford, To ask his friends to grace his board And bid them welcome without fear To a plain joint : perhaps in rear, A pie or pudding—and in fine, Give them a glass of old port wine.

A mind like CHARLES's could not be Content in inactivity ; For though he had enough of self, To jog on quietly himself ; Yet as he thought that man must be More happy with society ; And had a heart form'd to receive All the delights pure love could give ; He studied hard in hopes to draw, Future resources from the law.

Amongst the nymphs who spread with care The net, our hero to ensnare— Was JULIA ; of majestic mien, Just in the bloom of dark eighteen ; Her face by women deem'd not plain, Was form'd to strike the am'rous swain : Her eyes which thro' the piercing ray, Were large and full, of darkest grey, Whose silken lashes ill could hide The flash of rage or wakened pride. Her mouth was large—but then her teeth Were white and even : her sweet breath Like v'lets—and her lips the hue Of cherries bathed in morning dew.

Such JULIA was : her form and face Deck'd with each blooming love and grace : And when abroad the deign'd to roam, She seem'd an Angel—but at home, 'Twas different far : dark scowl'd her brow— Her words plain went, and will, yes ! no ! She scold'd her sisters, snapp'd her brother ; Nay, it was said, would strike her mother : They knew her faults, but they denied them, For loving her, they strove to hide them.

CHARLES law'd the nymph, and he admir'd : Her wit allur'd—her beauty fir'd ; *SHAKESPEARE.

He thought how blest would be his life, Could he obtain her for a wife.

HORATIUS his tried faithful friend, Who knew how this pursuit must end ; Cried, prithee CHARLES, consider well, She's fair I own—but break the spell ; You will not have one happy hour, If once your peace is in her power : Trust me she'll make your future life All uproar and domestic strife : Not that she'll rave, or swear, or curse, But she will be fulky, which is worse ; Fling things about, and hang the doors ; Look black, nor speak perhaps for hours.

CHARLES heard—but love both deaf and blind, Found an excuse just to his mind.

HORATIUS thus his choice reproves, Because himself the maiden loves : 'Tis true, her temper's warm, I knew it, But she has Reason to subdue it ; And it will be my pride to prove Its conquest, by all powerful love.

LESBIA, who bore him warm esteem, strove to arouse him from his dream ; Cried, look around, and you will see Fifty as fair and good as she ; Who add to beauty, wit and youth, A softness every care to soothe. Think well—for should you JULIA wed Few joys will bless your nuptial bed ; Continued jars, perpetual gloom, Will make your home a dreary tomb.

Easily LESBIA's aim was known ; LESBIA has daughters of her own Thought CHARLES, and it must be confess'd She ought to love her own the best ; This way in the female soul, Does every finer sense controul ; But JULIA's mind no envy knows, And she shall triumph o'er her foes.

Thus deaf to all his reasoning friends, CHARLES perseveres, obtains his ends : To church fair Xanthippe he leads— But mark the misery that succeeds. Scarce had the moon began to wain, Since holy church made one of twain, E'er poor CHARLES found his lovely bride, Possess'd ill nature, spite and pride. To him awhile the play'd the faint, But his domestics made complaint, Madam was wondrous hard to please, And they could get but little ease ; They were unwilling sure to leave, So good a master, and should grieve ; But yet they must request permission, To quit his service with submission. CHARLES wonder'd, but indulg'd no thought That his dear JULIA was in fault. He chang'd, and chang'd, who was to blame He could not tell, 'twas all the same ; The men were bold and would not stay, The maids fell sick and went away.

At length resolv'd to know the cause— One eve, his chair he closely draws To JULIA's side, in soothing strain Begin's—“ My dear, it gives me pain, To find my servants discontented : Could not these changes be prevented ? ” “ Sir ! ” cried the haughty dame, and threw A glance which struck our hero through : “ Do you presume to interfere “ With things that are not in your sphere ? “ Go to your office, sir, and draw “ Up bonds and deeds ; study the law ; “ Or if my province you'll invade, “ Choose your own cook and dairy maid ; “ Direct the kitchen and the table— “ Perhaps you think my place the stable.”

“ My dear ! ” cried CHARLES, and look'd aghast, But lo ! the Halcyon calm was past ; The veil was rent, and to his view Appar'd too late the dracled shrew, Whene'er he foothed, her voice grew higher, And silence only sav'd the fire : Did he retort, fobb's chok'd her breath, She vow'd he meant to be her death ; And tears and fits fill'd up the scene, With Monster ! Tyrant ! Wretch ! between.

Sometimes she'd take unmeant offence, And act with unmatch'd infolence— Break all his pipes ; lock up the wine, Go out when he had friends to dine ; In short, she led him such a life, CHARLES with'd the devil had his wife.

Dispoil'd of all domestic peace ; His patience lost—hear ill at ease— Oft to the tavern he'd repair, And in full bumpers drown his care. Or to some nymph who had the pow'r To soothe and cheer the paffing hour ; Sometimes for comfort would he roam, To lose the thoughts of wife and home ; Till bankrupt both in wealth and fame, Robb'd of both fortune and good name. He who by nature was design'd The pride and honour of his kind ; Whose virtues were by all confess'd ; Whom the wife honour'd and caref'd ; By passion blinded and betray'd, From the erroneous choice he made, His powers cramp'd forbade to shine, Became a sot, rake, libertine. And form'd to ornament the highest station, Sunk to the lowc'd depth of degradation, Self exil'd, self condemn'd he wander'd forth, Regretted ! Pitied ! Lov'd ! by all who knew his [worth.

MONITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THURSDAY LECTURE, No 1.

LUKE XIX. 40.

And he answered and said unto them, I tell you, that if these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out.

THIS is to be understood as a proverbial kind of expression, signifying the certainty of Christ's messiahship. The sceptical pharisees, desirous of damping the joy, and quenching the zeal, of those pious Jews, who glorified God for visiting and redeeming his people, requested Jesus to rebuke his extravagant disciples, and teach them moderation. “ By no means,” he replies. “ Their rejoicing is in the highest degree reasonable and decorous. This is the most joyous day ever known in Judea. It is the happy era, of which your prophets have prophesied, and your poets sung. In their predictions, you boast a future Prince of peace, and exult in the expected privileges of his reign. That Prince hath come, and his reign is commenced. His works and triumphs incontestibly prove it. The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk ; the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear ; the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached to them. These blessings your fathers saw in vision only ; but you see them literally : it was their's to enjoy them in mere prospect ; it is your's to taste and realize them :— they could say, Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion, for thy king cometh ; but far more blessed are your eyes, which behold this king ALREADY COME, actually dispensing the light of his doctrine and the honours of his salvation. Amidst these brilliant proofs of the Messiah's advent, it is evidence of your stupidity to deny his divine mission, and of your envy and malice to attempt repressing the rapture of his followers. For, if his entrance into your city, on this remarkable occasion, should excite no acclamations of the people, inanimate nature would accuse them of insensibility and ingratitude, and the very stones in the street become the organs of his praise.”

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

DEVOTED TO

MORALITY, LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, THE FINE ARTS, AGRICULTURE, &c. &c.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

To soar aloft on FANCY'S wing,
And bathe in HELICONIA'S spring;
Cull every flower with careful hand,
And brew them o'er our native land.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP.—No. IX.

*Mellera pū docere parent es,
Quil pura tranquillit.*

MARY HARDWICK, was the wife of a respectable mechanic, who by industry and integrity, had maintained himself, a wife, one child, and an orphan niece, not only in plenty and ease, but enabled them to enjoy every innocent pleasure the metropolis afforded, and was yearly laying up something for the support of them, when it should please God to terminate his existence. He gave his niece, *Ruth Osborne*, a good useful education, she wrote a fair hand, understood accounts in a masterly manner, and though but fifteen years old at the time her uncle was taken from them, she had been well grounded in the principles of the christian religion, that neither time or change of circumstances had the power to shake her belief of, or reliance on a God of infinite wisdom, mercy, and justice, who superintends and directs the great events of life, and by his power upholds the universe. A sudden attack of a bilious fever, removed *John Hardwick* from this sublunary state, just as his daughter *Sarah* had reached her eleventh year. Mrs. *Hardwick*, who did not marry very early in life, was turned of forty, when this melancholy event took place. She was a woman of an easy disposition, and good natural sense, but had not stability of character or strength of mind, to render that sense useful to herself and others. She had been most tenderly attached to her husband, and the grief she experienced at his loss was indulged until it became almost a fault. All the affection she had felt for him was now transferred to her daughter, who became from the moment of her father's decease, the only object of her mother's fondest sollicitude. *Hardwick* had not left his wife in easy circumstances, though she was by no means destitute. Anxious to preserve the little property she possessed unimpair'd for her dear *Sarah*, Mrs. *Hardwick* determined to take a few genteel boarders; and left the mixed society which naturally resort to a boarding-house, should contaminate her manners. *Sarah* was placed at a respectable boarding-school. *Ruth* remained at home to assist her aunt in domestic affairs. Every thing wore a smiling aspect until *Sarah* reached her sixteenth year. She had regularly come home twice a year for a fortnight's holidays; at which the very evident improvements in her person, manners, &c. were constant topics of conversation with the boarders and visitors who frequented her mother's house. Her form was uncommonly fair, her face more than beautiful, for every feature spoke sensibility, every variation revealed the emotions of her ingenuous soul. But *Sarah* was vain, she possessed a lively imagination, a fluency of speech, a quick and forcible mode of expression, which passed for wit and penetration; though in reality it was only the effect of a retentive memory, strongly impregnated with the wit, sentiment, and morality, of the innumerable novels she had been allowed by her imprudently indulgent mother indiscriminately to peruse. Mrs. *Hardwick* had also permitted her daughter to learn music; and though her talent was not great in that department, nor her application or attention sufficient to make her a brilliant performer, yet as she had a good voice and had the most fashionable or interesting songs selected for her, she was much applauded when she played, and courted in all companies to sing and accompany her voice on the piano. *Ruth*, having the weight of the domestic concerns left to her care, and *Sarah* whenever she came home, having been only considered as a visitor, she had reached the age mentioned without having attained one really useful accomplishment. She could flourish on muslin, paint flowers, or work a landscape, where the figures were larger than the houses, and the animals higher than the trees. She could write a tolerable

hand, and indite a very sentimental romantic letter—but the art of making household linen, or even mending and repairing her own cloaths, she was a total stranger; her mother did all these things for her, and while she was thus employed, *Sarah* was permitted to rattle the keys of her piano, read novels, or stroll through the streets with girls as idle and thoughtless as herself, leaving the shopkeepers for articles they had no design to purchase, and pulling millinery, &c. about, with no design but to see fashions. *Sarah Hardwick's* society was sought by persons far above her own rank in life. She was allowed to cumulate girls of independent fortune in her dress, and in the parties and balls she gave in return for those she was daily invited to. Mrs. *Hardwick* had neither the power or will to refrain her idol in any thing; and her circumstances soon suffered from the extravagance of her daughter; for among other fashionable follies, *Sarah* had learnt to play cards and bet high. *Ruth*, with a heavy heart, saw the ruinous folly of the daughter, and the passive imbecility of the mother, but she suffered in silence. Have I a right to interfere? she would say mentally, shall I who owe every thing to the beneficence of my uncle dare to arraign the conduct of his widow, or blame her indulgence to his daughter? would not such conduct have the appearance of ingratitude and envy? Let me by the strictest attention to her interests, and by the most rigid economy in managing the family concerns, endeavour to ward off the threatened blow as long as possible; and when what I fear actually takes place, comfort, cheer, and help them to bear their change of circumstances. About this time, a young man, a native of one of the Southern States, whose father had in early life, lived in habits of intimacy with *Sarah's* father, came to the metropolis, the connection that formerly subsisted between the families, led him to take up his residence with Mrs. *Hardwick*, *Osborne*, for so we shall call him, was the only son of a very wealthy merchant; he had passed several years in Europe, and to the accomplishments, air, and manners of a finished gentleman, he had added the principles of a *Chesterfield*, and the infidelity and scepticism of a *Godwin*. Business, for his father had bro't him to the Northward, but this he made a secondary consideration; pleasure seemed his chief pursuit, and as his expenses were never limited, he indulged himself in every species of it, without restraint. The person of *Sarah*, caught his attention, her vivacity pleased him, but her vanity and frivolity, prevented his encouraging a thought of her, except as of a being who might add to his sensual gratifications.

Handsome in his person, insinuating in his manners, skilled in the art of flattery, can it be surprising that *Sarah* listened to professions of regard with avidity, was fascinated with the brilliant conquest she imagined he had made, and carriages, servants, town and country house, nay, perhaps a voyage to Europe, were continually floating in her fancy.

"SOMEbody," is received, and under consideration.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE ITINERANT—No. V.

"This little life

"Is rounded with a sleep." SHAK.

THE brevity of human life has often excited the reflections of the philosopher and the divine; and their observations and apothegms are familiar to every grade and every condition of the human species. The pious and the profane, the virtuous and the abandoned, the learned and the ignorant, the prince and the beggar, all can descant with volubility on the shortness, the uncertainty, and the vanity of our earthly existence.

Yet extensively as this truth is known, and universally as it is acknowledged, there are but few, whose professions, pursuits, and general conversation in the world, do not apparently contradict their avowed belief, and whose words and actions do not form a ludicrous, but at the same time a melancholy contrast. What reason and nature dictate, and oblige us in the calm reflection to confess, is lost and dissipated in the mists of folly, and the giddy whirls of passion.

Of what advantage to us will be the reputation of

wealth, or the puff of fame, when we are covered with the clouds of the valley? The toil of labour, the misery of fatigue, and the waste of health, are but poorly recompensed by the late acquisition of riches which we must soon leave behind, or a reputation which we never can enjoy.

The aim of bending age is employed to the last, in accumulating superfluous treasure. Even while stepping on the threshold of another world, in which wealth will be of no avail, the hardy sons of avarice will not abate their ardour, nor open their eyes to the folly of their pursuits. As if this fate were immutable, and this life without end, they appear intent on accumulating supplies, which successive ages of enjoyment and repose shall not be able to dissipate. By the continual addition of acre to acre, and of structure to structure, one would be led to imagine them ignorant that life has an end, or that any other preparations are necessary for a future state of being, than the possession of unbounded wealth.

Since it is evident to every person, that he must die, and that the longest life consists but a few years, it were natural to suppose, that a rational being would sometimes withdraw his attention from these vulgar cares, and devote a portion of his time to the contemplation of a scene so important and interesting. And especially, if he professed to believe in a future state of existence, eternal and unchangeable, he would think the concerns of this transitory life of little moment, when placed in competition with those of another, which shall never end. H.

ERRATUM.—In our last, 4th paragraph, for "friend of misery," read "friend of misery."

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Reflections occasioned by the present SEASON.

THE anniversary of the Redeemer's birth approaches. It is the evening immediately preceding Christmas day, and a degree of elevated, and grateful devotion, pervades my spirit. The pious Episcopalian welcomes the present period, with holy joy, and it is truly wonderful, that there should exist a single sect, denominated CHRISTIANS, which can neglect to mark, by appropriate honors, an era, undoubtedly the most important in their religious Calendar. This august epoch, is celebrated as the anniversary of that eventful morning, upon which our God became a tenant of this lower world, and most astonishingly tabernacled in clay! It was necessary the Redeemer should be born, that, in the name of humanity, he might burst the barriers of the grave, and arise, "leading captivity captive" and, triumphing over those combined powers, that had set themselves in array against the creature Man—thus receiving gifts for those, whom he had ransomed from the grave. Upon the return of this natal day, we almost unavoidably behold, in the aggregate, the birth, life, sufferings, and death of the Lord of Universal Nature!! But, blessed be the Omnipotent God Man, we do not stop here. If the Saviour of sinners had not arisen from the dead, his birth, life, sufferings and death, would have been inadequate to the benign purpose, for which his abode in mortality was designed: he might have been venerated as a Man, but he could not have been adored as a God; nor would his virtues, nor his sufferings, have operated as the procuring cause of imputed rectitude, nor actual redemption. The Episcopalian, among other marks of their religious, and cheerful dependence, upon that God in whom they so largely inherit, distinguish Christmas day, by taking, with every pious demonstration of devout, and solemn gratitude, the sacramental bread and wine, and they enjoy every description of Communicants not to pass this memorable era, without a thankful reception, and faithful observation, of the consecrated symbols—and, I am free to own, that although I am not a member of their church, I spontaneously honour the propriety of their arrangements in this, and many other particulars. Speaking of the Eucharist, I am irresistibly impelled to pursue a theme, so fraught with consolation to the children of humanity.

*With holy zeal its mysteries I trace,
Seraphick Emblems, fraught with truth, and grace;
In allegoric Majesty it stands,
And its broad influence o'er the world expands.*

Deeply impressed, from the first dawn of reason, with a veneration for religious ordinances, and urged, by a sense of duty to a public observation thereof, I early took my seat at the table of the Lord—but the fear that I was thus accumulating upon my own head; a weight of evil, hath frequently raised in my bosom the most distressing conflicts, piercing my soul with many sorrows. A number of years, however, have now elapsed, since I have experienced an entire emancipation, from these fears—and gratitude bending at the altar of propitiety, exults to acknowledge the Militiary, who hath thus liberated my mind. Unwearied in his endeavours to dispense the light of life, he hath nobly dared to stem the torrent of tradition, of popular prejudice, and of zcal dcal superstition, and he invariably continues to mark the path of peace, while the benedictions of amity rest upon his head, and God himself hath stamped with reality, that heaven he so well delineates. Once I was taught to believe that the holy Saviour instituted the use of bread, and wine, in his church, as figurative of the sufferings he endured, to redeem from among the children of men, an elect number, that, from before the foundation of the world, he had purposed to endow with especial grace, to exempt from the penalties of transgression, and to receive into his beatified presence. These distinguished children of the Most High, I imagined, were the only persons qualified to partake the symbolic feast, and the extreme danger of arrogating this high lineage, and thus augmenting my own condemnation, has as I have before observed, too often embittered an act, which I have yet been constrained to regard as a duty, incumbent upon every professor of Christianity.—But the night of ineffectualities is past, and the mourning of investigation, hath more than dawned upon my understanding. My attention hath been turned to the sacred volume, and to those in whose bosoms, the evidences of the divine authority of revelation, obtain credence, its truths are replete with consolation.

If Christians, of every denomination, would lay aside those prejudices that have so long misguided reason, and calmly examine for themselves, I am persuaded they would acknowledge it as an incongruity, to hold up the broken bread, as a figure of the *unbroken* body of the Lord Jesus. It appears that the bread and wine, does not nor was originally intended, to give an idea of those pangs which he endured, when he, “*by himself*,” once offered a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction, for the sins of the whole world.” Affuredly not, for at this tremendous period, when he trod the wine press alone, of the people, there were none with him—yea, verily, the illustrious, the divine sufferer, when whelmed beneath the accumulating waves of Man’s transgression, sustained in that painful, important and decisive moment, as a general head, the singular character—and it is evident that his expiatory agonies, and atoning death, are exhibited to human view, in that abundantly more striking, and expressive figure, the paschal Lamb, which he partook with his disciples, a few hours previous to his death. Under the Mosaic dispensation, which our Lord came to fulfil, the paschal Lamb was selected free from blemish—John calls upon us to behold the Lamb of God, and when I view the consecrated emblem, I naturally turn to the Lamb of God, laying down his life as a complete sacrifice for the transgressions of mankind.—The paschal Lamb was roasted with fire, and fed in where in the garden of Gethsemane, the flames of divine vengeance, sacrificially operated upon the Lamb of God. The Lord Jesus was our Passover, slain for us, and so intailed were the agonies which the immaculate Redeemer endured, that the purple stream, oozing from every expanded pore, descended, as big drops of blood to the ground!! But the Passover was eaten with bitter herbs, and when on Calvary’s bloody brow, our Gracious Lord, impelled by agonies, that no tongue can describe, nor no heart conceive, meekly complained “*I thirst*,” they gave him vinegar mingled with gall!! The disciples partook the paschal Lamb in haste, and when the multitude laid hold on the Lamb of God, he tenderly expostulated—“*If me ye seek, let these go their way*.” The disciples were found at supper with their loins girt about, and their staff in their hands, as if on the wing to depart, and behold, in a moment of the deepest anguish, the Lamb of God standeth alone! The disciples are all fled! Every Man to his own home, and the Redeemer of the world appeareth a solitary Being! The frame of the paschal Lamb was prepared entire, not a bone of it broken, and the breathless body of the Lamb of God continued unviolated—the legs of the Malefactors who suffered with our blessed Lord were broken—“*but they brake not his legs, that the scriptures might be fulfilled—a bone of him shall not be broken*.” Thus, it is humbly conceived, that the paschal Lamb stands as a complete figure of the one suffering Saviour. But when the Redeemer would teach his disciples to rejoice in his death in consider-

ation that glorious emancipation to which they were thereby entitled, he took the bread, and when he had given thanks, not for the bread only, but for the grace it, as a figure, contained he directed them to view it as his body. This is my Body, given for you, surrendered up to the claims of divine justice, that the veracity of Deity may be established, that the guilty may by no means be cleared—and, said the Saviour of sinners, “*When I am lifted up from the earth, I will draw all Men unto me*”—nor can we doubt, that this declaration pointed to the adorning event upon Mount Calvary, when we attend to the subsequent remark. *This spake he signifying what death he should die.* That his death was not the death of one, but the death of the many. One member of the body may die, and the others still continue to live—but if the head die, all the members cease to exist. This bread said the Redeemer, is my body, ye behold in this bread a gathering together of an innumerable multitude of grains, which while progressing in a state of nature, were all distinct, the production not only of different fields, and soils, but growing upon separate stalks, while every single grain, was closely enveloped in its own coat of chaff—but in harvest they are all cut down. The chaff, disunited from the grain, becomes fuel for the flames, while its invaluable enclosures, collected together, are together ground, and thus assimilated, and operated upon, by the fell fame process, are produced from one common receptacle, the *allegoric, the sacramental bread*. “*This*,” said the God Man, “*is my body*”—*my body is not a single grain, but the united harvest.* It pleased the Deity, when planning as the Almighty Father, that in his humanity, or in his manifestation of himself as a Son, all fullness should dwell. Thus the fullness of our nature was in Jesus, and as the collected grains of wheat present the consecrated bread so the collected children of men, present one Son of Man the many bodies one body, and as the grains of wheat, however circumstanced, when growing in a natural state, partake in the bread the same condition, so Man, in the aggregate, in the *second Adam*, partaketh of one life, and one righteousness—and looking with a single eye upon the substance of the figure, we find the whole collective body full of light—while joining issue with the inspired penman, we gratefully repeat—“*ye were sometimes darkness but now are ye light in the Lord*.” All distinctions are abolished in the appropriated emblem, we cannot say this grain was large, small, good or bad—and fixing our eyes to the sacred origin, of the grace, exemplified in the figure, to the *second Adam*, we observe to our great consolation, that in whatever involves their redemption, and final restitution, we can trace neither Jew nor Gentile, Greek nor Barbarian, Bond nor Free, Male nor Female, but they are all one in Christ Jesus, who is the common head of every Man. In this view it is impossible that I can lightly elicit my fellow men, I cannot say stand off, for I am holier than thou, and I am reduced to the necessity of measuring the same measure to others, that I measure to myself. In this Man honouring concentration, I attain that perfection of character divine justice demands, I love my neighbour as myself, considering him as one with the holy Redeemer—Here too, if one member suffers, all suffer, and if one member rejoiceth, all rejoice—yea our bodies will be fashioned, like unto the glorious body of the son of God, who may be considered as an earnest of our future inheritance.

But as his body includes the individuals comprehended in the first Adam, so his soul, that immaculate soul which was exceeding sorrowful, even unto death, included all souls. This, in the emblematic cup, is strikingly pointed out. And he took the cup, and gave thanks as before, and said, “*This is my blood*,” &c. For as the many grapes being pressed together, for they are all gathered into one vat, make one cup of wine; so those immortal emanations, from the grand source of existence, which have animated and endowed with intelligence, the individuals of the lapfed race, all collected, in the divine estimation, into one, is what the Redeemer calls *his soul*, and, contemplating this figurative cup, we fully comprehend the Apostle, when he informs us, that God hath made of one blood all the nations of men who are on the face of the earth.—Grapes, in their natural state, exhibit various degrees of excellence—the rich pulp, the ripened growth, and mellowed flavour, which distinguish the full clustered vine, is often strikingly contrasted by the stunted growth, and barren appearance of a neighbouring plant, but when we cast our eyes upon the symbolic cup, or upon the comprehensive substance of this figure—the human intelligence of the Lord Jesus—all distinctions vanish; precisely as in the bread, or body. Thus the Apostle: “*What is the bread we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ? What is the cup we drink, is it not the Communion of the blood of Christ?*” and if a communion be a gathering together, the apostle teaches us, that as the bread we eat is the gathering together of a multitude of grains, and as the cup

We drink, is the gathering together of the multitude of grapes, to the body, and blood of the Saviour of sinners, was the gathering together of the many, who were lost by the transgression of the first federal head, and by this wonderful, and God honouring way, restored in the second Adam, whom, with holy gratitude, and fervid devotion, we hail as the Lord from Heaven, as the God of universal nature. Jesus exhibits indubitable proof that the bodies, and souls, of the erring children of mortality, were viewed in his body, who condescended to the death of the cross, to redeem them from perdition, when he emphatically commands all of them, to drink of that Cup, which typified the blood shed for the remission of sins, and it is in this view, that all precedence, and self elevation is exploded. When the Apostle saw some of the first professors of Christianity, arrogantly assuming that kind of superiority, which, to the eye of Deity, existed not, penetrated with astonishment, at the early appearance of innovation, he suppressed not his indignation, and with bold and well-timed energy, he expressed his disapprobation. “*Ye eat and drink unworthily*,” said he, “*not discerning the Lord’s Body*.” No verily, for had they discerned the mystery of that sacred, and blameless humanity, they would have recognized those whom they excluded: they would have acknowledged their equal claims, and they would, with that glowing attachment, which is the offspring of genuine fraternity, have embraced, in the arms of their affection, their fellow members, their fellow men. If indeed a brother had walked disorderly, they would have withdrawn themselves from his society for a time, that so they might have furnished an added inducement, for his recovering the path of rectitude, that so his spirit might have been saved in the day of the Lord. But instead of viewing the God Man, as that complete Redeemer, which these expressive emblems denote, are there not some disciples of our Lord who make use of it as a badge, or mark of distinction—and do they not, when about to take the consecrated Eucharist, in effect say to the rest of the world—to that world which God so loved, as to give them his son, who suffered, for the expiation of their transgressions, the ignominious death of the cross—“*Stand off, come not near unto us, we have claims to which you are strangers, we are distinguished by the approbation of our God, but you are not*,” and is not this eating and drinking damnation, or condemnation, to themselves? Inasmuch as they are verily guilty after the same manner of their brethren, inasmuch as they evince that they have not comprehended the figures, which are a manifest exhibition of the gathering together, and the pulling away, and thus, as they stand upon the same ground, they incur the same condemnation. Is not this spirit of self elevation, the origin of every species of perfection—and is not, what Jesus pointed out as an emblem of grace, mercy, and peace, to them who are nigh and to them who are afar off, thus strangely, I had almost said impiously, converted into an insinuation, circumscribed, and limited, by bounds as narrow, as those which marked the mosaic ceremonies, previous to the demolition of the middle wall of partition? It is impossible for a disciple of the Redeemer, while recurring to those fundamental principles, which are the source of his eternal felicity, to behold this comprehensive bread, without experiencing devotional gratitude, to the adorable substance of a figure, so expressive. With joyful complacency he contemplates the eternal union, of the many scattered individuals of the human harvest, who, although clothed with a temporary body of transgression, are divested in their federal head, in the Man Christ Jesus of every error, created anew, and considered by Him, in whose sight the heavens are not pure, even as Emmanuel is. In this view the illustrious antitype of the figures, bears all the glory—and, in his miraculous coception, birth, life, sufferings, death, and resurrection, he is considered in the eye of Deity as a complete aggregate of the sons and daughters of humanity.

But if the Christian Man, immersed in the cares unavoidably consequent upon his mortal existence, should not, as often as he beholds the memorials, advert to the grace contained therein, they nevertheless continue standing figures, nor can they be used without shewing forth the Lord’s death, in that complex character, in which he received the name Emmanuel and the disciple of Jesus, while under the operation of his most holy faith, yields a cheerful obedience to the dying request of his Redeemer. He receives with sacred transport the memorials of his condescending, and omnipotent goodness. It is his privilege, and principal solace to consider the death of the Saviour, as the death of the lost nature, and he looketh to the resurrection of the Lord, as the complete restoration of those wanderers, who, with everlasting joy upon their heads, will one day be brought home to their Father, God. At every time, and in every place, the Christian is solicitous to be found looking unto “*The Child born, the Son given, the wonderful Coun-*

cellor, the Almighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace, as the Author, and Purifier of his Faith." He is fond of regularity, and it gladdens his heart, to behold around the table of the Lord, those assembled Communicants, who are alike interested in, and dependent upon redeeming grace. In such circumstances, whether standing, kneeling, or kneeling, his felicity receives immeasurable augmentation. Nor can his energetic devotion, glow with additional ardour, until, in the kingdom of his God, he shall quaff at that fountain, which shall banish from his memory, every vestige of sorrow.

HONORA MARTESIA.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

CHRISTMAS DAY, 1822.

HAIL Christian era—Day auspicious hail !
Rich is thy promise, as the healthful gale ;
Which hidden sweeps along the burning sands,
Where delolation trains her murderous bands—
Fanning to life with renovating breath,
The trembling victims of disease and death.

The lustrous far, thy beamy harbingers,
The shepherds watching round their fleecy care,
The choral angels in blest symphony,
Hymning their God with pious ecstasy—
These pointed out, and holy homage paid,
To him by whom uncounted worlds were made.

How broke the splendors of that purple morn,
On which to earth the God of heaven was born,
Piercing the dusk obscure, sublime it rose,
Bearing a fuvergent balm for mighty woes ;
Ordain'd to usher goodness, peace and truth,
Eternal sunshine, and eternal youth.

Surely a day fraught with such genial pow'rs,
Was waked onward by the fairest hours,
Its bright'ning progress healing influence shed,
While hinds affrighted to their caverns fled,
And hallow'd songs should mark its annual path,
The loud hosannas of the good Man's faith.

Where is the epoch pregnant with such claims ?
How sinks the honours of the proudest names ;
Visit each nation, kindred, every clime,
Search the broad annals of recording time ;
No natal day will e'er like this be found,
With such imperishable trophies crown'd :
Nor can celestial registers disclose,
Another birth from which such blessings flows.

Bending with reverential awe—I trace,
Compressed Deity to Bethlehem place !
Sudden the Nations burst the bars of death !
Springing to life—receive returning breath—
The Child, the Son, the Almighty Father born,
The obscuring veil from radiant mercy torn,
The offering veil to fallen nature giv'n !
Emphatic union—kindred earth and heaven !
August event—The shadows flee away—
It is thy dawn—interminable day.

And see the renovated race of Man,
Form'd to new being on a nobler plan—
Assume the honours of their spotless head,
By wisdom luminous—and goodness led,
The Government upon his shoulders laid,
In robes of sacred Majesty array'd,
In council wonderful—and strong to save,
Potent to ransom from the greedy gear ;
He binds the Spoiler in eternal chains,
Where dark inurious malice always reigns.

REDEMPTION! RESTORATION! Matchless themes!
Wide o'er the world resplendent glory beams ;
Once more the virtues lead their white ro'd train,
And peace and innocence unite again ;
The angel Recltinde, with lifted eye,
Complacant bends from yonder opening sky,
Crimes pass away—Truth ope's her portals wide,
Collecting millions press on every side ;
No cloud deforms illimitable space,
All tears are wiped away from every face,
And sorrow shrouded in oblivion's shade,
Her viewless form from MEMORY shall fade.

Such consequences shall attend the day,
That wrapt the Deity in humble clay ;
Elet consummation—by high heaven decreed,
When Man from all transgression shall be freed !
When faints, and seraphs shall unite to praise,
And countless beings, endless peans raise.

HONORA MARTESIA.

BOSTON.

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 25, 1822.

On Wednesday last, was celebrated at Plymouth, in truly appropriate style, the anniversary of our FATHERS' landing on the consecrated Rock. At eleven o'clock, a procession, formed in Leyden Street, and preceded by a military escort, moved to the First Church, where, after the performance of folel nuffick, and a very excellent prayer by the Rev. Mr. Kendall, the Hon. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, Esq. delivered an Oration, which enchain'd the attention of a crowded auditory for seventy minutes. It is not easy to describe the effect of this admirable address to the understanding and feelings ; and whether it be considered as the work of a Historian, Philosopher, or Rhetorician, its publication will be equally charming and instructive to the sensible reader.—The publick exercises were succeeded by an entertainment in the Town Hall, where triumph'd plenty, good-humour, and federalism. A social and elegant Ball closed the hilarities of the day. The inhabitant retired to reasonable repose—with a new love of his ancestry, and the stranger with a high sense of the hospitality and amiable manners of the Antiqua Mater of New-England.

The day was also duly noticed in this town. A large company fat down at the "Feast of Shells," at Concert-Hall.

Shall this period of time pass without recollection of the Deeds and Death of
WASHINGTON,

The American Patriot and Hero ?

Such a character should be always had in remembrance, particularly should it ever be noticed in terms of high respect on the annual return of the month on which he quitted our world (we trust) to receive his reward in a better. It is but a just tribute of respect to his memory to recite here what hath been heretofore said of him with the strictest truth. The following were leading traits in the character of this great Man.

Like *Fabius Maximus* of Rome, he was remarkable for the prudent management of the war.

He persevered from the commencement to the conclusion of it, amidst innumerable embarrassments, till the Peace of 1783, ratified the independence of the United American Colonies.

His Patriotism was conspicuous in serving his country in the camp for more than seven years without pay, or emolument.

Like *Cincinnatus*, the Roman Husbandman and General, at the close of the war, he retired without parade to his plantation, and returned to the private station of a citizen, and resumed the implements of agriculture till he was again called into public life to preside over the Union, by the suffrages of his country, at two different elections, and at the expiration of his eight years presidency, declined being considered any longer as a candidate.

He left (says a foreigner) and sacrificed at his country's call, all the pleasures of the Vermonian Mount, for the toils and dangers of a perilous war.

Though avarice was the ruling passion of the times, he modestly declined all rewards for his services in the field.

The religion was unfashionable among many—he was exemplary in his morals, and in victory, acknowledged God to be the giver.

Tho' power was fascinating, he, with peculiar pleasure resigned his sword.

He accepted from duty only, the first feat of government. Such was the Man who should never be forgotten.

EVERGREENS.

The usual custom of Episcopalians adorning their churches at Christmas. Respecting this custom, a writer has given the following account :—"It has sometimes been represented that it arose from a desire to perpetuate the circumstance of the people cutting down Palm trees and dressing them in the way, crying *Hosanna to the Son of David*."

Others have viewed it simply an indication of festivity and gladness.

As the presumptive Christians originated at a period when the ancient Pagan Mythology prevailed, it is observed, that in some instances there is an evident similitude between their external ceremonies. APOLLO, the emblem of the Sun, who is represented as enjoying perpetual youth and immortality, had the undying laurel dedicated to his temple. When the *Son of righteousness* arose, with healing in his wings, his votaries and disciples solicitous by every method to testify their adoration of the Divine character, always celebrated the anniversary of his birth by a cheerful display of Evergreens during that dreary season, a symbol

of him "whose leaf never withers," and an evidence of their belief of his unchanging glory, and immortality.

The Physicians of this town, have unanimously agreed, from thorough experiments on 19 children, that "the cow-pox is a complete security against the small-pox."

The Vaccine Institution, of this town, have undertaken to inoculate the poor with the cow-pox, gratis.—Laudable and praiseworthy.

JOHN W. GURLEY, Esq. will deliver an Oration on Monday next, at the Installation of the officers of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, lately chosen ; and the festival of St. John, the Evangelist. A public dinner will be provided at Concert-Hall.

An "American Linnæan Society," is forming at Philadelphia, for the promotion of Natural History.

The late severe cold weather froze up the Merrimack, so as to be passable on the ice. It has not been froze up before, for 14 years.

The Selectmen of Reading, in Connecticut, have published, that about four years since, a delirious person came into the town, and has ever since been supported. He calls himself *John Burr*, is about five feet five inches high, thick set and well built, about 42 years old." This is published for the information of his friends.

A new born infant was lately found drowned in Philadelphia. "This innocent was a fine boy not in the least deformed, and of handsome features." It was found wrapped in a piece of old coarse linen. This is a poor way to violate the laws of nature, and screen the deed from human knowledge ; but the horrors of a guilty conscience, is a never failing monitor.

Several robberies have recently been committed at New-York.

LITERARY NOTICES.

[Several articles under this head unavoidably omitted.]
Messrs. T. and J. Swords, of New-York, have lately published a new and improved edition of *Quincy's Medical Lexicon*, price 3 dls 50 cts.

Proposals will be issued in a few days, by Thomas & Andrews, and West & Greenleaf, for a new edition of *Bolton's History of New-Hampshire*, from a copy left by the author, corrected and prepared for a new impression. It is hoped the friends of American Literature will not let this work remain out of print for want of their patronage.

Thomas & Andrews, have now in the press an edition of *Darwin's Zoonopia*, from the last English edition, printed just before the author's death. Subscriptions for this work, which will be completed in about two months, are received by the publishers.

They have also in the press, a new edition of *Adams's Latin Grammar*, which the University at Cambridge, have recommended to be used by all Students intended for that College.

Authors, publishers, &c. are requested to send notices of the works they intend to publish, directed to the EDITORS of the Boston Weekly Magazine. (Post paid.)

Among the curiosities in Mr. Torelli's Cabinet, is an I-VORY URN, turned in the Lathe of a Boston turner, of the capacity of a wine glass—of such exquisite workmanship that it is thinner than writing paper, has a handsome beaded edge round the top, and weighs only forty two grains.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

To the author of "Tanaf dan Nuf," we can only reiterate what we originally declared, and have again and again repeated, that political allusions, and animadversions on political characters, either of our own or foreign countries, are totally inconsistent with our plan. We are pleased with this author's pathos and energy, and particularly admire the animated apostrophe, in the latter part of his last communication. We should be unwilling to forfeit his friendship ; but cannot sacrifice our *known* and *avowed* resolutions.

"The Adulteress Punished," may be an affecting story ; but the language in which the part sent us is clothed, is too ragged for admision.

"Perils thick abound."—Very true, it cannot be helped. This puts us in mind of a story about *Jay* !

We have received several other Communications, which we shall notice next week.

Our Salem friend shall be gratified.

The hints given by our Ipswich friend, will, we hope, prove useful.

A serious event lately took place at Abington. Two brothers, D. and E. Pool, were in pursuit of quails in the field, in company with Mr. M. Curtis. David first discharged his piece, which wounded Curtis, and killed his brother ! A solemn warning to sportsmen.

POETRY.



For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ODE FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

A WAKE my soul, the day's began,
In which our LORD to ransom man,
Forsook the realms of bliss;
Let gratitude each thought inspire,
Who can enough adore, admire,
Such wondrous love as his.

MERCY from her throne descending,
PEACE her olive branch extending,
Min'ring angels round attending;
Tune their golden harps and sings,
Glory to the eternal King.

Within a manger laid,
Behold the LORD of heav'n;
In humble weeds array'd,
Amongst the oxen driven.
Though impious man denied,
A birth place for the LORD:
For us he meekly died,
For us his blood he pour'd.

Come worship at the INFANT'S feet,
With joy the heavenly stranger meet,
Salvation now is nigh:
Hark from the heavenly choir what lays,
Come mortals join in pray'r and praise,
Glory to God most high.

To HIM who was e'er time began,
To HIM who died to ransom man,
And holy SPIRIT one in three,
All glory be eternally.

The vast creation, earth, air, sea and sky,
Join the exalted theme, and ever cry
Glory! Glory! Glory!
Now again the angelic host
To FATHER, SON and HOLY GHOST
Give, Glory! Glory! Glory!

S. R.

The following tale is from the pen of a Gentleman in Middlesex, who often delights his friends, and sometimes the public with his lucubrations. He here pointedly satirizes a class of preachers, who stem ambitious of being more Calvinistic than Calvin himself.

A RAKE, with long debauches lean and pale,
Whose eyes were sinking—teeth began to fail—
Gout had struck stiff his fingers and his toes;
A dire disease had overta his nose:
His ghastly form was, like a reaper's, bent;
His juiceless skull with feanty hair besprent,
By chance a *Hypocrite* preacher met,
Who thus with foul reproaches him beset,
"Wile wretch! to thus abuse the gifts of heaven,
To glorify the Lord, thy Maker, given;
To live in torment, and in torment die!"
Then down in chains of endless misery lie!"
Stay," says the rake, "I live a wretch, 'tis true;
But learn'd this wretched course of life from you.
Of from the desk have I instructed been,
That 'tis in God we live, and move, and—sin;
'Tis that, when'er in act, or thought, 'tis found,
Doth to the glory of our God redound.
Sweet was the speech; I took thee at thy word,
And sinn'd' away to—glorify the Lord."

LINES,

WRITTEN IN THE CASE OF A WATCH.

COULD but our tempers move like this machine,
Not urg'd by passion, nor delay'd by spleen;
But, true to nature's regulating power,
By virtuous acts distinguish every hour;
Then health and joy would follow, as they ought,
The laws of motion, and the laws of thought;
Sweet health to pass the present moments o'er,
And everlasting joy, when time shall be no more.

MONITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THURSDAY LECTURE.

NO II.

LUKE X. 30—37.

And Jesus answering, said, A certain man, &c. &c.

IT is no purpose, that we are sometimes asked, Have there been fewer wars among nations, or feuds between individuals since, than there were before, the introduction of christianity? The question is not, What is the conduct of nominal christians? but, What is the genuine spirit of the religion they profess? Every one knows, that it is a spirit of TOLERATION, PEACE, and CHARITY. And every one acknowledges that, were this spirit universally imbued, nation would no longer lift up sword against nation, nor Jews' abominate Samaritans, nor papists protestants, nor these dissenters. In the grand article of UNIVERSAL PHILANTHROPY, the gospel infinitely exceeds all the systems of morality, that ever appeared in the world. It evidently designs to slay the enmity subsisting between different peoples, and kindreds, and sects, to unite them into one family under a common head, and to inspire them with a reciprocal and active BENEVOLENCE.

It is our joy to believe, that this divine purpose of our religion is by no means defeated. If the gospel has not ended, it has greatly mitigated, the horrors of war; and calmed, if not quelled, the rage of private malice, envy, and revenge. It has enlightened and quickened the moral sense of mankind; refined the public opinion; founded beneficent institutions; induced gentle manners; and made the morals of men as much better, as their lights are stronger, than were those of the ancients. *This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes. This is the day, which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it. Glory to God in the highest; on earth PEACE; GOOD WILL to men!* For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and he is justly called—The Prince of PEACE.

SELECTED EXTRACTS,

From the MANUSCRIPTS, of a Citizen of BOSTON.

EFFECTS OF COLD IN HUDSON'S BAY.

Number VI. ON the extreme Cold in Hudson's Bay, between the 37° and 61° N. Latitude, an author remarks, viz.—That one effect of it, is turning those animals white, which are naturally brown, or grey. The sterility of nature, here, extends itself to every thing—the human race are few in number, and scarce any above four feet high. We see nothing here but the effects of weak organization, and of cold that contracts and restrains the springs of growth, and is fatal in the progress of animal and vegetable life.

No. VII.]—AMERICAN SAVAGES.—"Abbé Raynald, a French author, asks, whether the American Savages, are a race of men, originally distinct from those that cover the face of the earth?"—The origin of the population of America, this author says, is imagined to be from Greenland or Kamtschatka. That the inhabitants of the old world must have gone over to the new, as it is by those two countries, that the two continents are connected or at least approach near to each other. But how can we conceive that in America the torrid zone can be peopled from one of the frozen zones. Population will indeed spread from North to South, but it must naturally have begun under the equator where life is cherished by warmth.

No. VIII.]—CURIOUS WORKS OF ART.—A London Paper says, "There is as much Thread spun in one day at Holy Well, in Flintshire, as will surround the globe at the equator. A pound of cotton being generally spun into the length of 69 miles, but with particular care, Mr. Atherton's new machine will spin out the pound, into the length of 80 miles and upwards! but the *ne plus ultra* of mechanism is discovered in the silk manufactory at Derby, where one machine, turned by a single water wheel advances no less than 97,746 several wheels, &c. Erected by Sir Thomas Lombe, the model of which he brought from Italy.

LONDON FASHIONS.—FOR NOVEMBER.

WALKING DRESSES.—I A round dress of thick white muslin, the body full; and drawn close round the bottom, full long sleeves. A fur tippet of brown hair, and a small black velvet bonnet, ornamented with a black feather.
2. A pelice of dark silk, made quite high in the neck with a collar, and drawn close round the bottom; the back full; the pellice trimmed all round with black lace. A short

dress of cambric muslin, trimmed round the bottom with a narrow flounce.—A straw hat, ornamented with a wreath of flowers.

3 A short dress and petticoat of cambric muslin, trimmed all round with a narrow trimming of the same, a jacket of dark silk, trimmed round the bottom of the waist with deep black lace. A straw hat.

4 A round dress of plain muslin, made high with a collar to button round the neck. A long cloak of purple silk, trimmed round the neck and bottom, with broad black lace. A bonnet of purple velvet.

The prevailing colors are purple, blue, scarlet and green. Cloaks have completely disappeared, and fur tippets and pelices, trimmed with lace, have taken their place. In dress, feathers are the prevailing ornaments for the head. Lace still continues to be worn in every part of the dress.

MARRIAGES.

In Addison, Mr. Jona. Day, to Miss Reb. Olin. In Hartford, Mr. Lemuel Hurlbut, jun. to Miss Eunice Whitman; Mr. James Butler, to Miss Irene Ensign; Mr. Joel Pratt, jun. to Miss Fanny Wadsworth. In Newburyport, Mr. Benj. Hale, to Miss Abigail Greenleaf. In N. London, Mr. Zebediah Bolles, Et 64, to Miss Peggy Cronen, Et 23. In East-Haddam, Mr. Nathan Goodspeed, to Miss Julia Higgins. In Hampton, Mr. Ebenezer Steedman, to Miss Rachel Wreatles. In Waterford, Mr. Richard Beckwith, to Miss Frelove Smith. In Bath, Mr. Robt. Trevett, to Miss Nabby Sayward. In Beverly, Capt. Wm. Leach, to Miss Ruth Lee. In Newburyport, Mr. Samuel Davis, to Miss Mary Caldwell. In Amherst, (N.H.) Mr. David S. Eaton, of Boston, to Miss Mary Barnard. In Salem, Capt. Henry Cox, to Miss Elizabeth Hawes. In Milton, Mr. Nathan Robinson, to Miss Eunice Beckford; Mr. Wm. Ropes, to Miss Rachel Archer.

In Boston, Mr. Enoch James, to Mrs. Mehitable Clark; Mr. Thomas Furber, to Miss Betty Green Foster; Mr. Samuel Bulkeley, to Miss Hannah Fowler; Mr. Jos. Dorf, to Miss Sally Cheeman; Mr. John French, to Miss Mary Richardson.

DEATHS.

In Bolton, (C.) Mr. Thos. Webster, Et 99, he had 14 children, 9 of whom survive. In East-Hartford, Mrs. Theodosia Buckland, Et 37; Miss Ruth Adkins, Et 21.—Mr. Gideon King, Et 74. In East-Haddam, Mr. Thos. Fuller, Et 86; he has left 8 children, and 136 great and grand children. In West-Simbury, Dea. Thos. Bidwell, Et 64. In Killingly, Miss Lucy Spalding, Et 25. In York, Miss Abigail Kimball, Et 69. In Charlestown, Mrs. Rachel Burditt, Et 20. At sea, Capt. Joshua Lock, of Biddeford. In Colchester, Mr. Nathl. Clark, Et 68.—In Billerica, Mr. Jos. Foster, Et 58. In Wells, Mr. Nicholas Weil, Et 70. In Portsmouth, Mr. Thos. Clifton, Et 49. In Rehoboth, Mr. Amos Read. In the N. W. Territory, Capt. Dean Tyler, of Massachusetts. In Otisfield, Mr. Danl. Scrivner; he was burnt to death in a fit of intoxication. In Springfield, Mr. Fredk. Bartlett, Et 24. In Portland, Mrs. Abigail Frothingham, Et 45. In Norwalk, Mr. John Gill, printer. In Norton, Miss Lydia Bird; she was reading the bible by the fire, was taken in a fit, fell into it, and burnt to death. In Beverly, Mrs. Molly Thissel, Et 80; Miss Nancy Dodge, Et 13. In Dorchester, Hon. Oliver Everett, Et 50. In Roxbury, Mrs. Sarah Dove, Et 44.

In Boston, Mrs. Joanna Peirce, wife of Mr. Isaac Peirce—Mr. Erasmus Jacobs, Et 30—Mr. Nathan Park, Et 32—Mr. Stephen Winter, Et 64—Capt. Jubal Harrington, Et 36, whose remains were interred with military honors—Miss Ann Wallis, Et 67—Miss Charlotte Tuttle, Et 10, daughter of Mr. Daniel Tuttle—Christoph. C. Jones, youngest child of the Hon. John C. Jones—George French, 3d son of Mr. Zadock French; Mrs. Wild, Et 36; and 3 Children—number of deaths this week, 13.

Valuable New Year's Gift.

THE TRIAL OF FRIENDSHIP.

A BEAUTIFUL Novel, by MARMONTEL, has lately been published by GILBERT & DEAN, at 20 Cents. The reader will find on perusing this Novel, that Friendship meets with as severe a trial as it could possibly experience; besides the display of excellent moral principles. Dec. 25.

REMEMBER!

TICKETS in the 2d class of South Hadley Canal Lottery, at 5 dls. 50 cts. for sale by GILBERT and DEAN.—The remaining tickets are now in the hands of a company, who will continue to enhance the price. A few parts, at 5 dls. for sale, if applied for immediately.

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

DEVOTED TO

MORALITY, LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, THE FINE ARTS, AGRICULTURE, &c. &c.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

To soar aloft on Fancy's wing,
And bathe in Heliocoria's spring;
Cull every flower with careful hand,
And strew them o'er our native land.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP.—No. X.

Reverere Dit.

IT has been already remarked that Sarah Hardwick was fond of reading, and that novels were her favorite, indeed her only study; yet firmly as the materials such a study could furnish for argument, she would frequently enter the lists with men of learning, who, though men of sense, were too polite to suffer a pretty woman to plead in vain, and would pretend conviction, at the very moments they were mutually smiling at the facility of her arguments. Thus flattered into a very high opinion of her own argumentative powers, she frequently engaged with Lorenzo on the subject of religion. She had early been instructed in a general, but not very deep knowledge of the Christian System; but though her ideas were not correct, nor her principles extremely rigid, yet she would flourish with horror at the free opinions Lorenzo advanced, she combated them with all her power, and in order to enable herself to do so more forcibly, she read with avidity all the novels avowedly written in opposition to the philosophical and too fashionable infidelity of the day; but these works though evidently composed with a laudable design, unfortunately had a direct contrary effect, to the one intended, on the mind of Sarah: They ridiculed it as true, but at the same time they referred the reader to all the celebrated and most pernicious publications in favour of the philosophical system; this awakened her curiosity; she procured them, read them, their poisonous effects shook her belief of a divine beneficent superintending Power, and the insinuating sophistry of Lorenzo, acting in conjunction with them, from attempting to make a convert, he became one herself. Her religious principles destroyed, her scruples of conscience entirely silenced, the barriers of honour were broken down, and the unfortunate Sarah fell into the snare which would never have been spread for her, had not Lorenzo been fully assured that her weakness and vanity would lead her into it without much trouble being taken on his part. Mrs. Hardwick had not the most distant idea of the misfortune which had befallen her; she saw with delight the attentions Lorenzo paid her daughter, especially when they were only a family party, for in large or mixed companies he was always distant and formal, a conduct which had occasioned many petty quarrels between the lovers, but he ever had the art to excuse his inconsistent behaviour, and alleged such plausible reasons for it that Sarah was easily led to pardon even the most pointed insinuations. Nor is this surprising, when it is remembered that she loved him with her whole heart; that she thought him the first, best, wisest of human beings, and implicitly believed every word he uttered. Ruth saw more than she thought right; she perceived too plainly that her cousin's mind was perverted; but her gentle remonstrances were lost on Mrs. Hardwick, who, painfully embarrassed in her circumstances, and weakly blind to his errors, looked forward to her daughter's union with Lorenzo as to an event almost certain, and which would place her idol in ease and affluence for life. For herself, she would have been content to live on the humble fare, in the meanest habitation, if her dear Sarah could enjoy the elegancies of life. And as to the good, industrious Ruth, she thought little of her, and when she did, it was only to say, "Ruth has always been accustomed to work; she will always make her way in the world; she will be a treasure to some poor man; but if Sarah marries well, Ruth will live with her, and manage her family, for poor child, she knows very little about family economy, she was always so fond of her books and her music."

But while the fond mother was indulging herself in these day-dreams of felicity, she was suddenly awakened to a sense of real misery. The house she lived in, had been for

some time mortgaged to the full extent of its value, to supply present exigencies; this house, with a few articles of plate, and a small farm a few miles from town, was the whole of Sarah's fortune; and it was enough to have secured her independence and respectability through life, had her mother educated her accordingly, and confined her ideas to the walk in life which Providence had seemed to mark out for her. Mrs. Hardwick had borrowed money besides the mortgaging her house, (she had never in any emergency applied to Lorenzo, if she had, the male would have dropped; for Lorenzo was prodigal in dress, threw the pleasures of the table, his wines his horses must be the best.—But no one could ever say Lorenzo was generous.) She had also many debts to trades-people, her butcher, her baker, the person who supplied her fuel; the long gathering storm was now arisen to its height, and burst at once upon her head. An execution came into her house—her farm was attached. It was about ten o'clock in the morning, Lorenzo was not arisen, an unusual bustle below aroused him, he came down incited by curiosity.—He met Sarah on the stairs, "Oh! I love my mother," said she, and threw herself into his arms in an agony of terror. "What is the matter?" said he composedly putting her aside as she defended. The cause was now explained. Lorenzo "was sorry, but what could he do, such things were so common, nobody minded them." Mrs. Hardwick was a woman of too much sense to let them affect her spirits, he would advise her to retire to a lodging from the scene of confusion which must ensue, and if a little ready cash was necessary, he had fifty or a hundred dollars at her service." And calling his servant whom he bade pack up his cloaths, he went again up stairs to see that his name was affixed to a few articles of elegant furniture, which he had ordered for his own convenience in his own apartment. "Contemptible wretch," said Ruth, as he left the room.

Mrs. Hardwick was obliged literally to follow his advice. When all her property was sold, a small sum remained after all were paid, and of this she determined to live, still hoping Lorenzo would marry Sarah, and all would again be well. Three months wore on, and no proposals made; though he still continued to visit them. Lorenzo's father had never limited his son's expences; but of late he had played very high, and his demands became so exorbitant, and were so often repeated, that the old gentleman wrote him an angry letter, and threatened not to honor his drafts. He was incontinent, a bet for five hundred dollars was made and lost, he had not the cash, offered his note at fifteen days, it was accepted; he drew on his father for the money, the bill was returned. Had it been a debt for food, or clothing, Lorenzo would not have cared a straw how long the poor artificer or victualer had waited, but it was a debt of honour. Stung almost to madness by the mortification of having his bill returned, knowing it would be a mortal stab to his credit, he flew to Mrs. Hardwick, and uttered the most bitter complaints against his father's parsimony and cruelty.

Sarah knew her mother had the sum required, and a little more in her possession. "Lend it him, my dear mother," said she. "No, child, no!" said Mrs. Hardwick, "be deaf to our noisy child." "He had not the power to relieve it," said Sarah. "He had not the will," said Ruth, emphatically. "Oh! my mother! my mother! can you refuse your child?" cried Sarah, weeping violently, and lying her head on her bosom. Mrs. Hardwick could not. She gave her the money, and the hasty kiss Sarah received when she gave him the notes, was the last she ever received; for it was the last time she ever saw him! He paid his debt, and left immediately. What, without taking leave of the tender confiding Sarah? Yes, and for three months more never wrote to her. During that period the wretched mother discovered that Sarah had made a greater sacrifice than she had imagined, and that a living witness of her folly was likely to appear. She wrote to Lorenzo, and to his father. The first did not notice her letter—the latter enclosed a bill for a hundred dollars, and said his son remembered something of the foolish transaction with the daughter, but denied having ever borrowed the money. The agony, the distraction of Sarah cannot be conceived by the innocent and happy. The misery of the dotting disappointed mother, every mother can fully comprehend. As soon as they possibly could, they removed

from the prying eye of suspicion, from the taunting sneer of malignity, to the wretched retreat where I met with them; and where anguish of heart, and misery of almost every description, accelerated the birth of the infant I saw in the lap of the unfortunate Mrs. Hardwick.

These particulars I gained from the wife of my friend, with whom I had been dining, as mentioned in my seventh number. In the evening of that day we all strolled to the poor hut. Mrs. —, and myself entered; the rest of the party had feelings too free to allow their personal attention to a scene of woe. The clergyman of the place had been sent for, and was endeavouring to awaken the dying Sarah, to a belief in, and reliance on a merciful Saviour. "I am afraid to believe," said the trembling penitent, "I have sinned past hope of pardon." "No! no!" said Ruth, who was on her knees by the bedside, "only believe and repent." "Repent," said Sarah, "oh how earnestly do I pray that my repentance were worthy acceptance."—"The Saviour of the world died for sinners," said the clergyman, in a tone of benevolence. "He did! he did!" cried she, raising herself forcibly in the bed, "he pardoned the thief upon the cross." Then elevating her hands and eyes, with inexpressible energy, she exclaimed, "God of mercy, pity! pardon!"—She sunk back upon her mother's arm, her soul had fled with the last word—"She is not lost," said Ruth, and burst into a convulsive agony of tears.

The funeral rites were decently performed, and Ruth, with her afflicted aunt, removed by the kindness of my friend, to a better habitation. I am interested in the fate of that young woman, and should any thing take place to her advantage hereafter, I shall communicate it to my readers.

¶ The complaint of Somebody, about his sister's tattling, mischief making, &c. is a very serious concern. I shall devise my next paper to that subject.

AGRICULTURAL IMPROVEMENT.

IN a London paper of the 9th Oct. 1802, we find the following:—"A moveable barn floor has been constructed by Mr. UXTON, of Petworth, in Sussex, which, in the opinion of Lord EGREMONT, will prevent the consumption of valuable timber, so injurious to the landed interest of the kingdom, and be a considerable saving of corn to the public, as it effectually prevents a waste of corn in threshing, and by giving an addition of one fust at least in height, will admit a higher load of corn; and as the horses, instead of drawing the waggon up an ascent, upon a slippery bottom, draw upon a hard bottom, and level with the farm-yard, two horses can perform the work of four generally now used. This floor affords also a warm and convenient shelter for hogs, when it is down, and when turned up, may be used as a stable, ox stall, hovel, or cart-house. Two men can place or displace it in five minutes; and, from its allowing an easy access to cats and dogs under it, affords no harbour for vermin.—Lord EGREMONT has had a floor constructed upon Mr. UXTON's principles, which, in addition to its excellence, on account of its superior elasticity, has another advantage—this is occasioned by the great cavity under the floor, which causes the stroke of the flail to rebound so much, that it may be held a mile round; so that the farmer, when on any part of his grounds, can tell whether his men are industrious or idle.

Among the improvements of our country, we notice that in New-Jersey, the art of making Cheese has been carried to such perfection, that Cheese from the house of Exton, in that State, could command the price of English Cheese in the market of Philadelphia. This ought to be an encouragement in an important article of our market.—*Salem Reg.*

A CURIOUS USE OF THE TOBACCO-PIPE.

THE native Canadians are perpetual smokers; and they apply the tobacco-pipe to the singular use of measuring distances.

Wells, in his tour through Canada, remarks in substance, that when a traveller enquires the distance to an inn or to any particular town, the answerer or informant, instead of mentioning the number of miles, says, "it is so many pipes." By which is meant, that one might smoke the given number of pipes, while the distance is traveling.

A pipe, he observes, is reckoned for about three quarters of an English mile.

Messrs. GILBERT AND DEAN,

If you will publish the annexed, in your Magazine, and it should give me such satisfaction to your readers, as it has to myself, it will amply pay me for the transcript. Yours, PHOLAS.

ON THE STRAWBERRY PLANT, AND INSECTS FOUND ON IT.

By M. DE ST. PIERRE.

NATURE is of boundless extent, and I am a human being limited on every side. Not only her general history, but that of the smallest plant, far transcends my highest powers. Permit me to relate on what occasion I became sensible of this.

One day, in summer, while I was busied in the arrangement of some observations which I had made respecting the harmonies discoverable in this globe of ours, I perceived on a strawberry plant, which had been accidentally placed in my window, some small-winged insects, so very beautiful, that I took a fancy to describe them. Next day a different sort appeared, which I proceeded likewise to describe. In the course of three weeks, no less than thirty-seven species, totally distinct, had visited my strawberry plant. At length they came in such crowds, and presented such variety, that I was constrained to relinquish this study, though highly amusing, for want of leisure—and to acknowledge the truth, for want of expression.

The insects which I had observed were all distinguished from each other by their colours, their forms, and their motions. Some of them shone like gold, others were of the colour of silver and of brass; some were spotted; some striped: they were blue, green, brown, chestnut-coloured. The heads of some were rounded like a turban; those of others were drawn out into the figure of a cone. Here it was dark as a tuft of black velvet, there it sparkled like a ruby.

There was not less diversity in their wings. In some they were long and brilliant, like transparent plates of mother-of-pearl; in others short and broad, resembling network of the finest gauze. Each had his particular manner of disposing and managing his wings. Some disposed them perpendicularly; others, horizontally; and they seemed to take pleasure in displaying them. Some flew spirally, after the manner of butterflies; others sprang into the air, directing their flight in opposition to the wind, by a mechanism somewhat similar to that of a paper-kite, which, in rising, forms, with the axis of the wind, an angle, I think of twenty-two degrees and a half.

Some alighted on the plant to deposit their eggs! others merely to shelter themselves from the sun. But the greatest part paid this visit from reasons totally unknown to me: for some went and came, in an incessant motion, while others moved only the hinder part of their body. A great many of them remained entirely motionless, and were like me, perhaps, employed in making observations.

I scorned to pay any attention, as being already sufficiently known, to all the other tribes of insects which my strawberry plant had attracted; such as the snail which settles under the leaves; the butterfly which flutters around; the beetle which digs about its roots; the small worm which contrives to live in the *parenchyma*, that is in the mere thickness of the leaf; the wasp and honey-bee which hum around the blossoms; the gnat which sucks the juices of the stem; the ant which licks up the gnat; and, to make no longer an enumeration, the spider, which, in order to find a prey in them, one after the other, distends his snares over the whole vicinity.

However minute these objects may be, they surely merited my attention, as Nature deemed them not unworthy of her's. Could I refuse them a place in my general history, when she had given them one in the system of the universe. For a still stronger reason, had I written the history of my Strawberry plant, I must have given some account of the insects attached to it. Plants are the habitation of insects, and it is impossible to give the history of a city without saying something of its inhabitants.

Besides, my strawberry plant was not in its natural situation, in the open country, on the border of a wood, or by the brink of a rivulet, where it might have been frequented by many other species of living creatures. It was confined to an earthen pot, amidst the smoke of Paris. I observed only at vacant moments: I knew nothing of the insects that visited it during the course of the day; still less of those which might come only in the night, attracted by simple emanations, or, perhaps, by a phosphoric light

which escapes our senses. I was totally ignorant of the various species which might frequent it at other seasons of the year, and of the endless other relations that it might have with reptiles, with amphibious animals, fishes, birds, quadrupeds, and, above all, with man, who undervalues every thing which he cannot convert to his own use.

But it was not sufficient to observe it, from the heights of my greatness, if I may use the expression: for, in this case, my knowledge would have been greatly inferior to that of one of the insects who made it their habitation. Not one of them, on examining it with his little spherical eyes, but must have distinguished an infinite variety of objects, which I could not perceive without a microscope, and after much laborious research: nay, their eyes are inconceivably superior even to this instrument; for it shows us the objects only which are in its focus, that is at the distance of a few lines; whereas they perceive, by a mechanism of which we have no conception, those which are near, and those which are far off. Their eyes, therefore, are at once microscopes and telescopes. Besides, by their circular disposition round the head, they have the advantage of viewing the whole circuit of the heavens at the same instant, while those of the astronomer can take in, at most, but the half. My winged insects, accordingly, must discern in the strawberry plant, at a single glance, an arrangement and combination of parts, which, alighted by the microscope, I can observe only separate from each other, and in succession.

On examining the leaves of this vegetable, with the aid of a lens which had but a small magnifying power, I found them divided into compartments, hedged round with bristles, separated by canals, and strewed with glands. These compartments appeared to me similar to large verdant inclosures, their bristles to vegetables of a particular order; of which some were upright, some inclined, some forked, some hollowed into tubes, from the extremity of which a fluid distilled; and their canals as well as their glands seemed full of a brilliant liquor. In plants of a different species, these bristles and these canals exhibit forms, colours, and fluids, entirely different. There are even glands which resemble basins, round, square or radiated.

Now Nature has made nothing in vain. Wherever she has prepared a habitation, she immediately peopled it. She is never itinerant for wide a room. She has placed animals furnished with fins in a single drop of water, and in such multitudes, that Linnæus, the natural philosopher, reckoned up to thousands of them. Many others after him, and, among others, Robert Hook, have seen in one drop of water, as small as a grain of millet, some ten, others thirty, and some as many as forty-five thousand. Those who know not how far the patience and sagacity of an observer can go, might, perhaps, call in question the accuracy of these observations, if Lyonniet, who relates them in Lefser's *Theology of Insects*, had not demonstrated the possibility of it by a piece of mechanism abundantly simple. We are certain, at least, of the existence of those beings whose different figures have actually been drawn. Others are found, whose feet are armed with claws, on the body of the fly, and even on that of the flea.

It is credible, then, from analogy, that there are animals feeding on the leaves of plants, like the cattle in our meadows, and on our mountains; which repose under the shade of a down imperceptible to the naked eye, and which, from globules formed like so many suns, quaff nectar of the colour of gold and silver. Each part of the flower must present to them a spectacle of which we can form no idea. The yellow *anthers* of flowers, suspended by fillets of white, exhibit, to their eyes, double rafters of gold in equilibrio, on pillars fairer than ivory; the *corolla*, an arch of unbounded magnitude, embellished with the ruby and the topaz; rivers of nectar and honey; the other parts of the flower, cups, urns, pavilions, domes, which the human architect and goldsmith have not yet learned to imitate.

I do not speak this from conjecture; for having one day examined, by the microscope, the flowers of thyme, I distinguished in them, with equal surprize and delight, superb flaggons with a long neck, of a substance resembling amethyst, from the gullets of which seemed to flow ingots of liquid gold. I have never made observation of the *corolla*, simply, of the smallest flower, without finding it composed of an admirable substance, half-transparent, studded with brilliants, and shining in the most lively colours.

The beings which live under a reflex thus enriched must have ideas very different from ours of light and of the other phenomena of nature. A drop of dew, filtering in the capillary and transparent tubes of a plant, presents to them thousands of cascades; the same drop, fixed as a wave on the extremity of one of its prickles, an ocean without a shore—evaporated into air, a vast aerial sea. They must therefore see fluids ascending, instead of falling; admiring a

globular form, instead of sinking to a level; and mounting into the air, instead of obeying the power of gravity.

Their ignorance must be as wonderful as their knowledge. As they have a thorough acquaintance with the harmony of only the minutest objects, that of vast objects must escape them. They know not, undoubtedly, that there are men, and, amongst these, learned men, who know every thing, who can explain every thing, who, transtent like themselves, plunge into an infinity, on the ascending scale, in which they are lost; whereas they, in virtue of their littleness, are acquainted with an opposite infinity, in the last divisions of time and matter.

In these ephemeral beings we must find the youth of a single morning, and the decrepitude of one day. If they possess historical monuments, they must have their months, years, ages, epochs, proportioned to the duration of a flower, they must have a chronology different from ours, as their hydraulics and optics must differ. Thus, in proportion as man brings the elements of nature near him, the principles of his science disappear.

Such, therefore, must have been my strawberry plant, and its natural inhabitants, in the eyes of my winged insects, which had alighted to visit it; but supposing I had been able to acquire, with them, an intimate knowledge of this new world, I was still very far from having the history of it. I must have previously studied its relations to the other parts of nature; to the sun which expands its blossom; to the winds which sow its seeds over and over; to the brooks whose banks it forms and embellishes. I must have known how it was preserved in winter, during a cold capable of cleaving fountains asunder; and how it should appear verdant in the spring, without any pains employed to preserve it from the frost; how, feeble and crawling along the ground, it should be able to find its way from the deepest valley to the summit of the Alps; to traverse the globe from north to south, from mountain to mountain, forming on its passage, a thousand charming pieces of chequered work, of its fair flowers and rose-coloured fruit, with the plants of every other climate; how it has been able to scatter itself from the mountains of Calhrite to Archangel; and from the *Felices*, in Norway, to Kamtschatka; how, in a word, we find it in equal abundance in both American continents, though an infinite number of animals are making incursions and universal war upon it, and no gardener is at the trouble to sow it again.

Supposing all this knowledge acquired, I should still have arrived no farther than at the history of the *genus*, and not that of the *species*. The varieties would still have remained unknown, which have each its particular character, according as they have flowers single, in pairs, or disposed in clusters; according to the colour, the smell, and the taste of the fruit; according to the size, the figure, the edging, the smoothness of the downy clothing of their leaves. One of our most celebrated botanists, Sebastian de Vaillant, (author of the *Botanicon Parisiense*) has found, in the environs of Paris alone, five distinct species, three of which bear flowers without producing fruit. In our gardens we cultivate at least twelve different sorts of foreign strawberries; that of Chili or Peru; the Alpine or perpetual; the Swedish, which is green, &c. But how many varieties are there to us totally unknown! Has not every degree of latitude a species peculiar to itself? Is it not presumable, that there may be trees which produce strawberries? Are there not those which bear pens and French beads? May we not even consider, as varieties of the strawberry, the numerous species of the raspberry and the bramble, with which it has a very striking analogy, from the shape of its leaves; from its fruits, which creep along the ground, and replant themselves; from the rose-form of its flowers, and that of its fruit, the seeds of which are on the outside? Has it not besides, an affinity with the ginseng, and the rose-tree, as to the flower; with the mulberry, as to the fruit; and with the trefail, as to the leaves; one species of which, common in the environs of Paris, bears likewise its seeds aggregated into the form of a strawberry, from which it derives the botanic name of *trifolium Fragiferum*, the strawberry-bearing trefail. Now, if we reflect that all these species, varieties, analogies, affinities, have, in every particular latitude, necessary relations with a multitude of animals, and that these relations are altogether unknown to us, we shall find, that a complete history of the strawberry plant would be ample employment for all the naturalists in the world.

FEMALE COURAGE.—In Luzerne County, (Penn.) some time since, a young girl, 14 years old, was left to keep house with some children, when a deer came within a few rods of the door; with uncommon coolness and deliberation, she took up a gun, levelled it at the breast of the deer, and shot him dead on the spot!

THE NOVELIST; OR,
HISTORIES, NARRATIVES, MORAL ALLEGORIES, &c.

[The following beautiful ALLEGORY has been in type some time.]

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

IT is much to be lamented, that among the many errors to which the human mind is subject, the love of Scandal is in general predominant, in almost every breast; various are the sources from whence this propensity arises, but the principal are allowed to be Envy and Self-Love.—Those two pernicious principles, acting on the heart, close every avenue to Humanity, Benevolence, and even common Justice; and we rejoice in a shade falling on the character of another, as if its duty hue would heighten the brilliancy of our own. In my own sex, I have often been shocked to see, with what avidity a tale of malignity has been listened to, when the subject of the slander was eminently beautiful, or possessed of uncommon endowments or intellectual powers; nay, sometimes I have seen the opposite sex so unmanly as to assist in depressing a woman, whose greatest fault has perhaps been only thoughtlessness; her reputation has been injured away, by some conceited coxcomb, who scarcely before ever knew her name, and is possibly totally unacquainted with her person. I always most sincerely rejoice, when I find a woman, who has been calumniated, able to silence the tongues of the envious and malicious of her own sex, and to treat with justly merited contempt, the unfeeling part of the other sex, who could insult and depreciate a wretched fallen woman; one whom they at least believed to be fallen. How cruel is it, that if one of us poor weak mortals only once step aside from the path of rectitude, we are never suffered to return. Penitence may make us acceptable in the sight of Heaven, but the world will never pardon us; while man may plunge in every vice, and yet be received in all companies, and too often arrested by the brave and worthy. Why is it thus? Are crimes less so when committed by men than women? Are not they allowed to be wiser than we? Ought they not then to be better? But stop—why should I seek to know the hidden cause of these things? No doubt it is right, or it would not be. Woman was the last work of the great Creator's hand:

The fairest of creation, last and best
Of all God's works! Creature in whom excelled
Whatever can to fight or thought be form'd,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet! MILTON.

Since so fair and unspotted, nature formed us, it is our duty to preserve as much as possible the brightness of our soul, and render it pure and holy to the hands of Him that gave it.—Reflecting on this subject last night before I retired to rest, my thoughts dwelt on it even after my senses were lost in slumber. Methought I was standing on a vast plain, at the entrance of which stood two large buildings like temples. The road to that on the right was rugged and steep; to the left a smooth and easy descent led to several spacious gates, which opened into a delightful garden. There was a vast multitude on the plain; thousands were hurrying towards the garden, while some few were riding up the hill to the mansion on the right. I stood looking with surprize and wonder, but without the least desire to follow either party, when a youth gaily attired, took hold of my hand, and led me towards the most spacious of the gates. As I proceeded, two women, clad in white, drew

near and attempted to dissuade me from going, and urged me to follow those who were entered on the road which led to the temple on the right hand, which, they said, was the abode of True Happiness. One of these women was covered with a transparent veil, through which her features appeared enchantingly lovely; the other was younger than her companion, her features were expressive of the most tranquil joy, and in her bosom was a window which discovered her most secret thoughts. My guide spoke a few words to them, and they turned from us. After they were gone, I discovered that the eldest was called Discretion, the youngest Filial Piety, and that they were inseparable companions. The gate was opened by a figure fantastically dressed, who seemed to strew flowers before us, and smiling, welcomed us to the habitation of Pleasure. As I wandered in the garden, I several times attempted to pluck the fruit which grew in profusion round me, but found them unsubstantial shadows that allured the eye, but eluded the hand extended to gather them. The flowers which, with variegated tints, sprang wherever I trod, had many of them thorns which pierced and hurt my feet. In the middle of the garden was a thick grove; I entered it to avoid the turbulent noisy multitudes of the multitudes in the more open parts. I had not proceeded far before I saw a phantom resembling woman, seated on a bank of frost-nipt blossoms, and sickly yellow flowers. Her visage was fallow, and her haggard eyes swifter than thought, flew round on every side; behind her stood a fiend of horrid aspect, with forked tongue, and long sharp fangs, who every moment whispered in her ear, and made her groan with agony; upon her bosom lay a serpent, that shed his baleful poison on her heart; before her stood a figure with a smiling face, but all that was foul deformity, who hid beneath a gorgeous flowing robe, daggers with double edge, and poison which took not life, but boiled and rankled in the tortured heart. I started from them, for I knew them to be fell Jealousy and Treachery. Terrified, I sought my guide, but he had left me. Alas! said I, if this is the habitation of pleasure, I will leave it. With this resolution I proceeded to the gate at which I entered. I passed several which were smaller, over which were engraved in large letters, Vanity, Ambition, Avarice, and many other names which I do not now remember. When I approached the spacious gate, to my surprize I saw its name was Disobedience. This was the first gate that was ever opened; and at this entered our deluded first parent; Folly opened it to all that entered, but Infamy shut it on the wretched victims. I would have gone out, but Female Pride, with high gigantic stride, thwarted my way, while Fame, in polluted garments, held me back. Sorrow and Remorse, Poverty and Shame, now seized upon me; the garden appeared a barren wilderness, and I stood trembling upon the brink of a dreadful pit, from whence lifted moans most piteous, and heart-rending shrieks; my heart failed me; I was just sinking, when Penitence, with lowly mean and sabbie weeds supported me, while Hope, with voice sweeter than the seraph's song, bid me look up; I did so, and saw Heaven's choicest daughter, Charity, with hands extended ready to receive me; I caught the proffered blessing, and, raised by her, flew swift through the fields of light, but the transition was so quick from despair to extreme joy that my transports awoke me.

MAXIM.

SOME weak people are so sensible of their weakness, as to be able to make a good use of it.

LETTER

From a LADY, to an adopted DAUGHTER, written with a design of not being delivered until after her decease.

I KNOW not, my dear Henrietta, how long I may live to be your guardian and protectress; life is uncertain to us all. I have thought proper, therefore, to commit to writing a few observations, which may be useful to you, when I am no longer an inhabitant of the earth. What I here present to you, I have made, in a great measure, the rules of my own conduct, and therefore can recommend them from experience.

Our most eminent physicians tell us, that if we indulge ourselves in sleep for more than seven hours, it is detrimental to our health. Excess of sleep makes us stupid and listless, and diminishes, instead of increases, natural vivacity. Let me advise you then to accustom yourself to rise at an early hour, especially in the summer season. Some people are of opinion that six hours sound sleep is sufficient for any of us, and this proportion is a fourth part of that life, of which we often hear complain that it is too short, and from those very persons too who curtail the allotted period of human existence, by spending many unnecessary hours in bed.—Excess in sleep may be as pernicious as excess in hours eating or drinking. And whatever time or hours we can redeem from sleep, we add so much to our life.

If you rise early, you will not only redeem for many lost hours of life, but the best hours for reflection and for meditation, for reading, and for prayer, that you can ever enjoy. To our first and best duties, we surely should consecrate our first and best hours; and these we must acknowledge to be the first duties of an intelligent being; namely,

To contemplate the works of our great Creator, who our hearts may thereby be excited to adore, to love, and worship him. To reflect upon his infinite goodness and mercy—to offer the tribute of prayer and adoration. These duties well discharged will incline us to the due performance of others. But they demand retirement and freedom from the intrusion of worldly avocation. And what time can be better secured for these purposes than the early part of the morning?

But other important duties there are which must not be neglected; for remember, my dear, when our merciful Redeemer enforced the attention of Christians to the first and great commandment, he added, And the second is like unto it, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." We are all neighbours to each other, partaking of the same nature. We are all brethren and sisters of one family. We are all fellow-creatures, and fellow Christians.

We were sent into the world not for our own pleasure only; we are to endeavour to make others happy, as well as to secure our own happiness.

Our fellow-creatures have a demand upon us; Society requires the mutual contribution of all its members. No son or daughter of Adam is born to be idle. Idleness or inactivity is neither good for the mind or body. A wholly useless member of the community is a contemptible character. Every person may be useful in some degree, more or less, according to their talents and station.

It hath pleased God to have given you more than your own wants and necessities may require. Shall I tell you how to employ the rest of your substance, so as to be productive of heart-satisfaction? In the former part of my life, I frequented plays, operas, balls, and card assemblies, and lived for several years in what is commonly called the gay world, or in a general fashionable stile. But I assure you, my dear Henrietta, I never experienced half the pleasure in spending my money in dissipation and mere amusement, that I have found in devoting it to the relief of the wants of my fellow-creatures. I always found the degrees of my own happiness rise in proportion as I added to the happiness of others; and the drying up a source of grief to those that were in distress, has ever proved the opening a source of joy in my own breast. To ease the pangs of the broken heart, is one of the highest pleasures earth can afford.

And let me observe to you, my dear, that the most deserving objects of compassion are not to be found by chance, or in the street.

Their modesty and their better education keep them in the shade. Such therefore must be enquired after, or they may perish through grief and hunger, unperceived and unknown.

To do good is the office of angels. They are the ministering spirits of God, ever ready to execute the divine will; and the good part of mankind are so in an inferior degree. Ought we not to consider it as an high honour to be the distributors of the divine bounty? This employment has a present pleasure peculiar to itself, and will certainly secure you the favour of Heaven.

It was part of the perfect character of our benevolent Saviour, that "he went about doing good."

In imitation of his blessed example, let every day be marked with some act of benevolence. Imprint the footsteps of wisdom on every hour as it passes. You are fond of reading; shew your judgement and approved taste by the selection of your books; but especially be cautious in the choice of your intimate companions. Be not ambitious to move in a large circle. Let not dresses, visiting, or cards, engross your thoughts and your time. With some, these are almost their whole employment, to the neglecting of the improvement of their superior talents, and the loss of far superior pleasures.

If you have a small circle of friends, esteem yourself happy. A few sincere friends are greatly preferable to an extensive acquaintance. Forget not that your own character and reputation in the world greatly depend upon those you are chiefly conversant with; and that even a step of imprudence, or thoughtlessness, may give birth to evil suspicion that cannot be easily removed.

Female reputation and virtue are jewels of inestimable value, and once lost are never to be recovered.

Do not give your friends the least reason to doubt your confidence. Betray no secrets entrusted to you. Value truth; be upright; be sincere. Guard against flattery. Beware of envy and pride, and the too common vice of female destruction. On the contrary, rather rejoice in hearing and in speaking of the amiable characters of others, and let them excite your emulation.

You will probably soon have your admirers, and the more, when it is known that you will have a fortune. On your choice depends your happiness through life. Examine with accuracy before you take one step. Know the character and family of the man. Search into his views, whether he pays his addresses to you or to your fortune.—Enquire into his connections and company. If you find he is a libertine, give him not the least encouragement, but reject him at once. It is a common saying, that a reformed rake makes the best husband; but the difficulty of reforming that rake is never once thought of. He comes, in imagination, already reformed to their hands. Female credulity is easily imposed upon by solemn reiterated protestations. A virtuous woman has the first sole claim to a man's affections and pure desires. To offer a virtuous lady but half a heart, divided betwixt her and another, is an affront that ought never to be forgiven. An overture of that nature, or any thing similar to it, should be rejected with disdain. If no virtuous man presents himself to your acceptance, rather, much rather, remain single. Let the fair sex teach the men to be virtuous. Great is their power, if they knew how to make use of it.

DR. JOHNSON AND MRS. KNOWLES.

[We insert the following Dialogue, or Conversation, by particular request. It may gratify our readers, particularly those of Mrs. Knowles' profession, who was a respectable Member of the Society of Friends.]

From the London "Gentleman's Magazine," for June '91. An interesting DIALOGUE, between the late Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, and Mrs. KNOWLES.

Mrs. K. **T**HY friend Jenny H——, does her kind respects to thee, Doctor.

Dr. J. To me!—Tell me not of her, I hate the odious wench for her apostasy, and it is you, Madam, who have seduced her from the Christian Religion.

Mrs. K. This is a heavy charge, indeed. I must beg leave, to be heard in my own defence: and I entreat the attention of the present learned and candid company, how far I am able to clear myself of so cruel an accusation.

Dr. J. (much disturbed at this unexpected challenge,) said, You are a woman and I give you quarter.

Mrs. K. I will not take quarter. There is no sex in souls; and in the present cause I fear not even Dr. Johnson, himself.

[A Bravo! was repeated by the company, and silence ensued.] Dr. J. Well then, Madam, I persist in my charge, that you have seduced Miss H—— from the Christian Religion.

Mrs. K. If thou really knewest what were the principles of the Friends, thou wouldst not say she had departed from Christianity. But waving that discussion for the present, I will take the liberty to observe, that he had an undoubted right to examine and to change her educational tenets whenever she supposed she had found them erroneous: as an accountable creature, it was her duty to do so.

Dr. J. Phaw! phaw!—an accountable creature!—girls accountable creatures!—it was her duty to remain with the Church wherein she was educated; and she had no business to leave it.

Mrs. K. What! not for that which she apprehended

to be better? According to this rule, Doctor, hadst thou been born in Turkey, it had been thy duty to have remained a Mahometan, notwithstanding Christian evidence might have wrought in thy mind the clearest conviction; and, if so, then let me ask, how would thy confidence have answered for such obstinacy, at the great, and last tribunal?

Dr. J. My confidence would not have been answerable. Mrs. K. Whole then would?

Dr. J. Why the State, to be sure. In adhering to the Religion of the State as by law established, our implicit obedience therein becomes our duty.

Mrs. K. A Nation, or State, having a conscience, is a doctrine entirely new to me, and, indeed, a very curious piece of intelligence; for I have always understood that a Government, or State, is a creature of time only; beyond which it dissolves, and becomes a nonentity. Now, Gentlemen, can your imaginations body forth this monstrous individual, or being, called a State, composed of millions of people? Can you behold it stalking forth into the next world loaded with its mighty conscience, there to be rewarded or punished, for the faith, opinions, and conduct, of its constituent machines, called men? Surely the teasing brain of Poetry never held up to the fancy so wondrous a Personage!

[When the laugh occasioned by this personification was subdued, the Doctor very angrily replied,] I regard not what you say as to that matter. I hate the arrogance of the wench, in supposing herself a more competent judge of religion than those who educated her. She initiated you, no doubt; but, she ought not to have presumed to determine for herself in so important an affair.

Mrs. K. True, Doctor, I grant it, if, as thou seemest to imply, a wench of 20 years, be not a moral agent.

Dr. J. I doubt it would be difficult to prove those deserve that character who turn Quakers.

Mrs. K. This severe retort, Doctor, induces me charitably to hope thou must be totally unacquainted with the principles of the people against whom thou art so exceedingly prejudiced, and that thou supposest us a set of Infidels or Deists.

Dr. J. Certainly, I do think you little better than Deists.

Mrs. K. This is indeed strange; 'tis passing strange, that a man of such universal reading and research has not thought it at least expedient to look into the cause of dissent of a society so long established, and so conspicuously singular.

Dr. J. Not I, indeed! I have not read your Barclay's Apology; and for this plain reason—I never thought it worthy my while. You are upstart Secularies, perhaps the best subdued by a silent contempt.

Mrs. K. This reminds me of the language of the rabbies of old, when their Hierarchy was alarmed by the increasing influence, force and simplicity, of dawning Truth, in their high day of worldly dominion. We meekly turn our principles stand on the same solid foundation of simple truth, and we invite the strictest investigation. The reason thou givest for not having read Barclay's Apology is surely a very improper one for a man when the world looks up to as a Moral Philosopher of the first rank; and a Teacher from whom they think they have a right to expect much information. 'Tis thus expecting, enquiring world, how can Dr. Johnson acquit himself for remaining unacquainted with a book translated into five or six different languages, and which has been admitted into the libraries of almost every Court and University in Christendom!

[Here the Doctor grew very angry, still wore so at the space of time the Gentlemen insisted on allowing his antagonist where-in to make her defence, and his impudence excited one of the company, in a whisper to say "I never saw this mighty lion fo chafed before!"]

The Doctor again repeated, that he did not think the Quakers deserved the name of Christians.

Mrs. K. Give me leave then to endeavour to convince thee of thy error, which I will do by making before thee, and this respectable company, a confession of our faith. Creeds, or confessions of faith, are admitted by all to be the standard whereby we judge of every denomination of professors.

[To this, every one present agreed; and even the Doctor grumbled at his assent.]

Mrs. K. Well then, I take upon me to declare, that the people called Quakers do verily believe in the Holy Scriptures, and rejoice with the most full and reverential acceptance of the divine history of facts, as recorded in the New-Testament. That we, consequently, fully believe those historical articles summed up in what is called, The Apostles' Creed, with these two exceptions only, to wit, our Saviour's descent into Hell, and the resurrection of the body. These mysteries we humbly leave just as they stand in the holy text, there being, from that ground, no author-

ity for such assertion as is drawn up in the Creed. And now, Doctor, canst thou still deny to us the honorable title of Christians?

Dr. J. Well—I must own I did not at all suppose you had so much to say for yourselves. However, I cannot forgive that little slut, for presuming to take upon herself as she has done.

Mrs. K. I hope, Doctor, thou wilt not remain unforgiving; and that you will renew your friendship, and joyfully meet at last in those bright regions where Pride and Prejudice can never enter!

Dr. J. Meet her! I never desire to meet fools any where.

[This sarcastic turn of wit was so pleasantly received, that the Doctor joined in the laugh; his spleen was dissipated; he took his coffee, and became, for the remainder of the evening, very cheerful and entertaining.]

BIOGRAPHY.

From the PALLADIUM.

ON THE DEATH OF

THE REV. DR. THACHER.

UNDER the most melancholy dispensations of Divine Providence, it becomes rational creatures, with a due resignation of heart, to humble themselves before the Throne of Omnipotence.

When the pious, the useful, the benevolent man dies, our tears flow for the living, who are deprived of the blessings of his labours, and the advantages of his society, and who live to feel, and deplore his loss.

On the 16th of December ult. died, at Savannah, in Georgia, the Reverend PETER THACHER, Doctor in Divinity, and Pastor of the Church in Brattle-Street, in Boston. He was born in Boston in March, 1752; descended from an ancient family in New-England. His great Grand Father was removed from England to this Country, as Minister of the Gospel, soon after the country was settled; and officiated in that character for a considerable number of years, esteemed for his piety, and highly respected for his learning. The immediate ancestor of Doctor THACHER was a lawyer of eminence, very exemplary in his principles and conduct, and much respected for the correctness of his manners. He died whilst the Doctor was very young.

Doctor THACHER, having received an education at Harvard College, and having resolved to devote himself to the Gospel Ministry, accepted a call at Malden, before he was nineteen years old.—He continued there, to the great acceptance of his Church and People, until the year 1785; when on the death of Dr. COOPER, he was invited to Boston; and, by the consent of his Church and Parish, with a view to increase his usefulness, was removed to the Church in Brattle-Street. As Minister of that Society, he continued, beloved, and esteemed, until He, who had committed to him, very uncommon and extraordinary talents, saw fit to call him to an account; and, as we trust, to bestow upon him the reward of a good and faithful servant, who had been faithful over them, and who was prepared to enter into the joys of his Lord.

In the course of thirty-two years Ministry, he was, by that God to whom he had, while he was very young, devoted his life, enabled to appear in his place, without interruption from want of health, until the fall now past, when he was seized with a complaint in his breast, that finally put a period to his life. In this long uninterrupted course of Gospel Ministry, his piety and goodness were seen, and his usefulness every where acknowledged. In the pulpit, he was animated with a zealous energy, suited to the magnitude of the work he had engaged in. When the holy light of the Scriptures had poured conviction upon the heart melted with sorrow, and rent with repentance, Doctor THACHER was eminently qualified to administer the healing balm found in the promises of redeeming love.

By the side of the couch groaning with pain and terror, his voice, his prayers and tears, were received as consolations, commissioned by him, who died to redeem a suffering world, and who has all power now in his hand. His approaches to the bed of death, were like the steps of an angel of comfort: With the words, and under the influence of the spirit of His Master, he was, very often happy enough to smooth the pillow, where the King of Terrors had planted his arrows, and irrevocably established his claim.

In the administration of the *divine ordinances*, he was serious, pathetic, and affecting; but more especially at the sacrament, his spirit was fervent, devout, and solemn; his sentiments were filled with the benevolence of the scene in which the ordinance originated. He rarely, perhaps never, on that occasion, when he prayed for himself, omitted to pray that his life and usefulness might be terminated together. This prayer was heard by his heavenly Father, who

continued him in his labours, until a few weeks before his exit.

Endowed with such singular advantages, and under the impressions of such an habitual love to that religion, which is all benevolence and good will to man, Doctor Thacher could not fail to exhibit the character of the faithful friend, the endearing companion, the rational patriot, the accomplished gentleman, the faithful husband, the tender parent, and the useful and valuable citizen.

The notice constantly taken of him by the government in his sacred office, the occasional productions of his pen, and the uniform importance of his character, are permanent witnesses of the greatness of his mind and the goodness of his heart. He was long employed as Chaplain of the General Court, while his distinguished abilities on occasional public matters were relied on. Among other talents which he possessed, a most unobtrusively pleasing eloquence seemed on extraordinary calls to be designated as the dress of faintness, peculiarly and remarkably fitted for the subject in exigency.

Respected by his brethren, the Reverend Clergy, he was seen and admired by them, as a very active and efficient member of nearly all those societies, formed into corporations, for the purpose of promoting useful knowledge, of propagating religion and morals, and disseminating charity and benevolence.

When his complaints were so heavy upon him, that he was obliged to withdraw himself from his ministerial duties, the anxiety of his people gave ample testimony of the sentiments of their hearts towards him.—They made generous provisions to defray the expences of a voyage which they fondly hoped would be the means to restore him—but God, in whose hands are the lives of all men, and whose judgments cannot err, has seen fit to deprive them of him, and to leave them to sorrow, most of all, that they shall see his face no more.

Yesterday afternoon, agreeable to a vote of the Society, the funeral rites of the deceased took place. A large and respectable Procession moved from the house of the deceased, to the Church in Brattle-Street, where, after a pathetic prayer by the Rev. Dr. Howard, a funeral eulogy was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Emerson, to a very crowded audience. It represented a striking likeness of the deceased, drawn with genius, candour and truth, for he was truly, "a burning and a shining light." The obsequies were closed in a prayer, by the Rev. Dr. Lathrop.

The remains of Dr. Thacher, have arrived at the Vineyard, from Savannah, in the brig Dispatch.

MONITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THURSDAY LECTURE.

No III.

Psalm xxxix. 4.

Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may know how frail I am.

THE measure of our days in its several periods is vanity. Childhood and youth are vanity. Our childhood is spent in trifling pleasures, which become the scorn of our own after-thoughts. Youth is a flower that soon withereth, a blossom that quickly falls off, and ere we are aware, it is past, and we are in middle age, encompassed with a thick cloud of cares; and find ourselves beset with pricking thorns of difficulties. Then comes old age, attended with its own train of infirmities, labour and sorrow, and sets us down next door to the grave. In a word, every stage or period in life, is vanity. *Man at his best estate is vanity.* Death carries off some in the bud of childhood, others in the blossom of youth, and others when they come to their fruit; few are left standing, till, like ripe corn, they forsake the ground.

Our days are not only vain, but a short lived vanity. The life of man in the scriptures was sometimes reckoned by hundreds of years, now hundreds are brought down to scores: three score and ten, or four score, is its utmost length. Yet, as if years were too big a word for the life of man, we find it counted by months. *The number of his months are with thee; our course is like that of the moon.* But frequently it is reckoned by days, and these but few; *Man that is born of a woman, is of few days.* Nay, it is accounted but one day; *Till he shall accomplish as an hired his day.* Yea, the scripture brings it down to the shortest space of time, a moment, *our light afflictions.* Nay, the Psalmist carries it to the lowest pitch, *Mine age is as nothing before thee.* Agreeable to this, Solomon tells us, There is a time to be born, and a time to die; but makes no mention of a time to live."

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE ITINERANT—No VI.

"Wisdom's self

*Of seeks to sweet retired Solitude,
Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings;
Which in the various bustle of resorts,
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd."*

MILTON

THE praise of solitude has employed the pen of almost every writer, in every age. Poets have celebrated her charms in all the melody of verse. Philosophy has pronounced her eulogy; and Religion has cherished her as the friend of devotion.

"There is a time

*For those whom wisdom and whom nature charm,
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
And soar above this little scene of things;
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet;
To feast the throbbing passions into peace,
And woo lone quiet in her silent walks."*

THOMSON

*"O lest virtue, lest to manly thought,
Left to the noble fallacies of the soul,
Who think it Solitude to be alone.
Common-sense sweet; communion large and high;
Our reason, guardian angel, and our God!"*

YOUNG.

He that can amuse himself in solitude, and take delight in reading or reflection, possesses a source of felicity far more permanent than he, who depends on others for amusement, and expects happiness from an intercourse with the world. The shafts of envy and of malice, the mistakes and the infidelity of friendship, and the insolvency of pride and presumption, wound the peace of social intercourse, and disturb the happiness of society. From these evils retirement is exempted. We choose our companions from the ancients, or from the moderns; from philosophy, or from poetry; from history, or from romance. We dismiss and recall them, at pleasure, without ceremony, and without fear of giving offence.

The great and the good have always been lovers of solitude, and have devoted a portion of their time to lonely quiet and contemplation. It is here they have cherished those talents and virtues, which have blessed the world, and immortalized their names.

On the contrary, the giddy and the vicious are generally enemies to seclusion; and soon become weary of only the company of themselves. Their own ideas are dull and disagreeable associates; and they hasten for relief to confusion and noise, and seek to forget themselves in the "various bustle of resort."

Those who are fond of solitude and poetry, will read with pleasure a little American poem, on the "POWER OF SOLITUDE," which has, in my opinion, other claims to notice, than merely its being a production of our own country.

*"O fly, thou WRETCH; for know, SECLUSION'S reign
With duller tortures frights the guilty brain;
Seek the mean crowd, wulph's blindest looks disdain
To lean for favor on pecuniary flame;
And there perchance may droven thy mental strife,
Gorg'd mid the riot of the maniac's life."*

*"At let not VIRTUE, fair time's secret rage;
Her's are delights, wulph's every pain assuage;
Which fill, as life declines, with soothing charm,
In rigours soften, and its pangs relieve."
For her, RETIREMENT decks her fragrant bowers,
Calls richest sweets, and wakes unpercepted hours;
For her, Thought uncovers the balmy couch of peace,
Still, the quick pulse, and bids its flutterings cease;
While meek Religion points, with eager eyes,
Where rapture triumphs, and misfortune dies."*

POW. OF SOL.

H.

Dec. 29.

NEW INVENTION.—MR. VOIGHT, chief corner in the mill of the United States, has invented an engine for turning screws of any given diameter, and of number of threads to an inch.—This invention was first designed for cutting fuses for watches, so as uniformly to adjust them to the length of the main spring—a thing hitherto very difficult in practice, and without which it is impossible a watch can keep regular times.—By the help of this machine a person of common mechanical abilities, and without any knowledge of mathematics, may adjust the fusee to the spring with the greatest exactness—or turn metal cylinders and cones of any length or diameter, to a mathematical certainty.

ANCIENT RELICS.

The curious reader, and the antiquarian, will be amused and instructed by the following :

ACCOUNT

Of the Disinterment of the Kings, Queens, Princes, Princesses, &c. who had been interred in the Abbey of St. Dennis, in France, during a period of five hundred years.

ON Saturday the 12th October, 1793, the members composing the Municipality of Franciade, (formerly St. Dennis), gave the necessary order for carrying into execution the decree of the National Convention, relative to the disinterment of the coffins deposited in the Abbey of St. Dennis, which were to be stripped of the lead which they contained, for the purpose of its being manufactured into bullets.

The first tomb opened was that of Turenne.* The attainment of the workmen and others who pressed round the spot, eager to behold the remains of this great man, was extreme, when upon opening the coffin, Turenne was discovered in such a perfect state of preservation, that not a feature of his countenance was altered. The astonished spectators admired in these cold remains the victor of Turkeim; and forgetting the mortal blow which he received at Saltzbach, every one believed that they saw his soul again in arms to defend the rights of France. This corpse, not in the least decayed, was in the state of a mummy, dry, and of a clear brown colour; and perfectly corresponded with the existing portraits and medals of this great warrior. Upon the suggestions of several persons of distinction, who were present, this mummy was entrusted to the care of the celebrated Host, keeper of the Abbey, who preserved it in an oak box, and deposited it in the little vestry of the church, where he exhibited it to the notice of the curious for more than eight months; after which period it was removed to the Botanical Garden at Paris, on the earnest request of the learned Professor Desfontaines, a member of that institution.

On the 24th Germinal, in the year 7, the Executive Directory decreed, that the remains of Turenne should be again removed, to the Museum of French monuments; and that they should be deposited in the monument erected in the Elysian Garden of that establishment.

On the first of Vendemiare, in the year 9, conformably to a decree of the Consuls, the body of Turenne was removed once more, and conveyed with great pomp to the Temple of Mars, formerly the church of the Invalids, where it was afterwards placed in the interior of the monument, which was originally erected for it in the Abbey of St. Dennis; and which had been preserved from demolition in the Museum of French Monuments.

The tomb of the Bourbons was next opened, on the side of the subterranean chapels; and the workmen began by taking out the coffin of Henry IV. who according to the plate on his coffin, died in 1610, aged 57 years. The remains of this prince were in such a perfect state of preservation, that his countenance was not in the least changed. He was placed in the passage of the lower chapels, wrapped in his mantle, which was in equally good preservation. Every one was at liberty to inspect the corpse till Monday the 14th, when it was removed into the choir, and placed on the lower step of the altar, where it remained till two o'clock in the afternoon, when it was conveyed into the burial ground called Des Valois, and deposited in a deep grave, dug at the lower end of the ground to the right on the north side.

* To one side of the coffin was affixed a plate of copper, which appeared to be the same which had been placed upon the original coffin in which the body of Turenne was enclosed, and upon which was the following inscription.

"Here lies the body of the most Serene Prince Henry de la Tour, d'Auvergne, Marshal-General of the Light Cavalry of France, Governor of Upper and Lower Limousin, who was killed by a cannon-ball the 27th July, in the year M.D.C.LXXXVII."

When the remains of Turenne was removed to the Museum of French Monuments, the following inscription, engraved on a plate of copper, was placed in the inside of the coffin.

"The remains of Henry de la Tour d'Auvergne, Viscount Turenne, killed by a cannon-ball, the 27th July, 1677, aged 64 years, near the village of Saltzbach, removed from the Abbey of St. Dennis, where they had been interred, have been preserved by the care of Alexander Lenoir, founder of the Museum of French Monuments, executed from his designs, conformably to a decree of the Executive Directory, in the seventh year of the Republic, one and indivisible."

This corpse, considered as a dry mummy, had had the skull opened, and the brains taken out; instead of which it contained a quantity of tow steeped in a liquid essence of aromatics, which still retained its powerful odour, that it was scarcely possible to support it.

A soldier who was present, inspired by a martial enthusiasm at the moment of opening the coffin, threw himself upon the corpse of the conqueror of the League, and after a long silence of admiration drew his sabre, and cut off a lock from his beard, which was still fresh, exclaiming at the same time in energetic and truly martial language—*Et moi aussi, je suis soldat Français! Désormais, je n'aurai plus d'autre moustahe!*—then placing the precious lock up in his upper lip: *Maintenant je suis sur de vaincre les ennemis de la France, et je marche à la victoire!*—He immediately retired.

On the same day, the 14th October, the workmen continued their labor, and opened several other coffins of the Bourbons; namely Louis XIII. who died in 1643, aged 42 years; Louis XIV. who died in 1715, aged 77 years; Marie de Medicis, second wife of Henry IV. who died in 1642, aged 68 years; Anne of Austria, wife of Louis XIII. who died in 1656, aged 64 years; Marie Therese, Infanta of Spain, wife of Louis XIV, who died in 1688, aged 45 years; and Louis the Dauphin, son of Louis XIV. who died in 1771, aged 50 years.

Several of these bodies were very well preserved, particularly that of Louis XIII.—Louis XIV was also in good preservation; but his skin was black as ink. The rest were in a state of liquid putrefaction, especially that of the Great Dauphin.

On the 15th October, twenty two coffins, also, containing remains of the Bourbon family, were opened. These bodies presented nothing remarkable in their appearance, most of them being in a state of putrefaction. A thick and black vapour, attended with an infectious smell, arose from these coffins, which was dispelled by means of burnt vinegar. Several of the workmen were attacked by diarrhoea and fever; but without any fatal consequences. Among the bodies disinterred this day, were found, the hearts of Louis the Dauphin, son of Louis XV. who died at Fontainebleau, 20th December, 1765; and of Marie Joseph de Savoye, his wife, who died 13th March, 1767. The hearts were deposited in the cemetery with the other remains of the Bourbons: they were in cases of lead, and of silver, and silver cases the latter were delivered to the Municipality, and the former were consigned to the commissary of government.

ON SLAVERY.

[S]uch sentiments as are contained in the following, cannot be too often repeated. It is an extract of a letter from PATRICK HENRY, Esq. late Governor of Virginia.]

HANOVER, JAN. 18, 1773.

DEAR SIR,

TAKE this opportunity to acknowledge the receipt of Anthony Benzet's book against the Slave trade: I thank you for it. It is not a little surprising that the professors of Christianity, whose chief excellence consists in softening the human heart, in cherishing and improving its finer feelings, should encourage a practice so totally repugnant to the first impressions of right and wrong. What adds to the wonder is, that this abominable practice has been introduced in the most enlightened ages.—Times that seem to have pretensions to boast of high improvements in the arts, sciences, and refined morality, have brought into general use, and guarded by many laws, a species of violence and tyranny, which our more rude and barbarous, but more honest ancestors, detested. Is it not amazing, that at a time when the rights of humanity are defined and understood with precision in a country above all others fond of Liberty—that in such an age and such a country, we find men professing religion the most humane, mild, gentle and generous, adopting a principle as repugnant to humanity, as it is inconsistent with the Bible, and destructive to Liberty.

Every thinking, honest man rejects it in speculation. How few in practice from conscientious motives!

Would any one believe that I am master of Slaves of my own purchase! I am drawn along by the general inconvenience of living here without them—I will not—I cannot justify it. However culpable my conduct, I will for far pay my devoir to virtue, as to own the excellence and rectitude of her precepts, and to lament my want of conformity to them.

I believe a time will come when an opportunity will be offered to abolish this lamentable evil. Every thing we can do to improve it, if it happens in our day; if not let us transmit to our descendants, together with our Slaves, a pity for their unhappy lot, and an abhorrence for slavery.

If we cannot reduce this wretched reformation to prac-

tice, let us treat the unhappy victims with lenity. It is the furthest advance we can make towards justice. It is a debt we owe to the purity of our religion, to show that it is at variance with that Law which warrants slavery.

I know not where to stop. I could say many things on the subject; but a serious view of which gives a gloomy prospect to future times.

SELECTED EXTRACTS,

From the MANUSCRIPTS, of a CITIZEN of BOSTON.

EFFECTS OF SNOW.

NUMBER IT is remarked by some travellers, That the 15. Egyptians dread the melting of Snow, for they esteem Snow to be a preservative against the ravages of the Plague, Cholick, Pleurisie, &c. The efficacy of Snow has been manifested in preserving dead bodies from putrefaction, for as the sun beams have dissolved it upon the Alps, dead bodies have been discovered entirely uncorrupted.

NO. X.—CURIOUS INFORMATION.—The late Lord Lyttelton, when in Wales, is said to have transmitted to a friend of his, the following information, viz. "That a farmer died there, aged 105 years; by his first wife he had 50 children, by his second 10, by his third 4, by two concubines 7, making together fifty one children. His youngest son was 81 years younger than the eldest; and that eight hundred persons who descended from him, attended his funeral."

To the above we add another extraordinary instance of fertility in a female of our own country. At Plymouth, County, in this State, since the peace of '83, a woman, in the space of sixty-nine months, who was rather in low circumstances, was the mother of seven children. She had three pair of twins successively alive and likely to do well.

NO. XI.—NATIONAL DEBT OF ENGLAND.—This debt, at the peace of 1783, amounted to two hundred and seventy two million pounds sterling. We may form some idea how immense it is, by the following calculation, taken from an English paper:—If it were laid down in guineas, in a line, it would extend upwards of 42,000 miles in length. If paid in shillings, it would extend three times and a half round the globe; and if paid in solid silver, it would require 60,400 horses to draw it, at the rate of 15 cwt. to each horse. [If any dispute the accuracy of the above calculation, he may satisfy himself, if he is an adept in figures, and cannot more profitably improve his time.]

NO. XII.—A NEGRO BOY MADE AN AFRICAN PRINCE.—A Dublin paper in the year 1786, contains this article. "A young negro boy, who was servant to a late member of the Irish Parliament, was recalled to his native land, and by virtue of succession, was exalted to a throne, (in his own country) having had a mark of his birth and dignity on his back, by which he was known by his countrymen."

NO. XIII.—LONGEVITY.—In a list published in England, in 1786, of three persons remarkable for long life, the name of William Morison, of Dalzell river, Hamilton, Scotland, is inserted. He died in the year 1771, aged 179 years, (he was 10 years older than Henry Jenkins, the Englishman, who died in 1670) and is probably the oldest man that has lived in Great-Britain, that any record mentions.

NO. XIV.—WEST-GREENLAND, (says a European paper of Aug. 1786) after 143 years, was re-discovered by the crews of some Danish vessels. The winter of 1643, was so severe, that a famine ensued, and very many thousands perished, besides domestic cattle with all the animals that were there, though it was once a fertile spot. It was so surrounded with ice, that it could not be again discovered until the period of 1786.

NO. XV.—TEA introduced into ENGLAND.—O.G. 30, 1786. It is now, (says the article from which I get the information) precisely a century, since the master of a vessel from China, brought with him, as an adventure, three quarters of an hundred weight of Green Tea, being the first ever seen in England; he gave it to a ship-boy, who he disposed of, who, after carrying it up and down the city of London for a long time, at length sold it to the then master of Lloyd's Coffee-House, in which the first cup of Tea was drank, that made its appearance in England. [It is supposed to be a matter of curious speculation, to trace the annual consumption from that, to the present time.]

MAXIMS.

CRIMES (indulged) make a thousand times more victims, than well timed punishments.

THE old Testament is full of examples of Justice, and they are commanded by God himself, who surely cannot be accused of cruelty.

POETRY.



BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE OFFICE,
Jan. 1, 1853.
ADDRESS OF THE CARRIERS.

"Dignum præstabo me etiam pro laude merentis."—HOR.

THO' 'tis not ours to count of service o'er,
And vaunt the hardships that for you we bore,
How near we came in light of "NAVY'S LOCKER,"
To put a *Newspaper* beneath your knocker!
T'ell how we could thro' perils and alarms;
Or give an *Almanack* of last years' storms;
Thro' which we ran, *most miserably* clad,
A better boast is ours—WE WISH WE HAD:
And future years shall find us to the last
Steady, and punctual, as the two months past;
While hope inspires the race we are to run,
Shall end in favour as with smiles begun;
Let not the horrors of a gloomy day,
Succeed the morning you have dress'd for gay.
Too long has Science found a cruel doom,
Nip'd by the frost of faction in its bloom,
But by your culture shall its branches spread,
And our own *Eagle* rest upon its head;
While wits no longer boast beneath our zone,
The fall was made for politicians alone.
Now, when the music of good will wakes,
The voice of friendship as the morning breaks,
'Tis ours to wish—oh may each favour given,
Be tenfold yours, with every smile of heaven;
May every hour with joy be led away,
Mild as the evening of a summer's day;
May every blessing, which the *best* e'er knew,
Defend like flumbers, or the gentle dew;
When the great *AUTHOR* shall at last command,
To recollect the labors of his hand,
When he shall light the *lamp* of endless age,
May each return a pure unfulfill'd page;
Nor one unworthy in his courts be found,
A NEW EDITION—TO BE NEWLY BOUND.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

To *****.

SAY, why dost thou forsake the grove,
Where smiles of joy did ever greet thee;
Where friendship and fraternal love,
With heartfelt pleasure flew to meet thee?
The trees have left their lively green,
The air is cold, the weather dreary;
But let thy presence grace the scene,
And time will pass on light and cheerly.

At eve I trim my little fire,
Sweep up the hearth compact and neatly;
But then thy converse I require,
To chafe the evening hours sweetly.
Correct, instruct, or entertain;
It fill is my delight to hear ye;
Prithee good ***** come again,
And time again will pass on cheerly.

Others more outward marks may shew,
Of friendship, some perhaps be kinder;
But one more honest, one more true,
Trust me it would be hard to find her.
For be thou grave, or be thou gay,
I of thy converse ne'er am weary;
Why should'st thou tarry thus away,
To make Time lag sad, slow and dreary

EPIGRAM—ADDRESSED TO THE LADIES.

OFFICIOUS art! how could'st thou e'er invent
The use of veils! which surely must be meant
To hide deformity, and not to screen
The face where elegance itself is seen.
Ye fair, who are so lucky to possess
The charms of beauty in its native dress,
Give up your artificial veils to those poor creatures,
Whom *NATURE* hath not grac'd with handsome features.

THE EXILE OF ERIN.

The EDITORS having been favoured with Music, adapted to the elegant Ballad of "THE EXILE OF ERIN," published in their 2d No. hope it will be acceptable to their fair readers, especially those who are delighted with, or proficient in the enchanting science of Music.

Andante Affettuoso.

There came to the beach a poor Ex - ile of Er - in; The dew on his thin robe was hea - vy and chill, For his

count - ry he fight'd, when at twi - light re - pair - ing, To wan - der a - lone by the wind let - en Hill. But the

day - star at tra - ced his eyes sad de - vo - tion, For it rose on his own na - tive life of the o - cean; Where

once in the glow of his youth - ful e - mo - tion, He sang the bold an - them of "ER - IN GO BRAB."

Oh! sad is my fate, said the heart-broken stranger,
The wild-deer and wolf to a covert can fly;
But I, have no refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not for me!
Ah never again in the green funny bowers,
Where my forefathers liv'd shall I spend the sweet hours;
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of "Erin go brab."

Erin, my country! tho' sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
But alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And fight for the friends who can meet me no more;
Oh cruel fate, wilt thou never replace me,
In a mansion of bliss, where no peril can chafe me?
Ah never again shall my brothers embrace me?
They died to defend, or live to deplore!

Where is my cabin-door fast by the wild wood!
Sisters, and fire, did ye weep for its fall?
Where is the mother, that look'd on my childhood,
And where is the bosom dearer than all?
Ah! my fid soul! long abandoned by pleasure,
Why did it doat on a fast-fading treasure;
Tears, like the rain drop may fall without measure,
But rapture and beauty, they cannot recall.

Yet all its fond recollections suppressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom still draw;
ERIN, an Exile, bequeaths thee his blessing,
Land of my fore-fathers, "Erin go Brab."
Buried, and cold, when my heart fills its motion,
Green be thy fields fivecent life of the ocean;
And thy harp-fringing bards, sing aloud with devotion,
Erin ma ournin, "Erin go Brab!"

* "Erin go brab," in English, is, Ireland forever. This Ballad is supposed to have been written during the late disturbances in that country.

ACROSTIC.

LURED by a glance, a smile, a word, a nod,
Our fine ideas idolize this God;
Vows, oaths, epistles, oft persuasive prove,
Eyes are the sweetest harbingers of Love.

MAXIM.

THE way to beat misfortune hollow,
Is, Truth in all her steps to follow;
But be thou careful not to grumble,
Or too much in thy progress stumble!

The following lines are written on the window of PALMER'S Tavern in LYNN.

"APOLOGY FOR WRITING NAMES AT AN INN."

OH FAME! how potent are thy charms,
Thou can't with power supreme controul!
A love for thee each bosom warms,
Thy reign extends o'er every soul.
To gain thy smiles amid the fight,
The warrior every danger braves;
Mid stormy seas and dismal night,
Th' adventurous seaman dared the waves.

All seek some road that leads to thee;
All wish to leave a living name;
E'en from the greatest down to die,
The proudest bend to thee, Oh FAME!

And HERE, (while journeying on) the names you find,
Which each aspiring traveller left behind.

EPIGRAM—ON A BULL AND NO BULL.

From an European Publication.

A WAG having waged with Teague half-a-crown,
About how many signs of the Bull were in town;
Teague swore there were three—which was flatly denied,
And to point out a Bull more than two was defied;
When he thus 'gan to count—"There's the black Bull in Foregate,
That's one; then the second's the white Bull in Norgate;
And as for the next, which makes three, you'll allow,
In the very next lane, there's the little brown Cow."
"A right Irish blunder!" says each rander by,
"And the bet you have lost!"—"Tut," says Teague,
"that's a lie!"
I'll be bound, stead of losing my wager I win it,
For that blunder's A BULL, or the Devil is in it!"

Valuable New Year's Gift.

THE TRIAL OF FRIENDSHIP,
A BEAUTIFUL NOVEL, by MARMONTEL, has lately been published by GILBERT & DEAN, price 20 Cents. The reader will find on perusing this Novel, that Friendship meets with as severe a trial as it could possibly experience; besides the display of excellent moral principles.
Jan. 1.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Messrs. John Morgan, and Ezra Sargent & Co. propose to publish a superb edition of "The Satires of Decimus Junius Juvenalis, translated into English verse, by Wm. Gifford, Esq. with notes and illustrations." It is to be comprised in 2 vols. 8vo. Elegantly printed with a new type, on the finest wove paper; with the Life and Portrait of the translator, Price 5 dolls. in boards. This work has met with the decided approbation of the English reviewers; and from the great price of the London edition, we presume this will meet the encouragement it merits.

BOSTON:
SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 1, 1830.

THE EDITORS profess to their PATRONS, the usual Compliments of the Season.

It is with extreme regret we have to mention, that on Sunday morning last, the town of Portsmouth, experienced a very severe and destructive fire, which destroyed about 100 buildings, and the loss of property has been estimated at the immense sum of 500,000 dollars. The fire originated in a building appropriated to the New-Hampshire Bank, and is supposed to be the work of some infernal incendiary. The *Boston Gazette*, says, "the late fire at Portsmouth, is perhaps a calamity that has spread more general destruction, and created more universal distress, than has been experienced by the inhabitants of any city, of no greater extent in the United States, since the first settlement of the country." May the hand of charity be liberally extended to their immediate relief.

The Philad. Female Association, have reported, that they had received, for two years, 297 women, and 273 children under their care—of these, 30 were above 60 years of age, 2 above 70, 10 above 80, 1 of 90, and 2 above a 100 years of age. Receipts of the first year were 3070 dollars, besides liberal supplies—of the second year, 1584 dollars. Spinning has been introduced.

On the 15th Dec. at Windsor, Vermont, the Thermometer was 2 degrees lower than it was ever known to have been there before.

Capt. Hutchins in his passage from South-Carolina, to this port, caught a Shark, with 44 young ones, all alive.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"The *Epitaph*," and "*Pheias*," next week.
A very pretty Sonnet, from *Cleantibus*, shall have an early insertion.

We also thank "*Zanu*," for the "*Dying Indian*." A Fragment, signed "*Fulio*," is a poor imitation of an affecting incident related in a beautifully simple Ballad, which appeared in the *Boston Gazette*, some time last autumn. "*Fiza*," &c. had better avoid going into company, if he is resolved never to attend another lady home.

"*Rinaldo*," has merit, but we wish he had been more attentive to his punctuation, as the want of proper stops renders the sense obscure.

"*The Traveller*" must excuse us, if his travels extend no farther than the Theatre, Julien's, or a visit to an old maid-n lady, if we should decline giving him any further trouble.

Theanzas of "*Lauentius*," has a political allusion.

Lines on "*Winter*," we think the subject might have produced better.

"*A Book-worm*," a *tape-worm* would be more appropriate.

We would hint to the author of "*A Peep at ***** Society*," that when satire draws the caricatures too extravagant, the intent is entirely baffled. In the present day, when common information is so easily attained, it is not possible any one could be so ignorant as to mistake the *Novel of Werter*, for a series of historical facts, or suppose that *Shakspeare* was the author; or could jumble *Charles* the fifth with *Pilgrims Progress*; or assert *Deal* was in Sweden; or that *Charles* reigned before the birth of *Christ*.

Satire bounds, like the razor, edge, be keen
This would'st'er it is felt, that 't'er its aim it steen.

We have received the note of "*Ucnaf dan Nig*," on the subject of his second communication. We assure him that we were deliberate in forming our opinion of the nature and tendency of his piece; and cannot perceive that he has urged any new reason, sufficient to induce us to alter our determination, as expressed in our last. Allowing the force of this gentleman's observations on the character in question, he ought to consider, that there are many foreigners in this country, who would be disgusted at observing a miscellany, professedly devoted to literature, attacking a character, who holds so high a rank in the estimation of his countrymen. Our correspondent mistakes us entirely, if he supposes we do not highly appreciate his talents. We think him for his candid avowal in the close of his last note; and doubt not, that on other subjects he might display his abilities, to the great advantage of himself, and the amusement of the public.—We shall always be happy to hear from him, but to preserve any appearance of consistency, we must be allowed the right of judging in the last resort.

Our Correspondents in town, are informed that their Communications can be received through the medium of the Post-Office, free of expense.

Errata.—In our last, under the article of *Evergreen*, 11 lines from the bottom, for *presumptive*, read *primitive*.

in their bed, on the night of the 17th inst. by the vapour of burning charcoal.—In Georgia, 17th Dec. Jack Wright, an African, *Æt* 109.

At Savannah, in Georgia, the 16th Dec. whether he had retired for his health, the Rev. Dr. THACHER, of Boston. [*See for a biographical sketch, &c. see 40th page.*]

In Boston, Mr. Thos. Voltinine, *Æt* 68; Mr. Cornelius Parks, *Æt* 57; Mr. Saml. McCleary, *Æt* 57; Mr. Ebenezer Topf, *Æt* 21; Mrs. Experience Ingerfoll, *Æt* 86—Mrs. Ruthy Barnes, *Æt* 36, wife of Mr. Pier, B.—Caroline Piercy, *Æt* 3, daughter of James Piercy, Esq. of Norfolk.—and three children; total, this week, ten, ending yesterday.

VARIETIES;

LITERARY, PHILOSOPHICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.
(Selected from Recent European Publications.)

THE court of Madrid is about to send two scientific gentlemen to the interior of Africa, viz. Don Badia le Blie, for Geography, and S. de Norhas Clemente, for Natural History. They are expected in England for the purpose of purchasing mathematical and astronomical instruments; as likewise, to confer with Mungo Park, and the members of the African Society. Don Mutis will likewise go on the expense of the Spanish government, on a voyage to South America, attended by his learned pupil Zca. They will visit several parts of the Spanish possessions in that quarter of the globe, at present but little known; and the most sanguine hopes are entertained of the result of their philosophical labours.

PROFESSOR Wolke, of Sever, has given an account of a Water-Spout, which passed immediately over the ship in which he was falling in the gulph of Finland. It appeared to be 25 feet in diameter, consisting of drops about the size of a cherry; the sea was agitated round its base, through a space of 130 feet in diameter.

THE *Venus de Medicis*, the master-piece of ancient Sculpture, is on its way to Paris, to enrich the National Museum. The First Consul obtained it from the King of Etruria, on condition that he should recover for him the objects carried away by the Neapolitans during the war. Paris will then possess the two first Statues in the world, the *Venus de Medicis*, and the *Apollo of Belvidere*.

THE orbit of the new Planet, (discovered by Dr. *Albers*, of Bremen, on the 28th of March) has been calculated by C. Burchardt, who, after long and laborious calculations, has found the elements of this Planet; which agree within a few seconds with the observations since made by Messrs. Meffier and Mechain, so that this new Planet may be considered as already well known. Its revolution is 1703 days, or 4 years, 8 months, and 3 days. That of Piazzi's Planet, (discovered on the 1st of Jan. 1801) is 4 years, 7 months, and 10 days—but their distances are different, on account of the difference of their eccentricities. The Planet of Olbers, varies from 25, to 35; that of Piazzi, from 27, to 28, the distance of the Sun from the earth being 10.

THE School of Medicine at Paris has published, in its Transactions, some interesting observations of Citizen Dulaeu-Dufontaines, Physician at St. Germain, on a living insect which was found in the substance of the liver of man, who died at the age of 33, of a disorder in the stomach and bowels. It is a worm belonging to a genus hitherto unknown; it is about the size of a full grown silk-worm, and of a brownish red. The body moves by means of rings, regularly articulated, each articulation being marked with a white point furnished by a hair of firm texture, and extremely acute. The head of the insect is armed with a species of horn, and the lower extremity of the body is terminated in a manner similar to that of a lobster.

An experiment was lately made at Paris, before two Members of the National Institute, with a kind of water-proof Belt, invented by an Artist of Lyons, the object of which is to save persons from drowning, who are compelled by shipwreck to take to the water; and it is asserted, that if it is placed round the shoulders, it will infallibly be the means of keeping the neck and head above water.

An article of nautical import, found under the head of European intelligence, suggests an humorous combination, *October 20*. This morning dispatches, said to be of importance, arrived express to admiral Davies, to be put on board a fall failing vessel *de utility*. They were instantly put on board the *Nimble Crack*, lieutenant *Jump*.

REMEMBER!

TICKETS in the 2d class of South Hadley Canal Lottery, at 5 dls. 50 cts. for sale by GILBERT and DEAN.—The remaining tickets are now in the hands of a company, who will continue to enhance the price.

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

DEVOTED TO

MORALITY, LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, THE FINE ARTS, AGRICULTURE, &c. &c.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

To soar aloft on FANCY'S wing,
And bathe in HELENOIA'S spring;
Cull every flower with careful hand,
And strew them o'er our native land.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP.—No. XI.

*Cave, cave; nante in malis asperimus
Parata tello cornua.*

I NEVER knew any person whether male or female, who was addicted to perpetual prating, but what was a mischief maker and a liar. Their desire of talking is so powerful, that rather than be silent they will exert their inventive faculties, and do not often stay to consider the miseries their folly may bring upon others. Persons of this description are not always actuated by bad hearts, but they have in general very weak heads. They are always impertinently curious, will use the most mean and despicable arts to obtain a knowledge of the private transactions of families, or individuals: and in retelling the anecdotes they thus fraudulently pick up, they make additions of their own, or may perhaps omit circumstances which would give the transaction quite a different appearance; and by so doing, while they gratify their own absurd or malignant propensity, involve society in broils and disputes, sow dissensions between intimate connections, plant daggers in the bosom of innocence, and rob those of reputation, whose good name was perhaps their all. I do not know any fault which parents should make it their duty to correct with more rigour in their children, than tale bearing—and yet it is, I much fear, a melancholy truth, that instead of correcting, they encourage it, by enquiries of what was said or done among the servants at such or such times; what is said or done in the schools they attend; what was said by Mrs. or Miss such a one, at any visit they have been making. The child finds there is an expectation of some tale whenever he or she returns home, or comes from the kitchen; that such tales are always listened to with smiles; and to procure those smiles, will make a story, rather than not have one to relate. Besides, children at a very early age have more cunning and penetration, than they are supposed to possess; they soon make the discovery of what kind of tale will best please their interrogators; they learn that some persons are more obnoxious than others; that any story to their disadvantage is ever acceptable; and that others being great favourites, any witty thing they have said, or any good action they have done, when repeated, is heard with delight and rapture. A child of tolerably acute abilities having made this discovery, will never be at a loss for something to tell an inquisitive mother, aunt, sister or cousin. Nay, the other sex are not free from this inquisitive folly. I have seen a man listen with as much avidity to the tattle of gossiping children, as ever was evinced by a comfurious old maid. Thus in early life, the spirit of tale bearing is imbibed; and it gains further strength as they advance from the foolish habit which young persons of both sexes fall into, of telling each other as in confidence, every trifling occurrence that takes place. I have seen two girls at meeting, scarcely waiting for the usual forms of ceremony to pass, before they will mutually exclaim, "Oh, I have something to tell you;" when they withdraw from the company, either by quitting the room, or seating themselves in some remote corner, where they set whispering, tittering, and now and then making an exclamation aloud, to the great annoyance of the sensible or well bred part of the company. Young men too, will often descend to the same puerile frivolity. But all this may be deemed folly; and did it rest there, the evil would not be very great. I have said, that tattlers had always weak heads, and it too often happens they have also malignant, envious, cruel hearts; and this I suspect to be the case with the filster of my correspondent "SOMEBODY," for he says, "many are the dissensions she has occasioned in families, and between friends." She has, I understand, personal attractions and accomplishments, suffi-

cient to gain fecious admirers; but her unbridled tongue unhinds the chain between the links are too closely drawn to be broken. What prospect can this young woman have of happiness in this world? or what kind of preparation is such a conduct for another? Has she once reflected that the time will arrive, (and how soon no one can tell) when she must give a strict account of every idle word, and of every idle, too surely of every false and malicious one. Poor girl! should her life be a long one, and this dreadful propensity continue, how wretched, how forlorn a being will she find herself; her society will be shunned like a pestilence, her very name detested, for we loath a slanderer as we do a viper.—She will live despised and neglected, and will sink unpitied into the grave, the prey and victim of her own malice. What can be said to warn her from a vice (for I will not give it a gentler term) so horrid, so dreadful in its consequences? Religion, Honour, Moral Rectitude, all combine to brand the liar and slanderer with infamy. And I think it is a great pity that the law has not power to punish offenders in this way; to silence the false tongue, and seal the lying lips. The thief, the murderer, are punished with death, and yet what are the injuries they can do, compared with what may be done by a calumniator? The thief may depossit us of our property; an assassin may take our life—but the calumniator can rob us of fame; brand our names with crimes to which our hearts are strangers; and handing their malicious slanders down to posterity, perpetuate the injury to the latest period of time.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE EUROLIAN.—No. I.

IT is unquestionably a fact, that every thing is estimated more valuable, in proportion to its antiquity. And the very quill I now write with, had it been pluck'd from the wing of one of the geese that saved the ROMAN CAPTIVE, would assuredly be rated higher, than all the feathers which have been since that time. When HOMER wrote, Poetry first spoke plain; before this, she had only lisp'd; the novelty of the thing very soon captivated the ears of his countrymen; and as no one for a considerable lapse of time surpassed him, his writings consequently became the model and standard of perfection. The intervening space before his aspiring rival came upon the stage, alas! had been sufficient to rank HOMER among the antients; and the merit he deserves, added to the antiquity of his date, even at this day, make him the PRINCE OF POETS. But let the admirers of HOMER still worship their idol; in my opinion, there are many now alive, greatly his superiors. He took his flight above the regions of common comprehension, and by dressing out his ideas in a too delicate and glittering manner, they were consequently lost to a multitude; but the wiser poets of the living age, happily adapted their compositions to the understanding of all—fitted as well to the learned man as to the man who is only able to read—to the schooler as the mechanic; and when we consider this ingenious adjustment, we cannot too much praise the foresight of their authors, who were skilled in human nature, easily saw the high might descend to the low; but the low could never attain to their eminence.—For examples of this universal poetry, whose meaning is as easily construed by the schoolboy, as the able man of letters—I take the liberty to subjoin the following:

"Conglomerating glooms in corrivations colorific bright,"

Who does not readily see the "congruous felicity" of this happy allusion?

"O'er the low bark his level TUBE descends."

No one can doubt this to be a centinel like that in the "Virtues of Society" directing his gun at a boat.

"Nature's confessor,
Whose sockets are moist alchemy;
The still of his refining gold;
Minting the garden into gold."

Certainly this is a BEE gathering honey in a garden!

"Little siren of the stage,
Empty warbler breathing lyre,

*Wanton gale of fond desire,
Tuneless mischief, vocal spell.*

Urquentionably you perceive, only from reading, the two first lines, this was a *lady singing!*
I now will give you a specimen of *rhyme*, in which we greatly excel the antients:

"Here the holy-hawk stands so graceful and TALL,
And there the nasturtium creeps over the WALL;
The globe amarantine perpetual flower,
Arranged in pots fresh beauties discover."

Here you are not only charmed with a melodious selection of words—"arrangen in pots," but "tall" rhymes with "wall," and "flower" with "discover;"—"arrangen" is very artfully introduced—being wholly profane—you almost *infectiously*, reap a double advantage.

To give any more selections, would be an insult to the understanding of my readers. I think they will all conjoin with me, when I declare our country in this respect, no longer JULUS *hanc iniquis passibus*, but ÆNEAS himself; with the largest strides—happy too for posterity, who, while they admire these productions, can with accuracy trace their authors and sativity—but happier for us who have anticipated the laurel which time alone could bestow; fame only smiled upon the tombs of antient writers, and glory came but in the gales of death; but we, by a comparison (if this can be for a moment tolerated) are already crown'd with glory, and if praise is withheld, it is but kindness to our modesty.

AMUSEMENT.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

I HAVE lately visited Mr. TURLE'S Cabinet. He had just received a number of curious things, among which, was a Model of a N. W. Coast Boat or Canoe; a number of small bundles of Peruvian Bark; several pieces of mock or imitative Silver Coin, current in Peru, and a copper medal, with a latin inscription—a piece of gold Ore, about the size of a pullet's egg, which, in my view, contained (from its weight and feathered particles) at least a guinea's worth of gold—also a specimen of newly discovered Ore, and a compound of Silver Ore and Quicksilver, in the experiment of changing it to silver; it is delicate, beautiful, unusual and rare, as any previous stone.—The most interesting, was a small drinking Vessel, found, and dug up with the bones of a native, which I cannot perfectly describe; it is in form similar to a squat gourd, with a pitcher handle, and designed to resemble a Man; it has two arms, and a face; the mouth, where the contents is designed to pour out, is not unlike a figure caudating. The greatest singularity about it is the material of which it is made; some would suppose it to be wood, but it cannot be, for it retains its glazing, of course I think it is of the Potters-Ware, as it must have been in the earth a long time. I do not recollect to have seen any composition of the kind.

Mr. TURLE'S Cabinet is both amusing and instructing, and he is rich (by antiquarians, and also sanctioned by being chosen Cabinet Keeper to the *Historical Society*) to be a man who understands all kinds of Natural History, and well qualified to superintend a thing of the kind.

PHOLAS.

MOOR OF VENICE,

And Fair DESDEMONA, his wife, from one of Shakspeare's Tragedies, is now exhibiting in BOWEN'S *Columbian Museum*, head of the Mall. Othello appears with a light, and the beautiful Desdemona in bed asleep. This interesting story is taken from the 5th Act, and 2d Scene of the Tragedy of Othello, and is represented by Two elegant Wax Figures; the contrast of the Moor, and his beautiful white wife, the novelty of the circumstance, and the finished manner in which the Figures are executed, render this addition to the Museum well worthy the attention of the ladies and gentlemen of Boston, and the public in general.

CIVILITY—is a desire to receive civility, and to be accounted well-bred.

NATURAL HISTORY.

COMMON PORCUPINE. *Hystrix Cristata*. LIN.

THE singular appearance of the Porcupine, so different from that of the generality of quadrupeds, must in the earliest ages have attracted the attention even of the most inquisitive; and the variegated spines or quills with which it is covered naturally suggesting the idea of a fierce and formidable animal. It is, however, of a harmless nature, and the quills are merely defensive weapons, which, when disturbed or attacked, the animal erects, and thus endeavours to repel its adversary.

The general length of the Porcupine is about two feet from head to tail, and that of the tail about four inches.—The upper parts of the animal are covered with long, hard, and sharp quills; those towards the middle and hind part of the body being longer than the rest, and measuring from nine to ten or twelve or fifteen inches in length; they are very sharp pointed, and are variegated with several alternate black and white rings; the root, or point of attachment, is small: the head, belly, and legs, are covered with strong dusky bristles, intermixed with softer hairs: on the top of the head the hairs are very long, and curved backwards in the manner of a ruff or crest: the ears are short and rounded: the nose blunt; the upper lip divided by a strongly-marked furrow; the two fore teeth, both above and below, extremely large and strong: the fore feet have four toes; the hind five; all armed with strong crooked claws: the tail is covered with short and rather flatish quills, which are often abrupt or truncated, rather than pointed at the extremities. This animal is a native of Africa, India, and the Indian islands: it is also found in some of the warmer parts of Europe, and is said to be not very uncommon in Italy and Sicily; but is supposed to have been originally imported into those parts of Europe from other regions. Mr. Brydone, in his tour through Sicily, informs us, that in the district about Baia, the Porcupine is frequently seen; and that in a shooting party on the Monte Barbaro he and his companions killed several, but that the novelty of the amusement was its chief merit, and that he would not at any time give "a day's partridge-shooting for a month's porcupine-shooting." He adds, that the party dined on porcupine that day, but that it is "extremely delicious, and soon falls upon the appetite."

The power of darting its quills with great violence, and to a considerable distance, so confidently ascribed to the Porcupine by the writers of antiquity, as well as by some of the moderns, seems now pretty generally exploded: it perhaps originated from an accidental circumstance; and it is surely not improbable that the Porcupine possessing like other quadrupeds, the power of corrugating or flaking the general skin of its body, may sometimes by this motion cast off a few of its loose quills to some distance, and thus slightly wound any animal that may happen to stand in its way; and this may have given rise to the popular idea of its darting them at pleasure against its enemies.—That it really does cast them off occasionally with some degree of violence there is no reason to doubt.

Some authors have gone so far as to assert that the Porcupine can dart his quills with such force as to penetrate a plank of considerable thickness. It is agreed on all hands, however, that the animal, conscious of the power of his armour, generally pushes against his adversary when assaulted, and can thus sometimes wound pretty smartly with its spines; and this is said to be particularly the case with a small species found in North America, and known by the name of the Urson, or Canada Porcupine.

Dr. Patrick Brown, in his Natural History of Jamaica, speaking of the common Porcupine, which he says is sometimes brought into that island from the coast of Guinea in the African ships, observes, that "the force and mechanism with which this animal darts its long thorns at its enemy, when it is enraged, is really admirable: nor are the infinitely small fate these are beset with less remarkable, by which they stick in the flesh with more obstinacy than a simple body of the same form would do. These little fetts are very observable to the touch; for, on holding a thorn in your hands, and endeavouring to pull equally with both, you will find the thickest end to glide with much more ease through your fingers than the other."

The Porcupine feeds principally on roots, fruits, barks, and other vegetable substances: it inhabits holes or subterraneous retreats, which it is said to form into several compartments or divisions, leaving only a single hole or entrance. It sleeps much by day, and makes its excursions for food during the night. The female produces two young at a birth, and these, if taken early, are said to be easily tamed.

The Porcupine admits of considerable variety as to the length and portion of the quills in different specimens and

from different countries; the long erected bristles on the back of the head, in particular, are much more conspicuous in some than in others.

SHAW'S GENERAL ZOOLOGY,
a work now publishing in London with accurate and superb plates.

BIOGRAPHY.

MR. BENJAMIN LEAR.

THE *Portsmouth Oracle*, of Tuesday, 28th ult. contains the following:—

"On Friday, the 17th Dec. died at Sagamore Creek, Mr. Benjamin Lear, *Æt.* 82, and was interred, the following day, on his own land.

"It is presumed no man ever died within the limits of Portsmouth, who deserved the name of hermit, more than Mr. Lear.

"The farm, on which he lived, and which he owned, was of sufficient extent and fertility to have supported a large family; but he had long imbibed the idea that he should live to need and spend the whole.

"For more than twenty years he dwelt entirely alone in a hut, which scarcely any one would have deemed decent for a barn. He made his own garments which were in a fashion peculiar to himself. He tilled his land, milked his cows, and made his butter and cheese; but subsisted principally upon potatoes and milk. Owing no doubt to his simple and temperate mode of living, he exhibited at the age of eighty two, a face freer from wrinkles, than is generally seen in those of fifty.

"He always spoke of the town, where he made his appearance once or twice a year, under the name of the Bank."

"His mother lived to be more than a hundred years of age. When she was 102, some people visited her on a certain day, and, while they were with her, the bell was heard to toll for a funeral. The old lady burst out in tears and said, "when will the bell toll for me? It seems to me that the bell will never toll for me. I am afraid that I shall never die."

"Mr. Lear, although repeatedly invited and urged to repair to some of the neighbours to spend the winter, where he might be comfortable, absolutely declined, alledging that he had every thing he wanted. He would not suffer any one to spend a night in his house, or take care of him during his last illness. For several weeks before his death he was in a feeble state of health, but with those comfortable accommodations, which were abundantly in his power, he might perhaps have lived to the age of his mother.

"On Thursday night, last week, the cold was so extreme that the mercury fell, in Fahrenheit's thermometer, to four degrees below nought. In the evening he was so well as to be laying out his business for the ensuing spring, but in the morning, he was unable to rise. He had his senses, but soon expired. Almost any one else would, in similar circumstances, have been totally frozen before morning. According to his usual custom, he was without a shirt to his back, but was clad in an old tattered cloth garb, and his only covering for the night, besides, was a small ragged blanket, and his bed was a parcel of straw!

"He was of an inoffensive disposition towards his fellow creatures, but with the means in his hands, he denied himself almost every comfort of life.

"The place of his abode has often been visited out of curiosity. The waters of Sagamore creek, irregular hills and valleys, a decent orchard, an interval for tillage, towering pines, and craggy rocks, appear in variegated directions from the ancient, lowly cot, which forms the hermitage, and exhibits a romantic scene."

*The ancient name of Portsmouth was Strawberry Bank.

THE NOVELIST.

THE RELIGIEUSE AND HER SON.

THE following is an extract of a letter from Vichy, (says a late London paper) in the department of *Allier*, dated Sept. 15, 1802, and is authentic:—

A few days ago I found, about eight o'clock in the evening, an unfortunate young man, blind, houseless, and homeless, and perishing with hunger. He was going to lay himself down, upon a stone near his dog. I knocked at several cottage doors, and at length found one that consented to receive him. The boy said that he had only been blind a few days, from lightning. He told me he lived on roots, herbs, and raw fish, and that he had almost always dwelt in the woods; these details induced me to inquire into his history, which is as follows:—

"When I began to walk and speak, I was in a wood

where I sucked a goat that never quitted me, and I saw no one else but a woman who caressed me with great fondness, but who left me frequently. She told me afterwards that she was a religious, that she had escaped from her convent to bring me into the world; and being unable to suckle me herself, she had procured the goat who had suckled me. My mother told me that she left the forest only to procure food for herself. I saw her daily. One evening she came not, and some time elapsed before I saw her. At length, one day as I was running with the goat, I discovered her. She was stretched on the ground motionless. I called her and she answered not, I took hold of her hand—her hand separated itself from her body. I saw then that I had no longer a mother. I remained in the woods, I lived on roots, grass, and wild fruit, which I gathered from the hedges.

"A long time after chance led me to a road; a man with a cart saw me, questioned me, and took me with him. Because I eat flesh and herbs raw, and love to sleep in the air, he shewed me about for money. These people annoyed me, and I made my escape one day with my dog. I had walked a long way, when a man offered to let me get into his cart, which rested me. Afterwards I quitted the cart, and was walking, when the lightning blinded me. I then saw the light no more, and fastened myself with a string to my dog—he led me about."

This story, (says the London Editor) has all the air, I own, of romance; yet the unfortunate boy is no more than 15; his voice is not the voice of one accustomed to speak much, and he speaks with difficulty; he does not appear to be intelligent, and seems totally incapable of inventing these facts.

He began to cry when he was put in bed, and said he could only sleep in the open air. He ate nothing dressed, drank wine, and wished to pay for it. The cottager engaged him to remain several days and regain his strength; but having recovered his sight, he wished to go, made his escape leaving his treasure behind him, which was eight pence. I have not been able to find him since.

From the BOSTON GAZETTE.

REBUS.

TAKE the name of a Poet whose numbers are mild,
And a blythe charming goddess, Joy's rofate child,
A tree whose sweet foliage soft pensively waves,
And a being whose favourite haunts are the caves,
A season, (when Nature strews plenty around)
Add a rustic—the first of a name will be found:
To these join a quality which ne'er fails to please,
And a lovely retreat where wantons the breeze;
A fond plant which in grottes, or groves may be found,
The time when vice stalks with importance around,
And a country where learning and science are found.
If the letters are rightly connected and told,
A poet of delicate mind they'll unfold. S.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SOLUTION.

T HOMPSON'S the name of your poet whose numbers are mild,
H calth's a blythe charming goddess, joy's rofate child;
O s'er's a tree whose sweet foliage does pensively wave;
M ianthrop, a being whose haunts are the cave;
A utumn, a season when nature strews plenty around;
S wain, the rustic, the first of a name may be found.
P olitene's, a quality that ne'er fails to please;
A love's a retreat where wantons the breeze;
I y's a fond plant that in groves can be found,
N ight's the time when vice stalks with importance around,
Europe, a country where learning and science abound.
Take the first of the words of each line and you'll find,
THOMAS PAINE'S is your poet of delicate mind.
*of Bayton. R.

THE MATRIMONIAL RING.—The ring, at first, according to Swinburne, was not of gold, but of iron, adorned with an adamant; the metal hard and durable, signifying the durance and prosperity of the contract. "Howbeit," he says, "it skilleth not at this day what the ring be made of; the form of it being round, and without end, doth import, that their love should circulate and flow continually." The finger on which the ring is to be worn, is the fourth on the left hand, next to the little finger, because there was supposed a vein of blood to pass from thence into the heart.

POETRY.



For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

TO MIRANDA.

BE health, content and length of days
Belov'd MIRANDA's fate,
As every virtue, every grace,
Upon her footsteps wait.

Comfort, may this young season bear,
On its expanded wings;
And pleasure, free from pain or care,
Gush from a thousand springs.

Bright as the robe that wraps the field,
May the white moments rife;
And Fate, as Time his scythe would wield,
Arrest him as he flies.

May he, MIRANDA, thine abide
Still pass unheeded by;
Nor may old Care thy breast corrode,
Nor tear bedim thine eye.

Long be thou spar'd to bless our earth,
And ever mayst thou find,
Happens equal to thy worth,
Expanded as thy mind.

CONRADE.

Cambridge, Jan. 1, 1803.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SONNET.

WHEN winter chills with frosts the ground,
And snow-drifts spread the fields around,
While shrilly blows the northern wind,
I heed not frosts, I heed not frowns,
Nor the rough storm which round me blows,
Whilt in my cottage, ADELINE is kind.

Her smiles can calm the raging storm,
Her love can make ev'n winter warm;
And when black clouds o'erspread the skies,
What tho' the Sun no lustre flings,
A brighter ray is round me spread,
By radiant beams from ADELINE's fair eyes.

Dec. 22, 1802. CLEANTHUS.

Selected for the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

HUE AND CRY.

"O YES! my good people draw near;
My story furpalies believ;
Yet deign, for a moment to hear,
And assist me to catch a stray thief.

Have you chanc'd a fair damsel to meet,
Adorn'd, like an angel of light,
In a robe, that flowed down to her feet,
No snow on the mountains to white?

Silver flowers bespangled her shoe;
Amber locks on her shoulders were spread;
Fier waist had a girdle of blue;
And a heaver-plum'd hat had her head.

Her steps an impression fierce leave,
She bounds o'er the meadows fo soon;
Her smiles are like autumn's clear eve,
And her locks as serene as his moon.

She seems to have nothing to blame,
Deceitful and meek as the dove;
But there lives not a thief of such fame;
She has pilfer'd all below and above.

Her cheek has the blushes of day;
Her neck has undone the swan's wing;
Her breath has the odours of May;
And her eye has the dew of the spring.

She has robb'd of its crimson the rose;
She has dar'd the carnation to strip;
The bee, who has plunder'd them, knows,
And would fain fill his hive at her lip.

She has stole, for her forehead, fo even

All beauty by sea and by land;
She has all the fine azure of heaven
In the veins of her temple and hand.

Yes, yes, she has ranfack'd above,
And haggard both nature and art;
She has got all we honour and love,
And from me she has pilfer'd my heart.

Bring her home, honest friend, bring her home,
And let her down safe at my door;
Let her once my companion become,
And I swear she shall wander no more.

Bring her home, and I'll give a reward,
Whose value can never be told;
More precious than all you regard,
More in worth than an house full of gold;

A reward, such as none but a dunce,
Such as none but a madman would misf;
O yes, I would give you, for once,
From the charmer, you bring me—A KISS!"

EPITAPH.

HERE lies a Bachelor, whose life
Was stain'd with vice, and four'd with strife;
Happy, had o'er his Sire been read,
"Friends, here a bachelor lies dead."

SELECTED EXTRACTS,

From the MANUSCRIPTS, of a CITIZEN of BOSTON.

DUC D'ORLEANS.

No. 16.]—LOUIS DUC D'Orleans, died in France, Nov. 14, 1786. He was first Prince of the blood royal of France. By the event of his death, his son, the Duc de Chartres, became the richest subject in the world. His income amounted to one hundred and forty-seven thousand Pounds sterling per annum.

No. 17.]—A MEDICINAL AND BALSAMIC SPRING.—The following account is from a gentleman at a considerable distance from Massachusetts, and we understand originates with the Rev. Mr. Kirkland, a very respectable Missionary among the Indians. The gentleman writes thus:—"The Rev. Mr. Kirkland informed me, that there had lately been discovered, somewhere near his habitation in the Indian Country, a Spring, the waters of which, though perfectly clear, taste like rotten eggs; that it produces if taken internally, violent vomiting, (and we suppose answers the purpose of an emetic) and has proved vastly efficacious in healing old inveterate sores and ulcers." Notwithstanding its Medicinal and Balsamic qualities, it is added to the above account, "That no toad or frog can live within many rods of the Spring where its waters overflowed."

No. 18.]—WOMEN.—The Foreign Spectator thus observes with respect to them: "They are very commonly decent and genteel, according to the degrees of station or education; and have a prevailing inclination to (fashionable) dress; but the charms of many a wealthy country girl, are like those of wild nature about her. The magnetia and flumach mingle their houghs, and the garlick grows among the flowers of Spring. It is however a just compliment to the Sex in America, that from a noble spirit of liberty, they can show themselves to better advantage than many of their sisters in some other countries, where an illiberal disparity of rank throws a veil of halfshuffles over modest graces. They are superior to men in manners and politeness."

No. 19.]—ORIGIN OF PLAYING CARDS.—About the year 1300, (as the account is handed down to us) Cards were invented to divert Charles VI of France, who was then in a melancholy state. The invention proposed by the four different sorts, as Hearts, Spades, Diamonds and Clubs, was to represent the four different classes of men in France:—"Hearts represents the Ecclesiastics, and as Spain received the game from France, they, instead of Hearts, have put chalices or cups.—Spades represents the Nobility or prime military part of the Kingdom, and what in England is called Spades, is the head of a lance—Spain has a sword.—Diamonds represents citizens, merchants and mechanics.—Clubs, are trefoil or clover grains, and represents husbandmen and peasants.—The four Kings are David, Alexander, Caesar, and Charles. These respectable names represent the four celebrated monarchies of Jews, Greeks, Romans and Franks.—The four Queens are Arjune, Esther, Judith, and Pallas, typical of birth, or Queen by descent, and hold forth piety, fortune, and wisdom.—The Knaves are their servants, the names of two only are known, who were famous Knights at the time Cards were invented, Hogier and Lahite."

MONITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

THE WISDOM OF PROVIDENCE.

[From the German of Gellert.]

DURING the violence of a storm, a traveller implor'd relief from Jupiter, and intreated him to assuage the tempest. But Jupiter lent a deaf ear to his intreaty. Struggling with the unabating fury of the whirlwind, tired and far from shelter, he grew peevish and discontented. "Is it thus, said he, the gods, to whom our sacrifices are offered daily, heedless of our welfare, and amused with our sufferings, make an ostentatious parade of their omnipotence?" At length, approaching the verge of a forest, "here he cried, I shall find that succour and protection, which heaven, either unable or unwilling to aid me, hath refused." But as he advanced; a robber rose suddenly from a brake, and our traveller, impelled by instant terror and the prospect of great danger, he took himself to flight, exposing himself to the tempest, of which he had so bitterly complained. His enemy, mean while, sitting an arrow to his bow, took exact aim; but the howling being relaxed with the moisture, the deadly weapon fell short of its mark, and the traveller escaped uninjured. As he continued his journey, a voice issued awful from the clouds: "Meditate on the Providence as well as on the power of heaven. The storm which you deprecated fo blasphemously, hath been the means of your preservation. Had not the bow string of your enemy been rendered useless by rain, you had fallen a prey to his violence."

TRIFLES:

From recent London Papers.

ANECDOTE OF A DUTCHMAN.—About the year 1630, a Dutch Seaman was condemned to death for a crime committed while at sea; but his punishment was afterwards changed, and he was ordered to be left at an uninhabited part of the island of St. Helena. This unhappy person representing to himself the horror of that solitude much beyond what it really was, fell into a despair that made him attempt the strangest action that ever was heard of. The day he was left there had been buried an officer of the ship on the same island. This seaman took up the body out of the coffin, and having made a kind of rudder of the upper board, ventur'd himself to sea in it. It happened fortunately for him to be so great a calm, that the ship lay as it were immovable, within a league and a half of the island; but as he advanced, his companions seeing fo strange a kind of a boat floating on the water, imagined they saw a spectre, and were not a little startled at the resolution of a man who durst hazard himself on that element so far from the shore in three boards slightly nailed together, which a small wave might easily have overturned, though he had no confidence to be viewed by those who had fo lately sentenced him to death; accordingly it was put to question, whether he should be received or not, and some would have the sentence put in execution; but at last they concluded in *mitiore*, and he was taken on board, and came afterwards to Holland, where he lived in the town of Horn, and related to many how miraculously God had delivered him.

COOK, the celebrated Circumnavigator, when a boy, was apprenticed in the small town of Steers, in Yorkshire, to what is termed a general shop-keeper. It happened one day, that a young woman purchased an article at this shop, and in payment offered a new shilling. The master of the shop, having seen the girl pay this new shilling, and not finding it among the cash in the till, accused young Cook of purloining his property. Our young hero, indignant at this charge upon his probity, said it was false; that the new shilling certainly was in his pocket, but that he had replaced it by another. Unable, however to brook his master's accusation, he next day ran away, went to sea, and from this simple circumstance the world is indebted to his great discoveries as a navigator.

The writers of the present time are very whimsical in their choice of titles for their works. We noticed a few days ago, a work that was called *Animals Biography, or Anecdotes of Animals*; and now a medical man we find has come forward with *Annals of Infamy*. The latter, we presume, must be a history of the human race, who are all perhaps, mad to a certain degree, however wife they may think themselves.

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

DEVOTED TO

MORALITY, LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, THE FINE ARTS, AGRICULTURE, &c. &c.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

To soar aloft on FANCY'S wing,
And bathe in HELLICONIA'S spring;
Cull every flower with careful hand,
And strew them o'er our native land.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP.—No XII.

*Magnus Sol arcum voluit annum,
Et glacialis byoni Aquilonibus sperat undas.*

WINTER, is in general called a gloomy season, and indeed, as far as regards the weather, it must be acknowledged that, heavy fogs, drifting snows, or beating rain, does not inspire very cheerful ideas; but yet in my opinion, a winter evening is a season for social pleasure. Boy, go shut the window shutters, bring a fresh log, pile the wood higher, it is a cold night, light the candles; that is right, pour out the tea, the roast looks good—hark, a gentle tap at the parlour door; welcome good friend, throw off your outer garment, sit down; partake cheerfully, the tea cups removed, all quietly seated round the table; the females ply the needle or netting pins, their male companions chat or read, and now and then a song, or lively air upon the piano, diversifies the scene. In an evening like this, my soul dilates itself and springs spontaneous to my lips, making its escape in a thousand gay ebullitions. No matter whether all we talk about, and laugh at, be sense or no; it is the height of wisdom sometimes to let folly take the reins, at least that innocent kind of folly, that fits poetically round a good humoured family circle, defying old Care to enter; that prompts the sprightly jest, the song, the dance; nay, sometimes to a game of hot coxles, or hunt the whistle.—But chiefly winter evenings are delightful, when with a loved and chosen companion, we can range through the historic page, or wander in the delightful wilds of poetry; gather knowledge from the fields of literature, and at once receiving and imparting that mental delight which exhilarates without intoxicating the spirits; dream not that time has wings, until some chiming monitor telling the hour, forces the unwilling words, good night, from our reluctant lips—I am a great admirer of the appearance of winter, when she puts on her white robe and decorates herself with gems of glittering hue; to see the boys just broke from school, laughing aloud, and in wanton mood pelting each other with the snow; the girls more timid, stepping fearfully upon the glassy path, and if perchance, a snow ball strikes one, with her face half smiles, half tears, threatening to tell her master; or one more bold, gathering a little ball with her rosy fingers, awkwardly throws it in the face of the faucy offender. See you group of little fellows labouring up the slippery steep, dragging their sleds; now at the summit, they mount their lowly vehicles, and he's the bravest who goes swiftest down.—Blest days of boyish amusement; never will ye be again so happy; but every season has its delights, and what makes the boy almost wild with pleasure, would be indifferent to the youth, and perfectly uninteresting to the man. Imagination is often gratified in retracing scenes of juvenile pleasure; but, could those scenes be recalled, they would be tasteless and vapid. Now winter comes with her noisy sleigh bells, inviting the young and happy to partake the amusement of sleighing—take care you wrap yourselves well from the biting air, and do not leave the house too soon after dancing. But hold, my pen has run away with me; seated here in my little corner, I had forgotten that the storm which patters against the window is rain, not snow; bless me, there will be no sleighing this winter, and I had but one ride last winter!—well, patience, we must be content with our amusements.

Winter has its terrors too. The merchant listens to the howling blast and trembles for his property trusted to the mercy of the ocean. The wife, the parent, the child hears death in every gust that shakes the house, and mourns some dear relative who is at that period buffeting the waves, and in their terrified imagination suffering the horrors of

shipwreck. The poor who are scantily supplied with the fuel, necessary for comfort in this pinching hour, dreads its approach, and shudders, as the shortened days portend its advances. But this is another source of delight to the benevolent, who are in possession of the means of alleviating their sufferings.

For my own part, I have not much to give, but the little surplus I have, often purchases such heart-felt satisfaction as will compose my spirits in a painful or mortified hour, by mere retropection. A few days since I saw a boy and girl in Boston streets, their garments were coarse, but whole; but I observed the boy had no shoes. Why do you go barefoot my brave lad, (said I), this cold weather? Because mammy can't afford to buy me any shoes, (he replied.) Have you no father? (I asked.) No, daddy died last summer. Where does your mother live? In a little room at north end. Have you any more brothers or sisters? Yes, three. What does your mother do for a living? Go out to washing. Well, come with me, I will buy you a pair of shoes. Peggy wants a pair more than I does, cause she's a girl; I can go barefoot very well. I took the children into a shoe shop, and bid the girl fit herself with a pair; she burst out a crying. What is the matter child? (said I.) Pray, pray don't buy me any shoes, (said the child,) do give me the money to buy some wood for mammy. I did buy some wood, for mammy; nor did the poor children go home barefoot. And I think the remembrance of the delight their little innocent countenances expressed, as they ran off, hardly staying to thank me, will help to keep me warm during the whole winter.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THOUGHTS ON BEAUTY.

*"Beauty, thou art a fair, but fading flower,
The tender prey of every cooing bair;
In youth thou dost like a gaz'd upon,
But art portentous to thyself alone:
Unspun'd thou too few west ever given,
Nor art a blessing, but a mark from heaven."*

BEAUTY is considered as the most ardent wish of every female; and there are not wanting men who have so wretched an idea of the sex, as to suppose that a compliment to their person would be acceptable, though it were paid at the expense of their modesty.

It is however, a little problematical, whether beauty possesses that influence over the hearts of beholders, that is sometimes imagined. With men of sentiment, it certainly does not; while its professed votaries, often bestow on it a kind of applause, not the most respectful or pleasing, to the female of delicacy.

There are disadvantages attending the possession of beauty, which would induce a considerate female, to regard it rather as an object of fear than desire. She; who with a large share of it, escapes the imputation of vanity and coquetry, will owe much to her prudence, and more to her good fortune.

It certainly requires some strength of mind, when nature has been liberal, to appear unconscious of the favor? Yet perhaps, it is not always the most beautiful, who are the most vain. Do we not often see the soul of her swelled with conceit, who cannot bring her charms to apologize for her folly? And is beauty never found unaffected and unassuming? But there are men who seem to think that beauty and vanity are inseparable; impressed with this unjust idea, they construe every action and expression, into an indication that the lady thinks herself irresistible.

Nor is this the only unfavorable judgment to which its possessor is liable. She may be aware of the danger of encouraging a crowd of admirers; and this consideration may have all due influence on her conduct. She will notwithstanding, have reputed lovers whom she never saw: favorites that she scarcely knows; and it may be, that the world will form an opinion of her character, the most unfavorable and the most unjust.

What considerate female then, would not tremble at a distinction so dangerous? Whose presumption would not be chastised by the reflection, that those on whose encomiums her vanity is founded, have, of all others, the least consideration for that weakness their flattery would excite?

January 1803.

AMANDA.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

A RESPONSE.

HONORIA MARTESIA, takes leave to observe to the very respectable, and able writer of the *EUPOLIAD*, that as the lines to which he adverts, were put into the mouth of an infant, a familiar style was purposely adopted.

She has been accustomed to suppose, that her language and manner should be appropriate to her subject, but she is free to own that she has much to learn. Until reading the *EUPOLIAD*, she was not informed that the word *arranged*, was, in every possible situation, "*vobolby-profitie*." Had she trusted to her own ideas, they would have taught her to fear that the invitation contained many words abundantly more objectionable; but she feels no disposition to appeal from the judgment of *THE UPRIGHT AND GENUINE CRITIC*.

HONORIA MARTESIA contends not for the legitimacy of her rhymes, but if even an appearance of defence, against a writer armed by nature, and erudition did not partake too much of tenacity, she would humbly advise, that he could produce a number of respectable precedents, for the licence which, in the little desultory production in question, she has so reprehensibly indulged. She pretends not to designate with such precision as the writer of the *EUPOLIAD*; she cannot positively "*trace its author, or his nationality*," but she imagines she recognizes an old adversary—and, severely smarting from the discipline of *learned pens*, she must be indeed incorrigible, if she does not aim at reformation.

Boston, Jan. 10, 1803.

NATURAL HISTORY.

PREHENSILE PORCUPINE. *Hystrix Prehensilis*. LIN.

THIS is an American species, and is found in many of the hotter parts of that continent; particularly in Brazil, where it inhabits woods, and climbs trees; clinging occasionally to the branches by its tail, in the manner of some of the Opossums and Monkeys. It is said to feed not only on fruits of various kinds, but also on birds. It sleeps during the greater part of the day, concealing itself in the hollows of trees, or beneath their roots. Its voice resembles the grunting of a pig. Its general length is about a foot, and its tail eighteen inches. The whole animal, except on the belly and inside of the limbs, is covered with short, strong, and very sharp spines, of which the longest measures three inches, and are white, barred towards the points with black.

MEXICAN PORCUPINE. *Hystrix Mexicana*.

THE Mexican Porcupine, which is placed as a variety of the *Hystrix prehensilis* in the *Gmelinian* edition of the *Systema Naturae*, seems to be justly considered by Mr. Pennant as a distinct species. This animal inhabits the hill parts of Mexico, residing in woods, and feeding, like the former, on fruits, &c. It is said to be easily tamed. The Indians apply the quills to the forehead in cases of head-ach; they are said to adhere till they are filled with blood, and then to fall off; thus relieving the complaint in the most efficacious manner.

IRIDESCENT PORCUPINE. *Hystrix Macroura*. LIN.

THE Iridescent Porcupine is an animal of a very extraordinary appearance. It is of a very thick form, and is coated with short, stiff, needle-like bristles, or small spines, which, according to the different directions of the light, exhibit changeable colours, appearing either of a gilded green, or of a reddish tinge. The tail is very long, and covered with short spiny hair, like that on the body, except at the extremity, which is tufted with a thick brush of quills of an extraordinary form, consisting each of a long slender stem, swelling out at intervals into knots resembling grains of rice, and tipped with a similar knot: this tufted extremity of the tail is of a silvery white colour, and the quills which compose it are of different lengths. It inhabits the islands of the Indian Archipelago, and resides in woods. If we except the gilded or Cape Mole, it seems to be almost the only quadruped yet known with changeable coloured hair.

BRUSH-TAILED PORCUPINE. *Hystrix Fusciculata*.

THIS animal is a native of Malacca. It differs from the common Porcupine in several particulars, and especially in

the form and length of its tail, which is naked, scaly, about the third of the length of the body, and terminated by a tuft of long flat hairs, or rather small white, laminae, resembling strips of parchment. The body measures fifteen or sixteen inches. This species, like others of its genus (which nature seems to have provided with defensive weapons) possesses a kind of instinctive fierceness: when approached, it frumps with its feet, and appears to inflate itself, raising and shaking its quills. It sleeps much by day, and is active only by night. It eats in a sitting posture; holding apples and other fruits between its paws, peeling them with its teeth: it is particularly pleased with stone fruits, and especially with melons, and is never observed to drink.

CANADA PORCUPINE. *Hystrix Desfont. LIN.*

This species is a native of the northern parts of America, and is not uncommon in Canada. It is a short thick-bodied animal, approaching somewhat to the form of a Beaver, and is remarkable for the length and fulness of its fur, which is soft, of a dusky brown colour, and intermixed with longer and coarser hairs, with whitish tips: the head is short; the nose blunt, the ears small and rounded, the teeth very strong, the limbs short, the feet armed with strong, crooked, sharp-pointed claws, hollowed or channelled beneath: on the fore feet are four toes, and on the hind five: the general length, from nose to tail, is about a foot and half: of the tail six inches. The spines are nearly hid in the fur, and are only visible on a close inspection: they are situated on the head and upper parts, as well as on the tail: the longest are those on the back, which measure about three inches, while those on other parts are proportionally shorter: they are strong and sharp-pointed, and so formed as to appear, when examined with a magnifier, as if barbed at the tips with numerous, small reversed points or prickles, are so slightly attached to the skin as to be loosened with great ease: and the animal will purposely brush against the legs of those who disturb it, leaving several of the spines sticking in the skin. It is said to feed principally on the bark of the juniper tree. It drinks by lapping in the manner of a dog. It resides in holes under the roots of trees, on which, like some others of this genus, it often climbs, and is thus killed by the American Indians, who consider it as a useful article of food: they also use the quills by way of fringes, and for the purpose of ornamenting their boxes, &c. Though the natural or genuine colour of this animal is brown, yet it is sometimes found perfectly white, or cream colored. SHAW'S ZOOLOGY.

BIOGRAPHY.

SKETCHES OF DR. JENNER.

*Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artem,
Quisque sui memora alios fecere merendo!* VIRGIL.

No man living can the meed of renown be more deservedly due, than to that indefatigable Physician who has craved from the long catalogue of diseases, one, the most loathsome to men, and distressing to society. But to abler pens we leave the delightful task; while we present, from "the Monthly Visitor," some memoirs of his life.

EDWARD JENNER, M. D. F. R. S. &c. was born about the year 1749 or 1750, in Berkley, in Gloucestershire. His father, the Rev. Stephen Jenner, was vicar of Berkley—a man of simplicity and piety. And there cannot be a more useful and a more truly dignified character than a christian minister discharging with steadiness and regularity the important duties of his station. Such individuals, of whatever sect or denomination, deserve well of the community.

The son received his education at Cirencester, in the same county which gave him birth. Of his progress in learning we have no detail to record; it is, however highly probable, that his advancement in knowledge was such as by no means to discredit either tutor or pupil: we have every reason to believe that the foundation was well laid, even a superstructure has been raised upon it by his sagacity and diligence which has at once surpris'd and delighted the world.

Determined to medical studies, he was placed with Mr. Lindlow, an eminent surgeon at Sodbury, a large market town between Bristol and Wootton-under-edge. Here he continued for some time, attending with diligence to the duties of his profession.

After the expiration of this period, he visited the metropolis, and was for two years *bonis-pupilli* with the truly celebrated Dr. JOHN HUNTER. In such a situation, he must have been highly gratified—here his genius found a full congenial for improvement. Having enjoyed such val-

uable instructions, we must be less wonder that the subject of our memoir has reached to his present distinction in the medical world. Whatever be the department of life, it is a pleasing circumstance, to trace the several steps by which our talents and labours have attained to a degree of honorable publicity. In a generous mind, the recollection of former patrons, inspires the liveliest gratitude.

Dr. JENNER returned to Berkley, where he practised with success—at the same time keeping up a correspondence with his eminent tutor, whom he had lately left. Of this correspondence many particulars may be found in Dr. John Hunter's works. We refer to this circumstance, because we deem it a proof of the favorable opinion which the instructor entertained of his pupil, and of the intimacy which subsisted between them. During this period the subject of our memoir published several papers on intricate subjects in natural history.

In the year 1788, Dr. JENNER was married to Miss Catharine Kingcoote, of Kingcote, in Gloucestershire, by whom he has two sons and a daughter. During the winter season of the year, he and his family have of late resided in London, but pass the summer either at Cheltenham or Berkley—but whether in town or country, his benevolence is ever intent on establishing his discovery of the vaccine inoculation. It has already occupied twenty-five years of his life—having first turned his attention towards it, in 1778, and ever since that period a series of experiments has been pursued, with so much success as to entitle him to the best thanks of mankind.

SELECTED EXTRACTS,

From the MANUSCRIPTS, of a CITIZEN of BOSTON.

BIOGRAPHY.

No. 20.]—MR. POPE'S EXTERIOR.—ALEXANDER POPE, Esq. is almost universally celebrated and known, as one of the *first of Poets*, but the form and figure of his person is not so well known. His eminence as an author excites a curiosity to know something of his person, and this (Dr. S. Johnson says) "was not formed by the nicest model. Pope has in his account of "the Little Club" in the Guardian, compared himself to a spider, and is described as protuberant behind and before—he is said to have been beautiful in his infancy, but of a constitution feeble and weak, and as bodies of a tender frame are easily distorted, his deformity was probably the effect of his application. His stature was so low as to bring him to a level with common tables; it was necessary to raise his seat, but his face was not displeasing, and his eyes were animated and vivid—his habitual disorder was the head-ach—one of his sides was contracted—he was very susceptible of cold—his legs so slender as to be enlarged with three pair of stockings—his hair had fallen almost all away, and he used to dine sometimes with Lord Oxford in a velvet cap—his dress of ceremony, was black with a tye wig, and a little sword—When he wanted to sleep he nodded, and is said to have slumbered at his own table while the Prince of Wales was talking of Poetry.—His invitations were many, but he was a troublesome inmate; he had for many wants, that a numerous attendance was scarcely able to supply them, one of his constant demands was the want of coffee in the night—he loved meats highly seasoned and of strong taste, and indulged his appetite. In familiar or convivial conversation, it does not appear that he excelled, and like Dryden, was not distinguished by vivacity in company."

Such is the portrait given of this great Little Man. We add, he was born in England, of popish parents, and died in the catholic faith, on the 30th of May 1744, at the age of 56 years.

SUPERSTITION.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

The following instance of the Superstition of the natives of Bengal, is taken from the journal of a gentleman of Bampton, who saw the ceremony performed.

AMONG the many superstitious ceremonies practised by the natives of the East Indies, the manner in which an Hindoo expiates his crimes, is perhaps the most astonishingly singular.

When any serious misfortune happens to an Hindoo, it is supposed to be in consequence of his having offended his God, and it is customary for him to make application to a Bramin, to know the will of the Deity, and in what manner he can appease his wrath. If his crimes have been very heinous, and he is not able to atone for them, by paying a certain sum of money for the support of the Pagoda, the Bramin tells him, that the God requires he should do penance, by inflicting punishment upon himself, according to

the rules of the church. This poor innocent deluded wretch, believes the order of the Bramin, to be the oracle from heaven, and accepts of the terms of reconciliation with his Maker, with the utmost effusions of joy. He ardently solicits the assistance of the Bramin to perform the ceremony, and gives him every fannan he is worth, for the kind intercession he has made. Matters being thus far settled, he prepares himself for the sacrifice he is about to make, by retiring to a Pagoda, where for eight days he has no other nourishment than a quart of Rice—during this time he has no intercourse with the world, his sole employment is counting his beads.

At the expiration of the eight days, he is supposed to be sufficiently cleansed to appear before the mighty Bruma—he is then led out following his God, who is carried on a litter, attended by the Bramin and Musicians. The procession moves slowly on with solemn pomp, to the place where the punishment is to be inflicted, which is always where four principal streets meet. The litter is here set down, and in front of the God a stage is erected, in which is fixed a large post—to this post a spar is attached, which by the help of braces is moved in any direction. The criminal ascends on the top of the stage—the spar is lowered down, and two large iron hooks are fixed into his back; the books are made fast to the spar, by strong cords; he then takes a basket of flowers in his hand, and at a signal given, he is hoisted forty feet in the air—the trumpets now sound—the tam tam beats, and the heavens re-echo with the cries of the multitude—in this manner, hanging by the fibres of his back, he remains for fifteen minutes—during all this time, there was not the least appearance of fear pictured in his countenance, or the least visible sign of pain—he seemed to exult in his sufferings, and like the martyrs of old, bled for the glory of God—his penance was in the presence of his Deity, and his offerings were the flowers from his basket. As these fell to the ground, the multitude with enthusiastic madness, fought to gather them. The time of his penance being elapsed, he is let down, the hooks are taken out of his back, a little kinnam is put in the wound, and he is led home amidst the acclamations of his friends. He has now made his peace with his Maker, and is taught to believe he is going to enjoy uninterrupted felicity.

LEVITY.

"These delights, if thou canst give
Fun, with thee I wish to live."

IN every grave and metaphysical essay, which I have ever perused, on wit and ludicrous composition, all the tribe of reasoners, from JOHN LOCKE, to Dr. Beattie and Dr. Campbell, seem in the main to agree, that wit lies in putting ideas together, wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity. A more modern metaphysician, acutely aided, by way of comment, that the resemblance must be pointed out between things, usually esteemed the most discordant, and which contemplated separately, would lead the mind into the most opposite trains of thinking: for the quick transition of thought is what causes your merriment. Whatever may be thought of the solidity, or the ingenuity of the above theories, the following article from a foreign miscellany, provokes a smile, in despite of its violation of all rules, and even of common sense.—P. Felio.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRA.

At the world's cost, the Essex side of Grosvend,
To be sold by auction, by W. NEVERSELL;
On Monday the 3rd instant, the sale to begin at ten o'clock, in the afternoon.

Lot 1. A copper cart saddle, a leather hand saw, two woollen frying-pans, and a glass wheelbarrow.

Lot 2. Three pair of pea straw breeches. A china quart cart, and two glass bedsteads, with copper hangings.

Lot 3. One deal coal grate, with paper smoke jack; a mahogany poker, and a pair of gause bellows.

Lot 4. One leather tea-kettle; an iron leather bed, six pair of brass boots, and a steel night cap. Also, one pewter waistcoat, and three flint wigs, a bell metal sieve, and a calinauco hog trough, a buckskin warming pan, and a pewter looking glass, a japan beetle, and a leather wedge, three silk hog-wool, and a pinch beck; a will tub; four sheep skin milk pails, and a wheat straw trammel, a lamb-skin gridstone, and a muslin hatchet, a pair of pewter pudding bags, and a canvas gridron, a dimity coal scuttle, and three tatin chamber-pots, a wooden timber chain, and a brass cart rope.

The following laughable description is from a translator of Bulow's travels in America, in the Port Folio of November, he says—"The woods were very desolate: nota bird was to be seen; still less to be heard, tho' it was the singing season of the year. Nothing but the screaming of jays interrupted

the solemn stillness of the woods, and the hollow whistling of the wind in the tops of the firs: of murmuring brooks there was plenty.—Thus—There was not a bird to be seen tho' there were jays—there was a hawk to be heard tho' there jays screamed—there was a solemn stillness, and there was also a screaming and whistling and murmuring.—Poh.—
Anti Demo.

A LATE auctioneer, not well versed in classics, was selling a lot of Books, and among others, an Encyclopaedia; on handing it out, he said "Gentlemen, I now offer you a learned book, on the arts and sciences, it is written by one Ensign Clodpole; I do not know who he is, but suppose him to be a French officer."

VARIETIES;

LITERARY, PHILOSOPHICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

FRIENDSHIP ESTEEMS AS VALUABLE, EVEN THE MOST DISTANT LIKENESS OF A FRIEND.

THE ingenious Mr. John I. Hawkins, has presented to C. W. Peale's Museum, an invention of a physiognomace, or so simple a construction, that any person without the aid of another, can in less than a minute take their own likeness in profile. This curious machine, perhaps, gives the truest outline of any heretofore invented, and is placed in the Museum for the visitors who may desire to take the likeness of themselves or friends.—*Philad. Pap.*

EFFICACY OF THE KINE-POX.

THE following extract of a letter from a Surgeon at Wokendam, in Germany, is copied from the Philosophical Magazine, for Oct. 1802, and is a new proof of the efficacy of the Kine-pox.

"In the course of the present month, I was called in by an inhabitant of this place, who had the misfortune to lose two of his children by a confluent Small-pox, of the most malignant kind, and the third, the only one remaining, was exceedingly ill of the same disorder. Convinced that no injury could arise to the patient, I applied the Vaccine, being provided with a lancet armed with good matter, and had the happiness to find, the second day after the vaccination, that the symptoms of the Small-pox were much mitigated: but on the eighth, and particularly on the ninth day after the vaccine inoculation, the pustules of the natural pox, dried up and fell off. In the mean time, the vaccine continued to operate, and the following day the child was perceptibly better, and no bad consequences ensued. If you think this simple case worthy of insertion in your journal, as a further proof of the utility of the vaccine, it will give me great pleasure, especially if it shall benefit the public, and excite the attention of others."

[From late London Papers.]

SWINDLING.—A Gentleman in Canterbury-place last week bespoke a pair of boots, which were sent home on Saturday, and the gentleman being then out, the shop-boy left them with the maid. In a few moments afterwards a man knocked at the door, and asked if a pair of boots had not been sent there from Mr. —'s shop, and the maid answering in the affirmative, he said—"Oh! those boots are not your master's, but have been sent by mistake. I am Foreman, and come to take them to the Gentleman they were made for, and will afterwards bring your master's boots, in about a quarter of an hour." The maid, without any suspicion, returned him the boots, when the fellow thanked her, and very deliberately walked away with his booty.

On Monday evening, about seven o'clock, a most daring robbery was committed in a haberdasher's shop in Bishopsgate-street. The shop-keeper (a female) had just received three parcels of goods, value thirty pounds, from a wholesale house, inactively left on the counter. A man came in to buy some hair ribband; and whilst the woman was serving him, another man came into the shop, with a knife in his right hand, and took away one of the parcels. The woman, extremely agitated, was unable to speak. The stranger, noticing her confusion, asked if she did not know the man? She said no. He then asked if her husband was not at home? She replied, there is no person in the house but myself. On this information he marched off with the other two parcels, and left the poor woman in strong hysterics.

A remarkable and providential escape was experienced at Mr. Davidson's, an eminent pawnbroker in the Borough, on Friday last. One of the servants, after the family were in bed got up and opened a closet, which he had not been in the habit of looking into, and discovered a person asleep, with a pistol in each hand: he had the precaution to rouse the family, and fortunately secured the fellow, who confessed that at three in the morning he was to admit five ruffians, who were to plunder the house and murder the inhabitants. They were all secured.

BOSTON: SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 15, 1803.

It is in contemplation to establish a Bank at Northampton. A Subscription has been opened there.

The Stockholders of Salsin Bank, have voted to take down their present building, and erect a brick one on the same spot, fire proof.

Contributions for the sufferers by the fire at Portsmouth, have taken place in several towns. Subscription papers are opened in this town.

On the 16th ult. two Wolves were killed at T. campster, in Vermont. They had previously committed depredations on some sheep, which caused an assemblage of about 200 men, from different towns, who soon discovered these depredators.

A negro girl has been committed to goal, in New-York, for setting fire to a barn at Staten island. She confessed the fact.

GENEROUS DONATIONS.—The liberal sum of 40,000 dollars, has been left by Mr. Chambers Wharton, (a respectable member of the Society of Friends, lately deceased at Philad.) for several benevolent purposes, among which we notice the following—3000 dollars for the education of poor children at Philad.; 8000 for the use of poor Friends—400 to the young women's Manufactory Society—200 for the young women's poor school—4000 to a Charity School—1000 to the Abolition Society—1000 to Friends in Upper Canada.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A Map of the north-east part of the State of New-York, from Albany to Canada, and from Geneva to Lake Champlain, is advertised, including the late settlements of Genesee.

Mr. McCleod's Discourse on the subject of Negro slavery has been lately printed at New-York.

Number II, of the New-England Quarterly Magazine, has lately been published in this town, by Hofsa Sprague. This work embraces an extensive plan. Each Number contains 238 octavo pages, and will be issued Quarterly. It comprehends Philosophy, Literature, and Amusement. We understand the Boston Review of new publications will be supported by several respectable literary Gentlemen in this town, and its vicinity. Judging of the publication, by its second number, it promises to be a great acquisition to the literary world.

Mr. Sprague, has also lately published, The "Peasant's Fate," a Rural Poem, by William Holloway. This beautiful Poem is formed partly upon the plan of the "Deserted Village," of Goldsmith, and partly upon that of the "Pleasures of Memory" by Rogers, and describes with elegance and pathos, the present condition of the Peasantry of England, and the sad effects of war.

Mr. E. M. Blunt, of Newburyport, has now in the press, "Hore Lyrica, poems chiefly of the Lyric kind, sacred to devotion, love, and the memory of the dead: by Isaac Watts."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We hope the classical and instructing writer of "The Itinerant," has not yet "finished his course."

"Amanda," will oblige us by a continuance of her favours.

We are sorry to omit the Poem of *Genevieve*, until our next.—It is in type.

We thank R***** for the extract from *Darwin*, and shall give it a place as soon as prior engagements will admit.

We are pleased in hearing from "*Gleanthus*."—The "*Song*," shall be inserted.

Lines addressed *To Poesy*, are not from the pen of an inspired Bard.

A. R.'s Stanzas upon the Nightingale, are not remarkable for the harmony of their style, or melody of their numbers. "*An odd Fellow*,"—so it seems!

Several other Communications are received.—Our Correspondents are requested to send their favours earlier in the week.

OUR Correspondents in town, are informed, that their Communications can be received through the medium of the Post-Office, FREE of expence.

MARRIAGES.

In New-York, Mr. Gilbert DEAN, to Miss Margaret Hanrahan. In Hartford, Mr. George W. Stanton, to Miss Sarah Morgan. In Salem, Mr. David Magown, to Miss Sarah Hitchens; Mr. Israel Ward, to Miss Mary Murray. In Theford, Mr. Nathl. Winslow, to Miss Clarissa Peterew. In Newark, Mr. William Phenis, of New-York, to Miss Mary Healden. In Portsmouth, Capt. William Ramsdell, to Miss Hannah Waterhouse; Mr. Josiah Gilbert, to Miss Patty F. Lord; Capt. Charles Coffin, to

Miss Melitable Sheafe. In Stonington, Mr. Afra Miner, to Miss Hannah Herrington. In Gloucester, Mr. Joseph Haraden, jun. to Miss Catherine Babbin. In Roxbury, Mr. John Meriam, of Boston, to Miss Rebecca Loud. In Norwich, Rev. Salmon Cone, to Miss Ann Bred; Mr. Martin Edgerton, to Miss Nancy Ellis. In Portsmouth, (R. I.) Mr. John Chase, to Miss Ruth Pearce; Mr. Smith Brown, to Miss Lucy Shlaw. In Stonington, Mr. Benjamin Brown, to Miss Phoebe Brown. In Barnstable, Rev. Samuel Parker, of Provincetown, to Miss Eunice Hinckley. In Argyle, Mr. William Rofs, to Miss Lucy Gilbert. In Dedham, Wm. Stackpole, jun. Esq. to Mrs. N. Hodgdon.

In Boston, Mr. John Swett, to Miss Hannah Fracker. Mr. Beza Tucker, to Miss Margaret F. Hill; Capt. Samuel Jamefon, of Freeport, to Miss Ann Hichborn.

DEATHS.

In Wndham, (C.) Mrs. Rhoda Shaw, *Æt.* 67. In Haverhill, (M.) Miss Elizabeth Gage, *Æt.* 28. In New-York, Mrs. Sarah Clarkon, consort of Gen. C. and Francis Lewis, Esq. *Æt.* 90; Mr. Thomas Lloyd; Gen. Benjamin Logan. In Williamsburg, Rev. Joseph Strong, *Æt.* 75. In Pennsylvania, Mr. Robert Elliot, a young man, who was sliding on the ice, he unfortunately fell and fractured his skull-bone in such a manner as occasioned his death.—In Amherst, (N. H.) Miss Sarah Eaton, *Æt.* 14. In Welford, Dea. Oliver Precourt, *Æt.* 77. In Fairhaven, Miss Rhoda Church. A few minutes before her death, she took leave of the family separately, with great composure, continuing her pious exhortations, until death put a period to her pious speeches.—In West-Springfield, Col. Benjamin Ely, *Æt.* 72. In Long-Meadow, Mr. Jonathan Burt, *Æt.* 22. In Springfield, Mrs. Mary Stebbins, *Æt.* 87. In Portsmouth, Mrs. Elizabeth Batchelder; Mr. Timothy Winn, merchant. In Newbury, (Ver.) Daniel Putnam, Esq. *Æt.* 40. In Newington, Col. Ephm. Pickering, *Æt.* 69. In Rye, Mrs. Martha Philbrick, *Æt.* 58. In Berwick, Mrs. Mary Lord, *Æt.* 93. In Newport, Mr. Wm. Gyles, *Æt.* 84. In New-London, Mr. Joseph Beebe, *Æt.* 63. In Acton, Mr. Joseph Piper, *Æt.* 85; Mrs. Sarah Jones, *Æt.* 86. In Malden, Mr. Nathan Wait, *Æt.* 74. In Medfield, Mr. Afra Malon. He was found dead in his barn; his neck being broken, it is supposed he fell from the scaffold to the floor.—In Sherburne, Dr. Samuel Bldget. In Pennsylvania, the Rev. John Watson, and the Rev. John Moorhead. It is a singularity worth mentioning, that they were both married in one day, to two daughters of the Rev. John M'Millin: each of the gentlemen had a child born to him on the same day: they both laboured for a considerable time under a consumptive complaint, both died on the same day, (Dec. 1, 1802), and were both interred on the same day, and in the same grave; and the same minister who married them, delivered a very affecting sermon on the occasion.—In Worcester, Miss Nancy Leonard Paine, *Æt.* 16, eldest daughter of Nathaniel Paine, Esq. In Gloucester, Mrs. Tammy Patch, *Æt.* 82. In Beverly, Mrs. Elizabeth Kilham, *Æt.* 25.—In Bath, Mr. Joseph Baf, of Boston, and not *Joseph Beals*, as mentioned in our last.

In Boston, Mr. Edward Hall, *Æt.* 32; Mrs. Diana Adams, *Æt.* 58; Mr. Daniel Rea, *Æt.* 60; Mr. Richard Salter, *Æt.* 65; Mrs. Elizabeth Hall; Mr. J. Pearson, *Æt.* 30; and 3 others. Total this week, NINE, ending yell.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Boston, Jan. 13, 1803. A QUARTERLY Meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society, to be holden at the Library in Franklin-place, on TUESDAY, the 25th inst. at 3 o'clock, p. m. is hereby notified. — JAMES FREEMAN, Rec^d Sec^y.

Your most obedient, Miss Goddets.



OFF Hats! catch who can!—The Goddess of Fortune will exhibit her horn of plenty, only a few days longer—her wheel will commence turning on the 27th inst.—A few tickets in South-Hadley Lottery, for sale by GILBERT & DEAN, who will introduce adventurers in fortune's way. Jan. 15, 1803.

POETRY.



For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

LINES,

INSCRIBED TO AN AMIABLE, AND AFFECTIONATE MOTHER, UPON THE DEATH OF HER ELDEST SON, WHO FELL A VICTIM TO THE YELLOW FEVER.

INSATIATE death! how vast is thy domain! What desolating horrors swell thy train! Famine, and war, and pestilence combine! While still to point the barbed shaft is thine!

The bud of life, by vernal zephyr fann'd, Fades at thy glance—and falls beneath thy hand; Thy icy touch the pulse of youth arrests, Infidious all the springs of health infests; In the strong veins the purple stream congeals, And Man in vain against thy pow'r appeals! Born to submit to thy imperious sway, Thy gloomy mandates fated to obey, Prostrate humanity thy spoil decreed, Nature's best gifts can no exemption plead!

Yet VIRTUE braves thy most-venom'd dart, VIRTUE, impervious to thy morbid art, Victorious VIRTUE, foars above the grave, Around its paths triumphant banners wave, Such VIRTUE as the blest Redeemer crown'd, When hell's dark Monarch aim'd a fatal wound, And, as the fragrant breath of life was giv'n, By Jesus, Sire of Men—and God of heav'n, No missive shafts its vital paths can find, Imperishable wreaths its altars bind.

Th' resistent flutterer the combat meets, Urges defence—and off the foe defeats— But when the fiend with searching ken invades, And rosy health beneath his progress fades; When his red lance the Citadel assails, And burning ruin every where prevails— When the frail post untenable appears, And the last blow the fell destroyer rears! Then the glad spirit neen plum'd pinions tries, Illudes the mischief—gains its native skies— And each transcendent excellence possess'd, By pow'r divine indelibly impress'd, Scap'd from the wreck—yon destin'd heav'n attains; And there immortal as its source remains— VIRTUE—to nerve humanity design'd, Blest emanation of the Eternal Mind, Earnest of future bliss bequeath'd to Man, Whose restoration marks the gen'ral plan— Twin'd in close concord with the vital breath, From the lorn tenement despoil'd by death, Mounts upwards to the realms of endless day, Shaping to other worlds its lucid way.

Can bounteous heav'n a richer solace give, Than that which whispers—Friends departed live? Aëthere charm, with consolation fraught, Pale sorrow, by thy homied accents taught, Lifts from the tomb its anguish' twol'n eye, Forgets to weep; forgets the murr'ring sigh; E'en pensive melancholy wakes to joy, While reason, hope, and faith, thy pow'r employ, To sacred rapture elevate the soul, The passions bending to their just control.

Go then, blest truth, and with thy seraph voice, Bid the lov'd friends of SALTONSTALL rejoice; Say how he bounded from this scene of woe, To where successive pleasures ever flow: Just as some prisoner quites the hostile strand, Spreads his white sails, and seeks his native land, So the freed spirit to Elysium flew, To realms that brooding sorrow never knew.

By education to religion train'd, The soul its direful weight of ills sustain'd! And faith, with broad, and ever piercing eye, Pointed its passage to the opening sky.

Cease to lament—belov'd kindred cease— Let truth and reason hush your woes to peace,

Nor VIRTUE—no—nor SALTONSTALL are dead, Associates still, expansive wings thy spread, While fame exults her echoing notes to swell, And memory on the past delights to dwell.

True—tender friendship drops th' embalming tear, And social circles clad in weeds appear, Yet time; like gathering mists shall pass away, And they shall join him in unclouded day: The rays of heaven shall pierce the vaulted tomb And death no more tyrannic sway assume; True—clustering virtues gem'd his ardent mind, By honor form'd, for rectitude design'd; By talents, and by erudition blest, Of elegance and dignity possess'd; The graces with integrity entwined; Polish'd his manners, and his heart refin'd. While sweet his converse, as the breathing spring, When vernal nature spreads her broider'd wing; Evincing goodness, wisdom, science, truth, The fruits of age upon the stem of youth. By many a tongue his merit was confess'd, Lov'd, and admir'd, applauded, and carols'd.

Rich was the promise of his future years, As the full harvest to the view appears, When fertile fields, and mellowing fums combine, To swell the pulp, and shape the circling rind. The cherub hope his early worth enhance'd, And every hour his righteous claims advanc'd; While on the tablets of his gen'rous breast, Philanthropy her high wrought count impress'd. True—thus exalted was his young career, VIRTUE his guide, his goal, his radiant sphere: And hence perhaps his passport was obtain'd, His feat, in paradise thus early gain'd—

Probation pass'd—The ordeal expir'd— The curtain dropt—and heaven its own requir'd— As erst the youths who merited so well, Whose names celebrated, storied records tell, From instantaneous fate their exit found, In life's gay morn with full plum'd vict'ry crown'd, Mounting the pinions of eternal day, With the swift light-wing'd their azure way: So SALTONSTALL—the destin'd voyage complete— A parent Deity prepar'd to meet— And as he sweeps wide o'er the ethereal plain, Attending angels swell the plaudite strain.

Melodious sounds—rapt fancy wafts the notes— On zephyr's wing aerial music floats— Soft may it vibrate on pale sorrow's ear, And from the cheek of woe wipe off the tear. May weeping kindred the blest shade pursue, And as they plaintive breathe the fond adieu, Submissive bend to that august decree, Which will from every ill the spirit free: The son, the brother, and the friend retire, Where fevers blast, and Demons vex no more.

The Almighty bids the throbbing pulse surcease, These frames enfolding in the shades of peace: But from the couch of unrelenting death, Obedient seraphs snatch the ling'ring breath, Triumphant bear it to a Saviour God, The purchas'd trophy of redeeming blood. Thus God destroyeth woe to make alive, And Man, in bliss immortal, shall survive.

HONORIA MARTESIA.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE. LINES,

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVORITE SQUIRREL. AT two in the morn Sun was sportive and gay, And lightly leapt over my head; But mark the transition—at eight he lay dead; For the tyrant had snatch'd him away.

'Tis in vain that I weep or I sigh! Confinement to him was the greatest annoy: And life the poor captive did never enjoy. Ah! Squirrels and mortals must die.

He loved to run over the hill, Or eat the long hanging berry; He was wont to be cheerful and merry, But never again will he visit the rill.

LAURA.

FAME.

FAME, like the phantom on the vernal eve, Allures th' unwearry traveller from his way; Its garish lustre shines but to deceive, And brightens nearer only to betray.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

FRIENDSHIP—AN ALLEGORY.

LOVE, as tis said, of Beauty tir'd, Of course no longer blind; Beheld and ardently admir'd, A grave plain nymph, called MIND. He won her; from this marriage sprung, As poets fondly deem, A little maid, whose praise they've sung, Y clip'd by them ESTEEM.

REASON admir'd in early youth; This lovely maidens charms; 'Twas REASON wood, she led by TRUTH, Soon yielded to his arms.

A beauteous child their union blest, Of most ethereal make; Of neither sex as it liked best, It either form could take.

Its father's penetrating eye, Its mother's ardent soul; Its woe afflictions tear could dry, Or passions rage control.

The VIRTUES triumph'd in its birth, Even WISDOM smiling came, Bade it descend to bless the earth, And FRIENDSHIP call'd its name.

MONITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THURSDAY LECTURE.

No 17.

HEB. IV. 9.

There remains—a rest to the people of God.

TO the jew tired of his travels in Arabian deserts, and of wars with savage idolaters, a prospect of repose in the land of Canaan was extremely grateful. To the christian warrior wearied with the toils, and sick of the amusements and flatteries of the week, how welcome the return of a day, which is graced with the name of his lord! Yet neither of these rests is permanent or satisfactory. The man of faith and righteousness aspires to a happier country, than was ever found on the banks on Jordan, and after a more quiet and glorious babbath, than christendom affords. And blessed be God he does not seek in vain. For him there is in reversion a state, in which there will be no labour but that of love, and no business but that of praise; a day succeeded by no night; an eternal round of pleasures unmixed with pain; an age of peace, virtue, and consolations;—where ignorance will give place to knowledge, the slumbers of sloth to perpetual wakefulness and activity, the pangs of remorse to the approbation of angels, the malice of enemies to the supports of friendship, and the distressful apprehensions of poverty and death, to the possession of an imperishable inheritance and an interminable life.

The certainty of such a state is manifest from various appearances in the natural world, from ancient opinion, the longing desires of every bosom, the present inscrutable government of an impartial Deity, and especially from his express revelations concerning it by Jesus Christ, WHEREOF HE HATH GIVEN ASSURANCE UNTO ALL MEN, IN THAT HE HATH RAISED HIM FROM THE DEAD.

MR. ADAMS'S ORATION.

A Few copies of this masterly performance, delivered at Plymouth, the 22d Dec at the celebration of the landing of our Forefathers, for sale by GILBERT & DEAN—with several articles of Stationary, Commercial Blank, &c. &c. cheap for cash. Jan. 15.

THE TRIAL OF FRIENDSHIP,

A BEAUTIFUL NOVEL, by MARMONTEL, has lately been published by GILBERT & DEAN, price 20 Cents. The reader will find on perusing this Novel, that Friendship meets with as severe a trial as it could possibly experience; besides the display of excellent moral principles. Jan. 15

PRINTED and PUBLISHED, every SATURDAY Evening, By GILBERT & DEAN, No. 56, STATE-STREET, BOSTON.—Two Dolls. per ann. One Dollar paid in advance.

PRINTING, in all its branches, executed with NEATNESS and DISPATCH.—ORDERS solicited.

BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

DEVOTED TO

MORALITY, LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, THE FINE ARTS, AGRICULTURE, &c. &c.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

To soar aloft on FANCY'S wing,
And bathe in HELLICONIA'S spring;
Call every flower with careful hand,
And sweep them o'er our native land.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP.—No. XIII.

Fida voluptatis causâ fini proxima veris.

OF all the gratifications of which the human mind is susceptible, perhaps there is none more varied, diffusive, and seducing, than what arises from reading. The active and enquiring mind, which may from circumstances be prevented from gaining knowledge, by studying the world at large, seizes with avidity the information which books afford. Those who mix in the active scenes of life, who, from their situation and pursuits, have daily an opportunity of reading men and manners, in the great volume of society, will resort to the advice and example of the wise and good of former ages, transmitted to posterity in the volumes of able writers. The pleasures arising from an attentive perusal of well chosen books, is of the most rational, exalted kind; it keeps the mental faculties in that state of activity, which is as necessary to the sanity of the mind, as walking, riding, &c. is to the health of the body. But though the pleasures and advantages arising from reading are very great and numerous, yet when attention is not paid to a judicious selection of authors, when every book is indiscriminately perused without regard to matter or style, instead of improving the understanding, it serves only to confuse and weaken it. Multitudes of half formed incongruous ideas will float on the surface of the imagination, without enabling the possessor to adduce one sound argument in defence of any sentiment, or thesis which they may wish to defend. Perhaps there is nothing of more essential consequence to the next generation, than the kind of reading the youth of both sexes are allowed to indulge in, in this. It is much to be lamented that every arrival from Europe brings an importation of folly, impertinence, vice, immorality and impiety, into every metropolis throughout the union, under the specious name of works of imagination, works of amusement, commonly called *Novels*; and from our metropolis make their way into the country towns, and even into the houses of our farmers and labouring husbandmen. These works are particularly fascinating to young persons of ardent imaginations; they contain accounts of what was said and done by great persons on all occasions; the untutored country maid is delighted to hear how *my lord* talked, and how *my lady* smiled; how dreadfully *Miss* was in love, how her cruel father forbid her lover the house, locked her up, to prevent her throwing herself into the arms of a libertine, and how charmingly she outwitted her anxious parents and run away with him; and how, after giving every possible proof of want of filial duty, want of moral and religious principle; in short, want of every quality that can render a human being respectable, the hero and heroine are made very rich, and immensely happy, every body that had opposed their perverse inclinations being killed out of the way.—And these delpicable farragoes are too often replete with scenes, and language, which the female ear should never be profaned by listening to, or the eye of chastity ever suffered to glance upon; and with opinions, which, operating on the young flexible mind, strikes at the very root of the christian religion; frequently ridiculing all religion as absurd, and pretending to elevate human nature, in effect degrades it almost to a level with brutes. What can be expected from men and women, who in early life imbibe such pernicious principles. How my heart aches when I see lovely girls just emerged from childhood, now sometimes not more than ten or twelve years of age, allowed to have free access to the circulating libraries, and suffered to read whatever book, chance or fashion may put into their hands; for there are fashionable novels, as well as fashionable head-dresses, and the young ladies of the present day, would be as much ashamed of not having the in-

side of their heads decorated with the tinsel of sentiment, philosophical discriminations to prove wrong, right, and the wisdom of our forefathers folly, with which the fashionable works abound; as they would to appear in public, without having the outside adorned by an auburn or yellow *Cadost* or *Elystia*. However, they have some excuse for the latter, as auburn or yellow tresses are undoubtedly *chiefest beauties*.—I wish it was thought of consequence enough by parents in general, unanimously to agree, and seek some judicious well educated sensible person, of good moral character, religious without enthusiasm, having clear ideas of right and wrong, yet free from formality and rigour—let such a person be appointed, for a genteel compensation, to be raised by subscription, to read every new work that comes into a town, and never suffer their children to peruse them, until the opinion of this literary *Censor* is publicly announced.

I would not be thought in this to condemn all *NOVELS* indiscriminately, far from it; I have read *Novels*, and those from female pens, from which both pleasure and instruction might be gleaned; but of the multitudinous throng which crowd the libraries, perhaps not one in twenty could be ranked in this class. Far be it from me to range the works of *Miss Barney*, *Miss Lee*, or *Mrs. Brooks*, among the pernicious productions of imagination. There are some *Novels* also from the pen of a lady, whom I know not how to term with propriety either European or American, (*Mrs. Revillon*) which might be read with advantage, especially by females; but even her works are not without dangercousness, and perhaps of all her numerous productions there are not more than three which could by an impartial *Censor* be recommended. *Rubens and Rachel*, an historical romance is the best; *Charlotte*, and the *Inquisitor*, have a considerable degree of merit. *Evelina*, *Cecilia*, *Camille*, from the pen of *Miss Burney*; *Julia Mandeville*, &c. from *Mrs. Brooks*, who was the author of the beautifully simple, musical entertainments of *Rosina* and *Marian*; *The Rectory*, from the pen of *Miss Lee*, are unexceptionable.—There are a multiplicity of books from the elegant pens of other Novelists worthy attention, but their greatest merit is, that they represent human nature as it is. The first beauty of works of fancy is, to keep as near truth as possible. To paint men and manners, so as not to mislead the inexperienced heart, or vitiate the yet untutored judgment, yet not to draw the curtain from before scenes which displayed, may corrupt, but cannot amend the morals.

*Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit vile dulci,
Lectorem delatando, puriterque monendo.
Hic meretrix ara liber Sestis, hic et mare transfret,
Et lingua nota scriptorâ prerogata ævum.*

HOR. "Art of Poetry."

which may be thus translated.

"By mixing usefulness with what is amusing, we charm all, improve and delight at the same time. There are the volumes which ought to enrich bookellers, be transported across the ocean with applause, and bring immortal fame to the authors."—I have inserted the words *ought to*, for I am well convinced they do not always have that effect.

It may be thought a person fitted for the office of literary *Censor*, would be hard to find. Perhaps so; but fiery parents themselves might occasionally join the task. Mothers who read a new novel should ask themselves, should I like my daughter to think, speak and act as the heroine, or some prominent character there represented does? if conscious propriety answers, no! then forbid them to read it; not by the positive command of "you must not," and "shall not," but by the milder adjuration of, "I think it will not pay you for your trouble. It is inconsistent, immoral, and unworthy attention. You may employ your time to more advantage."—I am persuaded was such a plan put in execution, it would obviate much of the dangerous consequences of immoral writings, and tend at once to the happiness and rationality of Society in general.

A Miser died lately at Vienna, who had amassed a sum of money which filled thirty bags, each containing a thousand pieces, of all the different coins in circulation in the Imperial States. He was possessed besides of considerable Land-Ed Property, and spent only about 7 1/2 p. per day. No person ever entered his chamber, except himself.

BIOGRAPHY.

SELECTED EXTRACTS,

From the MANUSCRIPTS, of a CITIZEN of BOSTON.

No. 21.]—EPHRAIM CHAMBERS, compiler of the Scientific Dictionary "CYCLOPEDIA," was born at Kendall, Westmoreland in England, of Quaker Parents, but when he became his own master, he did not attach himself to that Society. His education was no other than a common one, which is intended to qualify a youth for trade and commerce; he was put apprentice to Mr. Senex, the globemaker, a business which is connected with literature, and especially with astronomy and geography. It was during the residence of Mr. Chambers, with his faithful master, that he contracted that taste for learning and science, which directed all his pursuits; it was at this time that he formed the design of his grand work, the *Cyclopædia*, and some of the first notices of it, were written before the counter. He justly concluded that the attention to it would not conflict with the avocations of business, and therefore he quitted Mr. Senex, and took chambers at Gray's-Inn, where he chiefly resided during the rest of his days. The first edition of the *Cyclopædia*, was the result of many years application and study, and appeared in 1723, in 2 vols. folio, published by subscription, the price four guineas, and the list of subscribers very respectable.

The reputation he acquired, procured him the honor of being elected into the Royal Society, in 1729. Mr. Chambers' attention was not wholly to this undertaking, he was connected in a periodical publication, called, "The Literary Magazine," and some other works.

He took an excursion to France, for the recovery of his health, but was not much benefited by it; he returned and died in England, and was buried at Westminster, with the following inscription written by himself, and placed on the north side of the cloisters of the Abbey, in latin; the translation into English is as follows:

"Heard of by many, known to few;
Who being neither very celebrated, nor very obscure,
Neither very learned, nor yet ignorant,
Passed a life devoted to study;
And passed it as a Man, who was not inattentive
To any of the offices of humanity,
Having ended his days, and his labours together,
Here we bid to repose.

EPHRAIM CHAMBERS, F. R. S."

He died 15th May, 1740.

The intellectual character of Mr. C. was sagacity and attention—his application indefatigable; his temper cheerful, but somewhat hasty and impetuous;—and in his religious sentiments, was no slave to the opinions commonly received; his mode of life was reserved, for he kept little company, and had not many acquaintances.

He derived by his literary labours much more than he acquired; the compensations of booksellers to authors, being at that time far inferior to what in certain instances they have lately arisen. This deficiency he supplied by economy; and in pecuniary matters he was remarkably exact. After Mr. C's death, the proprietors assigned the addition of a Supplement to several gentlemen at different times, but they were not happy in their choice, till at length the completion of it, was committed to Dr. Rees, a gentleman well qualified for the work. The names of *Chambers* and *Rees*, will be handed down with great reputation to posterity. The first, as the original author, and the second, as completer of so great an undertaking.

THE NOVELIST.

THE TRIUMPHS OF FRIENDSHIP—a Swedish Tale

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS came young to the throne. One night, while he danced disguised at a ball that was given by his chief minister, the masque of the fairies of his subjects fell off, and he broke with a sudden and unexpected glory on the eyes of the assembly; for, although Adelaide was noble, her prudent mother had secreted her far from court and had tenderly brought her up, like the lily in the vale, unseen and unfulfilled.

POETRY.



For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

The following eminently beautiful Lines, from WORDSWORTH'S Poems, will delight even those bosoms which have not felt the magic influence of the passion they describe. If you admit them to a place in your useful Miscellany, I may hereafter transmit others.

LOVE.

AGNES.

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever fits this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Of in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay
Beside the ruin'd tower.

The moonshine stealing o'er the fence
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear GENEVIEVE!

She lean'd against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight:
She stood and listen'd to my harp
Amid the ling'ring light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope! my joy! my GENEVIEVE!
She loves me best, whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I play'd a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song that fitted well
The ruin wild and hoary.

She listen'd with a flitting blush
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew, I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight, that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he woo'd
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pin'd: And, ah!
The low, the deep, the pleading tone,
With which I sang another's love
Interpreted my own.

She listen'd with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes, and modest grace;
And she forgave me that I gaz'd
Too fondly on her face!

But when I told the cruel scorn
Which craz'd this bold and lovely knight,
And that he cross'd the mountain woods
Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,

There came, and look'd him in the face,
An Angel beautiful and bright;
And that he knew it was a fiend,
This miserable knight!

And that, unknowing what he did,
He leapt amid a murder's band,
And sav'd from outrage worse than death
The lady of the land.

And how she wept and clasp'd his knees
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
The fiend that craz'd his brain;

And that the nurs'd him in a cave;
And that his madness went away
When on the yellow forest leaves
A dying man he lay;

His dying words—but when I reach'd
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My fault'ring voice and pausing harp
Disturb'd her soul with pity!

All impulses of foul and sense
Had thrill'd my guileless GENEVIEVE,
The music, and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng!
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherish'd long!

She wept with pity and delight,
She blush'd with love and maiden shame;
And, like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heav'd—the step afe;
As conscious of my look, she stepp'd—
Then suddenly with timorous eye
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
She press'd me with a meek embrace;
And bending back her head, look'd up,
And gaz'd upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art
That I might rather feel than see
The swelling of her heart.

I calm'd her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride,
And so I won my GENEVIEVE,
My bright and beauteous bride!

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SONG.

WHEN I rise, altho' gay is the morn,
And the larks sweetly warble and sing,
All the flow'rets the fields which adorn,
To my bosom no pleasure can bring;
No charm has the meadow, nor music the spray,
No lustre the sun, for my love is away.

In the noon-tide, whene'er I go
O'er meads green and fragrant to roam,
I heed not the flower-scented air
And the roses for me have no bloom:
All nature is smiling, blithe, jocund and gay
Yet still I am sad, for my love is away.

When at twilight I seek the dark groves,
Where the purling stream, smooth winds along,
Where the nightingales warble their loves,
And to the pale moon chant their song;
Eve pleases no more my sad mind, than the day,
And Groves cannot charm, for my love is away.

CLEANTHUS.

Boston, Jan. 11, 1863.

ON MAN.

THE following paragraph is extracted from REID, on the intellectual powers of Man:—

"The author of nature, in the distribution of agreeable and painful feelings, hath wisely and benevolently consulted the good of the human species, and hath even shewn us, by the same means, what tenour of conduct we ought to hold. For, first: the painful sensations of the animal kind are admonitions to avoid what would hurt us; and the agreeable sensations of this kind invite us to those actions, that are necessary to the preservation of the individual, or of the kind. Secondly: by the same means nature invites to moderate bodily exercise, and admonishes us to avoid idleness and inactivity on the one hand, and excessive labour and fatigue on the other. Thirdly: the moderate exercise of all our rational powers gives pleasure. Fourthly: every species of beauty is beheld with pleasure, and every species of deformity with disgust; and we shall find all that we call beautiful to be something estimable or useful in itself, or a sign of something that is useful or estimable. Fifthly: the benevolent affections are all accompanied with an agreeable feeling, the malevolent with the contrary. And, sixthly: the highest, the noblest, and most durable pleasure, is that of doing well, and acting the part that becomes us; and the most bitter and painful sentiment, the anguish and remorse of a guilty conscience."

REMARK.—Men may boast of their great actions, but they are oftener the effect of chance, than of design.

MONITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THURSDAY LECTURE.

No. v.

I COR. XV. 53.

This mortal must put on immortality.

THIS to be sure is a very extraordinary proposition, and one which feverishly exercises the mind of every rational believer. To be told, that the body of man, which is furnished with food, grows to perfection, decays, dies, and corrupts like that of other animals, will hereafter be refuted and made a glorious and incorruptible body, is a doctrine so contrarious to present observation, that the deist immediately rejects it. But the marks of authenticity and truth which it bears convict him of extreme temerity. At least it merits a rigorous examination. Of all the proofs, and there are several, which are brought to its support, the weightiest and brightest is the resurrection of Christ. This argument, which is managed with great force in the contest, lies in a small compass, and is easily apprehended. It is principally contained between the twelfth and twentieth verses, and the sum of it is this. If there shall be no resurrection of the virtuous, whence the resurrection of Jesus Christ? If Jesus Christ did not rise from the dead, your faith in the gospel is vain. If your faith in the gospel is vain, we apostles are of all men the greatest liars, and of all liars the greatest fools. For what do we gain by our false testimony and absurd doctrine? Mockings, scourgings, bonds, and imprisonment! In defence of this system of folly and fanaticism, our lives are every moment in jeopardy; and we have too many reasons to believe, that a firm adherence to our cause, and on this we are determined, will finally subject us to the shame, agonies, and death of our master. No, christians. Our cruel sufferings and fill more horrid expectations prove the truth of our testimony, which proves the truth of the gospel, which involves the reality of Christ's resurrection, which proves the possibility and certainty of yours, and is the deep and immovable foundation of your heavenly hopes.

WIT.

IN a late Providence paper, a blacksmith advertises a vice which has been stolen from him. He must be a vicious thief that can steal vices.—Hud. Bal.

"So much this Figure entertains my fight,
'Nought but the Shiners can give more delight."



A FEW tickets at 5 ds. 50 cts in South Hadley Canal Lottery, which commences drawing on Thursday next, for sale by GILBERT and DEAN. The price will be raised at the commencement of the drawing.

Also, for sale—A general assortment of Commercial Banks; Trial of Friendship, a beautiful novel; Jefferson's Notes on Virginia, with a portrait, price 1 dl. 25 cents; Hindu Philosopher; the Peasant's Fate; Specimens of Republican Institutions; Aphorisms on Man; the Art of Preserving Health, by John Armstrong, m. d.; Blunt's American Navigator and Coast Pilot; Walsh's Mercantile Arithmetic; Park on Insurance; Adam's Oration, delivered at Plymouth, Dec. 22, 1862, and several other Pamphlets; Likewise—Wafers; black and red Sealing Wax; Sand Boxes, and black Sand; Ink Stands of all kinds; a good assortment of Penknives; variety Memorandum and Pocket Books, &c. Jan. 22.

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

DEVOTED TO

MORALITY, LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, THE FINE ARTS, AGRICULTURE, &c. &c.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

To soar aloft on FANCY'S wing,
And bathe in HELICONIA'S spring;
Cull every flower with careful hand,
And tread them o'er our native land.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP.—No XIV.

Eripe turpi

Golla juvo; Liber, liber sum die age. Non quis:

TO THE GOSSIP.

BEAR MR. GOSSIP,

I HAVE read with great pleasure and satisfaction, your Essays, in the "*Boston Weekly Magazine*," every one of which, will have an extensive influence in "rearing the tender branch," and produce many very beneficial effects on the whole class of your readers.

Permit me to make a few remarks. You hold a bold pen, and I doubt not you will answer to my most sanguine wishes and expectations, the subject of my letter.

It is universally allowed by all, that an union of hearts is the firmest bond of marriage; but how often do we see this solemn ceremony take place without such an union? The harmony of souls, which constitutes the felicity of wedded life, cannot be too anxiously sought after; it should be more sought than wealth or beauty; for the misery or happiness of life solely depend in forming our connections, which is a circumstance of the greatest importance of any that can take place in the whole course of a person's life.

I find you are so candid as to treat all your correspondents with equal impartiality; therefore to the point.—I have a Sister who has been married about a year, to a person in tolerable circumstances: she is tenderly attached to her husband, and does all in her power to please him;—but he is of a morose temper, which causes a vast deal of trouble; and how it will terminate or end, God only knows.—besides, he stays out late in the evening, his mind is inconstant and his heart depraved; and many other faults which are improper to be mentioned here. My sister bears all these heart-rending troubles with great patience and fortitude, and it is well she does.

I know you cannot remedy this evil; my chief object of addressing you is to request you to bestow your wholesome and instructing advice on the numerous class of your female readers, who have not yet entered the bands of matrimony; it will, I doubt not, leave a lasting impression on their minds: By your advice; they will "*look before they leap*," and take great care to form such connections as will produce the only real happiness they can enjoy in this world. Yours, A SORROWFUL BROTHER.

County of Hampshire, Jan. 1, 1803.

MARRIAGE was instituted by the all wise and bountiful Creator of the Universe, for the benefit and comfort of mankind, and that it is not so, is the fault of his unthinking, ungrateful creatures, who, actuated by almost every impulse but that which should impel to the union, hurry on to repentance, misery, and despair. The life of heart-rending anguish, which this Sorrowful Brother describes, as the fate of an amiable sister, is too often realized in every rank, every class of mankind; the causes of this failure of expected happiness might be investigated with benefit to society in general, but in the mean time, their effects are much to be regretted, and the unhappy sufferers excite the tenderest commiseration; though it is more than probable that their own blind haste to put on the nuptial chain, in order to escape from that of the parental, has helped to plunge them into that abyss of misery, from whence there is no hope of being extricated, but by death.

Perhaps there is no situation in life more truly pitiable, than that of a delicate woman, whose understanding is naturally good, whose heart is pure, affectionate, and glowing with the most acute sensibility; who is married to a man of loose morals, weak mind, and morose temper. If there are any sufferings eminently worthy the term martyrdom, such a woman, so mated, daily, hourly, endures it. Her rest is broken by his irregular hours, her delicacy of-

fended by his intemperance, and her mornings rendered loathsome, by the dirty squalid appearance of his person, the disgusting effects of the overmight debauch, and the peevishness of a temper, rendered irritable by a consciousness of his own folly, and a painful conviction of her evident superiority; which though he will not openly confess it, his own reproving conscience obliges him tacitly to allow. If the unfortunate victim loves this wretch, though that is a circumstance of which I can scarcely believe the possibility; for let her once have been ever so fondly attached to him, such a conduct must unavoidably in time alienate her affections; purity cannot long remain in voluntary contact with vice; and however the person may be compelled to submit to this worse than Egyptian bondage, the mind will revolt and disdain to assimilate with a quality so repulsive, so opposed to its natural bias—but if in spite of ill usage, the tenderness which first prompted to that confidence, which entrusted her happiness to his keeping, still pervades the bosom of the unhappy wife, what torture could tyrannic cruelty invent, or hellish fiends inflict, that can bear comparison with the agonies which wring her lacerated heart. And even supposing a sense of unmerited wrong, to have awakened a spirit of resentment, and obliterated every trace of former tenderness; and allowing that a just idea of the respect due to herself, and a strong innate love of virtue and religion, may make her rigid in the performance of her duties, and submissive to the tyrants will; nay, even studious to shew him, on every occasion, the respect due to the master of a family, yet the task is extremely painful; the heart must suffer, the judgment must revolt; and floods of bitter tears will pour in ferret for a fate inevitably fixed—*poor help! poor help!* I have said this much in commendation of those unfortunate women, who are united to brutal and profligate men; who neglect them, to lavish their time and tenderness on the trifling, unprincipled, and artful of one sex, and whose property is wrested from them by the gambler, the speculator, or parasite of the other, while their innocent wives and helpless offspring are left to pine in poverty and obscurity. But whilst I experience all the compassion such a situation must awaken in a heart alive to the common feelings of humanity, I cannot but remark, that I think a very great portion of the misery they so acutely feel, originate in their own folly. A young woman addressed by a man whose person and manners are pleasing, is solicitously careful to appear always to advantage; and let me hint to my lovely inexperienced fair friends, that many men are pleasing, even to fascination in their manners, who are depraved to the lowest degree of turpitude in their hearts, who when they solicit the love of a beautiful engaging female with all the ardour, submission and flattery of expecting passion, have no other object in view than sensual gratification; however, of this an innocent young woman can have no suspicion; and being pleased with the agreeable exterior of her admirer, she lays herself out to please. Seldom, very seldom do persons during the days of courtship, see any thing of the real characters or dispositions of those with whom they are about to form a connection, which must last for life: the young lady will never be seen in dishabille, or suffer a frown to appear on her face in the presence of the man she means to enchain for a perpetuity; on the other hand, the gentleman will never contradict her opinions however absurd, or oppose any wish she may express, however improper his better reasons may inform him the gratification of those wishes may be. Thus mutually deceived, they enter into the most sacred engagements, he expecting that he has secured a partner, all smiles, all neatness, who will make his home a paradise, who will never appear but as if actuated by the hands of the graces, and never speak but in the harmonious accents of good humour. She in the delightful hope, or rather certainty of having every wish gratified, of living in a constant round of dissipation and fashionable amusement; and being allowed to purchase and wear the most splendid habiliments. The ceremony passed, the routine of visits over, and happiness being now dependently on themselves, that hateful fiend *Ennui* soon makes its appearance—but more of this another time. I am so high an opinion of the honorable state of matrimony, am so well aware that once entered into, it must be Heaven or Hell; that I would if possible point out to inexperienced mariners, the rocks and quicksands on

which so many have been wrecked who have embarked on the hazardous voyage, and I could wish for a pen of fire to awaken in the minds of those few, a love of those virtues which alone can render it felicitous. Yes, feeble as my powers are, I will say more on the subject another time.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE ITINERANT—No VII.

"Almighty VANITY! to thee they owe

"Their self of pleasure, and their balm of woe!"

YOUNG,

THE salutary influence of vanity on our motives of action, has, perhaps, been justly appreciated by few. While the divine, the philosopher, and the patriot, have been unsparing in their censures, and indefatigable in their exertions to destroy its existence in the human breast, they have been blind to the good it has done in the world, and unmindful of the many and serious calamities which its total extinction would produce. It stimulates to great and virtuous actions. It rouses our sleeping energies; and has produced unnumbered deeds of heroism and philanthropy, which have been ascribed to a nobler and purer source. To a laudable vanity, and a relish of refined praise, are we indebted for those inimitable labours of genius and taste, which have commanded the admiration of the world, in every age since the period of their existence.

The secluded scholar sits by his dim taper, and turns over the antique page, till Apollo tinges the eastern sky with his rays; loads his brain with grammars, lexicons, and rusty commentaries; or rummages the mouldering ruins of ancient magnificence; urged solely by the vanity of erudition, and the hope of extorting the momentary praise of beings like himself.

The youthful poet, stimulated by similar motives, reclines over the unfulfilled sheet, and with "eyes fixed on vacancy," gnaws the extremity of his idle pen; or repeatedly applies it to the fable fluid, without tracing a character on his paper; invokes the powers of fancy and fiction; and ransacks his confused brain for rhymes, till his unceasing efforts have produced a vertigo—while he dreams of unrivalled fame, and paints in poetic perspective, the discerning and unprejudiced, in succeeding ages, dwelling with rapture on the now-neglected page, and heaping encomiums on its author, as the peculiar favourite of Heaven!

How many have been led to affix their names to a subscription-paper, and thus have given encouragement and support to works of genius, which they never read, induced by an extra article in the conditions, "that a list of the subscribers shall be published at the end of the work!" Vain of being thought admirers and patrons of literature, they take this popular method to establish their reputation, and thus promote science, and do good to the world.

How many splendid edifices—how many famed seats of Science—how many charitable and other excellent institutions, owe their origin to all-powerful *Vanity!* Their founders, possessing wealth, and desirous of fame, knew in what estimation those characters are held, who have devoted their property and their services to the establishment of institutions such as these. And grateful to a good and generous mind, much to be the incense of public praise, arising from the performance of noble and praise-worthy actions—They covered praise such as this; and, in order to obtain it, they directed their efforts to deserve it. A noble vanity, indeed, which excites men to philanthropy! to the performance of deeds, worthy of men and of Christians!

This passion for praise, when properly directed, is productive of the most excellent effects. Let none, then, endeavour to destroy it, or damp its ardour. Let them first inquire, where would have been public spirit, and patriotism, and heroism, and every philanthropic virtue, had this passion been early extinguished? Let them consider, that the present day would have been worse than the times of Gothic ignorance, and Vandal barbarity; and let them forbear to eradicate, or weaken the force of a passion, which has been productive of more public good, than all their studied maxims, their wire-drawn disquisitions, and all the boasted precepts of their refined philosophy.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

YOU will oblige a Customer by inserting in your entertaining Magazine, the following
MAXIMS.

We frequently suffer pain from reports of events relating to us;—which were to us permitted to explain, would rebound to our credit.

Honor and Delicacy, often oblige us to conceal secrets, the disclosure of which would punish our enemies, and relieve our own feelings. There is magnanimity in such silence.

It is better to permit Duplicity and Treachery to punish themselves by their inevitable consequences, than to inflict punishment on them at the expense of honor and confidence.

Cunning never yet promoted the lasting happiness of its possessor; however its successful exercise may give a momentary pain to the open and unsuspecting breast of sensibility.

Of one thing let man and woman be assured—Duplicity and Treachery will not escape punishment.

The injured feel much more happiness on reflection than the injurers.

We ought to forgive those who are made the unwilling dupes of Treachery—and who act wrong from force rather than from inclination. [To be continued.]

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

HOW monstrous provoking it is, that I did not see your seventh number, (which contained that impotent piece addressed to the Fair Sex,) until this morning! How much trouble it would have saved me! But papa will not take it, because he says there is no politics in it; but, for my part, I like it the better for it, and sincerely wish all the Printers would adopt the same plan, and not say a word about politics. La! how delightful it would be to take up a paper in the morning, and instead of political intelligence, see nothing but theatrical advertisements, or an account of some funny marriage, or splendid ball—fashions, and robberies, and murders, like the English Newspapers. But I have digressed from my subject, which was to tell you, that since I read your piece, I dare not wear one of my fashionable gowns, for the fear of having indelicate remarks made upon my elbows. Only think how provoking! No longer than last week, I had a beautiful black Mullin made, and trimmed elegantly with mazarine blue, and now I shall never dare wear it, because the sleeves are full half way up to my shoulders. To tell you the truth, Misses Printers, I don't think it was very polite in you, to publish such stuff about wigs, and chemises.—Fine times, to be sure, that the ladies can't make their cloaths as they please! I don't think any young lady will come to you, first, to know how to put on her wig. For my part, I am sure I shan't, but shall wear it entirely over my face, if I chuse, and if I should, I know of more than one gentleman, that would be glad to see me unmasked again. As for piecing down the sleeves of our chemises, as the gentleman was pleased to term them, I am sure we shall do as we please about it. We shall go without any sleeves at all, if we please; and so you will tell Mr. Sauce-Box.

Jan. 1803. MARY ANN SMARTLY.

THEATRICAL.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

ON Wednesday evening last, I visited the Theatre, to see and admire the favorite comedy of Management. The parts were well fitted and ably supported. The part of Miss, and Worry, by Messrs. Bates and Dickinson, were well calculated to please a gay audience; those of Sir Hervey Sutherland, and Juliana, by Mr. Harper, and Mrs. Darley, to interest the serious. The whole comedy was well received by a respectable, though not very numerous audience. I am persuaded, should Mr. Powell bring forward Shakspeare's favorite play of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, he would be rewarded with a full audience. S.

REMARK.—It was remarked as a caution against going to law, by a gentleman of the law, "he that would go to law must have a good cause, a heavy purse, a skillful attorney, an able advocate, good evidences, an intelligent jury, an upright and patient judge; and having all these, unless he has very good luck, he will stand a small chance of succeeding in his suit."

SELECTED EXTRACTS, From the MANUSCRIPTS, of a CITIZEN of BOSTON.

No. 22.]—YANKEE—This is the name given sometimes by way of derision, and at other times only of simple pleasantry to the inhabitants of the four New England States. It is thought by some to derive from a savage people who formerly occupied this country, the Connecticut river and Massachusetts; the name of *Buckskin* is given in the same manner to the inhabitants of Virginia, because their ancestors were hunters, and fold buck or rather deer skins—for there are no roebucks in Virginia.

In a marginal note in hand writing in the same page of Chastellux Travels, from which I transcribed the above, is the following:—"The appellation of *Tankee*, originated in the town of Salem. Ann Hastings, who lived there, always used this term to mean *Excellence*; the peculiarity of it was remarked, and became known quite through New-England." Another account says, it derived from the word *Tanaka*, which signified "Conqueror," and was the name of a nation of Indians in New England, who were never conquered.

No. 23.]—THE TOWER OF LONDON—This Tower was anciently a Royal Palace, where the British Kings, with their courts, have often lodged, but at present is made use of for the following purposes, viz.—As a citadel to defend or command the city—As an armoury for warlike articles—as a Treasury for the Jewels and ornaments of the crown—as a Royal Mint, or only place of coinage for all England—as a great archive to preserve the ancient Records of the Courts of Westminster—and as a chief Prison of State to which the nobility and persons of note are committed, when charged with dangerous offences.

It is a very spacious building, containing within the walls upwards of twelve acres of ground, and in compass on outside of the ditch, it measures 3150 feet.

NATURAL HISTORY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Natural Curiosity in TURELL'S Cabinet—No. I.

GENUS AMPHISBÆNA—RINGED SNAKE.

GENERIC CHARACTER.

Body cylindrical equal, annular divisions, both on the body and tail.

Species 1—A. Alba—White Ringed Snake.

Shaw's Zoology, vol. 3d, page 591, plate 134.

THIS remarkable genus is very readily distinguished from the other Serpents by the manner in which the skin is marked, with numerous circles or rings completely surrounding the body, and divided in a longitudinal direction, by numerous straight lines, thus forming so many square or parallelogrammic scales. Only two species have yet been discovered, of which the present is the largest, measuring from fifteen inches to two feet or more in length; and of a considerable thickness, in proportion: Its form is equally cylindrical throughout; the head, which is covered with large scales, being of scarce greater diameter than the body, and the tail, which is very short, terminating in a rounded extremity. The colour of this species is white, but in some specimens tinged with pale rose colour; while in others, the head and back incline, to a pale yellowish brownish cast (as in Mr. Turell's Specimen). The usual number of circles or rings is observed to be about 22, on the body, and 16 on the tail. It is a native of South America, where it is found in woods, preying on insects, worms, &c. It is a harmless animal, but it is said that on handling it for some time, the skin becomes affected with a slight itching, accompanied by small pustules owing to an acrimonious moisture, exuding from the animal.

Species 2d—A. fuliginosa—Sooty ringed Snake,

Shaw's Zoology, vol. 3d, page 593, pl. 135.

This which seems rarely to equal the preceding in size, is at all times readily distinguished by its colours;—the general cast being a purplish or blackish brown, variegated in an irregular manner on all sides by scattered and broken patches of yellowish white, the outlines or divisions of each variegation being always rectangular; the general form is the same as in the preceding species, but the head is rather longer in proportion; on the divisions both of the rings and scales are very strongly marked; it often varies in its colour—sometimes exhibiting pretty vivid variegations of yellow on a purple or a violet ground colour, at other times an equally remarkable contrast of black and white. It is by no means uncommon in many parts of South America, in its manner resembling the former species

and being equally inoffensive.—The skin of both species is remarkably strong and tenacious, and of a smooth or glossy surface, and it is probable that they are enabled with great facility to perforate the ground, somewhat in the manner of earth worms, in order to obtain occasional supplies of food.

The foregoing descriptions taken principally from Dr. Shaw's Zoology, will be found to agree exactly with the Specimens in Mr. Turell's Cabinet, which were brought from Surinam.

BOSTON:

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 29, 1803.

It is said, that a considerable part of the *Table Mountain*, (Cape-of-Good-Hope) has fallen from its summit, with a terrible noise. The weight of the enormous mass of Rocks that has fallen, is estimated at 250,000 tons.

A Bridge has been erected over the James river, from Richmond to Manchester. It passes over three Islands, and is raised upon 32 piers.

The Rev. E. Alliston, of New-Jersey, and Mr. John I. Hawkins, have made a discovery of making Paper from the barks of Indian Corn—and it is said they have obtained a patent for the invention.

Capt. Benjamin Crews, of the Prudent, brought from the Ile of France to Jamaica, a very valuable plant, the properties of which have lately been discovered. It is said to be an effectual antidote to poisons generally, the venereal virus, as well as the hydrophobia, is said to yield to this remedy; Capt. C. fearful that the plant would die in coming upon this coast in the winter, presented it to a botanic garden in Jamaica, the Intendant of which (it being a new article) has given it the name of *Crownshield*.—S. G. FIRES.

On the 16th inst. about 2 o'clock in the morning, the house of Mr. Abijah Hunt, at Williamsburg. Some of the furniture were considerably burnt in making their escape—loss 1500 dollars.—On the 20th inst. at Dublin, (N. H.) a large commodious house, owned by Mr. Joel Wight.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The eighth volume of the Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society, is just published, from the press of Messrs. Munroe and Francis. The industry and zeal of this respectable society, is evidenced by their frequent and valuable publications. Our readers may form some idea of the entertainment and instruction that may be derived from a perusal of the present volume, from the *Table of Contents*, which we subjoin. We indulge a hope, that we shall soon be furnished with an Analysis of the principal papers in this interesting volume. The contents are—Remarks upon Remarks on the History of Salem; Historical account of John Elliot, the first minister of the Church in Roxbury; Gov. Dudley's Letters to the Counts of Lincoln, 1621; Historical Sketch of the Life and Character of Col. Ephraim Williams, and of Williams College; Topographical and Historical account of Marlborough; Bill of Mortality of Middleborough; Biographical Notices of Marlon Watton, Esq; Sketch of the Life and Character of Thomas Brattle, Esq; Notice of Ezekiel Price, Esq; Character of the Hon. George Richards Minot, Esq; Description of the Eastern Coast of the County of Barnstable; Description of Sandwich; Note on Falmouth; Description of Dennis; Note on the South Parts of Yarmouth and Barnstable; on the South-Precinct of Harwich; Description of Chatham; Description and History of Eastham; Description of Orleans; Note on Wellfleet; Description of Provincetown; State of the Cod and Whale Fisheries in Massachusetts, 1763; Mour's Journal of a Plantation settled at Plymouth, 1621; Edward Winslow's Relation of things remarkable in Plymouth, 1623; Memoirs of the Rev. Dr. Thacher.

The "Coquette, or the History of Eliza Wharton," a novel founded on fact, by a lady of Massachusetts, is just published, and for sale by E. Larkin, Cornhill—the rapid sale of the first edition, is a proof of its estimation by the moral, instructive and entertaining reader.

No. 6, of "Cheap Repository Tracts; entertaining, moral and religious"—is just published and for sale by E. Lincoln, Water-street.

The "Philad. Company of Bookfellers," have in the press, Walker's Dictionary, 3vo. Pocket Bible, on pearl type, with other books.

Mr. Morse, of New-Haven, proposes publishing, "A companion for the Festivals and Fasts of the Church of England, with Collects and Prayers for each solemnity; by Robert Nelson."

Mr. Woodward, of Philadelphia, is preparing for the press, and will shortly publish, Philosophical and Critical enquiries concerning christianity, by Charles Bonnet, F.R.S. in a neat 12mo volume, with a frontispiece. This author is celebrated for his many Philosophical, Theological, and other writings—and the present work is written in a style of elegance, which it is proper to expect from so celebrated an author.

D. Langworth, of New-York, has just published, the Ladies and Gentlemen's Belles Lettres Repository, for 1803. This little work is finished in a most superb style. Its graphic and typographic execution, is equal to any thing of the kind, we have ever seen from an American press—and the selections are worthy of the execution.

In the press at Walpole, N. H. an original work, upon the universal benevolence of the Deity, by the Rev. Dr. Foster; a new system of Geography for schools, by John Hubbard, Esq. of Deerfield; and in course of the winter and spring, will be published, Tomlin's Digest of the Term Reports—containing a concise statement of all the points of law determined in the court of King's Bench, from 1283 to 1798, inclusive.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. To the authors of the "Gossip," and "Itinerant," the Editors tender their most grateful acknowledgements; and hope long to be honored with their productions. Our readers will find the seventh number of the "Itinerant," in this week's Magazine.

We have received a beautiful parody on the "Miserable Hymn," but as its allusions are political, it is inadmissible in our Magazine.

"Annals," may rely on an honorable secrecy. We are sorry her "Advertisement for a Lover," was not received in season for this week.

"Lorna," seems anxious to be useful. Her communication shall have an early insertion.

Stephan's Verbes shall be published. We shall take the liberty to give them a little correction.

Lines by "Lindsey, to Caroline of Bignon," do in no wise concern, and we assure the author, will not interest any body, except himself or Caroline.

Editorial list of the Young Ladies of Boston, is received, but inadmissible—the Editors of the Magazine for more laudable purposes, than puzzling the brain, without the possibility of informing the understanding.

The extract by "A Correspondent," shall be attended to. We are sorry it is out of our power to comply with the wishes of a Mercantile friend.

We have been unable to obtain, at present, the information requested by "A Subscriber."

Lines on the "Rock of Killary," trifling, peurile, and incorrect.

A letter and some poetry on "Winter," signed "Fernandes," are received. We shall give the author no answer, but select a part of each, that our candid readers may form their own opinion of the author's merit, and the justice of our rejection. "If you think them worth your attention you may please to put them in if not you need not Blackguard me for them as you have done to others" "Please to correct the Spelling" &c

"The fields with blighted beards brown
The Skies no longer blue"

VARIETIES; LITERARY, PHILOSOPHICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

SHENEL, a celebrated German Artist, has invented an Instrument, that he calls an Anemoword, which imitates as exactly as possible, the sounds of the human voice.

IT has been found in the course of a number of curious and interesting experiments, made by M. Hildebrandt, that ammonia, diluted with water, does not dissolve copper in its metallic state, without the contact of vital or atmospheric air, and does not receive from it the slightest shade of colour; nor, if united with carbonic acid, will exhibit any stronger signs of attacking that metal.

AN experiment is now making at Paris on the method employed in Egypt of white washing walls. The process consists in the addition of a few handfuls of marine salt to a quintal of lime, mixed for use. It possesses the advantage of being attended with very little expence, of killing insects, and destroying the misshape, which penetrate walls frequently to a great depth.

The whole number of deaths in the town of Plymouth, the last year, (whose population is 3524,) was 149.—12 of which were over 70 years of age; 40 between 21 and 70; 6. between 5 and twelve; 91 under 5 years of age. Upwards of ninety of which were in the months of September and October.

SINGULARITY.—A late Newark (New-Jersey) paper, says—"A short time since a Detus of a very novel and curious construction was taken from a Sow belonging to Mr. Joshua Baldwin of this town. It has two pair of ears and but one eye, which shuts horizontally, and is placed in the middle of the forehead. The head, ears, and neck, in shape resemble that of an elephant. From the top of the skull projects a horn, in a horizontal direction, overhanging the eye. Another horn, but shorter, projects from the upper jaw; and the end of the lower jaw somewhat resembles the chin of a human being. The hoofs are cloven, but turn up at the ends as if feared by fire. The body and legs, are those of a hog. This extraordinary production is now in the possession of Mr. William Gardner."

SEA OTTER.

THE following singular occurrence may be depended on as a fact, viz.—A few days ago as a gentleman was fishing on Totness river, he perceived an Otter swimming towards him, which on approaching nearer, he wounded it on the head with a stone, and caused the animal instantly to dive out of sight; but, to his no little surprize, within a quarter of an hour it appeared again, attended with three more of the same species, who commenced an attack upon him with undaunted resolution; the gentleman defended himself with great spirit, armed with the spike affixed to his rod, notwithstanding his legs were fortified with a pair of strong water boots, they presently made dreadful havoc, and breaches through every part of them; and in the assault so terribly mangled his legs, that he was forced to abandon the combat and retreat, leaving the enemy complete masters of the field of battle, with his rod and fishing materials behind, and with difficulty he escaped home, where he no sooner arrived than he fell down and fainted away.—L. P.

TO THE LADIES.

THE following are humbly recommended as necessary requisites for a Lady's Toilet.—A fine eye-water, benevolence.—Best white paint, innocence.—A mixture, giving sweetness to the voice, mildness and truth.—A wash to prevent wrinkles, contentment.—Best rouge, modesty.—A pair of the most valuable earrings, attention.—An universal beautifier, good humor.—A lip-lip, (the best) &c.

TO PARENTS.

—Letter from a boy at School, to his too indulgent Father.—"Dear Father, I write this on Monday, to go by the post to-morrow (Tuesday) and it will reach you on Wednesday.—I expect you will send me money on Thursday, so that I may receive it on Friday; if not, I shall set out on Saturday, and be with you on Sunday."

INGENUITY OF A BLIND MAN.

A blind man had five hundred crowns, which he hid in a corner of his garden; but a neighbour, who perceived him, dug them up, and carried them away. The blind man not finding his money, suspected who it was that had robbed him, took the following method to recover his treasure. He went to his neighbour, and told him he had come to ask his advice; that he had a thousand crowns, of which half were hid in a secure place, and he knew not whether he ought to put the rest with them. His neighbour advised him to do it, and hastened to return the five hundred crowns, in hopes of soon gaining the thousand; but the blind man, having again found his money, seized it, and calling his neighbour, said to him, "My friend, the blind has seen clearer than he who has two eyes." [French pap.]

"GOLD! yellow, glittering, precious GOLD!"



A Valuable chance for obtaining ten thousand dollars, still presents in Hadley Lottery. A few warranted undrawn Tickets, at D. 50, for sale by GILBERT and DEAN.

A correct list of all the prizes and blanks may be seen as above—the great expence and trouble which attend keeping it, compels a tax of two cents on each number examined.—Prizes taken in pay for tickets. Jun. 29.

SCHOOL FOR RATIONAL AMUSEMENT.

Mr. J. HOSMER, we understand, begins a new quarter for teaching young masters and misses, in the genteel and rational amusement of Dancing, on Tuesday Evening next, at the Green Dragon. His experience and regularity of conduct, prompts us to say, that parents may depend on a strict attention being paid to the pupils put under his care.

THEATRE.

Next Monday, will be presented, for the last time this season, Calixtus, or America Discovered; to conclude with the farce of the Spoil'd Child.

MARRIAGES.

In Newark, Mr. Daniel Oakey, of London, to Miss Sarah C. Forbes. In Windsor, (V.) Mr. Seth Salisbury, of Roxbury, to Miss Betty Cady. In Portsmouth, Mr. William Durrell, to Miss Catharine Shapley; Mr. Samuel Nutting, printer, to Miss Catharine Gookin. In Providence, Mr. Thomas Walton, to Miss Mary Hicks. In Gloucester, Mr. Moses Gilbert, to Miss Lucy Ruff. In Salem, Mr. William Stickney, to Miss Elizabeth Byrnie; Mr. Christopher Beels, to Miss Nancy Cranston. In Pittsfield, Mr. Wells Fowler, to Miss Sally Hubbard.

In Boston, Mr. William Brazor, to Mrs. Mary Duggan; Capt. Constant Hopkins, to Miss Margaret Clough; Mr. Samuel Cutler, of Charlestown, to Miss Hannah Duncklee; Dr. Abraham Moore, of Bolton, to Miss Betty Wales; Mr. Nathan Phelps, of Hollis, to Miss Mary Miller.

DEATHS.

In Beverly, Mrs. Betty Dodge, æt. 43. In Burlington, Mrs. Abigail Johnson, æt. 62. In Hingham, Capt. William Cowell, late of Boston, æt. 57. In Canton, Mr. Adam Blackman, æt. 73. In Stoneham, Miss Mary Richardson, æt. 21. At sea, Mr. Eben Smith, of Boston, æt. 21. In Baltimore, Mr. John Cower, late of Boston, in Milton river, (drowned by the breaking of the ice, while he was skating, a son of Mr. Daniel Briggs, æt. 12. Three other lads fell in but were extricated in season.—Mr. Emnis, (a midshipman) and three men, belonging to the U. S. s. Enterprize, were drowned off Leghorn, on the night of the 15th of Oct. by the overturning of the boat.—On Friday evening, 21st inst. a child of Mr. Stevens, at Marblehead, was burnt to death it expired in a few hours. Some fire had fallen on a cat, which immediately run under the bed upon which the child was. Mrs. Stevens had driven the cat out, but did not observe he had left any fire. Returning to the room, after a few moments absence, she found the bed on fire, and the child burnt as above mentioned. At his seat in Barrington, 17th inst. Matthew Watson, Esq. aged one hundred and seven years. He has enjoyed his health and mental faculties, except being blind, until within two years of his death. "He has lived in three centuries, and died in a good old age full of days, riches and honor."—In Warren, (R. I.) Mr. Henry Luther, æt. 23; Miss Mary Mason, æt. 41. In Bristol, (R. I.) Mrs. Catharine Wardwell, æt. 51. In Ipswich, (M.) Capt. Jabez Treadwell, æt. 63. In Salem, Mrs. Jane Ward, æt. 36. In Weathersfield, (C.) Mrs. Abigail Butler, æt. 27. In Woodstock, on the evening of the 7th inst. Abner Cobb, æt. 5. He was found in a wood lot mortally wounded on the head, and expired soon after. A sheep was discovered in the morning, to have on its horns and wool, marks of blood, and is thought must have been the destroyer of the child.—In Saybrook, (C.) Mrs. Buckingham, æt. 60, wife of Mr. John B. She had been left but a few moments, when she was heard to cry out; on entering the kitchen, where she had been trying some tallow, she was found standing with her clothes in flames; she appeared in full strength of her reason, but could not tell how they were caught. She expired in about four hours after, in great distress, notwithstanding medical aid was soon procured.—In Tiverton, Mr. Philip Sandford, of Westport. He expired in a few hours after receiving a fall from his horse.—In Plympton, Ignatius Loring, Esq. æt. 73. In Clarendon, (V.) Mr. Benj. Foster, æt. 89. In Portsmouth, Mrs. Deigo; Mrs. Mchitable Wincol, æt. 83; Mrs. Phebe Neil, æt. 69; Mrs. Mary Stores, æt. 65. In Newbury, Mr. Jehu Noyes, æt. 96. In Newburyport, Miss Elizabeth Pritchard, æt. 21. In Weston, Mrs. Sarah Conant, æt. 65. In Billerica, Mr. Richard Braden, æt. 38. In Roxbury on Saturday last, Nancy Shaw Boston, æt. 4, daughter of Maj. Wm. B. In Lunenburg, Mrs. Relief Whitney, æt. 55, formerly of Watertown. In Princeton, Mrs. Dorothy Mirick, æt. 66. In Holden, Mrs. Katy Rice, æt. 30. In Lewistown, Mr. Ezekiel Hackett, æt. 61. In New-London, Mr. James Patterson, æt. 32. In Dover, (N. H.) Dea. Danl. Ham, æt. 92. In New-York, Mr. Jacob Drifkell.

In Boston, Mrs. Lydia Clark, æt. 55; Mrs. Elizabeth Perkins, æt. 66; Mrs. Shaw, wife of Mr. Elias S. æt. 46.

POETRY.



For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

LUCY'S ANSWER TO SELIM'S COMPLAINT.

WHEN night extends her sable wings,
To wrap the world in soft repose;
When Morpheus' leaden sceptre brings,
Cessation to life's varied woes,
Ah! then how oft does Lucy's mind,
From the world's busy trifles free;
Mourn her sad fate, and tho' resign'd,
Yet SELIM breathes one sigh for thee.

SELIM, were worlds in Lucy's pow'r,
And were the free the boon to give,
With thee she'd share the splendid dow'r;
For thee alone would Lucy live.
But since hard fate forbids my mind,
To cherish one sad thought of thee;
Tho' to that fate I bow resign'd,
Oh! SELIM give one sigh to me.

Of in the silent hour of night,
When ev'ry thought would rise sublime,
Thou dost arrest them in their flight;
I think perhaps at the same time,
Thou may'st it yon fretted vault admire,
May send one vagrant thought tow'rd me;
Ah! then each with that I respire,
Oh! SELIM, blessings asks for thee.

On thee may that benignant power,
Whose word whole systems can controul;
Its best its choicest blessings shower,
May full content possess thy soul.
And may some highly favoured one,
More happy than thy Lucy be;
And whilst thy heart is hers alone,
Oh! SELIM, give one sigh to me.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

LINES,

On seeing a Monument painted by a young Lady, to the memory of Miss C. T. and presented to her Mother.

THIS picture fair by friendship trac'd,
And drawn with elegance and taste
"The memory to perpetuate"
A daughter lov'd by all so late;
Will consolation kind impart,
And soothe a mother's wounded heart.
For SOPHIA holds within her breast
The place by CHARLOTTE late possess'd.
'Tis friends' twill kind remembrance keep,
When for their ills they cease to weep,
And gratitude will grief erase,
To hold in every heart its place—

Here as we gaze with soften'd eye,
And think how true that all must die,
Tho' hard to bear, perhaps 'tis best
That the should soon be sent to rest.
Yet all regret that when in youth,
A lovely child of worth and truth,
Not old enough to go astray,
And learn mankind's corrupted way,
Is call'd to leave a world behind
So very bad we often find;
For sure this truth we all must know,
"There's little happiness below!"
How glad fare then ought we to be
To see a child from misery free,
To go to rest which ne'er will cease,
And dwell in everlasting peace.

T. S.

Selected for the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

YOND FREDERIC TO FANNY FALSEFAIR.
AN ALLITERATIVE ADDRESS.THE SWEETEST SERAPH'S SOFTEST SMILE,
THE GORGEOUS GEMS OF GENTLE GRACE,The slippery serpent's scathful bite,
Frequent false Fanny's flattering face.Headstrong with hazy halcyon hope,
I follow fond the fickle fair;
Nor shun the sudden, flummery froke,
Which drives me deep in dark despair.The golden, glorious, glowing globe,
Which splendid Sal' sublimely shews,
Nor night's nocturnal nimbose node,
Distilling diuretic dews,Her eulogy can't e'en express,
When cherub Cupids cheer her charms;
When bounteous beauty's bent to bless,
Her aw'd adorer's amorous arms.Nor systems, funs, nor sparkling stars,
In confus'd chaos contriv'd;
Could ape the ambling of her airs,
When random ruin the resolv'd.Fair Fanny's fame shall flourish fair,
Till teased time, shall, toiling, tire;
And, Daphne, Dalia, Doreas dear,
Shall fail to fan fierce Fanny's fire.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

BY the insertion of the following Latin verse, in your literary and useful paper, you will oblige a friend and correspondent.

ALCANDER.

On a girl and boy, both beautiful, except that each had but one eye.

Dulce puero, lumenis quid habent, concede Sororem,
Sic tu cecum amor, sic erant illum VENUS.

A translation is requested.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

EPIGRAM,

OF a modern Latin Poet, on the Princefs of EBOLI, mistress of PHILIP 4th. King of Spain, and on the young favorite—both blind of one eye:

Parve puer, lumen quod habes concede puellæ;
Sic tu cecus Amor, sic erit illa VENUS.

A poetical translation is requested.

AGRICULTURE.

ON THE APHIS.

[From FORSYTH, on the culture and management of Fruit Trees.]

A few copies of this valuable work, may be had at the Bookstore of West & Greenleaf, Cornhill.

APHIDES, or Plant-Lice, are a very numerous and destructive tribe of insects. Entomologists enumerate 75 species of them, but probably there are many more, as every tree infested by them has a distinct species; and Linnaeus names them from the different trees they live upon; as the Currant Aphis, the Plum Aphis, the Cherry Aphis, &c. The males, which are very few in comparison of the females, have wings; but the females are apterous, or without wings.

Aphides are devoured by the larva of the Myrmelion Formicarius, or ant-cater, of Linnaeus. Ants are likewise very fond of them, on account of a sweet liquor which they eject from the anus. Aphides are extremely common.

Fruit-trees are frequently very much infested with different species of the aphis; the plum, in particular, suffers greatly by them. Those which I have most frequently found on plums are, the brown, the green, and the light sea-green aphis; but, as before observed, different sorts of trees generally have different species of aphides. Great care should be taken to destroy these pernicious insects at as early a period of their growth as possible; otherwise they will consume the leaves and fruit for that season. The best method that I have found for this purpose is, to take some fine wood-ashes mixed with one third part fine unslacked lime, and throw it on with a common dredging-box, till you have covered the undersides of all the leaves where you find the insects: This should be done in the morning early while the dew is on the leaves, which will cause the powder to adhere to them; letting them remain so covered with the powdered lime for three or four days. Then mix unslacked lime and soft water, or water that has been exposed to the sun a week at least, at the rate of half a peck to thirty two gallons, and stir it well two or three times a day for three or four days. If you have many trees that are infested with insects, mix up a large quantity in the same proportion as the above. I generally mix as much at

once as will fill a cistern about seven feet long, by three and an half broad, and three feet deep, and that contains about 500 gallons, which, according to the foregoing proportion, requires about two bushels and half a peck of lime. With this liquid, after the lime has subsided, give the trees a good watering, observing to throw a considerable part of it under the leaves, by a barrow engine; this should be repeated once a day, for six days, which will destroy all the aphides.

If you find the insects begin to make their appearance again, apply the powder as before directed, and repeat the watering.

"If it be a leaden cistern, a little loam, enough to cover the bottom, may be thrown in, and then trod down, before the lime and water are put in: The loam will prevent the lime from corroding the metal."

MONITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

THE return of a new year, while it excites the gay and thoughtless to festivity and mirth, awakens in the mind of the serious man, the most salutary reflections. It is the duty of the latter to let no period of time, however brief, escape unimproved. It is natural therefore, for him, at the close of an era, which forms a considerable fraction in his existence, to pause, and institute a self scrutiny—to retrace in his mind the events of the expiring year, and to balance, with rigorous impartiality, the good and the evil thereof. The man of industry and virtue, upon these occasions, always finds time his debtor.—Whereas the votaries of indolence and vice are hurrying every revolving hour, to a guilty bankruptcy.

AMUSEMENT.

THE LAWYER AND TAYLOR.

THE following, from a London paper, exhibits no small degree of ingenuity. It appears that the Taylor had committed some law business into the hands of his Attorney; for which he had well charged—and in return, on making him a suit of cloaths, the Taylor sent him the subsequent bill:

To measuring, and taking orders for a suit of cloaths,	6	8
Warrant and instructions to my foreman, for executing the same,	6	8
Going three times to the Woolen Draper's,	10	0
Fees to the Woolen Draper,	4	4
Cutting out the cloth,	6	8
Materials for working,	1	10
Trying the suit,	13	4
Alterations and amendments,	8	0
Entering it in my day-book,	10	6
Putting it in my Ledger,	6	8
Engrossing the same,	13	4
Writing to the Button-merchant,	6	8
Filing his declaration, 16 sheets,	16	0
Fees to Button-merchant,	2	12
Removing the suit from my house to Gray's Inn, 1	1	0
Removing it by certiorari from Gray's Inn to Surrey, (at your country house)	1	6
Writing out a receipt with a stamp,	12	0
Filing the same,	6	6
Service of the same, 5s. do. eight times more,	2	5

£20 5 2

Which balanced the Lawyer's bill, and the Taylor generously gave in Tape, Tasse, Buckram, and other small articles.

A WAG, observing a fellow steal a fish, at Billingsgate, and put it under his jacket, which was too short to conceal the theft, whispered the purloiner, in future, either to wear a longer jacket, or steal a shorter fish.—P. Folio.

A Grocer, with the very appropriate name of Philpot, advertises, in a late Albany Paper,—cogniac brandy, holland gin, and hebert's brown stout porter.—Mr. Philpot, (if we may judge from his name) will not only fill up good measure to his customers, but will occasionally be a good customer to himself.—N. Ægin.

THE Gentleman who lately purchased Mr. JOHNSON'S famous horse, Sir Solomon, for a Thousand Guineas, is not likely to come within the meaning of that sarcasm, which says, that "a fool and his money are soon parted;" for if not possessed of much wisdom himself, he at least shews that he does not spare expense in order to acquire it.—L. Pap.

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

DEVOTED TO

MORALITY, LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, THE FINE ARTS, AGRICULTURE, &c. &c.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

To soar aloft on FANCY'S wing,
And bathe in HELICONIA'S spring;
Cull every flower with careful hand,
And throw them o'er our native land.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP.—No. XV.

Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnim.

I SAID, "I would renew the subject of matrimonial unhappiness." Oh! that it were in my power to remove the various causes. Much of it, as I have before remarked, arises from the precipitancy with which young people rush to the sane of Hymen, without consulting their hearts, with that feminizing enquiry which would enable them to ascertain, whether they have affection or prudence sufficient to bear without repining, all the caprices, ill humours, and even faults of their companion; and this forbearing affection should be mutual. Man has no more right to sin with impunity than woman. He has no more right to tax the patience, and long suffering tenderness of a wife, than she has to irritate, provoke or dishonour him. It is certainly of infinite consequence that mature deliberation should precede the solemn, the sacred league of marriage. Women, from their retired situations, from their education and habits, have not the opportunity of investigating characters, and forming opinions on men and manners, with that discriminating accuracy, which the opposite sex enjoy; they should therefore be extremely cautious how they choose their partners, and suffer not a pleasing exterior to blind them to the errors, of either head or heart. But with all their superiority of sense, situation, education and sex, which, (whether fancied or real) custom in all climates, all nations, has agreed to allow to men; they are in this momentous concern, as liable to be imposed on, as women. They are the slaves of personal attraction—women of fat-tury.—Women to the homage paid to their own attractions. But I mean not a general sarcasm, honor! honesty! gratitude! forbid—there are men who can discover and venerate sense and virtue, under the plainest form; and like Bassiano,* seek and find the jewel of intrinsic worth, in the unpolished casket; and women who can love even to adoration the man who fees, and strives to remedy their defects, whether of principle, education or understanding; and such characters, are like comets, which appear only once in a long revolution of time, and tho' when apparent, fill us at once with surprize, wonder, and delight; are so transient, that we can assign them no certain place on the globe, either amongst the common fixed stars, which are visible every fine evening, or even amongst the planets, which disappear at certain periods, and then break upon us again with renewed lustre. It must be acknowledged, that women suffer much from the inconsistency, unkindness, and aristocracy, (if I may be allowed the term) of men. I can clearly comprehend the feelings of a Brother, who, conscious of a Sister's merit, and convinced of her tenderness for her unworthy tyrant, fees her neglected, and treated with unkindness and contempt. I feel for, and from my soul do commiserate the woman, who loves the wretch that tramples on every moral obligation; and at the shrine of vice, intemperance, ignorance, or obduracy, sacrifices his own health, and property, and the peace of *Her*, whom before God, he had sworn to love and protect. But shall I not be called illiberal and unjust, if I tell the lovely sufferers, their own misconduct often augments their misery. Man from childhood, taught the superiority of his sex, over his female acquaintance and relations, rejects with scorn every appearance of control from beings he thinks so vastly beneath him—Woman cannot then this superiority, to be only ideal, in a stronger light, than when receiving their unthinking husband, with smiles and strewing the roses of peace on the pillow of him whose conduct has twined a wreath of thorns round their temples, which penetrate even to the heart. A young and lovely woman, newly married (perhaps to the man of her choice) feels every contradiction, an unkindness; every omission, a pointed neglect.

* Merchant of Venice.

Her husband goes out and forgets to inform her he is engaged for the whole evening; or when questioned where he is going, refuses to tell her. Her ardent imagination immediately pictures a change in his affection; he is supposed no longer to love the woman whom he can leave for so many hours "Without a cause assigned, or reason given." "Oh!" she exclaims, in bitterness of soul, "I have lost my husband's love, what shall I do? what charm shall I employ to regain, to bring him home, to love, to happiness and me?" Shall I tell you, my sorrowing friend? the charm of good humour, and uncomplaining sweetness. Did unavoidable business take him from you, tears, reproaches, and fullenness, will be but a sad welcome, after his anxiety and vexation; did pleasure or a rival draw him from home, if, on his return he is received with frowns and reproaches, it will only serve to endear that face to him, which is ever drest in smiles to receive him.

What an everlasting Gossip I am; this correspondent of mine has engaged me on a subject which has awakened every feeling of my soul, and ten to one, but I shall prate and prate, till every creature who listens, is ready to fall asleep; I have now twenty stories apropos to the subject, which I could tell, but I have just heard some news which I am on tenter hooks till I promulgate, so cannot stay to write another syllable at present.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE ITINERANT.—No. VIII.

"Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and Nature meant to me mankind;
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words, health, peace, and competence.
But health consists with temperance alone,
And peace, O VIRTUE! PEACE IS ALL THY OWN."
POPE.

"THE way of the stranger is hard," says the fabled poet. The paths of ~~vices~~ are easier to the traveller's feet, than the rugged and darksome ways of vice. It is true, the devious walks of error, at a distance, appear enticing; they seem to lead through a charming, romantic country, diversified with rocks and precipices, beautiful streams and wide-expanded lakes, fields of flowers and embowering forests; with hills covered with verdure, and mountains whose awful summits are lost in the clouds.—But the deluded traveller, who, unable to resist the fascinating temptation, lets go the hand of Virtue, finds on a nearer approach that the charm vanishes. Rocks, in huge masses, obstruct his passage; the beautiful streams become roaring torrents, and the wide-expanded lakes are blackened with eternal storms;—the forests are infested with poisonous serpents, and the flowers exhale stupefaction and disease.

Let the man who disclaims all principle, and whose actions are circumscribed by no moral laws, let him boast of his liberty, and the extended circle of his enjoyments. Let him expatiate on what he falsely calls pleasure, to the pursuit of which he criminally devotes his contracted, miserable life. He is an object worthy of pity, not of envy. While he insults your understanding with his tale of happiness, and invites you to partake of the pleasures of life, remorse, like the vulture of Prometheus, preys upon his vitals, and discontent sits brooding on his countenance. His senses are palled by excess; every appetite extinguished by satiety, and his body emaciated by every intemperate indulgence. Life is insipid, undefrable, disgusting; and often, from the consciousness of having committed crimes at which his soul recoils, almost insupportable. Suicide is perhaps his last resource; or he is deterred from it only by the "fear of something after death," or from a want of courage sufficient to strike the fatal blow. Melancholy catastrophe!—Satiety, and disease, and ignominy, and remorse, attend him on this side the grave, and gloomy indeed beyond conception are his prospects of futurity!

The man of virtuous principles, and a conformable life, although his pleasures are less showy, does not envy the libertine his happiness. He feels that his own enjoyments are of a superior nature: they are harmless and serene, steady and substantial; unattended by guilt, nor succeeded by remorse. The calm reflections of solitude present no

images of horror to his mind; they are his delight; they constitute his happiness. A stranger to oppression, injustice, and seduction, he is a friend to the poor, the advocate of the injured, and the protector of the innocent. His are permanent pleasures; which not only confer happiness in the immediate pursuit, but are equally delightful in the retrospect. They sustain him in adversity, and light up his countenance on the bed of death. His prospects brighten as he leaves the world. He looks on futurity with steadiness and serenity, and approaches an "undiscovered country" not only without fear, but with the animating persuasion, that it is the abode of happiness, and the place where virtue shall meet its reward. H.

MRS. WOLLSTONECRAFT.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GREEN and DEAN, MUCH has been said lately, concerning the works and character of Mrs. WOLLSTONECRAFT. I do not remember a faultless character, but I think the following apology, or defence of her, from the pen of an episcopal Clergyman, who was with her during the last months of her existence very frequently, and knew her long deserves some attention from those who are ready to load her memory with abuse. CANDID.

From the London "MONTHLY VISITOR."

IN the Memoirs of the late Mrs. Wollstonecraft, Mr. Godwin is anxious to represent her as being *indifferent to revelation*. This was perhaps the case; particularly after her neglect of public worship. For we are told that several years previous to her death, she relinquished her attendance on the usual routine of sermons and prayers, as *her biographer disrespectfully* styles them. Let it, however, be remembered, that Mrs. Wollstonecraft has written decidedly in favor of public worship, and against that pernicious species of infidelity which is now so unhappily prevalent. The testimonies borne by this extraordinary woman, at an uncontaminated period of her life, are deserving of attention, and may counteract that part of her Memoirs, where irreligion is openly avowed and defended.—The passages are to be found in a little pamphlet, with the following title, *Thoughts on the Education of Daughters; with Reflections on Female Conduct, in the more important duties of Life.* By Mary Wollstonecraft, 1787.

On the observance of Sunday, she remarks, "The institution of keeping the seventh day holy, was wisely ordained by Providence for two purposes: to rest the body, and call off the mind from the too eager pursuits of the shadows of this life, which I am afraid often obscure the prospect of futurity, and fix our thoughts on earth. A respect for this ordinance is, I am persuaded, of the utmost consequence to national religion. The vulgar have such a notion of it, that with them, going to church and being religious, are almost synonymous terms. They are so lost in their senses, that if *this day* did not continually remind them, they would soon forget there was a God in the world. Some forms are necessary to support vital religion, without them it would soon languish, and at last expire."

As to deism, her words are still more remarkable and decisive. In her chapter "On the misfortune of fluctuating principles," she observes, "if we look for any comfort in friendship or society, we must associate with those who have fixed principles with respect to religion; for without them, repeated experience, convinces me the most shining qualities are unstable, and not to be depended on. It has often been a matter of surprize to me, that so few people examine the tenets of the religion they profess, or are Christians through conviction. They have no anchor to rest on, nor any fixed chart to direct them in the doubtful voyage of life. How then can they hope to find the haven of rest? but they think not of it, and cannot be expected to forego present advantages. Noble actions must arise from noble thoughts and views: when they are confined to the world—they must be groveling.

"Faith, with respect to the promises of eternal happiness, can only enable us to combat with our passions, with the chance of victory. There are many who pay no attention to revelation, and more who have not any fixed belief

in it. The *sure word* of comfort is neglected; and how people can *live without it*, I can scarcely conceive. For as the sun renews the face of nature, and chafes away darkness from the world, so does this fill greater blessing have the same effect on the mind, and enlightens and cheers it, when every thing else fails.

"A true sense of our infirmities is the way to make us Christians in the most extensive sense of the word. A mind depressed with a weight of weaknesses, can only find comfort in the promises of the gospel. The assistance there offered must raise the humble soul, and the account of the atonement that has been made, gives a rational ground for resting in hope until the toil of virtue is over, and faith has nothing to be exercised on.

"It is the fashion now for young men to be *Deists*, and many a one have improper books sent adrift in a sea of doubts—of which there is no end. This is not a land of certainty; there is no confining the *wandering reason*, and but one clue to prevent its being lost in endless researches. Reason is indeed the heaven-lighted lamp in man, and may safely be trusted when not entirely depended upon—but when it pretends to discover what is beyond its ken, it certainly stretches the line too far, and runs into absurdity. Some speculations are idle, and others hurtful, as they raise pride, and turn the thoughts to subjects that ought to be left unexplored. With love and awe we should think of the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, and not presume to say how he must exist who created us. How unfortunate it is, that man might sink into a brute; or else by thinking, grow so proud as often to imagine himself a superior being. It is not the doubts of profound thinkers, that I here allude to, but the crude notions which young men sport away, when together, and sometimes in the company of young women, to make them wonder at their superior wisdom! There cannot be anything more dangerous to a mind not accustomed to think, than doubts delivered in a ridiculing way. They never go deep enough to solve them—of course they fly by them; and though they might not influence their conduct, if a fear of the world prevents their being guilty of vices—yet their thoughts are not restrained, and they should be observed diligently, for 'out of them are the issues of life.' A nice sense of right and wrong to be acquired, and then not only great vices will be avoided, but every little inaccuracy; truth will reign in the inward parts, and mercy will attend her.

"I have indeed too much compassion for these young females who are entering into the world without fixed principles, that I would fain persuade them to examine a little into the matter. For though in the season of gaiety they may not feel the want of them—in that of *distress*, where will they fly for succour? Even with this support, life is a labour of patience—a conflict—and the utmost we gain is a small portion of peace—a kind of watchful tranquillity, that is liable to continual interruptions:

*Then keep each passion down, however dear;
Trust me the tender are the most severe.
Guard, while 'tis thine, thy philippic ease,
And ask no joy but that of virtuous pains,
That bids defiance to the storms of fate:
High bliss is only for a HIGHER STATE!"*

Should Mr. Godwin's attention be arrested by the passages which I have here transcribed, it may be the means of exciting in his breast some interesting emotions. He will recollect they are the words of one who was most dear to him—whose talents and virtues made an indelible impression on his heart. He will likewise bear in mind, that those were her sentiments at an early and uncorrupted period of life. These testimonies indeed, which the bore in favor of public worship, and against modern deism, seem to have been the spontaneous effusions of her soul, which, even at the time the pamphlet was written, was a soul of no ordinary dimensions. In the *twenty-seventh* year of her age, her powers must have been somewhat matured, nor can it be denied, that being in the habit of attending on the ministry of the late Dr. Price, she had thought much on religious subjects. These considerations duly weighed, may possibly produce in her biographer some relinements of heart, towards that amiable system of religion which she so powerfully recommended, and which he himself once firmly believed and zealously maintained. And let it not be forgotten, that this same religion which her husband re-jected—was her chief source of comfort, under accumulated distresses. For in her very last publication, frequent allusions are made by her to that region beyond the grave, where the *wicked cease from troubling*, and where the *righteous are at rest!*

May the loss which Mr. Godwin has sustained by her decease, induce him to re-examine with seriousness and impartiality, the evidences of the gospel, which *both brought life and immortality to light!* Then probably in the next *—*
* Travels in Norway, Sweden and Denmark.

dition of the *Memoirs*, he may substitute something more elevated and consolatory than his present concluding paragraph:—"This light was lent me for a very short period, and is now extinguished FOR EVER!!!" I wish not to give offence—no; not even to him, who, in his political works, has given such just occasion of offence, to every serious Christian, by his insinuations against the religion of Christ. To overcome evil with good is an apostolic precept, which cannot be too sacredly observed. For ability and literature, I entertain a profound veneration. Nothing, therefore, affords me more exquisite pleasure than to see talents employed in the best of all causes, the defence and illustration of the Christian religion, and to know that affections, fraught with sensibility, partake under the same calamities, of that substantial consolation, derived from a future state of existence, which the world can never give nor take away.

It is indeed to be sincerely regretted, that eccentricity should be the almost inseparable attendant on genius. Hence, meteor-like, whilst it dazzles, it oftentimes confounds every thing within the reach of its influence. "We talk much" (says Mr. Pope in one of his letters), "of fine sense, refined sense, and exalted sense; but for use and happiness, give me a little common sense." Had Mrs. Wollstonecraft avoided those singularities by which her character in the latter part of her life stands distinguished, and of which her biographer boasts in a peculiar strain of exaltation—she might have passed through the world with a far greater portion of felicity—might have proved eminently useful to the rising generation of her own sex, and her many virtues would have shone forth with an unclouded lustre. This is the opinion of some of her best friends. This is the sentiment entertained by some of her warm, though not undistinguished admirers. But here these few curious remarks, dictated by an ardent concern for the interests of morality and religion, shall close, being not unmindful of the advice given by Gray in these inimitable lines, which with propriety might be inscribed on her tomb:

*"No further seek her merits to disclose,
Or draw her frailties from their dread abode;
There they alike in trembling hope repose,
The bosom of her Father and her God."*

JOHN EVANS.

Hoxton Square, March 12, 1798.

MONITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THURSDAY LECTURE.

NO. VI.

MATT. V. 5.

Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth.

LONG had the heathen philosophers perplexed themselves and their scholars, in discussing the subject of the "chief good." Their opinions concerning it were contradictory and endless. One fought it in riches, another in mirth, a third in revenge, a fourth in women, a fifth in conquest, a sixth in liberty, and a seventh in fame. The sage of Nazareth, untroubled by Socrates, and unlettered in the lore of Aristotle, exposed the grossness of their errors, and by the radiance of his heavenly wisdom dispelled the clouds and darkness, which enveloped their reasonings. He taught his disciple to look for the sovereign happiness not in the splendour of a court, but in the humble cottage of contentment; not in the dissipation of the gay, but among the pupils of adversity; not at the tables of the luxurious, but in the life of him, who eats of *rusty bread*, and drinks of the *wine which he has mingled*; not in the indulgence of malevolent, but in that of the pacific dispositions; not, in short, in the emoluments, distinctions, and pleasures of sensual and selfish man, but in patience, humility, and moderation; in the acquisition of that moral purity and that unfeigned benevolence, which constitute the felicity of God.

This doctrine, so astonishing and incredible in the eye of a corrupt and stupid world, carries proof of its divinity and truth to the heart of reflection. How much happier, for example, are the meek believers in revelation, than proud infidels, who content what they have never examined, and profane what they do not understand! How much happier the meek disciples of Christ, who calmly endure affliction, than forward fatalists, who gall themselves with its yoke! How much happier the meek, who are slow to anger and candid in contradiction, than those waspish spirits who make a man an offender for a word; the meek, who forgive an injury, than the wrathful devil, who cleanses his honour in the blood of a companion; the meek, who quietly enjoy, than the passionate who eagerly contend; the meek, who by sweetness of temper and gentleness of manners are always multiplying friends, than the petulant and morose who are always losing them; the meek, who procure

for trouble in the present world, which they consider as a passage to a better, than the imperious and violent sons of ambition, who are continually jostled and bruised in a crowd of rivals, and stung by disappointments, without a ray of consolation or of hope from the light of the gospel!

In the 5th number, 33 lines from the beginning, for "content," read content.

INSTRUCTION.

The following letter, from Madam de Maintenon, cannot be too frequently perused or too much admired. Every young woman destined for the great world, should attentively read it, and it ought to be engraven in letters of gold, in every feminary of female education.]

YOU must not, my young friend, hope for perfect happiness; on our globe it is not to be found, and if it existed at all, in a court, be assured, it could never dwell. This life is replete with cares, but those attendant on grandeur, are more insupportable than any, connected with other conditions; for in a private station, we make our own troubles; in a court, we must contend for the vexations of other people. When I persuade you to believe that our sex is most particularly exposed to suffering, because we are always in a state of dependence, do not imagine that I would wish to make you displeas'd at, or ashamed of, what was wisely ordained by a just Providence. When a woman marries, if from proper motives, she will always regard her husband as her best friend, her wisest counsellor, and her only confidant. It has now become your duty to listen to his advice always! and when required freely to give him yours. Your husband and yourself should have but one mind, one heart, and one soul; that is, your sentiments, your feelings, should be always in unison. Human bliss, however, cannot be perfect, and I believe those to be the most happy marriages where each suffers in turn with mildness and patience. There is naturally, in every connection, some little contradiction, arising from constitutional humour, from difference of education and opinion. Under such an evil, be tranquil and submissive, for by submission, impossible as it may seem, we can only reign. Make obedience your steadfast principle, require none from your husband, in whom you must not expect to find as much disinterested friendship, as in one of your own sex. It is peculiar to our bosoms, and men are less susceptible of it than women. You will be unhappy if you are too nice in this particular.

Offer up your prayers to heaven that you may never be jealous. If unfortunately you have real cause, do not, as you value your own peace, for a moment, think you can recal your husband's affection, either by the fumes of complaint, or the bitterness of reproach; your only resource is patience and religion. Impatience aggravates the worst misfortunes, and believe me, if you once descend to reproaches, you will alienate your husband's tenderness. On the other hand, if you suffer in silence you will take the only effectual means of awakening it.

In sacrificing your own will, do not hope to influence that of your husband, for men are by nature more obstinate, and in their education, less accustomed to restraint than women. They are naturally tyrannical, attached to pleasure and liberty, and no reasonable woman will expect them to renounce this inclination. We must not examine if their rights are all just, it is sufficient that custom has so long established them. They are the masters, there is nothing left for us but to obey, and to suffer (if so ordained) with a good grace.

Never confide any thing to a friend which can injure you, if repeated; speak, write, act, as if you had ten thousand witnesses; reflect, that sooner or later all will be known; and before you venture to have a secret correspondent, recollect that the most confidential persons are not always to be trusted, and that there is no situation in life, where you will meet with more indelicacy of this kind than at a court, where all is dissimulation and intrigue.

If you are blest with children, love them with tenderness, be with them often: this is the noblest occupation of a prince's or a peasant. Be diligent in cultivating their minds, and reflect that on their education their future virtue and happiness depend. Support, with becoming dignity, the greatness of your condition. Worldly honours should not make you haughty, or they will not make you beloved. In your behaviour, we must neither see vanity nor immodesty. In your conversation, no calumny, exaggeration, offensive raillery, nor any thing which is inconsistent with perfect charity. Select as your friends, those persons who are mild and forgetful of injury, but fear and despise those who would wish to excite you against others, under an appearance of zeal for you, by which they conceal their own resentment or serve their own interest. Avoid all interested,

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SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 5, 1863.

vain, ambitious, vindictive people, their society will always injure you. Never do intentional wrong, and you will never dread discovery. Always give good advice, when you presume to give any. Vindicate the absent, and accuse no one.

Sanctify all your virtues, in allowing their motives to be a desire of pleasing God. In protecting and assisting any one that you know, think if it be not possible that in doing you may injure some one of greater merit whom you do not know. Do not attach your mind to giddy pleasures; you should learn to abstain, most particular in your present condition, which should be that of restraint and self-denial.

Be on your guard with respect to your relish for wit. Much wit humiliates those who have but little; it will surely make you many enemies, and perhaps make men of sense undervalue your understanding. **MAINTENON.**

THE FOLLY OF PRIDE OF BIRTH, WHEN NOT SUPPORTED BY INTEGRITY OF MIND—EXEMPLIFIED.

A CERTAIN Earl, who, by his licentious way of life had deeply mortgaged his estate, and had still great debts remaining unpaid, was asked by his shoemaker to settle an account which had been long in arrears. His humble creditor showed no rudeness, but perhaps might weary him with his repeated importunities, as he was nearly brought to ruin for the want of the money due from this nobleman. The Earl was exceedingly enraged, and sent for the shoemaker.

My steward informs me, said his Lordship, in great wrath, that you have even threatened to prosecute a man of my rank. Have I not employed you for many years, and your father before you?

True, please your Lordship, you have employed me, but my work for you has not yet procured me one loaf of bread for my family. The money which I have paid for leather and workman's wages on your account, please your Lordship, would support my children in meat, drink, and clothing, for years. And if I had not been better paid by my other good customers, I should have died in a jail, and my children would have been put into the parish workhouse. I only ask, please your Lordship, for what is my due, honestly and hardly gained? And how dare you, Sir, replied the Earl, speak with so much freedom in the presence of a man of my birth and noble descent?

Necessity, please your Lordship makes me bold. I must have my money or my family must go to ruin.

Steward, order Thomas to come here, said the Earl, to shew this impudent fellow out of the gate?

Please your Lordship, you need not trouble yourself or your servants, for I shall leave your house immediately, as you shew no inclination to pay me my just demand. But I must first beg leave to tell your Lordship, that my ancestry was noble, and older than yours; for about two hundred years ago, one of my progenitors was an Earl. And what do you think, my Lord, your progenitor was at that time? Why, please your Lordship, he was then, what I am now, a poor shoemaker. And if you will not believe me, my Lord, I can convince you of its truth by some receipts signed by your great great-grandfather, which testify that my ancestors paid much better than you do.

Now I go, my Lord; you will tomorrow receive a line from my attorney.

FRAGMENT.

***** HE stood some minutes before the door waiting for admission.—I advanced to lift the latch, and beheld the victim of disease and misfortune. Follow me, Sir, my heart knows how to pity the miserable. He dragged his pained limbs into the parlour; and seated himself. Was there an extravagant and dissipated man present, thought I, how great would be the pleasure he might now taste, by relieving this worthy object; superior to all his noisy and enervating joys! How grateful the sensation that follow an act of benevolence! The miserable votary of sensuality knows nothing of it. Well, I saw him depart with satisfaction in his countenance, and a heart of gratitude. When you give a poor wretch in the street, think, that, although fortune now smiles, her capricious whims may render you low, as the object who asks your charity.—*W. Mysum.*

IMPROVEMENT.

Mr Launy, watchmaker, of New-York, is said to have discovered an improvement on the pendulum, beyond those of Harrison, Le Paute, or any other artist, by which common time pieces may be so regulated as not to vary more than a second or 3 minutes in twelve months. If this information is correct, America will be honored, while art is beautified, by Mr. Launy's invention.

The public have been lately favoured with a work, entitled, "*Memoirs of Pious Women.*" It is an interesting performance, executed in a pleasing style, and very proper to be put into the hands of young women. The characters therein delineated, are not only eminent for piety, but for a love of learning; and having received the highest polish of education, are eminently adapted to awaken in the female breast, an emulation to excel in all that is great, good and laudable.

The *Baltimore City Dispensary*, are to have 12 managers, and to choose two attending Physicians annually, who are to be paid for their services. The inoculation for the Kine Pox, is contemplated.

The *Baltimore Female Humane Association*, have lately had a meeting, at which MARY HESSELIUS, was chosen President. They made choice also of female Directors. Twenty three female children had been clothed, educated, and put in the care of good families—Twenty seven were now under their direction, and general approbation had attended their charity.

The *Providence Female Charitable Society*, are said to have already raised a fund of 1500 dollars.

On Thursday, it was remarkably warm. At the close of the day we had thunder and lightning, with rain.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Amanda's advertisement for a lover, is not exactly what at the first perusal we imagined, as we perceive, though she wants a lover, she does not intend ever to convert him into a husband, as the particulars mentions that he must prefer celibacy. This renders it inadmissible.

Gen. *Vainne's* Letter deserves our thanks, and speedy insertion shall evince them.—The fame of "*Observator*," and "*Fitzwilliam's*" communication.—Poetical Advertisement—the Misanthrope—and the Negro's complaint, all have merit, and in regular course shall appear.

We are happy to find the "*Thursday Lecture*," copied into several respectable papers. This is a strong proof of their moral goodness.

Essay, on the beauty and advantage of Religion, very good. We shall hope to hear again from so able a correspondent.

Lines on the death of MRS. MARY WARREN, shall appear next week.

Albert's "Wife," incorrec.—Lines by "*Rumina*," the same—"Such things were," have a prettiness about them, but are neither new or striking.

Lines to a Lady, &c. &c. inadmissible. The folioloquy, on a Lap-dog, is neither instructive or amusing.

LONGEVITY AND ACTIVITY.

Extract from Dr. Bellnap's *History of New-Hampshire*, vol. 3, page 252.—"In Wakefield, Robert Macklin, a native of Scotland, died in 1787, at the age of 115. He lived several years in Portsmouth, and followed the occupation of a baker. He frequently walked from Portsmouth to Boston, 66 miles, in one day, and returned in another.—This journey he performed, the last time, at the age of 80."

CHAPTER OF EVENTS.

A MIRACLE.—On the 13th ult. a child of Mr. Toncray, 3 years old, of Abingdon, Maryland, fell into a well, head foremost, 50 feet deep, without sustaining any material injury. The water was only two feet deep!

ROBBERIES.—A most daring attempt to rob the South-Carolina Bank, at Charleston, was discovered the 8th ult. One of the villains had formed a subterraneous passage, 7 feet below the surface of the earth, where he had remained, by his own account, for three months!—Robberies are frequent at the southward. About 6 o'clock in the evening, at New-York, last week, a fellow stole from a house in Water-street, a portable writing desk, containing money and valuable papers.

MARRIAGES.

In Newburyport, Mr. Amos Coffin, jun. to Miss Sally Cook. In Haverhill, (M.) Gen. James Brackett, to Mrs. Abigail Moody; Mr. James Gray, to Miss Hannah Barber; Mr. Joseph Bailey, to Miss Sarah Davis. In Dorchester, Mr. Cyrus Bolcom, to Miss Polly Pope. In Bridgewater, Mr. John Packard, to Miss Martha French. In Billerica, Mr. Thomas Stevenfon, mer. of Boston, to Miss Elizabeth Clark. In Salem, Mr. James Ireland, to Miss Elizabeth Wells.

In Easton, Mr. Benjamin Robbins, of Carlisle, to Miss Sally Sprague.

DEATHS.

In Johnston, (R. I.) Rev. Samuel Winsor, *Æt.* 81. A sermon was delivered on the occasion, at the particular request of the deceased.—In Haverhill, (M.) Mrs. Sarah Black, *Æt.* 63. In Lynn, Rev. Joseph Roby, *Æt.* 79. In Salem, Mrs. Sarah Chase, *Æt.* 36; Mrs. Rebecca Jenks, *Æt.* 76. In Portland, Mr. James Gardner, *Æt.* 38. In Springfield, Miss Prudah Willey, *Æt.* 20. In Charlestown, Miss Mary Whittemore, *Æt.* 21. In Newburyport, Miss Caroline Livermore, daughter of the Hon. St. Loe Livermore; Miss Sally Hunt. In Worcester, Mr. Holmes, *Æt.* 70. He hung himself in his cellar.—In Barre, Mr. Jane Caldwell, *Æt.* 87. In Watertown, Mr. Joseph Gardner, *Æt.* 67. In Windham, (M.) (suicide), Mr. Spalding. In Barnstable, Mrs. Hannah Holbrook, *Æt.* 82.

In Boston, Mrs. Mary S. Palfrey, *Æt.* 37, wife of Mr. John P. jun.; Mrs. Sarah Rand, *Æt.* 33, wife of Mr. John R.; Miss Eunice Paine, *Æt.* 70, after an infirm life of 50 years, during which the frequently endured the most distressing sickness, in expectation of speedy dissolution, and for many of her last years was reduced to painful and helpless decrepitude, till nature was exhausted with violent and incessant struggles, and she was released from her earthly prison.—Master Snelling Powell, *Æt.* 8, son of Mr. Snelling Powell; Harriot Gibson, daughter of Mr. John Gibson.

AMUSEMENT.

THEATRE.

On Monday, for the 2d time, a play, called the *Point of Honor*, with the comic opera of *Shipwreck*.

COLORS.

AS the signification of colors may not be altogether known to many of our readers, and as the interpretation of them may have a tendency to regulate the mode of dress, particularly in our fair country women, we earnestly recommend them to their notice.

- BLACK—signifies wisdom, sobriety and mourning;
- RED—justice, virtue and defence.
- FLAME COLOR—beauty and desire.
- MAIDEN'S BUSH—envy.
- FLESH-COLOR—lavishiousness.
- CARNATION—craft, subtlety and deceit.
- GREEN—Hope.
- GLASS-GREEN—youthfulness and rejoicing.
- YELLOW—jealousy.
- LEMON-COLOR—jealousy, also.
- PERFECT YELLOW—joy, honor and greatness of spirit.
- GOLD-COLOR—avarice.
- STRAW-COLOR—plenty.
- ORANGE-TAWNEY—pride.
- BLUE—true faith and continued affections.
- AZURE—constancy.
- VIOLET-COLOR—a religious mind.
- POPPINJAY-GREEN—wantonness.
- PURPLE—fortitude.
- WHITE—death.
- MILK-WHITE—innocency, purity, truth and integrity.

White, black, red and green, are colors held sacred in the church of Rome; and there are various other emblematical significations in regard to colors which are frequently left to the judgment of artists.—*Spectator.*

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.—IN the year '96, the garrison of West Point, consisted, for the most part, of new recruits; one of whom, being put on sentry, was (as is usual) instructed to let no one pass after tattoo, unless the counter-sign was given, which was *hobby pudding*. At a late hour, the officer of the day went the grand round; arriving at the post of this sentinel, was challenged, but gave no answer, from a policy of trying the soldiers merit. The recruit had received orders to fire, if no answer was given to the third challenge; accordingly, after challenging twice, he exclaimed, "zounds, if you do not say *hobby pudding* quickly, I will blow your brains out."

FORTUNE BIDS THEE ATTEND!

A FEW Tickets at D 6 50, warranted undrawn, in Hadley Lottery, for sale by GILBERT & DEAN. A correct list kept as above; prize tickets taken in pay.—All the high prizes are yet in the wheels. ✂ Glorious opportunity, reader, to make a fortune. Feb. 5.

Also, for sale—A general assortment of Commercial Blanks; Trial of Friendship, a beautiful novel; Jefferson's Notes on Virginia, with a portrait, price 1 dl. 25 cents; Hindu Philosopher; the Peasants' Fate; Specimens of Republican Institutions; Aphorisms on Man; and the Art of Preserving Health, by John Armstrong, M. D.; &c. &c.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

LINES,

On the birth of an Infant; who, by the flatteringly ex-
puffed fancion of Mrs. MARTHA WASHINGTON,

received the illustrious name of
GEORGE WASHINGTON.

DEAR Babe! I hail thy natal day,
Rich fountains drew its genial way—
The vernal months have twin'd thy wreaths,
The morn new invalescence breathes,
Its ripening fruits, and clustring sweets,
Its vocal powers, and shady seats,
Its life impelling atmosphere,
Announce the manhood of the year:
Fit season for thy budding worth,
Offspring of love—of wedded truth,
To look abroad, its dues to claim,
A Candidate for future fame.

May loves and graces gild thy hours,
And wake to bliss thy infant pow'rs,
Around thy cradled beauties bend,
Thy pillow'd innocence attend,
With smiling dreams thy slumbers bless,
And playful images impress.

May seraphs shield thee from those ills,
Which opening life too often kills;
Avert the fell empoined breath,
With mischief fraught, disease, and death—
And may thy guardian sway extend,
Where'er thy little footsteps bend;
Point thy first onset—through thy way—
The lust'rous charms of truth display,
Their delegated powers employ,
To fill for thee the cup of joy.

May virtue clasp thee to her breast,
Of all the springs of bliss possess'd;
Improvement ope her portals wide;
March with thy hours—thy fancy guide;
And science rich allurements spread,
Diffusing blessings on thy head;
While wisdom yields her treasure'd store,
Genius and judgment to explore—
Those latent paths as yet untrod,
Through Nature tracing—Nature's God—

May honour, rectitude, and truth,
Smile in thy dawn and mark thy youth;
Grow with thy growth—expand thy soul,
And each debating thought control.

The name of WASHINGTON is thine,
Uncloaked may its splendors shine,
It SHOULD possess a POTENT CHARM,
THE RUSSIAN VICES TO DISARM:
Of virtuous deeds the talisman,
Maturing every noble plan.

From heaven immortal Chief descend,
Thy shield invulnerable lend,
Throw round this child that wond'rous spell,
Which shall to glorious acts impel.

Sanction'd by her thy heart be lov'd
In flattering language who approv'd
Of veteran lineage—he obtains,
A name unival'd which remains;
Through countless years that shall endure,
From mould'ring time, and death secure:
By venerating love bestow'd,
While mingling recollections flow'd,
'The sacred homage of a mind,
For kindred excellence d.ign'd.

And, I reiterate the prayer,
Make him Great God! thy special care,
Bestow thy panoply divine,
O'er his career auspicious shine;
May he support his peerless name,
Unfulfilled as the Hero's fame.

HONORA MARTESIA.

EPIGRAM—SELECTED.

YOU'VE stol'n my ravish'd soul away,
MARIA pity my despair;
Return it to its place, I pray,
Or take my body in your care.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

PLEASED with the latin Epigram in your paper of
last week, on the Mistress and Favourite of Philip the Second,
of Spain, I have given a very free translation and verifica-
tion of it, which if you think deserving, you may insert in
your next. DICIPULUS.

Fair gentle youth, had bounteous nature given
To lovely EBOLI, thy single eye,
Thou hadst been LOVE, monarch of earth and heaven;
She, VENUS, mother of the conquering boy.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

IMPROVPTU,

By a Lady, on being asked, what was the strongest proof
of a daring mind.

BOLD was the Man whom doubt could not refrain,
From vent'ring on the unknown western main;
And bold the Hebrew Youth tho' low of birth,
Who made Philistia's Champion kiss the earth.
The Hero bold who led his legions on
To save his country, 'cross the Rubicon.
Nor was He much inferior who could dare,
In a balloon to fall through liquid air;
Yet far more bold and daring is the Youth,
Who dares to tell a Woman honest truth,
And she gives proof of fortitude and sense,
Who hears the honest truth without offence.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,
MANY of your readers will, perhaps, find novelty in the
following character of CUPID, as drawn by his mother VENUS.

HIS skin is of COBOLD, but the colour of flame;
His eyes are most cruel, his heart is the same:
His delicate lips with perfusion are hung;
But, ah! how they differ, his mind and his tongue!
His voice, sweet as honey; but sought can controul,
When'er he's provoked, his implacable soul.
He never speaks truth; full of fraud is the boy;
Deep woe is his pasture, and sorrow his joy.
His head is embellish'd with bright curling hair;
He has confident looks, and an insolent air.
Though his hands are but little, yet darts he can fling
To the regions below, and their terrible king.
His body quite naked to view is revealed;
But he covers his mind, and his thoughts are conceal'd.
Like a bird light of feather, the branches among,
He skips here and there to the old and the young:
From the men to the maids on a sudden he strays,
And, hid in their hearts, on their vitals he preys.
The bow which he carries is little and light;
On the nave is an arrow, wing'd ready for flight;
A short little arrow, yet swiftly it flies
Through regions of aethers, and pierces the skies.
A quiver of gold on his shoulders is bound,
Stor'd with darts, that alike friends and enemies wound.
Ev'n I, his own mother, in vain strive to shun
His arrows—so fell and so cruel my son.
His torch is but small, yet so ardent its ray,
It scorches the fun, and extinguishes day.

THE NOVELIST.

THE TRIUMPHS OF FRIENDSHIP.

[Continued from page 53.]

ADELAIDE, had an only brother, an officer in the king's
guards, whose name was Alleran. He came on a visit of
affection to his sister, when, approaching, he beheld Val-
vaife in her arms. He instantly laid his hand on his sword,
to walk away the imagined dishonor of his family. But,
being struck with the reserved demeanor of Valvaife, he
deemed it prudent to make no bustle in the business, till
he had called the supposed aggressor to a strict but private
account.

During three days, he was in diligent search of the dis-
turber of his repose; but, unable to procure any intelli-
gence concerning him, he went in his impatience, and ear-
nestly besought a private audience of his majesty. He cast
himself with emotion at the feet of the monarch, and asked,
with a respectful ardour, if he had authorized Valvaife in
any address to his sister Adelaide?

Are you then the brother of the fair Adelaide, said the
king? if so, I think I may safely put my confidence in
you. Yes, Alleran, I did authorize Valvaife to address
your sister; yet, not in his own name, but in the name of
his master, in order to exalt, and make her the beloved of
my bosom, and the partner of my throne.

Then you are betrayed, most basely betrayed, rejoined

Alleran; by all that is sacred to the foul of truth and hon-
our, these eyes beheld that Valvaife fondly circled and car-
ried within the arms of my sister.

There wanted no more. A cloud of sorrow, black and
pregnant with thunders, instantly involved the spirit and
aspect of the monarch in darkness. His Valvaife had been
too deeply rooted in his affections, to be torn thence with-
out many rueful pangs at the parting. But jealousy, dis-
dain, and the uprisings of rage, at finding himself so un-
gratefully, so cruelly deceived, turned his bowels into bit-
terness; and he consoled himself with the idea of seeing
his late favourite expiring in slow agonies and vengeful tor-
tures before him.

He sent pressing orders to have him instantly seized.
But being informed that Valvaife had absconded, he issued
hot and hasty mandates, throughout his dominions, to have
him proclaimed, pursued, and brought alive to his presence,
for he deemed a simple death to be infinitely beneath the
satisfaction that was due to his injured friendship; and he
withed for the power of prolonging his life, that he might
thereby prolong and perpetuate his torments. Thus Adol-
phus continued in a state that the most wretched of his
vassals might not envy; his bosom torn with a variety of
distracting and conflicting passions; when, on the fourth
day, he received the following letter from his detected,
though late, his so dearly beloved.

"SIR,

"I AM now fifty leagues removed from your presence,
and trust soon to be past the justice of your resentment.—
But no, I cannot fly it.—Would to heaven I had rather
stayed, and atoned my crime in part, by suffering the pun-
ishment that was due to my perfidy!—Death would surely,
at last, have delivered me from you, from myself, from the
gnawing of the worm that dieth not within me! that no ab-
sence can mitigate, no distance evade!—Yes, Adolphus,
your image, your friendship, cling fast to my memory;
you continue to load me with unupportable favours, and
my soul groans and struggles under the unremitted oppres-
sion.—And is it then possible that I should have be-
trayed you? I can scarce think it, possible. Did I not love
you with a love passing that of self-preservation? would I
not have bled, have died for you, suffered all extremities
to bring you any accession of happiness? Yes, most assur-
edly. Alas! how is it then, that my will, against my
will, has injured you, my master? I was mortally wounded
you in the most vital part, in your love for the too ador-
able, the too fascinating Adelaide!—Ah, why did I enter-
prise the perilous talk enjoined me? While I withed,
while I endeavoured and struggled to serve you, I fell in
my own weakness; I fell myself, a prey to her all-subu-
dug beauties.—Thus, while I constrained my tongue to
plead the cause of my king, my eyes must have plead the
cause of the traitor Valvaife. There, there lies the heart
and pith of my transgression against you I will not de-
ceive you; I will not conceal from you, that I have rob-
bed you of a portion of the affections of your Adelaide.—
But, I will avenge you, my master; I will do you ample
justice upon my own head. I tear myself away forever.
No more shall my eye behold the heart cheering face of
friendship, or the seducing face of love. I tear myself for-
ever from Adolphus, from Adelaide, from the two, the on-
ly objects within the circling moon, that could cast a ray
of comfort upon my benighted spirit. All else is a vacant
wild, a vale of horrors and desolation.—O misery! but I
embrace it; my soul shall brood and dwell upon it; it is
the portion, the only portion that I chuse on this side of
eternity.

In the mean time, my lord, be you your own advo-
cate. Appear, in your native attractions, before the eyes
of the deluded beauty, and the memory of Valvaife shall
quickly fleet away, as the gleam of a transient meteor be-
fore the rising light of the sun.

"Be happy, O Adolphus, be happy in your Adelaide,
be happy above conception!—When I hear that you are
so, a beam of returning joy may once more inform the
breast of

"VALVAIFE."

Adolphus, in entering on the first part of this letter, was
instantly stung with vexation and disappointment by the
fear of being defeated of his revenge on Valvaife. As he
proceeded, however, his heart began to be softened, by the
condemnation which the criminal denounced against
himself. But again, when he came where Valvaife dared
to avow his passion for Adelaide, and her answering re-
gards, the flame of his resentment rekindled and arose aloft.
Yet this fire was much allayed by the subsequent senti-
ments; and he found himself at the close, inconfidently ag-
itated by a variety of tumultuous and opposite passions.

[To be continued.]

BOSTON:

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

DEVOTED TO

MORALITY, LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, THE FINE ARTS, AGRICULTURE, &c. &c.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

To soar aloft on FANCY'S wing,
And bathe in HETICONIA'S Spring;
Cull every flower with careful hand,
And strew them o'er our native land.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP.—No. XVI.

Ardeat ipsa licet, tormentis gaudet amantis.

THE following letter induces a continuation of the subject which has occupied my two last numbers.

TO 'THE GOSSIP.

THAT'S right, *Mr. Gossip*, that's right; I am glad you are a going to lay more on the subject of matrimony; though to tell you the truth, I should be glad to know whether you are a proper person to write on that subject, or, in other words, whether you are a married man yourself or not. If not, let me caution you against meddling with a matter you know nothing of. I should be sorry to see any thing come from your pen that was not well managed, because I have pronounced you to be a man of great parts, and of profound erudition. I need not tell you my judgment would be called in question, should you attempt a part you could not well perform.

I will tell you, *Mr. Gossip*, my reason for supposing you have hit upon a subject you know little of. It is because you say you think the matrimonial state *must* be either *Heaven or Hell*. Now I don't like the manner you have expressed yourself in, very well; because it is the manner thousands have expressed themselves before you, and because I had flattered myself of feeling nothing but original ideas and expressions, in your productions.

I shall now take the liberty to differ a little in opinion from you. I not only think, but know by sad experience, that two persons may be in the bands of wedlock, without so much as tasting the joys of Heaven (to use your own profane language) or suffering the torments of the Devil—or, in other words, they may be totally indifferent to each other. I know this is a doctrine which has often been disputed. But surely, when I tell you I write from experience, the truth of the assertion will not be doubted. I tell you, *Mr. Gossip*, my spouse and I are a proof of that assertion. Why, Sir, we have not half the affection for each other that I have seen two old women have for each other. I try to please her, that she may find it her interest to please me in return. But as for love, that is, and ever was, entirely out of the question. Neither do I hate her, for she is a clever old piece of household stuff, and I must be an idiot not to know she is a useful one.

You will ask me, perhaps, what induced me to marry a woman for whom I had no particular regard? I answer, because I could not get the one for whom I had a particular regard—And yet, the disappointment does not make my situation a *Hell*, neither do I believe, that, had I obtained the object of my wishes, it would have been a *Heaven on Earth*; though I am fully sensible my enjoyments would have been higher, and more refined than they at present are.

Thus much to convince you, that there is in the married state, as in all others, a medium—a kind of Purgatory, if you will allow the expression.

Good bye, Sir, you may take me for an oddity; I assure you I am no uncommon character. Only a little frank and candid, that's all, I assure you.

TIMOTHY DOWNRIGHT.

I THANK *Mr. Downright* for his good opinion of my talents and understanding, and however he may doubt, I do seriously assure him, I am licensed by full experience, to judge of the bitters and sweets, the pleasures and pains, which may be met with in the hazardous voyage of matrimony. I have, I confess, used a very strong expression to convey my ideas of those pains and pleasures—but metaphorical expressions are always allowable when they are in the smallest degree apposite to the subject; and *Mr. Downright* should recollect, that persons of lively imaginations, are apt to express their feelings by words expressive

of the superlative degree. But I beg his pardon; a man who can declare himself content in the intermediate state of Purgatory, can have very little idea, of the joys awaiting a purer, more elevated state, or the agonies attendant on one more degraded, more dark and cheerless. The state of apathy he has described, if equally experienced on both sides, may truly be declared free from pain; but it is equally free from pleasure. It is like a syrup composed of manna and water, sweet in a certain degree, but withal no manna, that no one who has the least delicacy or discrimination in the organ of taste, will voluntarily take it for a common beverage.—I will endeavour to convince *Mr. Downright* that there may be pleasures in the married state, which even sober rational persons will allow, very nearly approach the joys of Paradise—and miseries, which may without exaggeration, be likened to the torments of those who are plunged into the regions of everlasting despair. Let us suppose two persons, whose minds are highly cultivated, whose tastes are in a great degree similar, whose passions are under the control of reason, who both equally love, fear, and worship in spirit and in truth, the Creator and Redeemer of the universe; who, to the esteem arising from a thorough knowledge of the many excellences each possesses, adds a sentiment more tender, ardent as passion, yet so chastened, as to be ever subordinate to the dictates of religion and purity: let them be of an age capable of reflection, and have penetration sufficient to know that happiness depends more upon themselves than those with whom they live, and that no human being is perfect; under this conviction, each will overlook the faults of their partner, and sedulously strive to correct their own. I will not suppose this couple rich, that is by no means a necessary circumstance, I will suppose them in easy circumstances, and that each sits at ease in their mutual economy and industry: let the woman be neat in her person and house, regular in her economy, mild in her temper, cheerful, and possessing powers to make all who associate with her, (but particularly her husband) forget how the hours pass; let the man be well educated, polite in his manners, rational in conversation, willing to impart his superior knowledge to his wife, and loving her the more, as he beholds her intellectual powers brighten and expand; let both be patient, forbearing, strict in the observance of every moral and religious duty; let their sensibility be exquisite, and yet themselves in an even temper of conduct, that evinces a constant desire to promote each others happiness, rather than by words and actions of fondness, which ever appear more like the ebullitions of passion, than the offspring of perfect love.

What say you now, *Mr. Downright*, cannot you comprehend that matrimony under the circumstances I have described, must afford pleasures similar to the joys of heaven? for, when I speak of heaven, I do not speak of tumultuous transports, or enthusiastic raptures; I speak of that full and perfect happiness which must naturally arise from a constant communication with pure and spiritualized beings, that ineffable serenity and tranquility, which must arise from a conviction of being in the immediate presence, and favoured with the approbation of the Majesty of heaven, the God of infinite wisdom, grace and purity;—and next to living in His presence, and enjoying the society of good men made perfect in heaven, is the living in love and a constant interchange of kind offices, with the most perfect of his creatures on earth.

Now, Sir, to reverse the picture, and it may be reversed different ways, placed in various points of view, and yet in all bear so sombre a shade, that the eye turns from it with disgust, mingled with horror. For instance, a man may marry from motives of *convenience*, a woman to whom his heart is totally indifferent; but that woman may love him with the utmost tenderness. He is not tied by any bond but honour; honour will prompt to respect, politeness, and that general suavity of manner, that will impose on those who judge from exterior: the world will pronounce the wife, a happy woman; but honour prompts no act of tenderness, no look of unutterable affection; the pines in secret, the laments from her inward soul having accepted the person, when she is too late convinced, she has no power over the heart. This is one state of torment; but suppose this man has no honour, and the end being answered which prompted the union, he thinks it

no longer necessary to retain even the mask of politeness or common decency; the unfortunate wife is neglected, scorned, abridged in her pleasures and expenses; her tenderness ridiculed; in short, his whole conduct towards her speaking the most pointed contempt. Can any one imagine any torture, the most fiend like malignity could inflict, would be more excruciating than the torments the heart of that woman must endure. Men of sensibility may experience the same wretchedness from a union with selfish, unfeeling, ill tempered, or unprincipled women. How many a man who might have shone resplendent ornaments of the sphere in which they were destined to move, had it not been for the almost diabolical conduct of their wives. Their interest waited in dissipation and wanton extravagance, their honour sacrificed to plausible insidious villains; their rest broken by contention; their meals embittered by fullness, acrimony, or passionate tears.—*Mr. Downright*, you know nothing about the matter: or you would know any man of feeling would readily fly from such a state of infernal torture, though certain he could only do it, by passing through Pandemonium itself. Nor are these the only wretched in the married state; there are those who, in the impetuosity of youthful passion, have sacrificed at the altar of Hymen, without one reflection, one thought of aught but the gratification of the present moment; the delirium in which they have been involved, in a very short time is removed; the effervescence of passion evaporates, and they awaken to insanity, coldness, and too often, aversion. What they foolishly imagined to be love, they are convinced was an *ignis fatuus*, which fascinated for a moment, blazed till the victims were involved in inextinguishable ruin, and then vanishing, left them in the impenetrable darkness of repentance and despair. Persons thus imprudently married, in general, take an uncommon degree of pleasure in tormenting each other. Self denial is nothing to them, if they can, by practicing it, vex or disappoint their companion; they will thwart, contradict, fret at each other from morning to evening, and very often from evening to morning again. This, Sir, must bear some likeness to the state of the fallen angels; for we are expressly told their chief, may, only delight, is to torment each other, and all within the reach of their malignity.

Having thus answered *Mr. Downright's* letter, I shall add a few words of advice to the youth of both sexes, and dismiss the subject, which I fear my readers will think I have already detained too long. Ye fair and gentle nymphs, who look forward to the nuptial hour, and that which is to secure you lasting felicity; be cautious, be circumspect; the insidious flatterer, the unprincipled libertine, the impious denier of his God—shun, avoid, reject with firmness; however plausible their manner, however alluring the graces of their person, however splendid their fortune, or ardent their professions of love—happiness cannot result from a union with such a man.—Let good sense, good nature, integrity of soul, and respect to religion, be sought for in a partner for life; and when united to such a man, let delicacy, neatness and affability, be the arts you use to keep a heart so deserving—treat him with openness and confidence in all respects; never suspect his love or honor; respect those whom he respects; and when he is in an ill humour (for no man is perfect) if possible, endeavour not to see it; or if so evident, you cannot be blind, pass it over as lightly as you can; receive him cheerfully whenever he comes home—but never look grave or vexed when he talks of going out; it is a child's, and to a man of sense, a very teasing mark of affection. Study his taste, and by adapting yourself to it, make his own house the pleasiest he can enter, and you will by these means, almost imperceptibly attach him to yourself, and the place your presence renders delightful.

Ye young and ardent competitors for the smiles and favours of the fair, look with an unimpassioned eye upon the woman you wish to make a wife; beauty is a very trifling recommendation; the more superficial exterior accomplishments, (though to a prudent woman, excellent auxiliaries to keep alive the tender sentiment which led you to choose her,) ought not to be made indispensable in the object of your choice; there are many women who will make delightful companions and excellent wives, who can neither sing, dance, draw, speak French, or perform any musical instrument. Do not be satisfied with merely contemplating

her character as it appears in company; consult those who are intimate with her, and have opportunities of observing her in her most private hours. Is the cheerful, is the good humoured at home? Is there an innate serenity in her soul, that speaks in her eye, and plainer than words, tells you she is always happy in the happiness of those around her? Does she seem to partake in a scheme of innocent hilarity with unaffected pleasure? Is she neat in her person when not expecting to see company? Open, candid, sincere in her disposition? Such a woman will make any reasonable man happy. Levity, coquetry, irreligion, or want of principle, are to be shunned with caution. Should any of you, my friends, meet such a woman, as I have above described, treat her, I charge you, as she deserves; never wantonly wound her feelings; behave to her in company with the same politeness you do to other women; let her have every proof that you place in her an unbounded confidence; let not jealousy ever prompt you to humble her by breathing a thought derogatory to the purity of her soul; discover the natural bias of her mind, and by endeavouring to attain what she thinks praise-worthy, make yourself the first of men in her opinion. Neatness in the person, is as indispensable for man as woman; and nothing can be more disgusting to a woman of delicacy, than inattention to this article; and it is a duty in the male sex, when it is remembered that a wife is obliged to receive the caresses of her husband, even if his breath be offensive with smoking and drinking, his beard unshaven, and his whole appearance disgusting in the highest degree. In short, the most powerful charms to secure affection, on both sides, are neatness, delicacy, and a careful avoidance of too great familiarity, which never fails to engender satiety and disgust.—And to wishing you all as much of heaven in this world, as the frail tenure of mortality will allow, I do most sincerely pray you may, none of you, for your offences, be delivered over to a state of Purgatory.

The Gossip informs all persons, wishing to correspond, that Letters simply directed To the Gossip, to be left at Messrs. Gilbert & Dean's, will be carefully transmitted, and punctually attended to: and I presume, as there are Gossips of all denominations, character, and sex, it can be of little consequence to my correspondents, whether I am male or female, young or old, rich or poor, married or single, so as they are but satisfied I am in verity, a good Gossip.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE ITINERANT—No IX.

"AND BEAUTY IS VAIN."

SO SAYS SOLOMON; and who was ever better qualified to establish the true estimate of beauty, than SOLOMON? He was naturally of an amorous temperament, as appears from the history of his life, and from his own writings.—Possessed of great power, of immense wealth, and these, too, at a period of life, when reason is subservient to passion, and the love of pleasure not to be restrained, he gave the reins to his inclinations, and indulged himself in all the luxuries of unconfined love. From the number of his wives and concubines, it should seem, that every woman in his dominions, possessed of tolerable beauty, had captivated the heart of her sovereign.—He was devoted to pleasure. He denied himself nothing that his eyes desired. If unbounded dissipation could bestow happiness, he was resolved that happiness should be his own.

After years spent in the fantastical pursuit; after revelling uncontrolled in the charms of loveliness and beauty; he was, at last, to declare, that "beauty is vain."—So true it is, that every delight, when carried to excess, becomes disgusting. Moderation is the soul of pleasure.—Without it, all that riches and power can impart, is productive only of disgust, misery, and hatred of the world.—The cheering beams of the sun, emitting a temperate heat, clothe the earth with verdure, and diffuse life, and light, and joy; but the intense and unremitting fervour of his rays would destroy vegetation, exterminate life, and render this blooming earth desert and uninhabited.

The modern man of pleasure, a victim to love and dissipation, will also join with SOLOMON, and confess, that "beauty is vain." The loss of fame, of fortune, and of health, at the shrine of beauty, will put the most stoical out of humour with the authors of his misfortunes. The Syren voice of the charmer may fascinate for a time; the Circean cup may produce a temporary insensibility; but the charm will cease; and injured Reason, waking from her dreams, will exclaim, "It is not happiness!"

If you see one, mistaking shadow for substance, whirling in the vortex of dissipation, and expecting felicity from three hundred concubines,—envy him not. Weary, fatiated, and disappointed, you will shortly see him turn with disgust from these illusory scenes; you will see him retire, not only

with the conviction that his fancy has deceived him, and led him astray; but, tasteless and enervated,—incapable of enjoying the real felicities which the world affords.—It is the suggestion of wisdom, acquired in the school of experience,—"and beauty is vain." H.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Friends GILBERT & DEAN,

I WAS myself pleased with the Address in the seventh number of the Magazine, to the Young Women, who, regardless of health and decency, follow the vanities of this world; and in compliance with the forms and modes of the ungodly, expose their naked bosoms and arms to the eye of every beholder; thereby leading others into temptation. I was also amused with the hints about lengthening sleeves, and hiding the face with a huge bush of curled and frizzled hair. But I should not have expressed my approbation, had not my spirit been vexed by the writing of the young woman, *Mary Anne Smartly*. Verily that child is buffeted by the great enemy, her mind is under the dominion of Satan, or the never would have written so inconsiderate a letter. I blushed to my fingers ends as I read it. I am afraid my language is to plain, and my opinions what will be called too starched; but will not give my writing a place in the Magazine; but the spirit of love and good will to the Young Women, who are initiated into the modes and customs of those who worship the wicked one, moves one to say a word or two upon the matter.

I pray thee *Mary Anne*, if thou art young, and hast hair of thine own, what business hast thou with a wig? If thou wouldst be thought a virtuous woman, why wouldst thou uncover thy neck? If thou hast regard to thy health, why go with thine arms naked up to thy shoulders? I have been taught by my mother, who, though she has a daughter above eighteen years old, is herself neither old nor ugly; that to be thought handsome, we ought to be modest, humble, simple in our attire, and discreet in our speech and deportment. And though my face is not beautiful, she taught me to keep it clean, and wear no ornament, except the ornament of good humour, and assured me its attractions would be powerful. She was right. I have been solicited as a bosom friend, even by several of the ungodly; but I shall choose from the rank of the faithful. Good *Mary Anne*, comb out thine own hair, lengthen thy sleeves, put on more garments, and withal clothe thy mind with wisdom, modesty, and truth; and if thou must cover thy face, let it be only with the crimson veil of timidity and innocence; it is far more becoming than a wig made of red hair, or the paint with which I am told young women sometimes varnish themselves. Oh the vanities of this wicked world! Thou wilt perhaps be offended with my sincerity, I shall be sorry for the effect, but shall not repent the cause. I am a poor scribe, but a wiser and better scribe than I or thou, *Mary Anne*, has said, "I would that women clothe themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety, not with brodered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array, but with good works."—And lo! I tell thy loving friend in christian charity,

REBECCA PLAINLY.

Lynn, 2d day of the 2d Month, 1803.

INSTRUCTION.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

THE reformation of youth ought ever to be the first care of every virtuous and honest man. For in the youth we behold those who must one day constitute our Magistrates, Officers, Merchants and Mechanics. Influenced by an anxious desire to see the rising generation virtuous, respectable and happy, I have presumed to offer the following, for a place in your useful and entertaining Magazine—should it meet your approbation, you may hear in future, from your humble servant,

OBSERVATOR.

TO make man a villain, says some Philosopher, it is only necessary to give him a motive, and he immediately becomes one. Experience, alas! has too strongly proved this assertion true.

But what is more humiliating, is, that small causes in the moral world, produce effects almost beyond human comprehension. The caprice of a Woman, laid *Troy* in ashes, and an insatiable thirst for wealth, drenched *Mexico* in human gore!

The lenity of a master, guardian, or parent, has often laid a foundation for depravity and wretchedness, in those under their immediate care and direction; and one base heart, cloaked under a smiling face, and plausible manner, has been sufficient to draw from the path of rectitude, almost every youth within the sphere of their attractions. Philanthropy drops the tear of regret, when retrospective pre-

sents to the view, the many youths who might have become ornaments, or at least useful members of society, for the want of timely rebuke, and necessary restraint, have become the bane and pests of it.—We will suppose a youth placed in a situation where he has the receiving of cash, in lieu of his master's goods.—By chance he falls into company with a young fellow nearly of his own age, fashionable in his dress and manner, expert in his pleasures, or what is called a *dashing blade*.—He must have his nightly rambles, his rides into the country, visit the Theatre, and what is still worse, mix with a contumptible set at the gaming table.—One invitation is given and accepted. There can be no harm in going once, says the youth—a second, third and fourth succeed; every refusal to accompany his gay friend is fainter and fainter, until what was first complaisance, becomes habit, and at length necessary to happiness.—Presently the youth is distressed for money—shame prevents his owning this to his companion. One dollar from my master's draw can do no harm, says he, I will replace it again the first money my father gives me. Time passes, the dollar is not replaced, his stipend for pocket money is not increased, his demands for cash are.—Fancied necessity again urges, and another dollar is taken with the same resolution, but with less reluctance. At length, finding himself undischarged, he grows bolder and bolder—from one dollar he risks to five, perhaps ten; and what he first deemed as theft, he now considers as his right. But the hour of detection will arrive; the master misses his money, and by close observation, discovers the predator, and he is dismissed with infamy.—Humbled with a sense of his own guilt, afraid of the sneers of the world, he goes to sea, mixes with the ignorant, the profane, the unprincipled, who infect the houses where common sailors usually resort; and in lost to all sense of decency, aims to excel his teachers in debauchery and drunkenness—until ill health, and the remembrance of what he was, what he might have been, and what he is; the miseries of reflection sometimes drowned in, and at other times heightened by the effects of intemperance, combine to plunge him into an early and ignominious grave—and thus the flattering prospects of a fond parent, are nipped in the bud. By the want of proper restriction from those who ought to have attended to the morals and manners of the youth, and the fascinating arts of an unprincipled wretch, whose example first misled his judgment, and whose pernicious precepts corrupted his heart. Jan. 1803.

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

HAVING met with some letters in an old Magazine, which passed between WALLER, Secretary to OLIVER CROMWELL, and one of the *Pretor's Daughters*—as they are said to be original, and not generally known, I recommend them, to enrich your Magazine.

A SUBSCRIBER.

LETTER I.

MADAM,
I KNOW very well that my utter ruin depends upon the step I have taken; but whatever may be the consequence, the die is now cast, and I am bound to see the event of it.

You will doubtless be surpris'd at receiving a letter from me; and unquestionably more at its contents; yet, I assure you, that though I run the hazard of your displeasure,—nay, though I incur it, I am obliged to perform the task.—I feel myself irresistibly drawn by the force of fate; and I have neither the courage, nor the capability to oppose it. But I must also declare, that I have not ventured upon this risk without having frequently and unavailingly attempted, by reason, and every other means in my power, to combat with my madnels,—but in vain: the voice of fate, calls in a tone, the solemnity of which is not to be contended with.—Fate! and what is fate?—The common excuse of villainy, and the visionary duty of an infidel.—Fate! cannot religion's holy power avail thee? Wretch! Ah! I abandon a profession to which thou art a disgrace; nor vainly fulfil the outward ceremonies of a religion which thou hast not virtue enough to apply to thy inward failings.

I beg pardon for detaining you so long, and for occupying so much of your time with these unintelligible ravings; and will now proceed to acquaint you with the occasion of this address.

O! that I could invent new terms to inform you, what all language seems too presumptuous to express—yet—yet what? Why does my dastardly hand refuse to perform its destined task? Why shrink from its duty? Why do I think it a happiness to postpone what I am about to say,

even for the space of a few lines? Coward!—Rush rather with a precipitancy that becomes thy desperation; nor seek such trifling delays.

Pardon, I beseech you, the violence of my expression; for the keenness of my feelings has hurried me on to despair, and I will unfold the horrible tale, while I may be yet underfoot.

Imagine a man raised to an unlooked-for state of comfort and respectability by a generous patron, and who is daily in the habit of conversing with the daughter of that patron, a young woman of wit, beauty and elegance.—Suppose him to have long beheld her with the greatest admiration. Conceive that admiration extended—and by degrees softened into love.—Imagine him so vain as to give himself up to it, though not without first having undergone the most painful struggles.—Imagine him so ungrateful as to forget his duty to his patron, and to repay him for all his kindness and unmerited attention by hoping to attract the favor of his daughter, and thus plant a dagger into the heart of his patron and benefactor. Imagine him so lost to honour, as to build even the hopes of his very exaltation upon stealing her affections.—Imagine all this.—I am that man—and you (O God!) the object of my attachment.

Yet think not, I mean to solicit your pardon for my presumption, or to extenuate my own conduct—a conduct base and ungenerous as it is vain and destructive. No, Madam, you have every thing to confirm you in your duty—to confirm you did I say?—Alas! you are, most likely unremoved at my misery.—But filial piety will teach you not to read the heart of a parent by disappointing all his views, and to return his affection by holding a cup of bitterness to his lip;—morality, to shun a man, who has openly confided he has written to you at the expense of his honour and religion; to shudder at a being, who professing a sacred function, does not scruple to say, he is no longer actuated by its principles.

Thus, madam, have I revealed the fatal secret; and all I hope of you, is that you will have at least the humanity to convince me, that my passion is as much despised, as it is treacherous and unjust. CHARLES WALLER.

[To be continued.]

MONITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ON RELIGION.

THROUGH all the vicissitudes of life, from the cradle to the tomb religion proves the never failing friend of man. Launching on a tempestuous ocean, and buoyed up by the phantom hope, we vainly think ourselves secure, until the fanciful picture is withdrawn from our sight, and we find the need of a more solid comfort and companion.—In prosperity, when every thing around us wears a pleasing aspect, and mirth and conviviality attend on our ways, confidence, that intruder on sensual delights, interposes betwixt us and ruin, and shows us the danger of weaning our mind from heaven. It is then we view the design of those comforts whereof we are possessed; and the real use, and the too frequent abuse, is exhibited to our view.

Diversify this scene with the more melancholy idea of adversity, and all the complicated woes of life. View an aged father and a declining mother, tortured by the pangs of their suffering little ones, for that sustenance, which, alas! they are unable to afford; and yet, amidst all this accumulation of misery, the beauties of religion impart animation to their dejected souls. They are consoled in the remembrance of being participants of the benignity of that Providence, who supported *Elijah* in the wilderness, and who is able to alleviate the horrors of their situation.

Nor is the superior excellence of religion more conspicuous in this, than in the common occurrences of life. A mind deprived of the idea of responsibility, is regardless of its conduct here; and, though the faithful monitor may sometimes suggest an alarm, yet they proceed in a careless indifference, until at last they sink into the abyss of ruin.

Religion may be justly called the greatest enjoyment of man. It is a never-failing source of delight to those who happily embrace its ways, and its tendency is ultimately and securely to possess felicity.

If such, then, appear the charms resulting from this divine possession, how egregiously stupid do they appear, who, satisfied with present enjoyment, are regardless of the future!

In the hour of dissolution, when all the plaudits of the world shall be found ineffectual to quiet the pangs of remorse, religion would administer the most soothing ideas to their perturbed hearts.

To look back on their past existence, is a vacuum so replete with dismay, and a time so infamously perverted, that they are petrified with horror at the awful retrospect. An-

teicipation of the future still heightens their melancholy; and what would they now give, could but one hour be recalled, to make peace with that Being, whom they have so long wantonly despised?

Could thought far beyond the boundaries of mortality, and poetry to imagination the realms of infinity, it could not sufficiently express the matchless beauties of religion. S. T.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

If you think the following Solution of the Riddle, in this day's *Palladium*, worth inserting, I shall be proud to think I have contributed my "mite" for the amusement of your readers
Yours, &c.

BEFORE creating nature will'd,
That atoms into forms should jar,
By *Nothing*, that great space was fill'd,
On *Nothing*, hung the first made Star.

For *Nothing*, Saints will break their word,
Nothing, by Atheists is rever'd,
At *Nothing*, Cowards draw their swords,
And *Nothing's* by the Hero fear'd.

Nothing, is scorn'd by humble minds,
Nothing, is by the vain possess'd,
Nothing, is heard by deaf, and seen by blind,
And *Nothing*, gives the troubled conscience rest.

Nothing, than wisdom's self is wiser,
Nothing's, by every blockhead known,
Nothing, is given by the miser,
And kept by prodigals alone.

Nothing's as vice deform'd,—as virtue fair,
Nothing's the courtiers laud, the patriots gains,
Nothing's the poets purse,—the coxcombs care,
Naught (but my labor) I have for my pains.
Salem-Freet, Feb. 11, 1803, FITZ WILLIAM.

OBSESSIONS.

Original and Selected.

SUBORDINATION.

SUBORDINATION is the first of society, and must be enjoined by all good laws. Those who will not observe it are fit only to live in deserts, or in the ark that Union which is necessary in all communities. The idea that all men should be equal is as pernicious as it is absurd. It tends to subvert all order; and where it takes place for one instant of time, must be changed in another: since all men are neither equally strong, valiant nor prudent. As to those restless spirits who pretend to despise all laws, and excite others to resist the legal government, and break through the rules prescribed by the constitution of their country, the sword is justly applied to such, as it is better they should perish, than that by their rashness the whole community should be endangered.

PRaise.

PRaise, is only lost when given to bad or weak minds; a generous, and good one, will study to deserve it—to merit a continuance. In such a mind, praise is inestimable, oh how inestimable! when proceeding from respected lips.

CLOSE OF LIFE.

Comfortable Consolation at the close of life.—When the brave Sir George Rooke was making his will, some friends who were present, expressed their surprise that he had not more to leave:—"Why," (said the worthy man) I do not leave much: but what I do leave was honestly acquired, for it never cost a fallor a tear, nor my country a farthing."

INDUSTRY AND COMMERCE.

AVARICE may pile; Robbery may plunder; hidden Treasures may be discovered; Gamesters may win cash; Conquerors may win kingdoms—but all such means of acquiring riches are transient and determinable; while Industry and Commerce, are the natural, the living, the never-failing foundations from whence the wealth of this world can alone be taught to flow.

AMUSEMENT.

THEATRE.

On Monday evening, for the fourth time, the favorite play of *Point of Honor*, to conclude with the favorite comic opera of *Iskle and Yario*.

THE MONKEY CARPENTERS.

AN English ship was wrecked upon an island on the coast of South America, which reduced the crew to the necessity of building them a vessel to carry them home. As they were at work on their barque, they found themselves constantly annoyed by a tribe of monkeys that harboured in their neighbourhood. Wica they lost their tools at meal

times, they were stolen, gapped, or rendered useless, by these mischievous animals. As the carpenters bored their trunnel holes, and drove in their trunnels, the observant monkeys were sure to imitate them in their absence, and whenever they found holes, they would be sure to drive the trunnels, and by these means did a great deal of mischief. An ingenious fellow, who was at the head of the workmen, hit upon a scheme to trap these scoundrels. He proposed to the workmen that they should bore a number of holes and ram their pocket handkerchiefs into them and then drive in the trunnels—conceiving that the observant monkeys might strive to imitate them in this as they had in every thing else.—The plan took—a number of holes were bored, the handkerchiefs introduced, and the trunnels drove home on them.—Two or three dozen of holes were left vacant for the monkeys to fill up as they thought proper. Upon the retreat of the carpenters, the monkeys greedily gathered round, and began their work—having, however, no pocket handkerchiefs, they in order to imitate the carpenters the more strictly, clapt their tails into the trunnel holes, and then drove away with the mallets. The more they drove the more their tails were wedged. The carpenters, on their return to work, discovered a score or two of monkeys completely entrapped by themselves, to the infinite satisfaction of the workmen.—L. P.

INTELLIGENCE.

The thunder storm of the 3d inst. appears to have been extensive.—At *Glastonbury*, in Massachusetts, many rocks were split in pieces, and one supposed to be of 30 tons weight, raised out of its bed four inches! "The thunder seemed more like the wreck of worlds, than an ordinary peal. The nearest house to this scene, was about 200 yards off; the concussion of the air was so great as to strike the whole family into silent astonishment; and after a few moments, the mother of the family broke silence and said, "the end of all things is come!" None of them, however, received essential injury."

At New-Brunswick, in New-Jersey, the Episcopal Church was set on fire by the lightning, and by the last accounts was still burning.

At New-York, one man killed by lightning, and considerable damage done to the shipping.

Mr. E. LINCOLN, Water-street, has just issued the 7th number of "Cheap Repository Tracts, entertaining, moral and religious."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The "Navigation," is a beautiful little Poem. The translation of the Latin Epigram, is not so happy. The former shall appear next week.

There is nothing particularly striking in the Lines "on presenting a Lady with an Almanack."

Essay on Prefaces, very good—"Pindaric," humorous. They shall appear as soon as possible.

The question, "Did *Amanda* want a lover?" &c. can only be answered by *Amanda* herself.

MARRIAGES.

In Haverhill, (Ms.) Mr. James Ferren, to Miss Abigail Noyes. In Salem, Mr. Joseph Baker, to Mrs. Nancy Felt. In Longmeadow, Mr. Abner Pratt, to Miss Rhoda Billings. In Kingston, Mr. Robert Cook, jun. to Miss Judith Adams. In Malden, Mr. Micah Waite, to Miss Martha Waite. In Marblehead, Mr. Jonathan Roundy, to Miss Eleanor Bowden.

In Boston, Mr. Thomas Williams, of Nodd's Island, to Miss Eliza Avery, daughter of John Avery, Esq; Mr. Edward Oliver, printer, to Miss Grace W. Swanton; Mr. Samuel Fullerton, to Miss Barbary Shaw; Mr. Seth Thaxter, to Miss Margaret Smith; Mr. Thomas Gillispie, to Miss Harriet Bird; Mr. Henry Bayrs, to Miss Polly Howard; Mr. Gedney King, to Miss Sally Hitchborn; Mr. James Smith, of Charlestown, to Miss Hannah Watts.

DEATHS.

In Dedham, Mrs. Sally Harris, *Æt* 40. In Newburyport, Miss Sally Hunt, *Æt* 14; Mrs. Mary Salter; Miss Judith Greenleaf, *Æt* 30. In Salem, Mr. John Leworthy, *Æt* 47; Capt. James Canada, *Æt* 45; Mr. Robert Proctor; Mr. Stephen Cook, *Æt* 60; Mrs. Sarah Daland, *Æt* 26; Mrs. Rebecca Dean, *Æt* 53, wife of Mr. John Dean. In Reading, Rev. Caleb Prentiss, *Æt* 56. In Charlestown, Mrs. Ann Kidder, *Æt* 75. In Roxbury, Mr. David Baker. In Danvers, Mr. Benjamin Osborn, *Æt* 76. In Beverly, Mr. Jonas Gale, *Æt* 30. In Attleboro' John Daggett, Esq. In Westminister, Mr. Herman Lincoln, *Æt* 60, formerly of Hingham.

In Boston, Mrs. Hannah Folts, *Æt* 66; Miss Betty Bull, *Æt* 31; Sarah L. Blanchard, *Æt* 6, daughter of Maj. George Blanchard; Mr. Eliza Leonard, *Æt* 66; Mr. John Bradford, *Æt* 48; Mr. Thomas Harris, *Æt* 28; Mrs. Sarah Powers, *Æt* 82; Mrs. Susannah Craft, *Æt* 82; Mr. Paul, *Æt* 65; a Child, and three from Alms House—total 12.

POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

*** *****

A LIVING CHARACTER.

UNCOMMON creature, where did she obtain,
Those dark and penetrating eyes of fire?
That can the fittest sentiments inspire,
That sweetly thrill through every throbbing vein.
When'er her fingers strike the trembling strings,
What mute attention seizes on the soul;
She every ruder passion can controul,
When with a soft expressive voice she sings.

She dips her pen in Heliconia's stream,
And Genius breathes in every flowing line;
Her strains mellifluous and almost divine,
When love or friendship is th' inspiring theme.

Good humour animates her lovely face,
Her person by the hand of neatness dress'd,
The focal virtues dwell within her breast,
Her accents harmony, her movements grace.

Form'd to adorn an elevated sphere,
She equally the humblest becomes;
Gay in society, but when at home
Most charmingly engaging does appear.

Her heart expanded, liberal, sincere,
Open to charity, the neighbouring poor
Bless her, the weary traveller at her door,
Meets a kind welcome and refreshing cheer.

Accomplish'd, sensible, yet free from pride,
Courted and lov'd alike by old and young;
Persuasive eloquence hangs on her tongue,
To draw e'en levity to virtue's side.

Such is dear ***** what transporting bliss,
Did heaven to the favoured man impart;
Who reigns triumphant master of her heart,
And calls the fascinating woman his.

Grant to my prayers, gracious power divine,
A heart like hers, mild as the dawn of day;
Yet ardent as the sun meridian ray,
Oh make some nymph like charming ***** mine.

Cambridge, Feb. 2, 1803.

CONRADE.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. MARY WARREN.

DEPARTED shade! thy memory I revere,
And to thy merits consecrate a tear;
Thy pious deeds thro' ages will rebound,
And inourning hearts with gratitude rebound.
To thee, the needy never vainly plead;
By thee, were many bounteously fed,
And now to thee, thy grateful hearts they rear,
And yield their tributes o'er thy hallow'd bier.
Thy life tho' lengthy, and perplex'd with care,
Thy christian faith supported thee to bear;
In adverse scenes, no murmur thou hast giv'n,
Nor breath'd a sigh against the will of heav'n.
A life so pious, so exempt from ill
Was thine, that heav'n with'd it not to curtail,
But up to the realms of pure ethereal light,
At length thy soul has wing'd its happy flight,
Thy fainting spirit triumphs o'er the grave,
And cheerfully resigns to him who gave.

Melrose, Feb. 1st, 1803.

M.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Missa, GILBERT & DEAN,

THE beautiful epitaph on Mrs. ROBINSON, written by S. J. PRATT, Esq. has appeared in the *Boston Gazette*. You will oblige a friend by inserting in the *Weekly Magazine*, the following lines, which are engraven on her monument; and as it is expressed in her memoirs, were composed by Mrs. R. for a work of fiction, and but too applicable to her own destiny. In making this request, I cannot refrain from expressing my compassion for this lovely and unfortunate woman. They, who in her misfortunes, do not forget the indelications which claim every allowance from her periculous situation, "are not of heaven nor earth." Of Mrs. ROBINSON'S merit as a poetess, it would be presumptuous in me to give an opinion. Her works (with the exception of some poems in the *Della Gryfcan* manner) are admired by the first literary characters in England. Tho' no novel is as yet published, I will confess that those in which she so

affectionately describes her own sorrows, beguiled me of many tears. — MARIA.

LINES WRITTEN BY MRS. ROBINSON,
NOW ENGRAVEN ON HER MONUMENT IN OLD WINDSOR
CHURCH YARD.

O'THOU whose cold and senseless heart,
Ne'er knew affliction's struggling sigh;
Pass on, nor vaunt the stoic's art,
Nor mock this grave with tearful eye.

For oft when evening's yonder glow,
Shall slowly fade from purple steep,
Faint o'er this sod the tear shall flow,
From eyes that only wake to weep.

No wealth had she, no power to sway,
Yet rich in worth and learning's store;
She wept her summer hours away,
She heard the wintry storm no more.

Yet o'er this low and silent spot,
Fall many a bud of spring shall wave,
While she, by all, have one, forgot,
Shall faintly a wreath beyond the grave.

"I HAVE OTHER FISH TO FRY."

ONE, who when ask'd could not comply,
Exclaim'd, "I've other fish to fry."
A Frenchman who, o'erheard the saying,
Soon misapplied it, this odd way in:
"I would do that which you do vild,
"But I must go, and fry some fish."

THE NOVELIST.

THE TRIUMPHS OF FRIENDSHIP.

[Continued from page 64.]

HE wished not that any eye should see how he was affected. He took the letter apart, and thus himself in; he scanned it over and over; and, pausing over again. At every revival, his Valvaife appeared more acquitted, more innocent, more excellent; while the virtues of humanity defended on his foil, as dew on a nightly tempest, and bid the storm be still.

Alh, he cried, Valvaife, you are a son of the fallen Adam!—Were any exempt from frailty, he surely had been the man.—Yet, he sought, he resisted; and, when he found he could not prevail, he tore himself from temptation, though the temptation was Adelaide.—He does more, he detests himself for partaking of the human fallibility of our nature; he denounces endless vengeance upon his own head, for having involuntarily injured the friend, whose happiness he prefers to his own existence.—This is more than to have conquered: such frailty rites even a noble perfection!—Return then, my brother! return, my Valvaife!—You grieve for having reluctantly bereft me of my love; because me not of friendship also, for so should your king be without consolation.—Return, I say, my brother! and I will drive to be your competitor in honour and generosity.—You would deprive yourself of your beloved, for the sake of your friend; but your friend shall return the boon; he will endeavour to be happy, in the happiness of his Valvaife!

The delicate Valvaife had dispatched the foregoing letter from a house that stood far on his route to the frontiers of Norway. In his early years, at the Academy, he had contracted an intimacy with two young students, the one named Duplaife, and the other Christian; and, when he came into favour, he prevailed on the minister to prefer his two friends to two lucrative employments in the north of Sweden. He, therefore, justly inferred, that he had a right of asylum with those who were indebted to him for their honours and emoluments.

Duplaife received his benefactor with transport, and entertained him with magnificence. On the next morning he cautiously entered the chamber of his guest before day. Having gently awakened him,—Pardon, said he, my dear patron, this necessary intrusion! Yesterday, toward noon, a herald arrived and fixed a writing on the town-house, whereby you are proclaimed a traitor, and twenty thousand ducats proposed for your head. I will not ask how you incurred the displeasure of your king; it is sufficient to know, that he builds upon hollow ground, who lays the foundation in the favour of princes. I trust that you are not known here to any save myself; it may be otherwise, however, and the temptation to betray you is great.—I forbore to apprise you of these matters lest light, for fear of decomposing you.—Alas, while I endeavoured to appear cheerful, in honour of my guest, my heart was wrung on his account.—Haste, my beloved friend, escape for your precious life!—A short repast, with other matters, are

prepared for your departure; and my three swiftest horses, by the morrow's early noon, shall convey you and your faithful followers—such I trust they are—quite clear of all danger.

Though Valvaife, at the time, regarded not his own life, yet he regarded those who approved their regard for it. He faintly embraced his host. I thank you, my friend, said he; but I will not take the advantage of your hospitality. You are a subject, you are in office; do your duty to your sovereign, and the laws of your country: I resign myself to your custody. I knew I was a lost man; but I will console myself in hoping, that my depression may be the means of exalting the generous Duplaife.

Duplaife, for the first time, turned an eye of resentment and indignation on his patron. Has Adolphus, he cried, another kingdom to give me in exchange for my integrity? Or, though he had, can there be any property, any peace to a traitor?

If nothing else will prevail, replied Valvaife, the law of self-preservation must constrain you to deliver me up to justice; your own life will, otherwise, be the forfeit of my escape.

I would to God, rejoined Duplaife, that it might even be so: to what transport should I then embrace my fate! A death, in the act of virtue, how eligible, how desirable! I would not exchange it for the longest and happiest life upon earth.

Brother of the sentiment of my inmost soul! cried Valvaife, be it so;—you have conquered—it is but just, that the greater virtue should triumph over the less.—He then opened a small casket, and taking a diamond buckle which the king had stripped from his own hat, and given this favourite; Accept of this, my friend, said he, as a kind though little remembrancer! when you fall hereafter look upon it, let it remind you, that such a person as your unhappy Valvaife was once among the living.

Duplaife at once turned his head and heart aside from the dazzling temptation; and thrust the gift back with a noble averted hand, talk not to me, he cried, of tokens and remembrances: is there a bit I eat, a respect I receive, any object I see about me that does not hourly put me in mind of your friendship and your bounty? When my wife and infants are around me, Valvaife smiles in their smiles, and comes to my heart in the midst of their caresses. O, my friend, my beloved friend, even extend near to my God! I feel no irksomeness, no weight under your many obligations; the burthen is light and delightful unto me; and the sense of my own gratitude doubles every enjoyment that I derive from your affection.

They parted; and Valvaife put on with such speed; that, ere it was noon he had gained upwards of twenty leagues, and deemed himself past danger of capture or pursuit.

His principal attendant then rode up and taking out a large purse stuffed with gold of different coins, my lord, said he, your friend Duplaife enjoined me not to prevent you with this, till the distance should put it past your power to return it; and he prays you to accept it, in part of tribute for the revenues which he enjoys for your liberality. Valvaife, ere night, might have reached the frontiers, and have gotten clear of the dominions and power of Adolphus: but being fatigued, and coming to a large town where Christian presided, he held it unkind to pass his fellow student without a visit.

Christian welcomed his patron with demonstrations of joy surpassing those of Duplaife, and with respects besetting none save his king, or rather his God. His entertainment was such, that the generous Valvaife deemed it ungrateful not to place an entire confidence in him; and taking him apart, he informed him of the disgrace he was in with his master, and of the tempting reward that was promised for his capture.

The countenance of his host instantly fell on this intelligence, his converse grew confused, and his demeanour constrained. Valvaife, however, was unsuspecting of treachery in the case, till he was awakened by sixty armed men in the morning.

They rudely hastened him to rife; and, having loaded him with chains, they put him into a close carriage, and fat out on the way to Stockholm.

In the mean time, disconsolate Adelaide pined in secret during the absence of her beloved, and the hidden malady began to prey upon her health and complexion. At length she heard of the fatal orders that had been issued against her Valvaife; and, calling all concerns save those of her passion aside, she hurried to court, and precipitately cast herself at the feet of Adolphus, where, happily, none were present save the officers in waiting, who kept a respectful distance.

[To be concluded in our next.]

BOSTON:

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By GILBERT & DEAN,

BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

DEVOTED TO

MORALITY, LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, THE FINE ARTS, AGRICULTURE, &c. &c.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

To soar aloft on FANCY'S wing,
And bathe in HELLICONIA'S spring;
Call every flower with careful hand,
And strew them o'er our native land.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP.—No XVII.

Mulsum in parvo.

THOUGH I said in my last number, I should dismiss the subject of matrimony, yet a letter I have received from a fair correspondent, contains so much good sense, I cannot but give it publicity. But my own sentiments being fully delivered, which in all respects perfectly coincide with those of the rational *Eugenius*—I shall add nothing further.

TO THE GOSSIP.

MR. GOSSIP,

YOUR 14th number, on the miseries attendant on an unhappy marriage, plunged me into a train of reflections on that union, which not only affects essentially the present life, but perhaps gives the colouring to our future existence: for that our moral character is extremely affected by our bosom associates, we have the united evidence of all mankind.

I think you attributed the miseries of matrimonial life, to a precipitate choice of our companion. But permit me to ask, if you have traced the evil to its source? Are not our false views of that subject the foundation on which we rear an injudicious choice, disappointed expectations, and the whole fabric of domestic woe? Forgetting that this life is a state of probation, that perfect felicity cannot be found, where wisdom and virtue are imperfect; We fondly flatter ourselves supreme happiness may be attained here; and a pure and feeling heart will most naturally seek it in domestic life. Misted by a romantic imagination, we lose the remembrance of what we are, and anticipate a union with an all perfect being, whose head shall be wisdom, whose heart love, and whose person elegance. We forget we are frail and erring creatures, and that "even in the best and happiest union, we shall find daily much to forgive and much to pity." Are not young and amiable people, whose hearts are replete with sensibility, too apt to consider marriage as a romantic adventure, and to dwell with eager anticipation on the raptures of a few days, rather than cautious to secure to themselves the greatest of all earthly blessings—a judicious, well-principled, affectionate friend.

If the subject was rightly considered, if we realize marriage to be "a solemn league of perpetual friendship;" if we examined as scrupulously the duties, as the pleasures of friendship; and reflected that pure principles flowing from and supported by Religion; congeniality of soul, and a disinterested nobleness of character, are indispensable in a friend; should we not choose with caution, and having chosen, should we not consider our friend as subject to the infirmities of humanity, and prepare to meet them with charity, and bear with them in love? Might not such an union be productive of that pure felicity, which results from a sense of progressive improvement; and be greatly instrumental in preparing us for "scenes where Love and Bliss immortal reign?"

You have promised your readers again to consider this important subject; if you think the above remarks may be in any degree useful, give them publicity; if not consign to oblivion.

Feb. 4th, 1803.

The following letters require a small degree of notice, some of them have waited some time.

TO THE GOSSIP.

OLD GOSSIP,

I AM very much disappointed; your paper does not in the smallest degree answer my expectations; when you began, I thought to be sure we should have a fine parcel of private intelligence, so I persuaded Pa to subscribe to the Magazine; but you have not told us about one strange marriage, unexpected birth, or disappointment in love, in all you have written. Instead of that, you have given us

a melancholy story about *Sarah Hardwick*, a dull sermon upon *tattling*, and three tedious dissertations upon matrimony. I declare, if you don't give us something more *useful* I shall not take the trouble to read your stupid papers;—though as soon as ever the Magazine arrives, Ma says, "Come Julia, come, I'll get my work, and your Pa will fit down by us," then sending my little brother out of the room, and bidding my sister sit still, I am obliged to go through the whole, though I believe more than half the time Pa falls asleep before I have a quarter done.

Now do, there's a dear *Gossip*, make it a little more entertaining; if you do nothing else, pray tell us about the plays, and the fashions in *Boston*—and can't you give us poor girls a little advice how to get husbands? We will trust Providence to keep them for us. Lord bless me, if women were to be such tame dowds as you would have them be, though their husbands might admire them, no body else would, and it would be impossible for a pretty woman to exist without admiration. Good bye, you queer old soul, for I am sure you are either an old maid, or an old bachelor, or you would not have such odd fashioned notions.

JULIA AIRY.

Ipswich, Feb. 16, 1803.

I AM leave to inform *Mrs Airy*, that when I can find no better topics to write upon, I will certainly take up one of those very *useful* ones she so strenuously recommends; until then I must go on in the old fashioned way, whether it entertains her or not.

TO THE GOSSIP.

DEAR GOSSIP,

YOU have promised yourself a friend to the fair sex, and therefore I ask your advice on a subject which puzzles me very much. I am a girl betrothed, cared for and followed; the girls follow my father, though they call them ridiculous. The men press behind my back, because they see it plagues others to hear them; but though I am now nearly twenty, I never have had more than two serious offers. Mr. Goodwill offered himself to me; he is a mighty plain good sort of young man; my friends thought it would be an excellent match, and I fearing nothing better might offer, accepted his addresses; but the death of a relation obliging him to go to Europe, our union was postponed until his return. Well, sir, since his absence, I have had another offer, from Billy Brilliant, one of the prettiest fellows in the world; he dances most elegantly, he plays on the flute divinely, and never contradicts me let me say or do what I will; then he is always planning some party or other, and swears if I marry him, I shall do as I please in every thing. I am almost distracted what to do; Mr. Goodwill is grave, talks of domestic duties, and domestic pleasures, as if they were one and the same thing. I am afraid he would expect me to stay at home and mind my family; nay, perhaps, perform some kind of domestic duties which I cannot mention without blushing. I am afraid dear *Gossip*, he will expect me to nurse my children. Now this I am determined never to do; there is something so indecent in it, I never could submit to it.—Billy Brilliant would marry me immediately; Mr. Goodwill will not be home until next fall. My guardian says, Billy's aim is the five thousand dollars my father left me; but I don't think that, for he's an excellent business, I am sure of that, for he keeps a horse and one of the most elegant gigs I ever saw in my life. Then he dresses sweetly, and as to money, twenty dollars for a day's pleasure is nothing in his opinion. Do dear *Gossip* give me your opinion, shall I accept Billy directly, or wait the return of Mr. Goodwill? Answer me soon, and you will oblige
Your humble servant,
DELIA DOUBTFUL.

If DELIA has any regard to her own honour, she will wait Mr. Goodwill's return; if she has any regard to that gentleman's happiness, she will marry Billy Brilliant immediately—and if she will pay attention to the advice the solicits, she will not marry at all, until she has more seriously considered the nature of so solemn an engagement.

MADAM GOSSIP,

TO THE GOSSIP.

I AM a very unfortunate creature, will you assist me? I dare say you can, for such nice old ladies as I think you

to be, always have a great many receipts for removing freckles, tan, tetters, ring-worms, and other defects on the skin. You must know I had a remarkably fine complexion last summer, when I found I was growing very fat, and some young ladies in our neighbourhood told me, if I would drink a wine glass of vinegar every morning fasting, and eat a table spoon full of albes every night at going to bed, I should soon grow thin and pale; for I had so much colour, I used to be ashamed to show my face. Ah, Madam, I wish I had the same colour again; for I am pale enough now in all conscience, and I am as thin as a lath; and worse than all, my face is covered with little white and yellow pimples, with black specks in them. I have tried all the celebrated lotions and washes without effect; the physicians too have been consulted, but as I dared not tell them what had been the cause of the change in my appearance, they were at a loss what to prescribe. Oh, good Madam *Gossip*, think of something to help me, or at least let this letter appear, that it may deter others from the same folly. Your afflicted penitent Admirer, LUCIA.

Jan. 20, 1803.

POOR LUCIA, your sufferings atone for you folly.—Use a temperate wholesome diet, air, and exercise, and abstain from acids; drink plentifully of milk, and be patient. Should you regain your good looks, do not murmur, though at the same time you should grow fat. I assure you I have no receipts for improving the complexion. I study that branch of medicine which is most likely to restore, or establish the health and vigour of the mind.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE ITINERANT.—No X.

"And unresisted passion storm'd the breast." JOHNSON.

THE passions, when highly irritated, have often proved fatal. Excessive grief, excessive joy; the sudden loss of riches or of bosom friends, or the unexpected rise from misery and despair to wealth and prosperity, has sometimes overpowered nature, and extinguished the spark of life. That *real* passion should effect this, is not perhaps so surprising; but we should hardly be apprehensive of similar effects from *counterfeited* feelings. The power of an assumed passion on the mind, is, however, greater than we may at first imagine. An actor, to interest an audience, must work up his feelings to the action he would represent; and so strong are these feelings in some, that the *counterfeit* has sometimes been as fatal as the *real*. These observations are designed to introduce the following Anecdote, which I lately met with in a French work, and thought not unworthy a hasty translation.

MR. BOND, an Englishman, was a man of wit, and an ardent lover of declamation. He had taken a particular inclination to the *Tragedy of Zaire*; and, not contented with knowing it by heart in French, he had engaged one of the best poets in London to translate it into English. His design was to have it represented on Drury Lane Theatre; but we are ignorant of the reasons for which it was rejected. At last, having no longer any hope of procuring its appearance on a regular theatre, Mr. Bond resolved to represent it himself, with some other admirers of *Colburne* in the great hall of York Buildings, a place originally destined for concerts of music, but of which he obtained the use, by paying as much for one evening, as would hire another building for a whole year.

THE characters were cast, and the city advertised of the design formed for their entertainment. Mr. Bond, who was not less than sixty years of age, chose the part of *Lusignan*, as the most proper for his talents and his years. He spared neither pains nor expense, to put himself in a condition to play it with distinction; and he abandoned all the profits of the representation to the translator of the piece.

THE day arrived; no assembly had ever been so brilliant and so numerous. The first acts were received with universal plaudits. The appearance of *Lusignan* was impatiently expected—he appeared, and the whole audience rose up, only at the sight of this venerable old man. But the heart of Mr. Bond was more affected than all. He so abandoned himself to the force of his imagination, and the

impetuosity of his sensations, that finding himself too feeble to sustain so much agitation, he fell senseless, at the moment of recognizing his daughter. It was, at first, supposed to be only an affected swoon, and all admired the art with which he imitated nature. However, the length of the action beginning to fatigue the audience, *Catullian, Zaire*, and *Nerisjan* reminded him, that it was time to proceed; he opened his eyes, but closing them immediately, he fell from his chair without pronouncing a word,—he extended his arms,—and this movement was the last of his life." H.

FOR THE BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

PREFACES—JOHNSON'S SHAKESPEARE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,
ALTHOUGH I hate Prefaces in general, yet I believe there are many exceptions, wherein they become absolutely necessary, and deem it proper to compare them to the porters of great houses in London; that is, they may have more or less of good manners. Now, when a Preface gives the simple outlines of a work, or tells you to read on, but to be lenient and candid, I think it enough in all conscience—it is good manners. But when a writer begins by saying a great deal about this thing, that, and the other, and more about himself, all totally irrelevant to the work it precedes, his preface is the blustering or busy porter, who, instead of respectfully showing the house or its master, loquaciously attempts to win your favor, or insolently endeavours to impress you with his borrowed importance.

The only long preface I ever perused with satisfaction, is that of Dr. Johnson's critical one, in Munroe and Francis's edition of Shakespeare's dramatic works. It contains much patie et investigation, candid exposition of the text, apt and forcible reasoning and inference, and is written too, in a style which may be considered as the most happy medium for profane or unlearned readers; that I think it would, alone, immortalize almost any dramatic poet; but for Shakespeare, it seems a diamond in the hands of a master, smoothing the rough edges of that high-wrought dramatic mirror, which so justly reflects human nature. C.

HISTORY.

FOR THE BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.
ON THE CHINESE.

FROM THE WORKS OF SIR W. JONES.

"THE word China, concerning which I shall offer some new remarks, is well known to the people, whom we call Chinese; but they never apply it (I speak of the learned among them) to themselves or to their country. Themselves, according to Father Videlou, they describe as the people of Man, or of some other illustrious family, by the memory of whose actions they flatter their national pride; and their country they call *Cim Cué*, or the Central Kingdom, representing it in their symbolical characters by a parallelogram exactly bisected; at other times they distinguish it by the words *Tien-hia*, or what is under heaven, meaning all that is valuable on earth."

According to a Chinese writer, named Li Yang Ping, the ancient characters used in his country were, "the outlines of visible objects, earthly and celestial, but, as things merely intellectual would not be expressed by those figures, the grammarians of China contrived to represent the various operations of the mind by metaphors drawn from the productions of nature: thus the idea of roughness and of totality, of motion and rest, were conveyed to the eye by signs representing a mountain, the sky, a river, and the earth; the figures of the sun, the moon, and the stars, differently combined, stood for smoothness and splendor, for any thing artfully wrought, or woven with delicate workmanship; extension, growth, increase, and many other qualities, were painted in characters taken from clouds, from the firmament and from the vegetable part of the creation; the different ways of moving, agility and slowness, idleness and diligence, were expressed by various insects, birds, fish and quadrupeds; in this manner, passions and sentiments were traced by the pencil, and ideas not subject to any sense were exhibited to the sight; until by degrees new combinations were invented, new expressions added; the characters deviated imperceptibly from their primitive shape, and the Chinese language became not only clear and forcible, but rich and elegant in the highest degree."

It was a very ancient practice in China, to paint or engrave moral sentences and approved verses on vessels in constant use; as the words *Review thyself Daily*, was inscribed on the basin of the Emperor Tang, and the poem of Shen Long, who is now on the throne, in praise of tea, has just been published on a set of porcelain cups.

L.AURA.

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

[Continued from page 66.]

LETTER II.

From CHARLES WALLER to FRANCES CROMWELL.

Madam,
WHETHER it be, that a man, who has once confessed his error, acquires boldness from it; or that desperation gives a courage unknown to nature, I know not; but although I have offended you beyond the possibility of forgiveness, I cannot help aggravating your displeasure by another mark of my rashness and folly.
Your silence has plunged me into a state of torture not to be conceived but by a demon. I am confident my letter came to your hands, for I am convinced of the faithfulness of the person who delivered it; yet suspense rends my heart ten thousand different ways; and I am really lost with fear, misery and terror.

Sometimes, I suppose that upon receiving my billet, you instantly unfolded its contents to your father, who shocked at such an instance of ingratitude, hesitates in what manner he shall punish me in proportion to my offence; and yet I wonder the effects of his wrath have not overtaken me. At other times, I conceive my punishment is delayed merely to make it the more tremendous. When called to do the duties of my function before the Protector, I scarcely know what I do.—Now I acquire greater courage, and venture to scrutinize his looks, and watch every motion of his eye with the most painful solicitude; but this I too well know is vain. His looks never betray the secret of his heart; and his councils can be compared to nothing but the billows before a storm, and his execution to the instantaneous effects of a thunder-bolt, always happening when least expected.

When alone in my rooms, I am a prey to the most dismal apprehensions, ever expecting I know not what.—Now I imagine the angry Protector entering my apartment and feeling my misery by some terrible vengeance, and trembling when I hear a foot-step crossing the gallery. This very morning, as I was walking with my eyes fixed upon the ground, your father called me unexpectedly.—Had the earth yawned before my feet, I could not have heaved greater surprize and dismay. Scarcely could I muster up resolution to answer him in the tremulous tone that I did. He took notice of my confusion. I attempted to get over it by entering into our usual trifling chat, but I could not make so sudden a transition from apprehension to tranquillity; and he left me in the most agonizing doubt.

I had almost prevailed upon myself to have sufficient fortitude to speak to you yesterday in the great chamber, when we were for a moment left alone by your attendants; but my voice died away upon my tongue. You witnessed my distress and saw my sufferings;—learn to pity and forgive them.

I do not hope for any thing but pity; justice I know must condemn me: Yet recollect, that though justice may shine in all the severe pomp of majesty, that mercy, in whatever garb it may be beheld, never fails to captivate the good. O! torture me not thus: indeed, indeed, were I to attempt to paint my sufferings, you would think me guilty of exaggeration. A certainty of evil is a trifle compared to the horrors of doubt. Deign to write me but one line to express your disapprobation of my conduct, and say that you do not despise me, and I will defend to the cold mansion of peace, while my dying breath shall murmur a blessing upon your name. I can endure your reproaches, let them be ever so keen,—but do not hold me in contempt:—the first will indeed, confirm my wretchedness; but the latter will rouse me to madness.

Let not my memory be ever hateful to you if I say I should not have betrayed myself, had I not conceived I was not indifferent to you.

My intellects are certainly impaired. Heaven knows what I may ejaculate.—O! for the sake of mercy, put an end to my suspense, lest I should betray both you and myself.—Save me and yourself from such a terrible discovery.—I may rave; for my brain is on fire.—I do not hope, all I ask for is certainty.

What shall I say? In what language shall I implore you to satisfy me? Alas! I am compelled to use repetitions.—Write—O write but one word, and may the father of all charity reward you for it.

[To be continued.]

CURIOUS AND USEFULL DISCOVERIES.

SOURCE OF THE NILE.

THE grand desideratum of ancient and modern geography appears to be resolved at last.—Mr. P. HORNEMAN, a traveller sent out by the London Society, for making dis-

coveries in Africa, in a late communication to the society informs, that there cannot exist a doubt of the Nile and the Niger being one and the same river, nor could he learn that its course was interrupted by any inland sea or lake, as some have suggested.

Mr. Horneinan, at the time of making the communication was in the city of Mouzack, the capital of Fizan, an interior kingdom of Africa, from whence a constant intercourse was kept up with Tombuçu, Houfan, and other places in the ancient Jobaba or Niger. Mr. Horneinan has also settled, beyond dispute, that the Oasis of Ammon, containing the site of the celebrated Temple of Jupiter Ammon, is the modern Seewa, as suggested by Mr. Browne. We understand Mr. Horneinan takes the Koran for a passport, and thus avoids the difficulties and dangers of his predecessors.—Gaz. U. S.

REVIEW.

Observations on the Soda, Magnesia and Lime, contained in the Water of the Ocean; showing that they operate advantageously there, by neutralizing Acids, and, among others, the Sepsic Acid; and that Sea Water may be rendered fit for washing Clothes without the aid of Soap. By Samuel L. Mitchell.

[Published in the Transactions of the American Philosophical Society.

IN consequence of numerous analogies and inductions, Dr. Mitchell has persuaded himself that the alkaline matters dissolved in the ocean keep it sweet and wholesome by the strong antiseptic power which they possess. He shews in his short, but highly interesting memoir, that they have a further effect, which is to neutralize the muriatic acid which is always there, the septic which is frequently, and the sulphuric which is sometimes contained in sea-water. The three alkalies of soda, lime and magnesia, combine with the three acids, in the order of their respective attractions, and as there is a deficiency of soda, the residue of the acids combine with the earthly basis of magnesia and lime. The consequence of this constitution of ocean-water is, that it decomposes soap by separating the alkali thereof from its oil; and thereby renders it unfit for washing clothes.

Dr. M. is convinced that much of the sickness, fever, infection, &c. on ship-board, proceeds from human excrements accumulated in clothing, bedding, birds, &c.—through want of alkaline detergents. And he proposes, which is the principal object of his paper, to render ocean water fit for washing, by precipitating the magnesia and lime with pearl-ash and soda. Thus sailors may wash and be clean without either soap or fresh water: for a few casks of pearl-ash, or of barilla, taken on board as a part of a ship's stores, will be capable of alkalinizing sea-water so effectually, as to do all the scrubbing, washing and cleaning on board. By this provision, soap may be dispensed with, and not a drop of the vessel's stock of fresh water be consumed, beyond the daily allowance for cooking, &c. Health and comfort may thus be introduced into naval service, and the engendering of fevers and pestilential distempers on board be prevented. It is easy to foresee, that, upon this plan of cleanliness, quarantines of vessels would be in a great degree superfluous, or, if they were insisted on, would be reduced to an exact system of purification.—Med. Rev.

THE following is the Chinese method for rendering cloth, water proof.—To one ounce of white wax (melted) add one quart of spirits of turpentine: when thoroughly mixed and cold, then dip the cloth into the liquid, and hang it up to dry till it is thoroughly dry. By the above cheap and easy method, muslin as well as the strongest cloths will be rendered quite impervious to the heaviest rains, and that without the ingredients used either filling up the pores of the cloth, or injuring in the least its texture, or damaging at all the most brilliant colours.

WE learn from Bombay, that quicksilver has been found in a pure state at Cotta, in Culoomb. A pit has been dug to the depth of fourteen feet, and the quicksilver, is found in five different parts of it, at a small distance from each other, in flats of earth nearly two feet thick; eight or nine pounds weight have been collected: it appears in small globes. We further learn, that orders have been issued at Culoomb, prohibiting the cutting of timber in the Company's forests, without authority for that purpose.

An Infallible remedy for a BURN or SCALD, obtained of a gentleman late from Germany.

MIX sweet oil, or if it cannot be had, fresh butter, hog's lard, or any such unfalted substance, with slacked lime, the fresher the better, till the composition shall become of the consistence of paste; spread it on a linen cloth, double the cloth and apply it to the wound. It will instantly relieve the patient from all pain: renew the application once in about eight hours, for a few days, and the cure will be entirely effected.

MORALITY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THURSDAY LECTURE.

No VII.

MATTW VI. 13.

And lead us not into temptation.

ACCORDING to the style of the Hebrew language, a thing is said to be actually done by a person, which he only permits, or gives room for being done; and of this we have several instances in scripture; and in this sense, the phrase of this petition is to be understood, for God does not actually lead us into temptation; for as James says, *God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth he any man*; but only permits, or gives occasion to, our being tempted; and accordingly *Cyprian*, an early writer of *Christianity*, acquaints us, that this was rendered in an ancient Latin version, *Suffer us not to be brought into temptation*. And this sense we ought to have in our minds, when we repeat the words of our version; but the petition is not to be understood, as if we are to pray never to be brought into temptation; because this is the common lot of all *Christians*, and trials and temptations are wisely appointed by God for the exercise and improvement of virtue in good men; and that others may be bettered by their example, and encouraged by the constancy and patience, which they show in affliction. Hence, instead of praying never to be brought into temptations, we are taught in scripture to rejoice, when we fall into them. Thus James, 1, 2, 3, 4, *My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations; knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience; but let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire wanting nothing*. And again, ver. 12, *Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life*. The meaning therefore of this petition is, that God would not suffer us to fall under the weight of the temptations we are exposed to; that he would not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able, but with the temptation make a way to escape. The expression therefore here of being led into temptation, must be understood of being foisted with it, as not to be able to extricate ourselves from it; to be brought so much under the power of it, as not to be able to overcome it. God may be said to suffer obstinate men to fall into temptations; when as the Apostle Paul expresseth, *He gives up to the lusts of their own hearts*; or, when he for a time withdraws his grace from those, who trust too much to their own strength. This Christ hath instructed us to prevent, by making this petition daily, which is an acknowledgment of our own inability to repel and overcome the temptations we are subjected to by our nature, and the circumstances of things, and a petition for divine grace on assistance from above to enable us to do."

AMUSEMENT.

HISTORY OF SILK.

IN the year 555, two monks brought from Cerinda, in the East-Indies, to Constantinople, the eggs of some silk worms, which having hatched in a dunghill, they fed the young insects with mulberry leaves, and by this management they soon multiplied to such a degree, that manufactures of silk were erected at Constantinople, at Athens, at Thebes, and at Corinth.

In the year 1130, Roger, King of Sicily, brought manufacturers of silk from Greece, and settled them at Palermo, where they taught the Sicilians the art of breeding the silk-worms, and of spinning and weaving the silk. From Sicily, the art was carried over all Italy—from thence to Spain, and from thence to the south of France. In the year 1286, the ladies of some noblemen first appeared in silk mantles, at a splendid ball in England.

In the year 1620, the art of weaving silk was first introduced into England; and in the year 1719, Lombe's machine for throwing silk, was erected at Derby. This wonderful piece of mechanism contains 26,586 wheels, the whole of which receive their motion from one wheel that is turned by water. Sometime in the 16th century, Edward the 6th, was presented with a pair of silk stockings, which was the first pair that was ever seen in England.

Alexander's History of Women.

UNACCOUNTABLE ANTIPATHIES.

MANY persons have antipathies of which they neither know the cause or the remedy. The old Duke d'Eprenon, who owed his fortune to his courage, used to faint at the sight of a *leveret*.—Marshall d'Albert could not sit at a table where there was a dish of *maccaroni* without growing sick. Ladidas Jagellon, King of Poland, who displayed an uni-

formly intrepid valour, during a course of fifty years of dangers and perils, always trembled and ran away when he saw apples.—James the first, King of England, turned pale at the sight of a *naked sword*.—Pierre Alphonso, one of the most renowned philosophers of the 13th century, fainted at the smell of *cheese*.—Chevalier Boyle fell into convulsions at the bubbling of water out of a bottle.—Lamothé-le-Voyer, felt the greatest pain from the sweetest music, and greatest pleasure from thunder and discordant sounds.

THE ANVIL AND BELLOW.

A Spleenic blacksmith, that fancied himself sick, would frequently tease a neighbouring physician to give him relief; the physician knowing him to be in perfect health, yet not willing to offend him, told him he must be very careful in his diet, and not eat any thing that was heavy or windy. The blacksmith went off satisfied—but on calling in his mind what food was heavy and windy, and being ignorant, back he goes to the Doctor, who being out of patience with his patient, said, "don't you know what things are heavy and what are windy?" "No," answered the blacksmith—"why then I will tell you," said the Doctor, "there's your *anvil* is heavy, and your *bellows* are windy—do no eat either and you'll do well enough."

LAZINESS.

DURING the late frof, a certain gentleman, remarkable for his good humour, overheard two of his servants disputing which of them had a right to shovel the snow off from the foot pavement—thinking example better than precept, he applied to them for a shovel to do it himself. The two servants now ashamed of their conduct, insisted upon preventing him, which he suffered them to do; observing, he should not have undertaken it, only hearing them both say it was none of their business, he concluded of course, that it must be his.

ANECDOTES.

A CERTAIN Lady, of unsuspected conjugal fidelity towards a husband, to whom she had borne six children, gave the name GRATIS, to a daughter, with which she was favored, a few years after his decease.—A person remarking upon the incident, observed, that however some might reflect on the widow, for his part he thought her excusable—that, in his idea, having subscribed and faithfully accepted for six, she was undoubtedly entitled to the seventh, GRATIS.

AN Irish schoolmaster, who refused to idleness, thinking that the well known expression, "Idleness covereth a man with rags," might be amended, wrote, as a copy for one of his pupils—"Idleness covereth a man with nakedness."

LONDON FASHIONS.—FOR DECEMBER.

Walking Dresses.—Short round dresses of cambric muslin. Pelice of black velvet, trimmed with broad lace, and lined with Lebrun's new silk. Clove bonnet of black velvet, trimmed lace and Lebrun's new ribbon. Silver bear muff.

Short dresses of white muslin, trimmed round the bottom with a narrow flounce. Pelice of kerseymer, trimmed with swandown. Small round hat of kerseymer, trimmed also with swandown.

Head Dresses.—Mamot bonnet of blue crape. White muslin dresses, made with frock fronts. A yellow mantle embroidered.

A small round hat of black and green velvet, ornamented with black feathers. Robe of lilac and green silk with white sleeves. Bearmuff.

A cap of white crape and green velvet, ornamented with beads and white ostrich feathers. Dresses of white muslin; the sleeves plain, and trimmed round the bottom with lace. Bear tippet.

Mrs. Lebrun's new invented hat, made of velvet, and ornamented with black straw beads. Pelice of green kerseymer. Bear muff.

THEATRE.

On Monday, the tragedy of *Rival Queens*; with the entertainment of *The Prize*.

INTELLIGENCE.

Thursday, the 7th day of April next, is appointed as a Day of Fasting and Prayer, throughout the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

An Earthquake has been experienced at Algiers, it continued 40 minutes. A village, near Algiers, containing 200 houses, was destroyed, and all the inhabitants perished.

The city of Constantinople, has been visited with an Earthquake, which lasted 30 minutes, at intervals. Many houses were thrown down, and the Seraglio itself was violently agitated, and the Grand Seigneur himself took refuge in the mosque of Sophia, where an astonishing number of people had assembled, that building being considered as

immovable.—A smart shock was also felt at the Island of Jamaica, the 25th Dec. in the morning.

A most melancholy and heart-rending scene took place near Dover, in England, the latter end of November last. A Dutch Transport, having near 500 souls on board, was driven on shore, 472 of which, perished, including 29 women and children! Imagination cannot describe the horrors attending this disaster. The floating bodies of the sufferers, especially of the women and children, were as distressing to the eye, as their shrieks were to the ear of humanity.

LITERARY.

An examination of the question, "who is the writer of the forged letters, addressed to Thomas Jefferson, President of the U. S. attributed to John Rutledge, Esq. Member of Congress, for South Carolina," will be published in a few days in this town.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

S. T. on Calumny, shall have an early insertion.

The Sorcerers, is on file.

A Poor Youth, shall be noticed.

Communication concerning *Angelo Politian*, shall appear in course with others.

Fitzwilliam, can we are certain, afford us something that by its correctness will do his talents more credit than the Beggar Girl. Left and Death, are not rhyme.

Lines by M. on the death of a late Reverend Character, are received. We are sorry to reject any thing from our fair correspondent; the appears to have genius, which, cultivated with care, will in time do her honour; but in the interim, we would recommend to her, to be particularly careful not to suffer any thing to meet the public eye, that is in an incorrect or imperfect state. If she will examine the lines in question, she will perceive the third stanza is very deficient in point of rhyme, and poetic measure; the sentiments are good, the grammar correct, and the band writing beautiful. We hope she will pardon our freedom, and at some future period, favour us with the effusions of her infant muse.

We are not very partial to Enigmas or Rebus's, unless they possess peculiar wit, beauty, or ingenuity; which we cannot say is the case with either the flower from Cambridge, or the one, the solution of which, would be half of a king and two crooked letters.

Rebus, by Laura, next week.

Ode to Disappointment, by Henry, is more like Hope; but as one or the other, it is too incorrect for publication.

We received the advertisement of Jaques Jonques, from N. Y.—thank our correspondent for the trouble he has taken, but must decline suffering it to appear in our Magazine. We respect the Fair Sex too much, to wound their feelings by intimating they could ever use such artificial aids as are therein intimated.

We thank our youthful reader for the trouble she has taken to copy the manuscript Poems; but they are too perule and incorrect for insertion.

The same may be said of the Verses, by *Elvina*.

MARRIAGES.

In Boxford, Mr. Daniel Chapman, to Miss Sally Symonds. In Newbury, Robert Dunning, Esq. of Brimfield, to Miss Mary O'Brien. In Brookfield, Mr. Henry Morgan, of Boston, to Miss Abigail E. Bradshaw. In Waltham, Mr. Wm. Slocum, to Miss Anne Chafe. In Cambridge, Mr. Samuel Gould, to Miss Martha Hunnewell; Mr. Nathaniel Rowe, to Miss Susannah Locke; Mr. John French, to Miss Deborah Learnard; Mr. Wm. Walton, to Miss Mary Bates; Mr. Lewis Gray, to Miss Nancy Jones.

DEATHS.

In Old-York, Mr. John Young, *Æt* 84. In Portland, Mr. Isaac Hacker, *Æt* 42. In New-Gloucester, Dr. Theodore Symmes, *Æt* 36. In Danvers, Mr. Jonathan Boyce, *Æt* 87. In Salem, Mrs. Mary West, *Æt* 86; Mr. Daniel Needham. In Uxbridge, Mrs. Violati, Mrs. Martha Draper, *Æt* 51. In Worcester, Mrs. Fidelity Gates, *Æt* 79. In Norridgewock, Maine, Mr. Peter Gilman, *Æt* 83. In Swaney, Mr. Benjamin Hicks, *Æt* 92. In Haverhill, (M.) Mr. John Lebelquist, *Æt* 65; Mrs. Abigail Griffin, *Æt* 35. In Chelsea, Mr. Daniel Pratt, *Æt* 79. In Middleborough, Mr. Ebenezer Woods, *Æt* 55. In Newburyport, Danl. Sillaway, jun. He was at play on the ice, fell through and was drowned. In North-Carolina, Maj. Tatton; he has given freedom to his negroes, with his plantation, with the stock and utensils, for their support. In Watertown, Mr. Joseph Bird, *Æt* 52.

In Boston, Mrs. Zabiah Gore, *Æt* 47, consort of Mr. Stephen Gore; Capt. Joseph Sheel, jun. *Æt* 47; Mrs. Anderson; a Child of Mr. Doyle, *Æt* 8.

POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SIR ALLEN.

AH! tell me why must thou go, Sir Allen?
Oh tell me, why thou must go?
The wind it is keen, a storm is falling,
The ground it is white with snow.
And sorrow will fure this heart betide
When thou art gone far away;
Then prithee, love, throw thy cloak aside,
And tarry another day.
Ah! wilt thou not? When thou'rt gone, Sir Allen,
When thou far away art gone,
How shall I prevent the tears from falling?
How rise each sigh and moan?
Though oceans may roll between us wide,
Still faithful my heart will be;
And oft through the air my spirit will glide,
Sir Allen, to follow thee.

And when thou art far away, Sir Allen,
Let memory often dwell,
On scenes long past, the form recalling
Of her who lov'd to well?
Then whether adversity's blast may howl,
Or the sun of prosperity shine,
Remember there is one friendly soul
That mourns or rejoices with thine.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

PLEASURE.

LET other bards, in other rhymes,
Display the follies of the times
In each variety of measure;
Be ours the task to sing of wine,
Invoke the blessings of the Nine,
And quaff the generous bowl of PLEASURE.

For fordid gain let others toil,
And plough the main, and plough the soil,
And fondly dot on hoarded treasure;
Let us enjoy our little store
With grateful hearts, nor sigh for more,
Since wealth is but a foe to PLEASURE.

On learned trifles some contend,
And learned antiquarians spend
O'er bones and reliques all their leisure;
More wisely far, let us employ
The transient hours of fleeting joy
In songs of love, and sports of PLEASURE.

Let others count, with flattering tongue,
The favors of the fickle throng;
And strive to share the nation's treasure;
Let us fill count the loves and graces,
Nor dream of pensions, posts, or places,
Since these are foes to ease and PLEASURE.

Whilst others dread a fatal doom,
And sink despairing to the tomb,
Filling with pain life's scanty measure;
May hope direct our prosperous way,
Till we shall reach the realms of day,
And live again in lasting PLEASURE.

Edison, Jan. 1803.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE NAVIGATION.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF GESSNER.

IT flies! the vessel flies, that bears away
To distant shores my Daphne, fair as May;
Guard her, ye loves! be hull'd each ruder gale;
Let Zephyrs only fill the swelling sail;
Ye waves, flow gently by the vessels' side,
While penive the surveys you idly glide;
Ah! softly glide, prolong her reverie,
For then, ye Gods! 'tis then she thinks of me.
When near the nodding groves that shade the shore,
To her, ye birds, your sweetest warblings pour;
No sounds be heard, but such as gently sooth,
And be, O sea, thy azure surface smooth.
He'er, since thy daughters sought their liquid caves,
A keener charge, was trusted to thy waves.
Her clear, her bright unsmiled beauty shews
"Is Lilly's white, and freshness of the rose."
Not Venus had more charms, more beauteous bloom,
When, rising from the sea's resplendent foam,
She smiling mounted first her silver car,
And thence as diligent as the morning star.

The enchanted Tritons left their noisy sport,
And nymphs cerulian in their chrysal courts;
Regardless of their frowns, or jealous smiles,
While beauty's queen each eager eye beguiles.
They gaze, and held in most delightful trance,
Pursue her moving o'er the smooth expanse.

H***T.

Addressed to a charming Poetess, by him, who has sometimes the honour of making her a Pen.

AN orator of much renown
Was preaching in a country town,
And mov'd his audience well:
The Sexton, list'ning 'mid the crowd,
Of the attention justly proud,
Jogg'd his next neighbor, calling loud—
" 'Twas I that rung the bell!"

My underling employment, then,
May have its share of credit;
And when I hear extoll'd again
The charming flowings of your pen,
I'll boast, " 'Twas I that made it!"

AN EXPOSTULATION.

HOW short are the pleasures of love!
Soon faded the charms of such lofs!
But wite by its AGE will improve—
Then why shouldn't I take a glass? *Post Folio.*

A REPLY TO AN OLD SAYING.

"Handsome is he, that handsome doth"—
Can't one be good and handsome both?

THE NOVELIST.

THE TRIUMPHS OF FRIENDSHIP.

[Concluded from page 68.]

THE king was at once surpris'd and affected by the suddenness of her appearance and the distress of her action. He would have spoken but was prevented. Ah, my liege, he exclaimed, what is it that I hear? If Adolphus has death in store for those who wish to lay down their lives for his sake, what recompense does he keep in reserve for traitors? I understand you, replied the monarch; but death is due to all who would deprive me of Adelaide. Valvaife also is a traitor, he confesses himself a traitor; and was seen in your embraces.—That may be, my lord; but no eye ever beheld me in the arms of Valvaife.—Let him give me your heart, and I will give him my kingdom.—Ah, my lord, it is a worthless heart, he prizes it not! he would gladly have given it to you, with all the kingdoms of the world, and with his own precious heart and life and soul also. I wooed him for myself, he wooed me only for his master; and when I would have retained him by my tears and my caresses, he rent himself from my arms, and vowed at his departure, that could I have joined heaven to the offer of my person, he would not accept an eternity of bliss at the cost of a single act of infidelity to Adolphus.

O, Adelaide! exclaimed the monarch, you yet know not half his worth: he, alone, can deserve the whole treasure of your affections! I wish to be just, and to render you his more than princely merit. He loved you with passion, while he tore himself from you; but the love of his friend and of virtue, in a breast so noble as his, surpassed even his love of Adelaide.

In that instant the emissary Christiern broke into the presence. Audacity sat on his brow, and self approbation exulted through his demeanour. He bowed low at the feet of royalty; but quickly rising again to the top of his stature he confidently addressed the throne.

So, please you my liege, you now behold before you the most loyal, the most attached of all subjects that now are, or perhaps ever were upon earth; a man, who, in his fealty and duty to his prince, sinks all other duties all other considerations. Valvaife and I were bred together from our infancy, we were fellow students, sworn brothers: his friendship procured for me whatever I now enjoy of honours or possessions. He lately came to my house, claimed the protection of my roof, and in confidence told me he had the misfortune of falling under your displeasure. But as soon as I understood that he was obnoxious to my king and that the royal proclamation had issued against him, I became a Sarupin of my allegiance; I rent all other ties and obligations to shreds; I had him seized and laden with fetters; and he now attends the sentence that your justice shall pass upon him.

Adolphus, for part of an hour, sat in silent astonishment: he was shocked, he was terrified. He looked on Christi-

ern with a disgusted and indignant eye; as somewhat newly flattered up, some horrid novelty in nature.

And who, wretch, at length he cried, who told thee, that the breach of all laws, divine and human, that the bursting in sunder of every kindly bond of gratitude and friendship, of confidence and hospitality, could give thee a recommendation to the favor of Adolphus: He who feels not these ties, can have no faith no allegiance; but is equally a traitor to his king and to his god.—Here I take this miscreant, plunge him down into the mines, a thousand fathom deep, from the detesting face of the sun; and let all who are of his blood, be banished our dominions forever, lest Sweden should shortly be over-run with monsters! Pale, speechless, and aghast, stood the wretched convict. Eagerly they seized upon him, and hurried him with a frantic kind of joy to execution; so odious and unpitied; even in misery, is the guilt of ingratitude! The king then ordered the prisoner to be introduced. He entered, not proudly, nor yet slavishly trailing his chains along. His countenance was fearless, but modest and dejected; neither dared he, as he advanced, to raise his eye to the face of a master, whom he thought he had injured.

Come you, said the monarch, to reproach your cruel friend for the injustice of his orders? Blessed be the orders, returned Valvaife, that gave me once more to behold the gracious countenance of my lord!

Then suddenly turning an eye upon Adelaide, he started and changed. Ah madam, he cried, you are here then.—Heaven be praised! You have questionless reformed the errors of a wayward fancy; and have given up your heart where excellence claims the whole entire and undivided, and where all that we are, and that we have is due.—But then I see you not, where I trusted you should soon be exalted; I fee you not on the throne, or at the side of our master.—Would you wish then, interrupted the king, to behold your beloved in the arms of your rival?—From my soul, I wish it, my lord; because I love her happiness even more than I love her person.

Adelaide, said the monarch, though you owe me nothing as your lover, you owe me obedience as your king. I command you then to step and unbind the prisoner, and restore him to the arms and bosom of his friend.

Adelaide, with trembling hands and a palpitating heart, her aspect all in a glow, sat about her commission; but prolonged the chains of her beloved, by her haste to set him at liberty.

The monarch then descended, and advanced with open arms, he clasped, and reclaimed Valvaife to his breast. O, welcome, thrice welcome, he cried to thy late desolate mansion, thy seat within my bosom!—Adelaide has told me all, has borne incontestable testimony to your truth, to an honour that is impassable, to a virtue that rises above seduction, a friendship that sacrificed whatever you held most dear to the interests of the man who put his confidence in you.—What shall I do my brother, to recompense your love?—I will try—I will strive to emulate the nobleness of your example.—I will, in my turn, subdue my own passions—I will restore to your generality, what I held dearer than an empire, dearer than life—I will yield Adelaide to her beloved—and be greater than a king in resembling Valvaife.

Long silence ensued.—Adelaide eagerly looked through the eyes of Valvaife, in search of the inmost emotions of his soul; and finding them conformable to the generosity of her own sentiments.—No, my lord, he cried, Valvaife will admit of no enjoyment, till the lord of his affections shall be supremely happy; till you have found to yourself an Adelaide, whose heart is undivided, wholly worthy of you by the constellation of her excellencies—I first learned to love, by admiring in Valvaife that fealty, that fervor of affection which he had for his master; and could he taste of consolation while you tasted of regret, he would instantly lose the charm by which he engaged me? I should despise, I should reject him.—No, no, it cannot be? we jointly vowed and covenanted, at our last parting, to keep separate for your sake; and not to accept of any happiness save, what virtue and the conscientiousness of acting nobly might yield.

SMALL APPLES ARE BETTER THAN NONE!

ONE prize of 2000 dollars; 1 of 1500; several of 1000, of 750; of 500; of 100, &c. &c. yet remain to be drawn in Hadley Lottery.—A few warranted undrawn tickets, for sale by GILBERT & DEAN. Feb. 19.

BOSTON:

PRINTED and PUBLISHED, every SATURDAY Evening, By GILBERT & DEAN,

No. 56, STATE-STREET, (OVER the Store of Mr. J. Peirce.) Two Dolls. per ann.—One half paid in advance.

PRINTING, in all its branches, executed with NEATNESS and DISPATCH.—ORDERS solicited.

BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

DEVOTED TO

MORALITY, LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, THE FINE ARTS, AGRICULTURE, &c. &c.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

To soar aloft on FANCY'S wing,
And harp in HELENIONA'S spring;
Cull every flower with careful hand,
And strew them o'er our native land.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP.—No XVIII.

*Immunis avam h' t'egit navas,
Non sumptuosus blamtor hostia
Mollitib averfus penatis
Favre pio at fultente mica.*

"RELIGION will assist us to bear the dispensations of a wife and just God, without repining," said a pious widow, who had buried her only son, from whose duty and industry, she had, for the last seven years of her life, gathered all her comfort, and the chief of her support. "Philosophy will do the same," said a Moralist, who was in the room, at the time this declaration of her faith, and reliance on the promises of the Bible, escaped the lips of my worthy friend. A conversation ensued; which, though too common placed to be here repeated, dwelt on my mind, after I had returned. From the visit I had been making, and led me into a train of reflection, which kept me walking to a late hour. I had, on my entering my own little parlour, seated myself in my easy chair, called for my night gown, and night cap, and suffered the supper to be served and removed, without tasting any thing more than a crust of bread and a glass of wine. I continued ruminating on the subject, until my candle glimmered in the socket, and my fire was reduced to a glowing cinder. "What," said I, arguing with myself, "what has philosophy to offer, that can comfort us for an eternal separation from those we love? It tells us they are freed from pain, but does it hold out any hope of their being in a state of happiness? No, nor does it frighten, and torment us with the fear of their being in a state of misery." At the moment I had suffered this thought to pass through my mind, though the last rays of my expiring taper were extinguished, the room appeared uncommonly light—and a Being of ethereal form, presented itself to my eyes. Its features were pleasant, but not uncommonly striking; its figure rather below than above the middle size, but of perfect symmetry; full and expressive blue eyes, animated its countenance, yet they were not indicative of great penetration, or extraordinary mental intelligence.—Its form was partly veiled by a light robe, almost transparent, of a pale ash colour, and hung across the left shoulder. It certainly appeared transparent, yet its foldings were so intricate, that though the whole contour of the form was plainly visible, no one particular limb could be distinguished. From the shoulders, which were naked, appeared small pinions of the same colour with the robe; in its right hand it griped a serpent by the neck, and in its left, by a silken cord, it led a beautiful large spaniel. Its hair was dark brown, neither long nor short, but waving in half curls over its forehead, and round its neck.

"Child of mortality," said the Vision, "why agrest thou on things beyond human comprehension? Thou art most profoundly ignorant; art thou willing to be instructed?" "I am assured of my own ignorance," said I, "and will willingly and attentively listen to the voice of information." "Come with me then," said the vision, "thy reasonable desire shall be gratified." The door stood open, and I followed my guide into the open air, when touching me, I ascended with the phantom, just high enough to see distinctly, the mad multitude, which compose this nether world, yet not sufficiently high to mix with ethereal beings, or far above the reach of those sorrows, sicknesses, vices, and follies, which infest the human species. The two former of these persecuting spirits, my guide told me, there was no way to avoid; but the two latter were to be repelled by a light armour scarcely to be perceived, and so easy as to occasion no inconvenience to the wearer; it was called *Reflector*, and was forged by a mighty chief, called *Integrity*. This armour, when buckled tightly on, was impenetrable. My guide led me to a promontory which overlooked a restless dark tremendous sea—several paths

led to it, but they all terminated in one large extensive road, which every passenger was obliged to enter before they reached the shore, where they embarked on this horrid gulf, in order to explore the regions on the other side, which, though discernable, were so involved in mist, nothing could be seen distinctly, except the top of a very high mountain, on which the sun seemed to dart his enlivening rays. In this road were two figures, one in long white garments, with a cross in one hand, and the Bible in the other. The other wore a pale blue robe, spangled so thick that it dazzled the eyes to look at it. Its face was always varying; one moment it had the appearance of an austere old man, the next of a young voluptuary. It bore a large volume in its hand, but on every leaf was only written, *Nature*. From this volume, fire kept tearing off little fragments, and scattering them amongst the multitude, who were passing to the sea, as they fluttered in their they took the most fantastical shapes; but strange to tell, the book never appeared less. The figure with the cross, walked with a steady pace. The other with unsteady steps, sometimes fast, sometimes slow; at one moment hurrying those who followed her with a terrifying rapidity to the roaring sea, and ere they could get into a boat to be ferried over would plunge them headlong in; at these times she would hold up to their view an enchanted mirror, which represented such horrid fiends to their imagination, that to avoid the prospect, they yielded without a struggle to her precipitation, and immersed in the black abyss—were seen no more. My guide observing my astonishment waited not my interrogations, but thus addressed me. "Those numerous paths which you behold, are the ways by which the professors of the various opinions, religions and sects, which fill the world with confusion, hope to attain to a place of eternal rest. But as they almost all agree in worshipping one great Creative Power, they all meet in that large open road before you; where they are joined by one of those two Spirits which you behold, leading on their respective followers. The one is Revealed Religion, the other is Natural Religion, as it is generally termed, *Philosophy*. In her youth, she was steady, mild, and prepossessing in her manners; but of late years, she has assumed so many masks, and decorated herself with such confused and tinsel ornaments, that not a trace of her original form or dress, can be seen. Her spangled robe she flutters in the rays of light, so as to dazzle her votaries. At a distance, its appearance is beautiful, but would they draw near and examine it carefully, they would find it composed of such shreds and patches, they would perceive it to be such a heterogeneous jumble of glittering trifles, thrown on a ground, in itself as thin as gossamer, that even the weakest, and most credulous, would wonder at their own fascination.

"Observe Revealed Religion, how simple, yet how majestic her appearance; no ornament, no unsubstantial appearance to catch the eye, and delude the heart. Mark how her eye is fixed on yonder hill on which the sun beams so gloriously; and see how she encourages her followers under all their misfortunes and pains to look toward that happy region." "True," said I, "but every one of her followers have a cross to bear, and some of them appear very heavy." "Look," said he, "at the page in the book she holds at which she points;" I looked and beheld these words—"He who endures to the end, the same shall be saved." "Now observe," continued the friendly spirit, "what a multitude are pressing toward the side of the gulf;" I saw (for the film of humanity seemed removed from my eyes) TIME with his tremendous fiery driving thera along; as they approached the margin they one and all looked back, and seemed to entreat for a respite before they crossed the abyss; but in vain—they could not recede—all were obliged to venture on the troubled sea. "That sea," said my guide, "is the ocean of Death, and is the only way by which any one can reach the regions of immortality." At the beach waited two beings extremely large, with various departments in each. One was steered by a beautiful Virgin, who with elevated eye and placid mien, carefully gave direction to her sister, who stood at the prow, when to throw out her anchor—when the waves arose with threatening fury, she would support the poor terrified passengers in her arms, and bid them rely on her for safety; while a sweet gentle spirit glided among the distressed voyagers, putting water to the lips of one, wiping

the sweat from the brow of another, and with her expansive robe, sheltering a third on the wet and cold.—"Know you who those benignant spirits are?" said my guide.—I acknowledged my ignorance. "They are," he replied, "Faith, Hope, and Charity." In this boat, Revealed Religion embarked her votaries, and they were safely conveyed to the opposite shore, when taking the path to the right, they passed toward the hill. The other boat, in which Natural Religion embarked her followers, was steered by Error, who, as the passengers embarked, blew a thick smoke in their eyes, that they might not perceive their danger; and if any of them recovered their sight, and perceived the threatening horrors, just as they were launching out into the foaming flood, folly stood by to laugh and ridicule their cowardice; while Despair, with malignant grin, urged them not to wait the movement of the boat, but plunging in, to swim across, and brave the threatening dangers. But neither boat, nor those who plunged, were long discernable, they were badly steered, all on board was anarchy and noise; a whirlpool hurried them out of their course, and an impenetrable mist shut them from our view.—"Understandest thou this?" said my guide. "I believe I do," said I, "but I am an erring mortal, do thou, celestial spirit, enlighten my mind." "I am ever ready to counsel weak mortals," he replied, "but I am seldom attended to. You call me celestial; did you know who I am, your veneration would cease." He then threw open his garment, and I saw on his bosom his name in large letters. It was *Plain Sense*. As I gazed astonished at the Vision, the water arose with horrid roar, to the very summit of the promontory on which I stood, it overflowed the top, I tried to escape, in vain, its cold waves enveloped me—and giving a sudden start, I perceived I had fallen asleep in my easy chair; my fire was gone quite out, the night was cold; I shivering, groped my way up stairs, and very gladly crept into bed.

Letters from Levi, L*****, Henrietta Mildred, and Debby Downright, are received, and shall in due time be noticed.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE ITINERANT.—No XI.

"I know not which of these two I should wish to avoid most; the sufferer at virtue and religion, who, with hearty will, butchers innocence and truth; or the pious, who cravels, groans, blubbers, and secretly says to gold, thou art my hope! and to his belly, thou art my god!" LAVATER.

FOR most of our virtues and vices, we are indebted to those with whom we associate. We naturally imitate the manners, and imbibe the sentiments of our companions; and time and habit make them our own. Hence the old proverb, "A man is known by the company he keeps."

If this be true, we ought to be particularly careful in the choice of company. Our associates should be selected from the virtuous and the good, the amiable and the accomplished; and we should sedulously avoid those, whose ill habits and principles may taint our minds, and decoy us from the path of virtue and honor.

LAVATER has particularized two characters, within the sphere of whose poisonous influence, we ought never to enter; the bare-faced infidel, who openly scoffs at virtue and religion; and the groaning hypocrite, who secretly says to gold, thou art my hope! and to his belly, thou art my god!

The first of these characters is generally a libertine and a debauchee, whose chief recommendation is, that he possesses talents for noise and sport. He ridicules every thing serious and sacred. With him, religion is priercraft, and ferocious men are bigots or hypocrites. He laughs at the laws of virtue and religion, and owns no other rule of conduct, than the dictates of inclination. Companions of this class, are dangerous indeed! To avoid them, is to avoid poverty, and disease, and disgrace, and ruin.

The other character is not less dangerous; because we are here unapt to be on our guard. We suspect "no ill, where no ill seems." If we see a man, apparently pious and devout, we at once think him worthy of confidence, and incapable of treachery or injustice. We repose a trust in him, and give him the power of injuring us, which we would not allow to the openly vicious and ungodly. Of all

cheats, Heaven preserve us from a religious cheat! The most detestable of human beings, is the hypocritical priest, who makes use of religion to decoy the unsuspecting traveller into his snare; who groans, and whines, and prays, while he plots the ruin of the widow, and deprives the helpless orphan of his bread. Shun him as you would the pestilence; or pollution is in his touch! Avoid him as you would the hungry lion, that, like him, lies concealed in the thicket, ready to spring upon his unsuspecting prey!

Although there are hypocrites in religion, yet truly religious men are our safest companions. In their society, we shall neither corrupt our morals, waste our estate, nor injure our reputation. With them, we shall imbibe the principles of virtue, and learn to practise justice, sobriety, moderation, and truth, in all our transactions with the world, and in the looser hours of amusement and relaxation.

FOR THE BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Mrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

LA! who would have thought that letter I wrote, in answer to that fancy piece in the seventh number, would have made such a disturbance! Surely the odious creature who has taken it up, must be very ill-natured. I dare say, Rebecca, you are some old maid; I am almost sure of it from this circumstance—your hinting about your mother's having a daughter, near eighteen; which to be sure is your wife self. I dare say, if the truth was known, you are nearer eighty than eighteen, else you would never be so spiteful to a young creature. If you are such a young and modest creature, as you have described yourself to be, you never would have exprest yourself as you did, in the first part of your stiff and awkward letter; telling about exposing naked bosoms and arms. Dear! what shocking ideas it conveys! Horrid creature!

You say, you should not have exprest your approbation of that piece, had it not been for my answer; and you add, "verily that child is buffeted by the great enemy." Buffeted! mercy! what a shocking word! But I dare say it is well adapted to your character. No wonder you were afraid that they would not publish your stiff piece. For my part I wonder they did. I don't feel half so proud of mine being published, as I did; for I see they publish any thing.

As for the nonsense you tell me about your mother, what she taught you, &c. I assure you, that does not vex me at all. She is, doubtless, a clever old lady; but she can know nothing of the world, far from town as Lynn.

Your boasting of having so many admirers, I consider as another indication of your being an old maid. And now to address you in your own shocking style.—Good Rebecca, (lord! what an old fashioned name) how knowest thou that my wig is red? Hail thou been to Moll Pitcher, to know what colour it is of? Pray thee, how much did it cost thee and the old witch to ascertain the colour of my wig? For I suppose it is some tincture to Mrs. Pitcher, to conjure up her infernal agents.

Pray thee, Rebecca, hadst thou that same crimson veil, thou didst so recommend to others? If thou hadst, I should like to see it. I don't believe it is half so handsome as coquette; or if it is, I think some of my acquaintance would wear them. I don't recollect that I have ever seen one. As for paint, there are scarcely any young ladies who make use of it, since Mrs. Vincent's lotion hath become fashionable.

I dare say you think you have concluded your piece mighty pretty, with your quotation from scripture. A girl of eighteen quoting passages from scripture! How ridiculous! But, pray who was your wife scriber? I believe I know, too. I think it Lazarus, you allude to. If I read the Bible as much as you do, I suppose I should know. Your wife mother, doubtless, will not let you read any thing else. I suppose she will not let you read Novels and Romances? Poor fool! how I pity you!

MARY ANN SMARTLY.

BIOGRAPHY.

FOR THE BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Mrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

If you judge the following desultory sketch, worthy the column, or columns, it may fill in your Miscellany, it is quite at your service.

MRS. ROWE.

THERE are no flights of fancy that I trace with more delight, than those indulged by the celebrated Mrs. Rowe, in her Letters from "the Dead, to the Living." Fond of assisting, and cherishing the deception, I follow, with sacred awe, the progress of the departed spirit, and solicitans to establish as a fact, the access of the disembodied intel-

lect, to the *inspired mind*. I embrace with avidity, every idea, that may serve as a prop to a favourite sentiment.—The moral tendency of the letters in question, will hardly be denied; for whatever originates a supposition, that my conduct is still open to the inspection of the virtuous dead who merited, and who attained, an unrivalled ascendancy in my bosom, will most probably become a powerful incentive to rectitude of action. But indeed Mrs. Rowe never penned a sentence, that did not look with a very benign aspect upon the interests of Virtue. She was lovely, and accomplished, as a woman, and greatly meritorious as a writer. The circumstances that marked her moral career, were peculiarly felicitous. Born to parents who knew to distinguish, and who possessed both power and inclination, to furnish her fine Genius with every aid requisite to the perfecting its powers, she was tenderly fostered in the fairest recesses of literature, and when, in the full maturity of excellence, she became the subject of observation, her uncommon worth obtained for her, all those distinctions, which she most indubitably merited; and, beloved by all who approached her, she passed forward, the object of universal admiration. Her form was beautifully elegant, and her strong mind, the abode of Genius, and of Virtue, was eminently adorned by all those graces, that are calculated to bestow upon society the most alluring, and brightest polish.

Mr. Prior, well known in the literary world, and the celebrated Doctor Watts, equally sensible of the charms both of her wit, and person, were among those who tendering her the sincerest homage, presented themselves as candidates for the honour of her hand—but in Mr. Rowe she hailed her congenial soul. Report, although rarely just to matchless worth, had, in this instance, borne tidings of the splendid reputation, possessed by Miss Singer, to the ear of this young gentleman, and he eagerly sought an opportunity of beholding her. An assemblage of Virtues, and of Graces, seldom fail of producing an effect proportioned to their powers, and Mr. Rowe's first interview with Miss Singer, meliorated the frown of prejudice which had previously triumphed in his bosom, into the tenderest passion. In delineating the Sovereign Lady of his election, he thus expresses himself:

"Youth's liveliest bloom, a never fading grace,
"And more than beauty, sparkles in her face;
"Yet the bright form seems no loose desires,
"At once she gives and justifies our fires,
"And passions, selfish as her own soul inspires;
"Her soul, heaven's noblest workmanship, design'd
"To bless the ruined age and succour lost mankind;
"To prop abandoned Virtue's sinking cause,
"And snatch from Vice its unrevered applause."

Mr. Rowe was formed to make happy the subject of his vire: Moral, and religious sanctious completed their union: their minds seemed to be cast in one mould, and their felicity was highly wrought. Mutually susceptible of the most refined pleasures, equally enamoured of the beauties of literature, and possessing equal claims to immortal fame, perhaps the annals of wedded life cannot produce a brighter example of conjugal happiness. No root of bitterness deformed the paradise in which they rationally, and gratefully cultivated the virtues, the loves and the graces; the serpent Envy, could find no entrance into their terrestrial Eden, and the corroding breath of dissension shed no untimely milderws to blight their joys.

Many revolving months after the hour which had registered their plighted vows, Mr. Rowe affectionately addressed his "Philomela" in the following respectfully tender, and truly appropriate language.

"Long may thy inspiring page,
"And great example bless the rising age!
"Long in thy charming prison may I thou stay,
"Late, very late, ascend the well known way,
"And add new glories to the realms of day!
"At least, heaven will not fure this prayer deny,
"Short be my life's uncertain date,
"And earlier far than time, the defined hour of fate!
"When e'er it comes may it'd thou be by,
"Support my sinking frame and teach me how to die,
"Banish depending nature's gloom,
"Make me to hope a gentle doom,
"And fix me all on joys to come!
"With swimming eyes I'll gaze upon thy charms,
"And clasp thee dying in my fainting arms;
"Then gently leaning on thy breast,
"Sink in soft slumbers to eternal rest,
"The ghally form shall wear a pleasing air
"And all things smile, if heaven, and thou art there!"

The Angel of death was speedily commissioned to execute the fatal mandate! alas! alas! continued bliss is not the

heritage of the present probationary state of being—but there is another and a better world, where we have the consolation to expect permanent felicity. The prominent misfortune of Mrs. Rowe's life, was the early termination of her wedded unity. Five years only was she permitted the indulgence of those refined, and sacred pleasures, which are the offspring of a judicious, sentimental and happy union: and the sorrows of her heart, while bending over the grave of her husband, were a just tribute to those virtues she delighted to cherish, and which still existed in her own lacerated mind. Her deportment upon this fatal catastrophe, exhibited all the decent propriety of grief, all the majesty of woe—the luxury of tears, the sadly thrilling anguish, and unexpressed sweets of melancholy, these were all her own.—Condemned thus, at the age of twenty eight, to mourn the exit of him who commanded the entire approbation of her reason, and who possessed every tender emotion of her soul—to see him cut off in the bloom of life by a lingering and cruel disorder, she yet suffered no impious murmuring to escape her lips, but bowing submissive to the Omnipotent disposer of events, she prepared herself to evince by the regularity of her conduct, her strong based and undiminished attachment to the decaid ed—and she continued through the remainder of a long life, a virtuous monument of steady affection. She was solicited to enter into new, and unexceptionable engagements, but still wedded to the memory of him, who was her bosom's lord, she resolutely, and uniformly declined the most flattering proposals of marriage and the exemplified in every instance, a delicacy, and propriety of thinking and of acting.—Slander presumed not to glance even obliquely at her character, nor to name to her irreproachable, could the smallest degree of censure ever attach.—Happy, exemplary Woman—justly art thou pronounced a fit model, for thy sex. Mrs. Rowe was naturally munificent, and to the suffering sons and daughters of humanity she was divinely compassionate. Possessing both the power and the inclination, she fought out the children of adversity, and her benefactions were ever proportioned to their necessities. She possessed an early and ardent attachment to the pleasures of Religion, and, a consistent observer of the system of her election, she appealed to the searcher of all hearts, as a Voucher for the rectitude of her life. She continued, from the demise of Mr. Rowe, a Recluse, and exhibiting in her retirement an example of becoming resignation, she was never allured thence, but in compliance with the calls of friendship, to which she continued to render the most uniform homage. And thus advancing in her blameless, her meritorious and dignified career, having at length numbered very many succeeding years, she supplicated heaven to grant her, when her death warrant should be issued, an instantaneous passage to the world of spirits; and the recording Angel registering her prayer, the eye of parental Deity beamed an assenting glance.—The emancipating commission obtained the fiat of the Almighty, and upon the evening of a serene day, the hours of which she had appropriated to the duties of friendship, in the moment of her retiring to her chamber, she was summoned to the mansions of bliss.

One of her Panegyrics thus feelingly expresses himself:

"Blest in thy life and Genius! blest in death!
"Allow'd without a pang to yield thy breath!
"The stroke unfelt and spar'd the painful strife,
"Of nature struggling e'er the parts with life;
"One hour in blooming health, the next the skies,
"Receives the faint where spirit never dies,
"Thy Gracious God thus heard thy favour'd vows,
"And crown'd thy virtue with the death thou choest."

REMARKABLE.

[Selected for the Boston Weekly Magazine.]

REMARKABLE ADVERTISEMENT.

[From the London Courier, of the 9th of Nov. last.]

I, JOANNA SOUTH-COTT, the Proprietress of Exeter, have (for some years) been warning the World of what is approaching, but few have believed the report; "for, unless ye see Signs and Wonders, ye will not believe, until sudden destruction come upon you." But now to be clear from the blood of all men, I warn the world at large. I was visited by the Lord the first month in the year 1792; and, the first month in the year 1803, the first day in that month (old file) my sealed writings must be brought forward, that the truth may be proved. I have said in my writings, I am the woman in the 12th chapter of Revelations, mentioned in the first verse, so my writings must be proved, the first month in the twelfth year. I have repeatedly sent letters to the Rev. Mr. Pomeroy, of Exeter, from 1796, to 1800, of events to take place, and the truth has

followed. I have also written to the Rev. Archdeacon Moore, of Heavytree, near Exeter; and to the Rev. Chancellor Nutcombe, of West Moorland, near Exeter; all these letters will be in print, with their names, when the truth of my writings is proved.

If either of these Divines should think it improper to see their letters, with their names in print (which the Lord has commanded me to do) they are at liberty to be present to judge for themselves; and to see if they can prove the foreknowledge in my writings came from the Devil; for when every truth is fairly examined and tried, then, I shall, with respect, submit to them; but no one's Judgment can be attended to, unless they are present. I have, lately, published two books: one is, "My Disputes with the Powers of Darkness;" and the other, "The Lord's answer to it;" wherein, I have mentioned the Prophecies from the Bible that are hastening on, and, where the Ministers are greatly blamed, for not searching the Scriptures, and warning their flock of the days that are approaching, that they may not come upon them unawares. I here, also, give liberty to any Twelve Divines of the Church of England, of good and worthy characters, to be present at the same time, to judge for themselves, as well as those I have written to; and, I am told, the Lord will try the nations one year, before he sends out the Destroying Angel; for he will cut short his work, in righteousness, and bring in his Kingdom of Peace to those who believe, according to the promises made in the old and New Testament. Letters, addressed to me, (post paid,) at E. I. Field's, No. 3, Broad-court, Long-Acre, London, will come safe to my hands. As my calling is to the Jews as well as the Gentiles, any fix of repute are invited to come as above, and judge for themselves. My books are sold at E. I. Field's, No. 3, Broad-court, Long-Acre, London; and at W. Simmond's, Grandry's-lane, Exeter.

SOLEMN WARNING.

[The danger-as well as folly of endeavouring to pry into futurity, by the ridiculous sport practised by many young women, vulgarly called "trying of tricks."]

THE sports of Hallow-ève have been described by the fascinating BURNS, but, whether in a way to deter from indulging in them, admits of a doubt. That they have, in more than one instance, terminated fatally, we have heard; that they did so, in one instance, and that to late as last week, we know.—We give the following particulars from authority, and our informant trusts that they will prove a warning to inconsiderate youth to betake themselves to amusements more rational, and less likely to be attended with unpleasant consequences to themselves:—"The ceremony of sowing hempseed on Hallow-ève is known to most of our readers. A young girl of the name of Isabel Carr, servant to Mr. Mathewson, type-founder, would needs keep her Hallow-ève on Monday week; and notwithstanding the earnest remonstrances of her master, who represented the impropriety and absurdity of prying into the secrets of futurity, she would not be persuaded from sowing her hempseed on that night. About ten o'clock, she accordingly went into the foundry alone, with a light in her hand, which she placed on one of the tables while she performed her incantations. She walked through the shop several times pronouncing aloud the words used on such occasions—and so anxious was she to see something, as she termed it, that having seen nothing, she gathered up the seed to sow it a second time. In the course of this second sowing, according to her own account, a tall meagre figure presented itself to her imagination! She shrieked aloud, and ran immediately into the house, all the doors being open. After relating all that she had seen, she went to bed, placing the bible under her head! She rose on Tuesday, and went through the labours of the day in apparent good health; but in the evening appeared somewhat timid. She, however, had her supper as usual, and went to bed, without any symptoms of fear. Next morning she was called, but did not answer; again was called, but still no answer. A daughter of Mr. Mathewson's then rose, went to her, and found that she was very sick, and that she had been so during part of the night. Tea was ordered for her, but before it could be prepared, she was seized with a spasm; the pulse became sunk, and breathing difficult, and the hands swollen and blackish. A medical gentleman was instantly called. He said it was an attack of an apoplexy, which she could not survive more than ten minutes; and in rather less than that time she expired, the blood bursting from her nose, mouth, &c. The surgeon, on being informed of the transaction of Monday night, was clearly of opinion, that the impression made on her imagination by the fancied apparition, was the cause of this fatal catastrophe."

ACCOUNT OF A VERY LARGE WHALE.

Tuesday fortnight, a whale was cast on shore near county of Wicklow; though very young in ap-

pearance, it was of considerable size, nearly as large as that lately taken at Dover, which measured in length 80 feet, and in height 10 feet; being alive when put on shore, its throat was immediately cut, and so great was the effusion of blood, that it bled upwards of ten hogheads. It was cut up in various pieces, and divided among a number of the inhabitants; one gentleman has converted the jaw-bones into gate-posts and door-cases, & the oil taken from it has been sold for 100l. A few hours before it came on shore, one or two more were seen in company a little distance from land, and the spectators were so astonished at the sight as not to be able to conjecture what they were; for from their size they had the appearance of large vessels partly sunk; but one of the monsters having raised its tail, and thrown a quantity of water in the air, terrified the boatmen from venturing towards them.—*London P. of Nov. 4.*

AMUSING.

[Selected for the Boston Weekly Magazine.]

CHARACTER OF THE ENGLISH LADIES.

[From a French Paper.]

THE English Ladies are timid; but when one has excited their confidence to a sufficient degree, they are extremely amiable, conversing very agreeably, and without assuming any airs; they read much, not to avoid ennui, but to inform themselves: hence their studies are profitable; they are full of benevolence, and have more gaiety of mind than of manner, which is far from being a defect. The custom which removes them from the society of men, is very displeasing to them; but they suffer much more from another custom, which requires that in England a woman should be considered less as the companion, than as the property of the husband; hence our French Ladies would be much astonished at the reservations which an English lady often inserts in her marriage contract. In uninteresting factos that of a man, he is occupied only in contending in favour of her liberty, and this is not always a useless precaution. Yet Englishmen are not jealous: their fault is that they do not attend sufficiently to women, whose company keeps them in restraint

DREADFUL EFFECTS OF JEALOUSY.

THE following anecdote of the effects of jealousy on the mind of an Egyptian, is recorded by Denon, in his travels in Egypt, and will serve to illustrate the manners of that people. "On the second day's march across the desert from Alexandria, some soldiers met, near Beda, a young woman, whose face was smeared with blood. In one hand she held a young infant, while her other was stretched at random, in search of any object that might strike or guide it. Their curiosity was excited. They approached, and heard the sighs of a being who had been deprived of her sight! Astonished, and desirous of an explanation, they questioned her; and learned that the dreadful spectacle before their eyes had been produced by a fit of jealousy. Its victim presumed not to murmur, but only prayed in behalf of the innocent who partook her misfortune, and which was on the point of perishing with misery and hunger. The soldiers, struck with compassion, and forgetting their own wants at the sight of the more pressing necessities of others, immediately gave her part of their rations. They were supplying her with part of the water which they were likely soon to be without themselves, when they beheld the furious husband approach, who, casting his eyes at a distance with the fruits of his vengeance, had kept his victim in sight. He sprang forward, snatched from the woman's hand the bread and water, that last necessary of life which pity had given to misfortune. "Stop," cried he, "he has lost her honour; she has wounded mine; this child is my shame, it is the son of guilt." The soldiers resisted his attempt to deprive the woman of the food they had given her. His jealousy was irritated at seeing the object of his fury become that of the kindness of others; he drew a dagger, and gave the woman a mortal blow; then seized the child, threw it into the air, and destroyed it by its fall: afterwards, with stupid ferocity, he fired motionless, looking steadfastly at those who surrounded him, and desiring their vengeance.—*London P. Nov. 12.*

SEVERE CONFLICT.

IN the history of the Clam, (Mya arenaria) in the Historical Collections, we have the following account: A Gentleman not far from Boston, ordered a number of Clams to be dug, and to be put into his cellar, intending to make use of them as bait. They remained there several days, when the shells, as usual, beginning to open, a rat thrust his paw into one of them, attempting to pull out the worm. The two shells, closed together with force and held him fast. As the clam was too big to be dragged through his hole, the rat was unable to make his escape; and at length his cries excited the attention of the family, who came and saw

him in the situation described. The clam, containing alive several days, after it is taken from its hole.—*Salem Reg.*

ANECDOTES.

A COMPANY of scholars, going a hunting, enjoined on one of the company, who was usually very talkative, to preserve silence, or he would frighten away the game. However, upon spying a number of rabbits, he vehemently exclaimed, "Ecce I multi cuniculi!"—when they disappeared in a moment. Being chid by his companions, he replied, "Who the devil would have thought the rabbits understood Latin?"

THE word IMPARTIAL, will admit of being applied in a variety of cases; but one of the most curious application of it occurs in a Comœdicit paper, in which a man advertises an "IMPARTIAL account of a bail form!"

AN advertisement in an Irish paper, setting forth the many conveniences and advantages to be derived from metal window sashes, among other particulars, observed, that "these sashes would last forever; and afterwards, if the owner had no use for them, they might be sold for old iron."

INTELLIGENCE.

[Boston, Saturday Evening, February 26, 1835.]

Messrs. Munroe & Francis, have issued the 2d number of Shakespeare's Plays: and Mr. Y. Lincoln, the 3th of Cheap Repository Tracts.

It is affirmed, and we hope with truth that two beds of Coals have been discovered on the banks of the Raritan in New-Jersey, between New-Brunswick and Amboy. They are in plenty in Nova-Scotia and Virginia. We hope search will be made for them nearer to our own State.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Amanda's Fable, is not very elegant or very applicable. Elegy, on the death of Miss *****; very indifferently versed, and incorrect language.

We admire the piety of *Adulterantula*, but not his poetry. The beautiful Ballad of *Lucy*, shall early enrich our poetical department.

Jacob, the Parricide, shall be remembered.

The Hermit, will, at some future time appear.

Lines on the destruction of the Museum, though extremely pathetic would, we imagine, if presented to the public eye, draw forth more smiles than tears.

A Biographical sketch, of Anthony Denzer, is in type and shall appear in our next.

MARRIAGES.

In Salem, Mr. Asa Kilham, to Miss Hannah Neal; Mr. Benjamin Proctor, to Miss Hannah Archer. Mr. George Valpey, to Miss Dorcas Abbot. In Leominster, Thomas Legate, Esq. to Miss Mchitable Calc. In Hopkinton, Mr. John Fairbanks, of Boston, to Miss Hannah K. Dunch. In Cambridge, Rev. David Kendall, of Hubbardtown, to Miss Susanna Jarvis.

In Boston, Mr. William Pratt, to Miss Clarissa Hadley; Mr. Eben Chittenden, to Miss Patty Ingraham. Mr. Luther Spaulding, to Miss Elizabeth Plagg.

DEATHS.

In Freetown, 11th inst. Mr. Thomas West, Æt. 100 and 3 months. In New-Bedford, Mrs. Alice Russell, Æt. 24. In Andover, Mr. Joseph Stevens, Æt. 54. In Haverhill, Mrs. Betsey Howe, Æt. 42. In Dresden, (Maine), Mr. Crawford. He fell through the ice with his horse and sleigh and was drowned.—In Comœdicit River, (drowned) Mr. Ephraim Root, of Piermont, and two other men. They were coming down the river, with a loaded sleigh and two horses, when the ice gave way, and all were lost! In Salem, Mr. Wm. Proctor, Æt. 43; Mr. John Dean, Æt. 66. In Northampton, Mrs. Abigail Lyman, Æt. 23, formerly of Boston, consort of Erasmus Lyman, Esq.

In Boston, Mr. John Allen, Æt. 66. Mr. Andrew M'Donnell, Æt. 25. Mr. Nathaniel Spear, Æt. 40; Mr. John Amory, a native of Germany, Æt. 49. Mrs. Joanna Williston, wife of Mr. Joseph W. jun. Æt. 28. Mrs. Persis Foster, wife of Mr. Thomas Foster, jun. Æt. 29; a child of Mr. Lucas—a black man &—total, 8, for this week, ending yesterday.

Last evening, Mr. Peter B. Chaigneau, Æt. 69. His funeral will be to-morrow afternoon, at 5 o'clock, from Mr. John Russell's dwelling-house, Federal-Street.

THE CLOSE.

HADLEY Lottery will soon complete drawing—first drawn blank on Monday, entitled to 2000 dollars. The wheels contain several other valuable prizes. Few warranted undrawn tickets for sale by *Gilbert & Dean*. A list of the prizes and blank may be seen. Feb. 26

POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

EXPIRING AMITY.

OF all the ills a mortal lives to mourn,
From friends, from wealth, from a lov'd country torn;
Exil'd by penury—or aught beside,
Which from sweet peace a wanderer may divide.
Yet still resources in the breast arise,
And hope the distant gleam of light supplies;
He may return—his friends again may meet,
Fortune may smile, his joys may be complete;
Forward he looks, and in perspective views,
Scenes which imagination oft pursues.

But that keen anguish, which incessant springs,
Which some new pang with recollection brings,
Offspring of love transform'd to deadly hate,
Unrival'd stands in the dark book of fate.

The female heart for amity design'd,
Entraptur'd hastes the bands of truth to bind,
But ah, how deep the shafts of sorrow pierce,
When gathering glooms her promised joys enclose,
When friendship dead—upon the sacred bier,
She lives to shed the solitary tear!

How sad to view the once expressive eye,
Which glistered with endearing amity,
Now turn'd indignant—while the glowing cheek,
And every look, a thousand daggers speak!
All up in arms against the friend lov'd,
Who was for many a length'ning year approv'd!
For whom the dearest sympathies were felt,
And in whose breast responsive kindness dwelt.
To see alliance yield its calm retreat,
And discord mounting the long hollow'd seat!
Malice ejecting each inherent grace,
Which gave to amity an Angel face.

Great God! what deep regrets the heart must swell,
And the bereav'd soul to grief impel!
Nought can support, or mitigation yield,
Except indifference the mind enfold;
For at the heart, should that attachment glow,
Which flows spontaneous, and must ever flow,
And though repeated insults it receives,
It still esteems, and still unceasing grieves;
Nought can the anguish of the mind alluage,
Nor distant prospects the torn soul engage;
Hope, blissful solace, dies within the breast,
We are not e'en in expectation blest,
For well we know if Friendship once expires,
Nor art, nor nature, can resume its fires.

HONORA MARTESIA,

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

If the following extract strikes you favourably, you will, by giving it a place in your Magazine, oblige Yours, &c.

THE FOLLY OF ATHEISM;

AN ODE BY DR. BARWEN.

"I am fearfully and wonderfully made."

DULL Atheist! could a giddy dance
Of atoms lawless hurled,
Construct to wonderful, fo wise,
So harmonized a world?

Why do not Arabes drifting sand,
The sports of every storm,
Fair freighted fleets, the child of chance,
As gorgeous temples form?

Prefumptuous wretch! thy self survey,
That letter fabric scan;
T'ell me from whence th' immortal dust,
Th' e god, the reptile man?

Where wast thou, when this populous earth
From chaos burst its way,
When stars exulting fang the morn,
And hail'd the new-born day?

What, when the embryo speech of life,
The miniature of man,
Nursed in the womb, its slender form
To stretch and swell began?

Say, didst thou weep the fibre woft?
Or mould the sentient brain?
Thy fingers stretch the living nerve?
Or fill the purple vein?

Didst thou then bid the bounding heart
Its endless toil begin?
Or clothe in flesh the hard'ning bone,
Or weave the silken skin?

Who bids the babe, to catch the breeze,
Expand its panting breast;
And with impatient hands, untaught,
The milky rill arrest?

Or who with unextinguish'd love
The mother's bosom warms,
Along the ragged paths of life
To bear it in her arms?

A God! a God! the wide earth thouts,
A God! the heavens reply;
He moulded in his palm the world,
And hung it in the sky.

Let us make man?—with beauty clad,
And health in every vein;
And, reason thron'd upon his brow,
Step'd forth majestic man.

Around he turns his wond'ring eyes,
All nature's works surveys;
Admires the earth! the skies, himself!
And tries his tongue in praise.

Ye hills and vales! ye meads and woods!
Bright sun and glittering stars!
Fair creatures, tell me if you can,
From whence and what I am?

What parent power, all great and good,
Do these around me own;
Tell me, Creation, tell me how
To adore the vast unknown!

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

SEEING you have among your correspondents, some ingenious solvers of Rebus's and Riddles; I send you the following.

A REBUS, of which a Solution is requested.

TAKE one half of a cylinder, which millions have died,
With a portion of light for which thousands have sigh'd,
And you will find a Boston female's name,
Which ranks with Rowe's or Moore's in literary fame.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

THE following lines on our immortal FRANKLIN, are from the pen of Mons. DUBOUG, who was the first Frenchman that publicly espoused the cause of the Americans. If you will give them a place in your Magazine, you will oblige a customer.

Il a ravi le feu des cieus—
Il fait fleurir les arts en des climats sauvages;
L' Amerique l' a placé à la tête des sages;
La Grèce l' auroit mis au nombre de ses Dieux.

A Translation is requested.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

IN the North burying ground of this town, there is a grave Stone, with no name, date or inscription, excepting the following six lines, which I think worth preserving in your useful Repository. The Stone appears to be about one hundred years old. Yours, FITZWILLIAM.

What is't fond mortal that thou wouldst obtain,
By spinning out a wretched life of cares,
Is it to act thy childhood o'er again,
And cry for caken when thou'rt advanced in years?
Who leaves the world like me, just in my prime,
Speeds all his business in a little time.

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

[Continued from page 70.]

LETTER III.

From FRANCES CROMWELL to CHARLES WALLER.

YOU have alarmed me beyond measure by your last letter: indeed the agitation into which it threw me was so great, that I have not yet recovered it; nor do I perfectly know what I am now writing, such is the hurry of my spirits. I am conscious I ought not to have answered either of your letters; but I choose to do so for two reasons:—first, because I think it a question of humanity, to ask you from what action of mine, you first thought I could return your passion; for this, you seem to hint at—And I

entreat you to answer me candidly; for by doing so, you may, perhaps, not only clear up a mystery to me at present; but also, when you find it was a trifle, from which no possible inference could be drawn, except by a person who wished to be deceived, you may be enabled the better to combat with your love, since you find it was never returned. Write me then, the circumstance that hath caused such a misfortune to you, and which has been the source of such terror to me. I cannot help requesting you to gratify my curiosity thus far, although I am well acquainted with the dangers of such a correspondence. My second motive is this, your saying you was just going to speak to me in the great chamber. My God! how could such an idea enter into your imagination? Sure some malicious daemon must have inspired you to do an action, likely to be attended with such tremendous consequences to us both! You say you love me:—have, then, at least, the discretion and charity not to utterly destroy me.

I have not had a moment's relaxation from fear since I perused your letter: let not desperation carry you so far as to make such another resolution; and calm the transports of your madnets.

Be cautious not to impute any thing I have said to a return of affection. I would wish, however, to relieve you, and therefore I cannot finish this token of my imprudence without adding some efforts to advise you; yet how shall I attempt it, when you have declared, that you have struggled, and in vain—that you have combated with your unhappy disorder, and have at last tranquilly resigned yourself to fate? How can a weak female hope to say any thing to move you to another effort, when your superior understanding has so often essayed it without success? And yet I have often heard my father say that the mind is prejudiced by another's reasoning, although it advances no argument, but what has been already thought of and rejected. Nevertheless I hope not to convince, I only wish to aduate your conduct by my most earnest prayer. Rouse, fir, from your fatal lethargy which has be benumbed your better reason, nor think to find an excuse by railing at destiny; for I have frequently heard you tell me that no such thing existed; and that we ourselves are the destroyers of a principle that hath no existence but in the minds of the weak and idle.—You owe this attempt to God, honour and morality, to yourself, and to me. [To be continued.]

MORALITY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THURSDAY LECTURE.

No VIII.

I. KINGS XIX. 4.

And be requested for himself that he might die; and said, It is enough; now, O Lord, take away my life.

WHO does not mourn the frailty of human nature, and the occasional weakness of the strongest faith! Elijah, the bold and faithful prophet of the Most High; Elijah, who was fed by the ravens of the desert, who could miraculously replenish the barrel of meal, and the cruse of oil for the widow of Zarephath, and wrest from the hands of death her beloved child; Elijah, who, defying the power of an idolatrous monarch, rebuked him to his face, and, in the presence of his courtiers, flew four hundred and fifty of his prophets; Elijah—is here flying, like a coward, from the face of an impotent woman, and peevishly wishing to die, on account of her threats!

This eminent fervant of religion is not the only instance of inconsistency in good men, which the scriptures have recorded. Abraham, the friend of God, was once guilty of base prevarication. Moses, the pattern of meekness, once practised the most impious temerity. David, the most upright of princes, and the ornament of his age, was once guilty of adultery and murder. Hezekiah, in the general, remarkably pious and humble, was, in one instance, as remarkable for his pride and vanity. And the apostle Peter, who cheerfully submitted to crucifixion, for the sake of the gospel, was once the profane denier of his lord!

What is the inference from these facts? THE SCRIPTURES ARE DIVINELY TRUE. They exhibit a faithful picture of human life in the early ages of the world, and of the conduct of Providence towards good men. Had the sacred writers been actuated by a spirit of imposture, instead of publishing, they would have concealed, the failings and crimes of themselves and their heroes. But they freely narrate their vices as well as virtues, and are contented to be numbered, through all succeeding ages, among the transgressors of mankind, rather than sacrifice a particle of the truth.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED, every SATURDAY, BY GILBERT & DEAN.

BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

DEVOTED TO

MORALITY, LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, THE FINE ARTS, AGRICULTURE, &c. &c.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

To soar aloft on FANCY'S wing,
And bathe in *HELIOSIA'S* spring;
Cull every flower with careful hand,
And strew them o'er our native land.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP.—No. XIX.

— *vs meum*

*Fervens difficile bile tumet secur,
Fani nec mens mihi, nec color,
Gestū eade manent :*

MY correspondents increase so fast I have now five letters before me, which require attention. One tells me of a sister addressed by a jealous lover, whom the fears will make a morose tyrant, if converted into a husband. Another asks me, "what is Love?" A third complains of a hardship arising from *avarice or prudence*, in her parents. *Debby Downwright*, tells a plain truth—and *Levi*, thinks I have not given the *Devil his due*. I shall answer them in the same order in which I received them, and must therefore give precedence to my fair friend, *Susan Sympathy*.

TO THE GOSSIP.

SIR,

MANY, very many, are the evils arising from Jealousy; and there is scarcely a human being, who does not, more or less, entertain such unhappy thoughts. Many flattering prospects, and even the peace of families have been destroyed by this myself of the human heart. My sister, who is older than myself, has respects paid her by a tolerable clever man, if I can except jealousy, and what is vulgarly called, "weakness in the upper garret." They are both fond of each other, but his jealous disposition is very often visible to others, besides his dear! Our parents too, often observe it, especially when she does not happen to be at his call.—We have both been warned of its baneful effects, and our parents advance has proved correct.

Jealousy! I am not capable of painting thy *fiend-like* deformity! This is the reason of my making application to the *Gossip*: any thing on the subject, coming from such a master of the human heart, "will guide many in the way they should go," in order to avoid the tormenting fiend.—I have, for some time, resolved addressing you on this subject; and I shall wait impatiently for your information and instruction, on this all important affair. As this comes from a young female, I do not think you will publish it; although I find you treat your correspondents with candour, even should they be as impudent as *Timothy Downwright*.

I am yours,

SUSAN SYMPATHY.

Salem, Feb. 14, 1803.

JEALOUSY, is said by some, to be the offspring of love; but it is certainly not of that kind of love, which should exist in a married state, in order to its being permanently happy. I would not have a friend of mine, enter the matrimonial pale, with a person, whose bosom nourishes this degrading passion, whether male or female; though their form was modelled by the hands of the graces, their manners embellished by the highest polish education could give, and their situation in life such as declared them the first favourite of fortune. A man, married to a jealous woman, can have but little comfort in his domestic circle; when once the passion is awakened, every incident adds fuel to the flame. The common civilities of life are construed into marks of attachment. He cannot go out, but the suppedsa meeting is disappointed with some woman, more favoured than herself; does he stay at home unexpectedly, was he to the woman who should call in to make a friendly or neighbourly visit. She becomes immediately an object of suspicion, especially should she be young, handsome, or accomplished; her unaffected good humour, the irritable will call artful sneers, to entrap her husband's affections, and it is ten to one, but before the evening is over, suffers her petulance to be so apparent, as to affront and wound the sensibility of a person who never harboured any but the most friendly dispositions towards herself, and innocent towards her husband. Nay, it sometimes happens,

this unhappy wife will so far degrade herself, and husband, as to suspect her own female domestics, and even her nearest relations. I have frequently witnessed scenes of this kind, when I have been certain there was fearfully a particle of love in the bosom of the woman who acted thus ridiculously, to plead in excuse for her folly. The passion which thus operated to the torture of herself and others, originated in envy and selfish malignity; it was not the love she bore her husband, excited it, but the hatred she felt towards those women who possessed greater beauty, wit, sense, or accomplishments, than herself. I never see a young woman seem uneasy, turn uncommonly red, or pale, when another is commended in her presence, but I stay within myself, that woman, when married, will be jealous of every female in whom her husband shall happen to see any good qualities. The situation of a man, united to an envious or jealous woman, is certainly much to be commiserated, but its horrors sink into nothing, when compared to the fate of a woman who has a jealous husband. A man can leave his house, and mix in society, whether his wife cannot follow him. He can form social or pleasurable parties, without consulting her; and if she continues to torment him, however he may once have loved her, he will do it without regard to her tears, threats, or reproaches—and he is right to do so; if he has no pleasure at home, he is free to seek it where he can find it, without incurring himself with a companion, whose chief aim is to embitter every moment of his life.

A woman who has a jealous husband, especially if she is a woman of feeling and delicacy, endures the most excruciating anguish, which the human mind can suffer. The suspicion degrades her in her own opinion, and awakens such an indignant sentiment towards the man who could thus unjustly humiliate her. But her whole life is a warfare of contending emotions. Conscious that no error, no provocation whatever, on the part of her husband, could excuse a failure in her own duty, she struggles to suppress those feelings of resentment, and to behave toward the man she had vowed to obey, with that gentleness, attention, and uniform good humour, as may serve to convince him that his doubts of her honor and purity, were perfectly groundless, and highly injurious. But all this is frequently of no effect—he views all her actions through a false medium, catches eagerly at every little inadvertency that may serve to corroborate his suspicions; and even, in direct opposition to his own positive knowledge of her purity and general unoffending disposition, will listen to every suggestion which envy, ill-nature, or malice, may assert, to her prejudice. Nor is it men of strict morality, who are most addicted to this passion—on the contrary, it often happens, that the man who will not suffer his wife to breathe an accent of approbation of any other man, will not hesitate openly to avow his preference of other women; nor would abstain from visiting any woman, whom he honoured with his approbation, though certain, by so doing, he gave another insupportable pang to the heart of the woman, already depressed to the earth, by his unworthy suspicions.

My correspondent *Susan*, says, her sister's lover is deficient in his intellectual powers, for so I understand the expression, "weak in the upper garret." If he is more to be dreaded than a man of sense. Ignorance easily imbibes prejudices, and adheres to them, when imbibed, with the most impenetrable obstinacy. A man of sense, will hear reason, will judiciously investigate circumstances, nor condemn without very apparent cause; but a fool will form an opinion, and whether right or wrong, refuses to recede from it—not that he can defend it by rational argument, but it is his opinion, he knows it to be right, *because it is so*. If there is one state more to be dreaded by a woman of sense and feeling, than another, it is a union with ignorance and obstinacy. But there are women in the world, and not a small number, who, possessing little sense, and less sensibility, are content to be governed, so that they can be maintained; and care not whether their lord and master be a wife man or a fool, so that he supplies them plentifully with the means of indulging in indolence, and luxury. Such women, it is true, often awaken in the minds of their spouse, a something like jealousy, but they are so entirely indifferent as to what he thinks or what he says, that the doubting husband, resting on the known inanity of their disposition, troubles himself little about them, and finding his anger is of no con-

sequence, suffers them to go on in that kind of listless vegetating stupidity, that scarcely deserves the name of existence. But as I do not presume the sister of *Susan*, is a woman of this description, I advise her to be cautious how she permits a weak minded, jealous man, to have a right to domineer over her, confine her most innocent attachments into criminal affections, watch and misinterpret all her actions, assert opinions which she knows to be absurd, and oblige her tacitly to acquiesce, in direct opposition to her own better judgment.

Jealousy never is the effect of real love; we cannot perfectly love, whom we do not respect and esteem; and where we respect and esteem, we have such entire confidence, that it would be as easy to persuade us it is dark, when the sun shines in full meridian splendor, as to lead us to doubt the truth of an object honored, for rev-nerved. If a lover suspect the fidelity of his mistress, without a cause, he may be inspired with a passion which too often bears the name;—but I dare assert, he is a stranger to love.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE,

THE ITINERANT.—No XII.

—*"Trifles light as air."*—SHAKES.—

WHO among the sons of Adam has escaped the harmless ridicule of woman? And who is weak enough to be offended at her innocent volubility? It is the prerogative of the sex to talk;—"ye gods! how they can talk!"—and, like the poet, "give to airy nothing a local habitation and a name." To shew my own philosophy, I shall give Miss AMANDA's letter entire; and, to punish her, condemn her to see it in print.

"TO THE ITINERANT"

"HEIGH HO!—Well, *Mr. Itinerant*, of all mortals, you are the dullest. I am tired, tired, tired to death. I wonder who and what you are;—you must be some old fellow, not worth a kiss—that's certain. You are always moralizing, and preaching about virtue and vice, and never pay any more attention to us ladies, than if we were unworthy of notice.—I take the liberty to tell you, that you are confoundedly ill-bred;—and you may repent it too. What other scribbler has ever presumed thus to neglect us? Has not every one thrown himself at our feet, and been proud of loading us with his awkward compliments?—'Tis very well.—But I dar-vow, you are some disappointed old bachelor. Now, pray tell us, have you not been rebuffed by some cruel fair one, and therefore swore hatred to all the sex?—Poor soul! you should have tried another—all girls are not alike—and there are enough of us, in all conscience.

"Now, if this is not the case, do try to be a little smart sometimes, and see if you cannot afford one a little amusement; for I can positively bear your serious stuff no longer. Cannot you invent a little piece of scandal?—or give us a short love story, about *Emilia's* being met, by a tall, handsome young fellow, one morning, as she was walking in the fields, and that they were instantly enamoured of each other;—that he talked nonsense to her, and she blushed, and—and so on?—Now I am not seriously your enemy—and if you will endeavour to amuse us a little, I will forgive your past dullness and disrespect, and send you a letter once in a while to enlighten your spirits. You may ridicule the fashions as much as you please, and say what you will, about *transparent dresses*, naked arms, and *purple elbows*. We do not care the prick of a pin about such things, I assure you. We read them, in order to laugh at the ignorance and stupidity of those who scribble them. I protest, I do not believe these fellows ever see a lady, except in public; and if they should have the misfortune to be in company with one, they would not dare to speak to her. They are ignorant what clothes we wear, further than a gown or pelice, as a *Hot-tentot*, or an American savage;—my *lap-dog* would teach them their A, B, C—and yet they have the assurance—but they are beneath our resentment.

"Out of pity, however, to these gentlemen who are so much concerned about our health, can assure them, that we are as well secured against the inclemency of the season as they are;—our dresses is sufficiently warm for comfort or

for health; and I would advise them to spare their remarks on women, till they know more about them.—But, *Mr. Lincoln*, I have a better opinion of your knowledge, or I would send you an inventory of a lady's dress, according to the present fashion, which would vindicate us from all their scandalous imputations.—Now I hope you are a young man, notwithstanding you are so grave; and I have a desire—But here comes *Mrs. FURT* to interrupt one, fresh from *Cornhill*—after having tumbled every piece of goods in the whole *Street*, and bought nothing, she is now come to plague me. She begins with, “O my dear *Amanda*, you have no idea what a sweet pretty fellow I met with just now;—I am absolutely in love with him.”—Heigh ho!

“Boston, Feb. 28.”

Yours, AMANDA.

BIOGRAPHY.

ANTHONY BENEZET.

TO philanthropists in general, and the admirers of JOHN HOWARD, in particular, it will be no ungrateful information, that while he was breaking the bands of affliction on this side of the water, a congenial spirit was engaged in a similar pursuit on the continent of America, and that he likewise was a dissentor.—The person alluded to was ANTHONY BENEZET, a member of the American Philosophical Society, and is lately deceased. He was descended from an ancient and honourable family, that flourished in the court of Lewis XIV; with liberal prospects in life, he devoted himself early to the teaching of an English School, in which it is allowed he was for his industry, &c. without an equal. He corresponded with many eminent characters in Europe; he published many excellent tracts against the SLAVE TRADE, the use of spirituous liquors, &c. He wrote to the *King of Prussia*, the *Queens of Portugal and England*, to use their interest in the abolition of the former. He bequeathed most of his estate to the support of a school for negroes, which he himself had founded. How much he was respected by his fellow citizens will partly appear from the funeral oration of DOCTOR RUSH, of Philadelphia:—“Poets and Historians (says he) to you I commit his panegyric; and when you hear of a law for abolishing slavery in any of the American States; when you hear of the Kings and Queens of Europe, publishing Edicts for the same gracious purpose; and when you hear of Schools and Churches, with all the arts of civilized life, established among the Sons of Africa, then remember and record, that this revolution in favour of human happiness here, owes the effect of its labours, the publications, the fortune, and the prayers of ANTHONY BENEZET.” Lond. pap.

THE FOLLOWING LETTER ON THE SLAVE TRADE, WAS ADDRESSED BY HIM,

TO CHARLOTTE, QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN.

IMPRESSED with a sense of religious duty, and encouraged by the opinion generally entertained of thy benevolent disposition to succour the distressed, I take the liberty very respectfully to offer to thy meritorious ears, which I believe faithfully describe the suffering condition of many hundred thousand of our fellow creatures of the African race; great numbers of whom, from every tender connexion in life, are annually taken from their native land, to endure in the American islands and plantations a most rigorous slavery, whereby many, very many of them are brought to a melancholy and untimely end.

When it is considered that the inhabitants of Britain, who are themselves so eminently blessed in the enjoyment of religious and civil liberty, have long been and yet are very deeply concerned in the flagrant violation of the common rights of mankind, and, even that its national authority is exerted in the support of the African slave trade, there is much reason to apprehend that this hath been, and as long as the evil exists, will continue to be an occasion of drawing down divine vengeance on the nation and its dependencies. May these considerations induce thee to interpose thy kind endeavours in behalf of this greatly depressed people, whose abject situation gives them an additional claim to the pity and assistance of the generous mind (inasmuch as they are altogether deprived of the means of soliciting effectual relief for themselves) that so thou mayest not only be a blessed instrument in the hand of him “by whom kings reign and princes decree justice,” to avert the awful judgments by which the empire has already been so remarkably shaken, but that the blessings of thousands ready to perish, may come upon thee, at a time when the superior advantages attendant on thy situation in this world, will no longer be of avail to thy consolation and support.

To the tract on the subject, to which I have thus ventured to crave thy particular attention, I have added

some others which, at different times, I have believed it my duty to publish, and which, I trust, will afford thee some satisfaction, their design being for the furtherance of that universal peace and good will amongst men, which the gospel was intended to introduce.

I hope thou wilt kindly excuse the freedom used on this occasion by an ancient man, whose mind for more than 40 years past, has been much separated from this common part of the world, and long painfully exercised in the consideration of the miseries under which so large a portion of mankind equally with us the objects of redeeming love, are suffering the most unjust and grievous oppression, and who sincerely wishes the temporal and eternal felicity of the queen and her royal consort.

Philadelphia, 25th of the
8th month, 1783.

ANTHONY BENEZET.

LAW CASE.

DISTRESS OF PENURY.

THE following interesting case, is from a *Dublin* paper of Nov. 27, 1802:—Thomas Edward Bellamy, found guilty of passing, to Mr. Sparrow, a bill on Messrs. Cox and Greenwood, of London, army agents, for 30l. st. with the names of these gentlemen forged, as acceptors to it, was put to the bar to receive sentence. He appeared strongly affected—and holding up a written paper, entreated the court would permit their officer to read it aloud, as from the agitated state of his feelings, he was incapable of addressing the bench himself. The paper, with the content of the court, was read by the acting clerk of the Crown:—

“That the culprit had been justly found guilty of a crime, which distressed in his family, almost unexampled, had in a moment of despair, compelled him to commit—that he entered the army as commissioned officer in the year 1794, in which he remained in active service, principally in Ireland till the heads of the late rebellion were crushed—that he became acquainted with his present afflicted wife in this country, and from a mutual attachment which ensued, married her—that the same family was the consequence, for whose support he for a long time, used every honest and active exertion in his power, finding the army too expensive, he quitted his regiment to seek some decent civil employment, the result of his ambition—for this purpose he procured letters of recommendation to Lord Wentworth, and to Mr. Hawkins Brown, in England, a distant relation of his wife. In several applications he made for employment, he uniformly failed, and from his repeated disappointments his family had been involved in new scenes of calamity and distress—he was, at length, obliged to accept an Irish’s commission in a fencible regiment, in which he remained some time, struggling with fresh trials of adversity, and increasing accumulated debts, which the necessary support of his family induced; when to avoid the horrors of a prison, which he saw inevitable, he quitted the army again, and was thrown on the world, without a single guinea or a single friend. The distressed of his family were such, that they were obliged to live for a considerable time deprived of all sustenance except what they could derive from scanty and precarious meals of bread and tea—that the last time his wife was confined in child bed, a single shilling they did not possess. Lodging in an obscure garret, she was delivered without surgical aid, and destitute of every species of those conveniences almost indispensable with females in her condition, being herself without clothes, and to procure a covering for her new-born infant, all their resources were exhausted. In this situation his wife and child must inevitably have starved, were it not for the loan of five shillings, which he walked from London to Blackheath to borrow; he made a most solemn appeal to heaven, as to the truth of every particular he stated, and that so far from wishing to exaggerate a single fact, he expressed many more instances of calamity scarcely to be paralleled, which delicacy forbade him to mention, however excusable the relation of them might be in his present situation—that after the disgrace brought upon himself by this single transaction, life could not be a boon he would be anxious to solicit, but that nature pleaded in his breast for a deserving wife and helpless child.—It was not from a principle of ill-timed pride that he was obliged to declare that he was a gentlemanman reared in obscurity, and with refined sentiments, and every amiable propensity—he was at present so far advanced in her pregnancy, as to expect to be delivered in February next—he therefore humbly supplicated the humane interposition of the court, at least to have the execution of his sentence suspended until after that event, as otherwise he had just reason to apprehend that the lives of his unhappy partner, from the

state of her spirits, and unborn babe, would also become sacrifices for his crime.”

Mr. M’Nally, as counsel for the crown, addressed the court on behalf of his client, Mr. Sparrow, who instructed him to avail himself of the first opportunity of stating to their Lordships, that a sense of public justice alone had compelled him to institute this prosecution; that he felt for this unhappy gentleman’s distresses, which he knew to have been such in life as few in life encounter, and that his statement of them was far short of the actual sufferings of his unfortunate family.

At the reading of this calamitous case, their Lordships seemed in a peculiar manner struck with that sympathy which the subject had universally excited. Judge Finnegan, addressed the prisoner in a very feeling style, informed him that the court felt it their duty not only to forward to government for his Majesty’s pardon, the recommendation of the jury in his favour, but the affecting statement of his case, together with the representation which Mr. M’Nally made from the prosecutor. He hoped he would be more fortunate than others in similar circumstances had been, in applying for Royal Mercy in Great-Britain, where the crime of forgery is held in particular abhorrence. He exhorted the prisoner, however, to prepare for the worst, and lamented the necessity of pronouncing the fatal sentence of the law, which was death.

Mr. Bellamy was only 27 years of age when he was executed. Col. Latouché humanely informed Mr. B. that his wife and children should be provided for, when he exclaimed, “that now his consolation was complete.”

The prisoner’s whole demeanour was truly affecting, he had the address of a gentleman, and the aspect of one whose heart and feelings were borne down by compunction and adversity.

THE FOLLOWING POEM,

Is said to be the production of Mrs. BELLAMY, wife of the above unfortunate gentleman.

IN deepest shades of Wretchedness and Woe,
With scarce a Friend my dreary fate to know,
Or, where ’tis known, few, few are there I fear,
My worst of fates, or to relieve or share;
In penury and sickness—gloomy train!
My heart afflicted, torn and rent with pain;
The hovering shade of Death around my eyes,
And spreads its sickening dimness o’er my eyes—
Would they were clo’d in that oblivious sleep,
Where cease the wretched or to feel—or weep—
Where Poverty’s hard gripe afflicts no more,
And life’s delusions and delights are o’er;
Where Friendship’s ne’er relorted to in vain,
Nor turns from Penury with cold disdain.

—My Children! oh! thou Eternal Power!
Whose care presided at their natal hour,
To these poor friendless babes, thy care extend—
Be thou their father—and be thou their friend;
When the cold grave becomes their mother’s bed,
And when the long grass trembles o’er her head,
—Their father! oh! sweet attribute of Heaven!
Mercy! be thou to their poor father given;
Behold in these sweet innocents the cause;
’Twas they, not he, that broke his country’s laws.
Necessity—that knows no laws nor fears,
Urg’d by his children’s sad complaints and tears,
To desperation drove him—fatal day!
A crime committed—years can’t wipe away—
O’er leap’d right’s bounds—society’s great tie,
And forfeited his life, lest they should die!
But why not suffer on—my EDWARD—why?
Why not consign your family’d babes to die?
Did e’er a tear roll down my care worn cheek—
Or ’gainst my husband one sad murmur speak?
Say, was I not to HEAVEN’S gift will resign?
—And fure we did from HEAVEN oft comfort find—
What—though the day was wasted through in grief,
And you at night return’d without relief—
Return’d when every faithless friend was try’d—
Hopeless return’d; for every friend deny’d!
Then on your fainting wife such looks you’ve cast,
That I must recollect, whilst life shall last?
Have I not round your neck my fond arms thrown,
And knelt with you before HEAVEN’S gracious throne;
And whilst the burning tears delug’d your face,
We’ve pray’d together for sustaining grace,
And rose renew’d in faith; whilst our sweet child
Slept as we pray’d; and as you wept, it smil’d:
Ah! little knew the rich, the great, the gay;
Who spend in festive joys their livcs away,
The pangs my BELLAMY; the pangs, you bore;
Pangs which no creature ever felt before;

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ON BLENDING SPIRIT WITH MATTER.

I WISH this mode of speech was given o'er, That we confounded life and death no more; That nor in thought, nor word, we e'er confign'd To dream oblivion the percipient mind.

That this weak tenement is frail I know, Subject to error—the lorn child of woe— Its texture flight—is from earth deriv'd from earth— Fated to fall before the conq'ring death:

All this unhesitating I confess, Nor can the view my better hopes depress; For should we hence characterize the race, Or the high lineage of the spirit trace,

Thy hut is lowly—tis obscure and small, And mud assuredly to ruin fall; Contending winds will rattle to the ground,

Hence we deduce our sentiments of thee, Superior to thy cot, thou canst not be; The Tenant cannot soar beyond his cell,

'Tis thus to Reason's eye their tenets seem, Who lightly of the heaven born mind esteem; Offspring of Deity—I trace thy flight,

HONORA MARTESIA.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE SORCERESS.

SILENCE and night had given the world repose, When an old hag from her dark cavern rose; Infernal arts to exercise the stalk'd Into a wood that trembled as the walk'd:

EPIGRAM.

[From the Port Folio.]

Cries Doctor Slop, clad with his skill, My patient, Tom, observe, I never kill; In twice ten hours, go quick I cured his gout,

When the tongue dares not speak, nor could language im- Each tender emotion that glows in the heart; When the voice must be mute, tho' the blood beat high,

THE EYE.

The lover may pour forth a torrent of verse, Elegiac or sonnet his flame to rehearse; I with neither sonnet nor poem, net I,

When Phillida sings, and the dialect strain draws From each auditor's lips loud unbounded applause, I envy her not, nor to rival her try,

In whatever I say, in whatever I do, This blissful reward I keep still in my view, And when I do right, how delighted am I,

When the glass passes round, and the spirits are gay, When on Pleasures light pinions old time flits away, I just touch the glass, but I pass the wine by;

'Tis my heart's consolation, my joy and delight, Its memory oft cheers the drear hour of night, But whither for comfort or joy shall I fly,

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

TRANSLATION OF THE COMPLIMENT IN FRENCH, TO FRANKLIN, in the last MAGAZINE.

FROM the dark cloud he drew the lightning's fire, Bade savage climes to social arts aspire: First of Columbian ages FRANKLIN stood;

ANOTHER.

HE, Lightning drew down from the skies, In Wills made the Arts to increase; By his Country he's plac'd at the head of the Wise,

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Out of twelve Solutions of the Rebus in our last, we select the following, as most poetical.

IN your Rebus, all readers recognize the merit, In a lady who talents and virtues inherit: It is Murder the crime for which millions have died,

THE NOVELIST.

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

[Continued from page 76.]

LETTER V.

From CHARLES WALLER to FRANCES CROMWELL.

I AM ignorant in what terms to express my gratitude for your kindness, in taking notice of my request. Your letter brought me so much consolation, that I have now calmness enough to appear with some degree of composure in doing my duty;

I have read over your billet an hundred times, without being able to discover any thing in it that would give me the least glimpse of hope; and though I am in the same uncertainty that I was in before I ventured to write to you,

I intended to give you the detail of my folly at length, but find myself incapable of it. You must, therefore be content with the leading circumstances, and judge from them of the more minute: by this method I shall avoid a narration I am unable to make, and offend you, it may be less by presumption and vanity, once more hoping, that you will recollect, you ordered me to give you the account.

gardens: an attempt to particularize it would only serve to shew my own conceit; and besides, I could not do it. These circumstances, however must be still fresh in your memory; and I will confess, they are the foundation upon which I have built such a stupendous edifice of misery.

These were the cause of my disquiet; and any thing further, that I could add, would be merely accessory. You are in possession of the outline, and must furnish the picture with any colouring of unhappiness or folly that you please.

Now, madam, have I complied with your request; and what I wish to add, is, that I throw myself upon your generosity; and, if I venture to ask any thing, it would be that you would not let me become the object of your derision and scorn.

LETTER V.

From the SAME to the SAME.

I AM sensible of it—I have shewn you upon what slight grounds my arrogance was founded; and you with justice abandon me to my fate.

O write to me only one word—say you pity me—Indeed, I deserve your pity—Say only that you do not despise me, and I will hug myself in my wretchedness—I know I have offended you beyond every hope of pardon—yet I could wish you to forgive me: and then I shall die in peace.

To incur your displeasure is an evil of such extent, that it shocks my very nature; but to be despised is a torture—is a reflection too dreadful to be borne.—If therefore you have the least grain of pity—only say so—I will be content. [To be continued.]

MORALITY.

SELECTED.

THE tempest of the soul, like that of the elements, can endure but for a season.—Time smooths the furrows of misfortune; for hope, divested of a darling object, like a bird deprived of one friendly spray, flies to another; and looks forward to new sources of enjoyment. Happy temperament of human nature! that like the yielding stock, bends to the rough blast of misfortune, and again resumes its wonted station, prepared for new incidents to complete the varied chequered scene.

THE ARTS.

INK.—Mr. W. CLOSE has made a great variety of experiments, in order to ascertain the best method of making ink, which shall not be discharged by time or chemical processes; as the result of his inquiries, he recommends for black ink.—Oil of lavender 200 grains, copal in powder 25 grains, lamp-black from two and a half to three grains; with the assistance of a gentle heat dissolve the copal in the oil of lavender in a small glass phial, and then mix the lamp-black with the solution upon a marble slab or other smooth surface.

FORTUNE STILL SMILING!

WELL, and what of it? If the reader wishes to be informed, the wheels of Hadley Lottery shall remain one prize of 1500 dollars. 1 of 1000; 1 of 750; 4 of 500; 25 of 100; &c. and only 4500 tickets to be drawn. Be quick, or you will not be able to touch any of the above monies. A few undrawn tickets, at 6 dolls, for sale by GILBERT & DEAN. March 5.

BOSTON:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED, every SATURDAY Evening,

By GILBERT & DEAN,

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

DEVOTED TO

MORALITY, LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, THE FINE ARTS, AGRICULTURE, &c. &c.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

To soar aloft on FANCY'S wing,
And bathe in HELICONIA'S spring;
O'er every flower with careful hand,
And strew them o'er our native land.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP.—No. XX.

Nunc scio quid sit amor.

TO THE GOSSIP.

TELL me, dear Mr. Gossip, if you can, the meaning of the word *LOVE*. I am now more than twenty years old, and believe I have not a clear idea of it. I have travelled in distant climes, where I have often heard it used in conversation. I have asked aged and young for a definition of it. It is now re-founded in my ears every time I go into company. I have fought in vain for a knowledge of its meaning. It seems to surpass the comprehension of all my acquaintance, male and female. I have puzzled my brain until it is quite disordered. Can it be only a "trifling, empty sound?"

Looking over some of the *Weekly Magazines*, I find that *Matrimony, Love*, and such matters, have frequently employed your pen. I assure you I was much entertained with the noble sentiments, and easy, elegant style, of your 16th Number. I am determined to be influenced by your advice, in the choice of a partner, to share in your sufferings and pleasures, and to smooth my passage in the uneven paths of life. But, to the point. Do gratify my wish, and you will probably add a new idea to the "*small collection*," of

Your humble servant,
L* * * * * E.

WHAT is Love? It is a question that has been often asked, and has been generally resolved into the sentiment, that youth, beauty, accomplishments of mind or person, awaken in the mind of the opposite sexes, and prompts to the nearest and tenderest of all connections, a *matrimonial union*. But I am certain there are many impulses of the mind which may be mistaken for this passion, and are often dignified with its name. My correspondent may, perhaps, say the question was, what love is? not what it is not? I know that was the query—but I find it necessary to say what it is not, in order more fully to explain what I comprehend it really to be.

In extreme youth, gratified vanity is often mistaken for love. A gentleman, (possibly for want of something else to say) compliments a girl upon her eyes, her teeth, her complexion; early, very early, do the seeds of vanity which nature implants in the female mind, begin to shoot forth; the love of admiration will make her prefer the society of the man, who gratifies this predominant propensity; fresh adulation arouses an exhilarating sensation, which the foolish girl imagines proceeds from her discernment of the merit of her admirer; and the present fancy herself in love—when in fact, it is self-love which operates on her mind; and does the favoured swain cease to pour forth the adulating strain, or does any other surpass him in the arduous and extravagance of his compliments, the presently perceives her mistake, and the highest flatterer reigns paramount over her affections, if a being so weak, so versatile, can be said to have any. In the opposite sex, a passion, with the name of which I will not fill my page, is often, too often, glossed over with the specious name of Love, and prompts to actions which throw an odium on this best, noblest, most refined sentiment of the human soul. How many have fallen victims to this monster, who, approaching under the fascinating semblance of innocence and purity, discovered not its horrid deformity to their terrified souls, until they were far in its power, that to recede, was impossible—and this impulse will lead its voracious even to the altar of Hymen; though happiness could no more be expected from a union which has no other basis, than characters written in snow could be expected to retain their form, when the sun shines full upon them, and the warm south wind relaxes the rigours of winter; for, as the unstable vapours on which they were impressed, melts before the penetrating beams of the monarch of day, which as he

declines, the chill breath of evening congeals to an icicle, whose frigidity has power to numb the sense of all who touch it; so, when the sun of passion is declined, and the favour that passion inspired, melted away, satiety, like the chilling north wind, feels up the heart, rendering it torpid and insensible to every warm sentiment, every better emotion.

Young persons of warm imagination, who indulge too much a taste for reading works of fancy, are very apt to be mistaken in regard to the passion of Love; unacquainted with the world as it really is, they dwell on delusive visions of felicity, which never can be realized, and pass for the moment, when to love and be beloved, will elate them to the very apex of human happiness: They are unconscious how far from that they fall themselves, in both mental and personal charms, to the heroes and heroines of romance; nor do they dream, but that the object for whom they perhaps feel a transitory liking, which their ill regulated imagination conceives to be an unconquerable passion, is in possession of all the virtues and graces, which they have admitted so much in their favourite characters. But human nature is never all perfect, there are blemishes to be perceived even in the most faultless characters. What then must be the disappointment of a man or woman, on awaking from this delirium of the senses, (for awake they certainly will, and that perhaps suddenly) to find the idol they had set up and blindly worshipped; which they had decorated with all the splendid ornaments of virtue, beauty, sense and honor, to be a mere block; rough hewn, totally unpolished, and either rotten at heart, or so hollow, that it is almost a doubt whether it ever had a heart at all. These are deceptions which lead multitudes into errors respecting Love; but there is one, more common, more dangerous to domestic peace; more to be guarded against than those I have already mentioned—because men and women of sense are often the victims of it.

There is a non-sensical jargon which is used in every society, and applied indiscriminately to all unmarried persons, whether male or female. A man cannot be commonly polite to a young lady, but he is supposed to be so, (according to the vulgar term) *courting her*. Her associates tell her, she has made a conquest, and perhaps repeat fifty pretty things which she is supposed to have said about her. She, let her even be a girl of sense, feels flattered by the supposition, and in return, makes some civil remark concerning him. This is repeated with additions and amendments; each becomes gradually pleased with the other—the little world, of which their intimates make a part, report that they are under actual engagements. They feel the awkwardness of their situation; he offers himself from an idea that he is expected to do so; and she accepts him, because she thinks she cannot do better. After this, each frequently feels a repugnance to the fulfilling their engagements; and it is on his side, done only from a sense of honour, and on hers, from a fear of being blamed, laughed at, and perhaps deprived of her good name. Many, very many, are the unions thus formed—but love has nothing to do with them; should the persons thus enthralled, be possessed of a good understanding, they will not be positively wretched—but are they happy? No! no! no!

What then is Love? and by what tokens may it be discovered? How simple is the question, yet how difficult to answer. The delicate and susceptible mind, can easily conceive what it should be; but what words can be found to convey the conceptions of such a mind, to the impenetrable and vulgar. Yet there are minds in the world, who can understand and know how justly to appreciate the worth of the sentiment, called Love, when it acts in all its force, all its beauty, all its purity.

Love, was the first active principle of the human heart; Adam gazed on the amazing universe with wonder and delight, and with reverential fervour, offered the oblation of grateful affection to the Creator of all. From the Creator, how easy the transition to the most finished, most lovely of his works. *Eve*, beauteous and pure as angelic spirits, was presented to him from the hands of God himself. Love is therefore a pure principle, inculcated and approved by the Deity. That it is the first active principle, may be proved by the strong affection a child bears a parent, or nurse, who cherishes him, and indulges his infantile desires. This principle, as we advance in life, branches out into various de-

lightful streams, returning again to the heart from whence they primarily flow, and bringing with them joy, peace, maternal comfort.—Love must be founded on esteem, or it cannot be permanent; it must be called forth by the virtues, and acquisitions of the mind, rather than the beauty or graces of the person. It is not a momentary impulse; it must gradually increase with the knowledge of the merits of the object—it feels not its own gratification, content to be elated on the same terms that it does esteem; no self-denial is painful that secures the good opinion of the beloved person. It must be rational, it must be pure, and then it can exist independent of difference in age, sex, or circumstances. Sickness, or infirmity, awakening all our sensibility, increases it; misfortune makes it more tender, more ardent; even error cannot eradicate it—for we pity the faults of humanity, would gladly veil them from the misjudging world; and remembering the virtues the beloved object possesses, wish to make those virtues predominate. Passion may be called into action by accidental circumstances, trivial in themselves; but as passion soothes, reason takes the lead, and the transient inclination becomes exact. But real love is the result of mature reflection; reason is consulted on its first approach, and the merit of the object being fully ascertained, by experience, every passing hour increases the sentiments of respect and esteem, until they rise almost to adoration.—There is a kind of Love, which sexual intercourse might diminish, but could never increase. This can only exist between persons of expanded minds, whose passions are under the control of reason, and bounded by a strict sense of religion. Indeed, it exists but seldom; but when it does, it is the source of the most unalloyed, most perfect felicity. This kind of love, when made the foundation of a matrimonial union, leads to virtue and peace on earth, and everlasting happiness hereafter. This love shudders at, instinctively shrinks from vice; it beholds every thing laudable in the object of its choice, and endeavours to emulate virtues which alone could secure the love so highly prized. Oh! how delightful, when hearts so formed to make each other's happiness, being bound in one silken chain, encourage each other in a course of moral rectitude; smooth the rough paths through which all must pass in their journey of life; together serve and worship the God of heaven and earth, and together seek to climb the steep ascent that leads to eternal bliss. Such hearts may hope to find the joys of Heaven rendered more perfect, by the presence of the pure spirit with whom they walked with love and innocence on earth.—I have strove to make myself understood; but I cannot find words fully expressive of my meaning; I feel what love is, but feel at the same time, that it is impossible to explain it.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SYSTEMATIC ECONOMY.

'Tis system uniform, and virtuous too,
Advancing onward with blest truth in view;
System increases with sentiments of worth,
And of deep thinking the approved growth;
'Tis this emblemising a productive charm,
Which can exaltancy of half its voice disarm.

PROPRIETY of thinking, and acting, insures, even in the most deplorable circumstances, a degree of tranquillity; we learn to support with equanimity, those misfortunes of which we cannot accuse ourselves as being the procuring cause; and, perhaps, humanity can scarcely be so deeply plunged in ills, as not to derive consolation from a persuasion of innate rectitude. All those who are acquainted with that peace which a consciousness of having acted well the part assigned us, necessarily implants in the mind, will acknowledge, that this proposition is self evident. But if we are desirous of obtaining any degree of respectability, it is proper to observe some plan of conduct; regularity is the soul of integrity, for however well disposed we may be, if our actions are jumbled together by chance, we may possibly be precipitated upon steps, at which villainy would blush.

Munificence, devoid of system, will frequently put beyond the power, even of the most exquisite sensibility, to

alleviate the sorrows of the suffering children of merit ; and the man of business, who has banished order from his commercial arrangements, although he may be possessed of strict probity, will frequently become unjust by compulsion. He that would merit uniform, and genuine applause, must invariably act on principles that will bear the scrutiny of the most rigid virtue. Extravagance is not generosity, and we may be lavish, without acquiring a title to be commended for our liberality.

System, and economy, are indispensably requisite in every department of life ; the wealthy should be systematic, and economical in their pleasures, and admitting they form the laudable purpose of contributing to the relief of the wretched—in their expensaloss. But, if irregularity, and a system of economy, be proper to the pauper, how much more indispensably necessary is the practice of these virtues, to those who are stationed in the middle rank of life, and to the lower classes of society. It behooves us to be economists of time, the squanderers of this treasure, can never retrieve their losses. We should economize in our charities, in our conversation, and even in that applause, which every good mind delighteth to bestow. In short, it is, fridly speaking, right to adopt, upon mature deliberation, a plan, a system, revolving never but by compulsion, to depart therefrom. We should perseveringly endeavour to accommodate our minds to our circumstances, and whatever our income may be, we should, if possible, circumscribe our expenditures within the limits it prefers. I repeat, that a want of plan has involved many well disposed persons in difficulties, from which they have never been able to extricate themselves. The merchant, who entrusts to the treacherous and fluctuating waves, double the property he can call his own, ought to calculate upon insolvency, and beggary, as very probable events. The liberally endowed Gentleman, whose expenses outstrip his income, whose prodigality necessitates repeated deductions from the supplies appropriated to the expected year, will find entanglements unavoidable ; and he alone can be said to possess a resemblance of that independence, which, strictly speaking, can only be the prerogative of a self-existent Being—who adjusts his accounts with the close of every year, and whose sum total of expenses, is more than balanced by the gains which he accumulates. We have said that a system of economy is highly requisite, and we conceive it may be considered as the origin of true generosity.—I remember being much pleased with an anecdote in point, which I received, many years since, from a friend, whose mind was enriched by much and various information ; and although my memory may not have treasured it accurately, I will however attempt to recollect it.

Proposals were issued, in an opulent city, for a public work of great magnitude, and of indispensable utility : It was to be accomplished by voluntary subscription, and large sums of money were requisite, even at its commencement. Two Gentlemen of influence, were authorized to make application to the affluent sons of prosperity ; and they waited on many persons, whose reputed munificence, and liberal style of living justified the highest expectations. But their reception by no means corresponded with the sanguine hopes they had indulged.—From a few, very inadequate subscriptions were obtained, others plead embarrassments, and a third class put them off until a future day ! Mortified by repeated disappointments, and nearly determined to relinquish their share in the enterprise, they passed the door of an elderly man who had lived a bachelor, and who was characterized as a rich old fellow, who knew how to save the money, he had accumulated. He did not live in style, and he was remarkable for his sternness to agents, who humbly solicited his charity, while health bloomed in their countenances, and it was ascertained that nothing impeded their progress to respectability, or enlivened them in that very honourable corps whose employment it is to levy taxes upon the public, but merely their unyielding aversion from labour. It is true, he maintained an aged mother, and a widowed sister, that he clothed and paid for the instruction of many orphan children, and that he had furnished a number of industrious young people with the means of commencing business, but as these unobtrusive facts, were best known to those who were benefited thereby : as he enjoined secrecy, and detested ostentation, and as the world is not too fond of dwelling upon the fair side of humanity, his good deeds were seldom the subject of conversation.

It was just as the sober suited evening began to resume her shadowing empire, that our gentlemen passed the door of Perdicus.—They had not intended to pass it. They had calculated upon showing him the proposed plan—but it happened to be the moment in which the house maid regularly lighted the candle, and as they were about to enter the hall open door, they heard the old gentleman haranguing the poor girl very warmly, upon the propriety of frugality, and the virtue of economy, and it appeared

that this lecture was occasioned, by her having the evening before, inconsiderately flung into the fire, the half of a match, which although it had been once lighted might have answered the purpose a second time. “ Let us go ” said our Committee, “ he who can defeat so copiously upon the destruction of a half consumed match, is not the man to be operated upon by our representations.”

Second thoughts are, however, said to be frequently left, a few guineas would advance their undertaking, a Miser might have his moments of generosity, and it would be well to make the experiment. This conclusion produced them in the parlour of Perdicus, and the paper which delineated their wishes was presented, but how great was their astonishment, when Perdicus, after reading the preamble, called for pen and ink, and without hesitation, added his name, with an appendage of three hundred pounds sterling !!! It was difficult to conceal their surprise, and measuring the liberality of his mind, by the noble subscription he had so cheerfully granted, they frankly confessed, that his reproof of his servant, which they had accidentally overheard, had almost prevented their application.

Perdicus coolly replied, “ Trust me gentlemen, it is by attention to matters denominated small.—In other words, “ by a regular system of economy, that I am enabled to afford you that assistance, which you deem so important, toward effectuating an undertaking, the advantages of which are beyond a doubt. Had I passed over in silence the carelessness of Dorothy, in consuming the half burned match, as the career of error is confessedly rapid, she would have proceeded from one step to another, until her stockings, when wanting mending, would have been committed to the flames, and her handkerchief would have been “ burned, to have saved the fatigue of washing it.”

C*****.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

TO MARY ANN SMARTLY.

VERILY, *Mary Ann Smartly*, hath given herself a great deal of trouble, to expose her own ignorance, while she, with affected humanity, pitieth me, for being so happy, as to have a mother, who treats me as a friend ; for certainly she representeth my mother, as exercising the highest aids of friendship, in forbidding me to peruse books, which might pervert my understandings, and recommending a frequent and attentive perusal of that invaluable volume, which instructeth in the ways of right counsels, and promiseth everlasting peace to those who walk therein.—But thou art mistaken, *Mary Ann*, if thou dost suppose I never read any of those books, called *Novels*. I have perused many with satisfaction, and reaped advantage from the sentiments they express, and the morals they inculcate,—which I can divine, without consulting “ *Moll Pitchers*,” is more than thou hast done. Thou mayest, indeed, have turned over the pages of many books, but thy flock of ideas is very small, and the few thou dost possess, are so flimsy, so cobweb like, that the smallest puff from the breath of Reason, would blow them away, and leave thy pericranium tenantless.—For hadst thou even read novels with any, though but the smallest degree of attention, thou couldst not have been so shamefully ignorant of what it becometh all to know.—Poor girl, wert thou born and bred amongst heathens ?—Wert thou never instructed in any thing, but how to decorate the poor tabernacle of clay, in which thy immortal soul resideth ? A tenement so frail, that a few hours may reduce it to a mass of loathsome corruption, and make thee an inhabitant of the charnel house, a banquet for earth worms to feast upon.—I did not use any incantations to discover the colour of thy wig, nor did I even know it was red, but concluding from the style of thy letter, that thou wert a fashionable woman, I naturally supposed thou wouldst wear the most fashionable coloured hair. It is a classical colour however. The beautiful Mother of *Zenias*, the Daughter of the Sea ; the Queen of *Cytherea*, or as she is profanely called, the Goddess of Beauty, was always represented with red or yellow hair. But perhaps thou art ignorant who it is I mean : I fear thou art, or thou wouldst have known that celebrated Deity, and all her votaries, even at this day, are so sensible of the value of the crimson veil, I recommended in my former letter, that if they do not possess a real one, they wear something for a substitute, sensible that to appear without either reality, or semblance, they would only disgust, instead of charming. Little as thou mayst suppose I know of the fashionable world, I am well informed these veils are almost entirely exploded ; indeed, so much so, that making a visit to some young acquaintances in *Boston*, about a month ago, I found them all to entirely disvested of it, that it covered me with one of a much deeper hue, I mean the carnation glow of shame.

You suppose me *old*, be it so ; there's nothing in a few advanced years, that should make a rational being ashamed of owning them, or should render the possessor an object of

ridicule, to those who may perhaps never attain them. No : can I suppose, that having lived to the age of thirty, or thirty-five, unmarried, or being what is vulgarly called, an “ *Old Maid*,” is consequently to become contemptible and ludicrous ; and yet I do assure thee, *Mary Ann*, from the honesty of my heart, I neither wish, or expect, ever to be ranked amongst the respectable fraternity.

Dost thou never go to church or meeting, *Mary Ann* ? I pray thee weak girl, go at least once a month ; abridge thyself of some few fashionable baubles, and with the money, purchase a BIBLE, read it, and thou wilt learn how *Lazarus* was, and may understand how necessary it is to be clothed with meekness, piety, and innocence—as these are the only ornaments which will make us appear with splendor at the great party for which we are all bidden to prepare, and to which we shall all be summoned, by the Lord of Universal nature ; and which will celebrate the *OMEGA* of time, and *ALPHA* of eternity. And where that both thou and myself may appear, with a wedding garment, and be bid sit down to the kings table, prayeth,

Thy friend in the Spirit,

REBECCA PLAINLY.

Lynn, 6th day of the 7th month, 1803.

MORALITY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THURSDAY LECTURE.

No IX.

LUKE xi. 13.

If ye then being evil know to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the holy Spirit to them that ask him.

IT is the wish of a child to have the will of its parent, not merely incited, but explicitly declared. It is also the wish of Gods human offspring, to have his requisitions concerning them clearly revealed. Now human parents, notwithstanding they are often governed by peevishness and passion, are, for the most part, happy to gratify the desires of their children. So too does the Father of lights, rejoice to dispel the clouds of ignorance, which naturally overshadow the mind of man. This blessing he bestowed on our bewildered race, when the heavens were opened unto JESUS of NAZARETH, and the spirit of God descended like a dove, and lighted upon him. This most precious of heavenly gifts was conferred on men, when these appeared unto the PRIMITIVE APOSTLES eleven tongues, like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them. From this moment of mercy, the religion, which is now found in the Bible, outweighed all the religions, which were ever laid in the balance of human reason. Henceforth mankind were instructed in a system of the most rational theology, the most enlarged benevolence, and the purest morality, which was ever conceived ; whilst it no longer wanted, what was wanting to the lessons of *Plato* and *Aucharides*, of *Tully* and *Confucius*, THE SANCTION OF DIVINE AUTHORITY. Mar. 10, 1803.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY—1803.

ENGLISH.

WALKING DRESS.—A pedestrian bonnet of nacrear velvet, trimmed with black and nacrear, and black cock feather in front. A short pelisse of fearless velvet, trimmed with black bear, and muff of the same. White cambric muslin under dress ; York tan gloves ; black Morocco shoes trimmed with fur.

EVENING DRESS.—The head ornament composed of purple velvet and gold tassel, with draped points to fall on the left shoulder ; a white ostrich feather inclining rather low on the forehead ; the hair in ringlets, and very long on the side of the face ; pearl ear-rings and necklace. A robe of purple velvet with gold and crane ruff ; white satin coat, with a double quilting of crane at the bottom. A handkerchief of white crane trimmed with gold, the ends of which form a bow in front. White gloves and shoes, and ridicule of white satin with gold tassels.

FRENCH.

The hair is now dressed in curls, which proceed half over the hinder part of the head, leaving only two inches of the nape of the neck visible. This head dress is called a *demit-Tou*. Under the temples the hair still plays in waving locks.—Diamonds, or steel frangles for the hair, are set on black velvet. The turbans still go so low as to the neck.

Within these few days some ladies have been observed to wear the turban, an esprit, in a transverse direction. Most of these turbans are of satin and velvet, of two colours. They are somewhat of a cap form. The colours of the velvet are amaranth, crimson, and orange ; the satin is white or tawny. Except in that which is called an *un-*

hats; straw turbans are rarely worn. The back part of the hat is still turned up; and the edge of the turn-up is pressed into a wolf's throat form.—The very top of the hat is often in the form a dome. Its compartments are formed of bands of satin on a ground of velvet, or of loops of velvet on a satin ground.—The hats are of a flesh colour and black, of a flesh and rose, or of a black and rose. Grey beaver hats have gone out, and black leathers are coming again in fashion. On these is worn a small gold string, tied behind, and ending in glandular tassels. Hats made of velvet solely, are either flesh coloured, black, or orange. Coloured feathers are entirely out of fashion. The tuft of curls over the front becomes continually larger; and hence the veils, Savoy handkerchiefs, and cornet caps are worn to much backward as not to occupy more than half the same space as formerly. The longest of the robes falls not lower than the middle of the leg, or the tip of the ankle; its waist is long, its sleeves are wide and plaited. The petticoats are short.—Some of the young men of fashion wear spencers of the same colour with their coats.

REMARKABLE.

AFFECTING INSTANCE OF SUICIDE.

THE following are, correctly as I could obtain them, the particulars of a melancholy event which took place at the Gun Tavern on Wednesday night, or Thursday morning. A gentleman whose name is Camp, from Northampton, where he has left a wife and five children, arrived in a post-chaise at the New Inn, in this place, at eight p. m. on Tuesday. He appeared very unwell, and retired to bed soon after his arrival. In the morning, on leaving his room he seemed much worse, and betrayed evident symptoms of mental derangement. Mrs. Henwood, the mistress of the house, on beholding his unhappy state, humanely ventured to interrogate him regarding the cause of his illness, and to recommend immediate medical advice. To which he replied, gazing wildly about him, that it was a nervous affection under which he laboured, and which had afflicted him seven days. To many other questions that were put to him, he answered so incoherently, that they confirmed the suspicions entertained of his faculties being deranged. On being asked if there was any friend of his at Brighton that he would wish to see, he mentioned the name of Mighel a grocer, in North-street, who was instantly sent for. In the interim he appeared in the most agonizing paroxysm of mental distress, beating his forehead with his hands, and frequently exclaiming, "Oh, my poor children, I shall never behold them any more!" On the arrival of Mr. Mighel, he immediately recognized him, became more composed, and at length told him, that he came to Brighton for the purpose of embarking in one of the packets for France. He soon after, with Mr. Mighel, left the New Inn, and in the course of the day had his luggage taken to the Custom House, that it might be inspected and shipped in the regular way. In the evening, the weather proving tempestuous, the packet which was expected to sail, deemed it rather imprudent to venture out to sea in the increasing gale of wind, put into Shoreham harbour, and Mr. Mighel accompanied his disordered friend to the Gun Tavern, being nearer to the water's edge than the Inn he took in the morning, where after seeing his room, Mr. C. took some toasted cheese and bread, and drank some brandy and water; and on Mr. Mighel's leaving him, he called the chambermaid, and retired to his bed room. In the morning, about eleven o'clock, the landlord, who had noticed the disordered state of his guest the night before, began to be alarmed at his non-appearance, and ordered the chambermaid, to rap at his bed-room door, which she did to no effect; and after repeated attempts of the same kind proving fruitless, they at last gained admission by demolishing the door, and beheld Mr. C. hanging by his neckcloth, from the bath over the foot of the bed, quite dead; and from the stiffness of the joints, had probably been so for many hours. The Coroner's Jury, this day sat on the body.—Verdict, Lunacy.

[The following are the particulars, which led to the above unfortunate event.]

Mr. CAMP, about fourteen years ago, engaged as rider to a house of respectability, dealing largely in the tobacco trade, at the foot of London Bridge, Surrey side, at the salary of £1. per annum. At the end of the first year and a half he was paid at that rate; but finding the salary too small, he made an application for an increase, when he was told it should be taken into consideration, and that he might take what money he wanted with a view to such increase.

He continued as rider to this house for nearly fourteen years, without any further express stipulation as to his wages, drawing for his private necessities at the rate of £100. to £150. per annum, until within a year past, when

a dissolution took place between his employers, at which time the concerns were wound up as nearly as possible, the partner retiring from the concern taking the debts due upon himself, previous to which a balance was struck by the acting partner, who now carries on the trade, between the concern and Mr. CAMP, allowing Mr. CAMP a salary at the rate of £50. per annum, which he considered short of what his services merited, from his assiduity and exertions to promote their interest; there being then due to him about £100. which was paid, and a receipt in full given by him.

Mr. CAMP then, with the assistance of his friends, entered into a concern at Northampton, which he had not been engaged in more than six months, before he discovered it would not answer. He immediately came to town, and laid a statement of his affairs before his friends, all of whom were fully satisfied of his honesty and integrity.

It was upon this visit to town he was addressed by the partner of the house he had long served with fidelity, and who had retired from the concern in the Borough, claiming a debt due to him from Mr. CAMP of £100. and upwards, monies over-drawn beyond his original engagement of £50. a year, notwithstanding the settlement above stated, accompanied by an Attorney's letter, threatening an arrest of his person for such debt.

An affidavit was made of the debt, and a special writ issued, to hold him to bail. Remonstrances were made by Mr. CAMP and his friends against such harsh and unfounded proceedings, but in vain; and the real plaintiff in such action insisted on the sum demanded being paid, or he would follow him to the extremity of the country. The natural consequence attending which was a lowness of spirits, accompanied by a fear of imprisonment, and utter ruin and destruction to his family, already labouring under misfortunes, that he had absented himself from all his acquaintance, and fat out for Brighton, where commences our former narrative of his unfortunate end.

We have the satisfaction to add, that the other partner has fat on foot a subscription for the widow and her five children.—*Lond. pap. Nov. 1820.*

AMUSING.

A Frenchman having heard the word *prels* made use of, to imply, persuade, a *prels* that gentleman to take some refreshment, "prels him to stay to night," thought he would shew his talents by using (what he imagined) a synonymous term; and therefore made no scruple to cry out in company, "pray squeeze that lady to sing."

There is now living in Virginia an idiot, who was never known to make any sensible observations, except that he could always tell when the moon changed. A Lawyer, wishing to make a laugh for himself and company, asked, "when will the sun change," "when Lawyers go to heaven," replied the fool.

ORTHOGRAPHY.

A FEW years since, a gentleman riding through a country village in England, he observed painted on the window of a small tipping house—

"My wife queues A Coof,
And I queue the Ganders."

The person, who communicated this Specimen of Orthography to me, informed, that being considerably perplexed to ascertain the precise meaning of the words, he alighted from his horse and entered the house, when he inquired the intention of the foregoing lines, and after much explanation, he found that the information which they wished to convey was as follows:—

"My wife queues A Coof,
And I queue the Jaundice."

A GENTLEMAN lately crossing a narrow bridge in Jersey, which was not railed on either side, to secure passengers from falling, said to a Countryman, whom he met "I think this narrow causeway must be very dangerous my honest friend, pray are not people lost here sometimes?" "lost! no Sir" replied the man, "I never knew any body lost here in my life, here have been several drowned indeed, but they were always found again."

English prints state, that a young woman of the name of Carver, housemaid to Capt. R. Pearson, of Greenwick hospital, proves to be the daughter of the late Capt. Carver, who acquired a vast tract of country in the back settlement of the United States. This has been faithfully guaranteed and preserved by the Indians for his legal representative, who is at length indisputably discovered in the person of the above young woman. The land is supposed to be worth £100,000 sterling.

[Translated from the French.]

THE Prince one day took M. Boleau out to review his army, which was wholly composed of young men, the eldest of whom were not eighteen years of age. "Well," said the Prince to Boleau, "what do you think of it?" "I think, my lord," replied he, "that it will be a very good one, when it shall become of age."

LOUIS XI. thought unfavourably of others, and had a good opinion of no one but himself. For this reason, he seldom took counsel of any one. He one day received a very spirited reproach from Breze, one of his favourites, which was as follows. He was mounted on a nag, which he preferred to all the horses in his stable, because it had a very easy step. "However feeble this nag may appear," said Breze, "it is, notwithstanding, the strongest saddle horse that can be found, for it carries the King and all his council."

IN the time of Henry IV. of France, a famous physician having abjured Calvinism, and embraced the Catholic faith, the King laid to Sully,—"Sully, my friend, thy religion is very sick; the physicians abandon it."

AS Henry IV. fatigued with a long voyage, was passing by Amiens, he met one, who came to make a harangue. The orator began with the titles of Most grand, most good, most serene, most magnanimous; "Add, also," said the King, "and most awery."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We thank *Amicus*, and *Bertha*, for their translations of the French verses of *Monf. Dubourg*—but having inserted two already, we must decline them, however elegantly executed.

Junius's verses incorrect.

We thank *D. D. of Dorchester*, for his communication, but were to infer things of that kind, it would only fill our paper, without amusing our patrons.

Edgar's lines are pretty, but common.

Gratianna shall appear.

Zama must pardon our remissness—his favour will ever be welcome.

An excellent Essay on Religion, and its Ministers, shall enrich our Magazine, at an early period.

The correspondent who furnished the Biographical article, in our last, concerning ANTHONY BENNETT, will esteem it a great favour of any one who has got other traits in the life of so excellent a man, particularly, his letters to the *King of Prussia*, and the *Queen of Portugal*, and convey them to the printers for publication, or permit the enquirer to take copies of them.

ORDAINED.

In Wilton, (N. H.) the Rev. Thomas Beede.—Sermon, by the Rev. Mr. Emerson, of Boston.

MARRIAGES.

In Pomfret, Col. William Hodges, of Taunton, to Miss Mary Chandler. In Danvers, Dr. John Peabody, to Miss Eunice Thurston. In Portland, Benjamin Smith, Esq. of Providence, to Miss Frances Foidick. In Billerica, Mr. Jacob Kendall, of Boston, to Miss Sarah Richardson.

In Boston, Mr. Benjamin Greene, jun. to Miss Mary Grew; by Mr. Wm. Currier, to Miss Mary Chandler.

Last Sunday evening, by the Rev. Dr. West, Mr. Belcher Wheeler, to Mrs. Susanna Rowan.

By the Rev. Mr. Emerson, Mr. Nathaniel P. Thayer, to Miss Susanna T. Soper.

DEATHS.

In Porto Rico, Capt. John Nickels, of Boston. In Martinique, Mr. Timothy Jones, mer. of Boston, *Æt* 32. In North-Yarmouth, Hon. John Lewis, Esq. *Æt* 86. In Worcester, Mr. Jonathan Gates, *Æt* 87. In Nantucket, Christopher Hufsey, Esq.; Mr. Elisia Casey, in Cambridge, James Temple, Esq. *Æt* 36. In Bolton, Dr. Abraham Moore, *Æt* 55. In Roxbury, Mrs. Mchitabel Sampson, *Æt* 33, wife of Mr. Stephen S.—In New-Boston, (N. H.) Mr. Griffin. He was accidentally shot by a young man firing at a mark.—In Eastport, Maine, Mr. Joseph Smith, merchant, late of Newburyport. His house took fire while the family were asleep, and in a few minutes was entirely consumed, with its contents. Mr. Prince and a son and daughter, perished in the fire. He lost his life in attempting to save his children!—In Salem, Mrs. Sarah King, *Æt* 60; Mr. Thomas Briggs, *Æt* 45. In Charlestown, Master George Washington Walker, son of Capt. Timothy Walker. In Natick, Mr. Oliver Bacon, *Æt* 78. In East-Sudbury, Capt. Joseph Smith.—In Haverhill, (Mass.) Miss Sally Sergeant. In Boston, Miss Ann Bradford, *Æt* 14, daughter of Col. Samuel Bradford; Miss Ahiah Clough, *Æt* 32; Mrs. Elizabeth Lewis, *Æt* 31, wife of Mr. Thomas Lewis, jun. 54; Mrs. Mary Thaxter, *Æt* 50, wife of Mr. Joshua Thaxter; Mr. Thomas Robbins, *Æt* 49.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.
BAGATELLE.

AS BEAUTY and YOUTH were discoufuring one day
With SENSE and GOOD-HUMOUR—'quoth BEAUTY, "I
What in nature shall dare to dispute my dominion, [pray,
Or while youth's on my side, contradict my opinion,
Or oppose any fancy of mine, tho' absurd;
My will is a law, I command by a word:
Nay, by less than a word, by a smile or a frown,
Every rank owns my sway from the chair to the crown;
To the lout who cleans floors or lags after a team, [seem,
Statesmen, Lawyers, Divines; men of sense though they
I can turn into fools." Cries GOOD SENSE, "Not so fast.
True, your reign is despotic, but then will it last?
While by Youth's lively fallies your pow'r is supported,
I own you are idolized, flatter'd and courted!
But when the recedes, and bears off as the flies,
The rofe from your cheeks, and the fire from your eyes,
That power will vanish, you'll find that your chain,
Alas, is too feeble one slave to retain.
For me, tho' no man ever swore he should die,
Being parched to a coal by a flash from my eye;
I never had vi'stles compar'd to my breath,
My lips to ripe cherries, to iv'ry my teeth,
Nor was told that my presence enliven'd the day,
And if I but smil'd, even Sol's honore more gay.
Yet I have my captives, and once in my chain,
It is seldom they ever their freedom regain;
When Youth fits away, I retain in her place
Good Humour who gives to plain features a grace.
And cheerfully chatting my wot'ries have been
So charm'd, they forgot I was more than eighteen.
When you have capriciously driven away
Some captive, determined to break from your sway
To me to complain of your treatment they've flown,
I have broken your fetters, and given my own.
I boast not the power of making men dupes,
I hate the tame fool who to tyranny stoops:
But in weaving my chains tis my study to make it
So easy, the captive may not wish to break it.

M. C.

EPITAPH.

HERE rests a youth, borne down by fatal love,
A tender victim of the doom of life;
When tears and prayers could not his Cynthia move,
Death snatched him from this scene of care and strife.

THE NOVELIST.

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

[Continued from page 80.]

LETTER VI.

From FRANCES CROMWELL to CHARLES WALLER.

WHY do you treat me to do an act which will not
alleviate your distress, but which cannot fail to have the
most cruel consequences to me? Why do you wish me to
write to you, when I can neither attempt to console you,
nor, without drawing down ruin upon me, favour your
hopes? Do you think because I have been indifferent en-
ough to answer one of your letters in order to undecieve
you, that I shall proceed to any lengths, and not shrink
back with horror from a precipice on the top of which I
am tottering? Or is it because you have drank deeply of a
cup of poison, and would willingly have a companion in mis-
fortune, that you hold out the dreadful chalice to my hand?

If, however, you would delight in that draught, if you
could contemplate my ruin with joy, if it will afford you the
inallest satisfaction to know that you alone are not borne
down by misery, if it be a consolation to you to
know that there is another as wretched as yourself, let
a gleam of pleasure light upon thy care-worn countenance,
for be assured the sufferings you complain of are only to be
equalled by those which I feel.

As I have thus frankly confessed that your affection is
returned, and that I love you (for why should I attempt
to conceal what you have discovered by my actions?) I
will not hesitate to give you a narration of its beginning
and progress; and, in the relation, if any thing should ap-
pear harsh, to you, or grate your feelings, I hope you will
reflect that all the disagreeable attaches to me, who formed
such unworthy opinions.

When I first perceived that my heart was not indifferent
to you, alarmed at the idea, I spared no pains to overcome
a passion in its early stage, which, young as I was, I had
sense enough to perceive, was pregnant with disaster. I
thought absence the most likely method to overcome it,
and, therefore, entreated my father to permit me to visit a
relation in a distant part of the country; but in this I was

totally mistaken: for I was so far from finding any benefit
from a change of situation, that it actually increased my
disorder. In my reveries, your image eternally presented
itself to my view, and all that solitude seemed to effect,
was to render it more interesting; and for want of a pro-
per dissipation of thought, love became the only subject
of my contemplations, and took a deeper root in my heart
than ever. As this was the case, and feeling that every
day I remained in the country, only added to my torment,
I returned to my father's house, thinking it more prudent
even to trust myself in your presence, than to perish by re-
tirement.

When I came home, I did not, however, give myself up
to despair: but was determined to combat with my incli-
nation in the best manner I was able; for this purpose I
used frequently to set before my mind how little it became
a person of my superior situation, to entertain the least af-
fection for a man so infinitely beneath me, as pride taught
me to consider you; but conscience insinuated, that I had
no right to the station I held, and that the respect I receiv-
ed from all ranks of people, was the effect of fear. It con-
vinced me that the former was gained by an unjust usurpa-
tion and cruelty, and the latter would most unquestionably
diminish in proportion as the power of my father declined;
consequently that the violent difference that I imagined to
subsist between our respective stations, was merely ideal.
Besides the conduct of the Protector to you convinced me,
that ambition did not think it below its dignity to be in-
timate with merit.—Then I would recollect the fascinating
charms of your conversation, and the graces of your mind
polished to the highest degree of literary splendour. These
circumstances united to shew me how vain it was to at-
tempt my cure by having recourse to pride, and I there-
fore gave it up.

When a woman has found her vanity of no service to
her upon such an occasion, it is not surprising, that she
should not be able to raise any other force sufficiently power-
ful to aid her endeavours. From this time, I gave myself over
as lost, and abandoned myself to love, as to a conquering and
triumphant enemy, whom I was no longer able to resist.

I had flattered myself, however, that if I was unfortu-
nate enough to be in such a situation, I could at least conceal
the shame of it, and avert the calamities it portended,
by burying the secret forever in my bosom. I had so far
reconciled myself to this idea, that I began to feel a sort of
tranquil misery—a lethargy of grief, and looked forward
to death with calmness, though I sometimes wished for it,
with anxiety, as a certain relief from what I endured.
Judge then into what an agitation your first letter threw
me. It awakened again all those sentiments, I hoped, were
vanquished; and revived thoughts, that I wished extin-
guished forever. I soon found I had all the struggles to
sustain again; and overcome with my feelings, I became
nearly desperate. Cool reflection, nevertheless, came more,
kindly interposed between me and my fate; I thought it
the most advisable not to take the least notice of what
you had done, hoping that you would be discouraged by my
silence from proceeding any further; but when I saw your
hand a second time, I confess I could no longer retain my
resolution, and I was therefore determined to write to
you.

After this explicit recital, you may easily conceive my
situation; yet I must inform you, that if you expect from
it that I should favour your addresses, believe me, you will
be mistaken; for I will never consent to any request, that
may injure my father's peace; nor will I drive you to ruin
on my account.

I have already kept this letter three days in my bosom,
without having had an opportunity of delivering it to
you. I was yesterday perusing your last billet in the garden,
when my father appeared in sight, and was close upon
me before I could recover myself. I instantly hurried it
into my bosom, he saw that my hand trembled, and noticed
my alarm, and insisted to see the paper, and had concealed.
I could not refuse, for resistance would have been ineffec-
tual. Luckily I had there a letter from a young lady, the
lady _____, who had made me the confidant of her secret
affection for the Lord B_____, I availed myself of the for-
tunate circumstance, and put it into my father's hand. He
chid me for such a foolish correspondence, and we walked
together to the house.

Adieu! but write to me no more. [To be continued.]

POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE MATCHLESS SHE.

WHEN from her looks, like darts of fire,
Love's arrows the let fly;
She filled my soul with soft desire,
I thought it was her eye.

When from her mouth, fell dulcet strains,
Where bees might honey sip,
'Twas then I thought I owed my chains,
To her sweet rosy lip.

But when she'd said, such ease, such grace,
As light his tripp'd'd was seen,
I gaz'd no longer on her face,
Caught by her air and mien.

When seen by chance her snowy breast,
Spoke the pure soul within,
Her eye forgot, my heart confess'd
Its conquest, by her skin.

But now I know nor neck nor face,
My bosom did enthrall,
'Twas wit, 'twas sense gave nameless grace,
And threw a charm o'er all.

Then let her speak, or look, or move,
Her captive I must be,
A nameless charm awakens love,
For the dear Matchless She.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

JACOB, THE PARRICIDE.

ADDRESSED TO *****

BLEAK was the wind, and dark the night,
When Jacob pinch'd by hunger and by cold,
At *****'s door his tale of sorrow told
On him the door was shut—but it was right.

Deep was the snow, tempestuous blew the wind,
When Jacob hungry, faint, helpless and poor,
Ragged and cold, wander'd from door to door;
But none to Jacob would assistance lend.

Cold was the stone, where Jacob laid his head,
Briek blew the wind and biting was the frost;
Upon the wretch a drift of snow was cast;
And in the morn, poor Jacob was found dead.

Hot is the hell, where Jacob now is burning,
Ah! think of this good *****—ponder well;
Remember these for Parricides a hell;
Remember this I say, take timely warning.

Feb. 17, 1803.

CHARON.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ON A RETIR'D LIFE.

FREE from the cares which every soul perplex,
No doubts to rack me, and no cares to vex;
To fame a stranger, and from wealth remote,
A foe to pleasure, and a friend to thought.

Far from the vain unthinking heedless throng,
Through life's still vale I silent steal along,
Where lists enthron'd in awful state sublime,
The God of Nature and the God of Time.

There rapt to future times, I thoughtful trace,
A lov'ly reign's mercy, and a favour's grace;
I'll thankful praise attend my glowing breast,
And sublime speaks where language is suppress.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ALFRED GILBERT & DEAN,
IF you will insert the following REBUS, you will oblige
AMICUS.

THE name of an island, that's famous for wine,
And a fruit that is pleasant, contain'd in a rind;
The person who first over woman prevail'd,
And the matron who first in duty that fail'd;
The vessel of reptiles, that ever was seen,
And that which often concealed has been;
The season of life best fitted for love,
For connections then made most durable prove.
The initials of thic it you please to parade,
Express the best quality in a fair maid.

A solution is requested.

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

DEVOTED TO

MORALITY, LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, THE FINE ARTS, AGRICULTURE, &c. &c.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

To soar aloft on Fancy's wing,
And bathe in HELENA'S frying;
Cull every flower with careful hand,
And strew them o'er our native land.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP.—No. XXI.

Non ego mendosus ausus id fessere mores.

TO THE GOSSIP.

I ADDRESS you, Mr. GOSSIP, under very distressing circumstances, hoping it will be in your power to point out some course, expedient for me to pursue, which will render my situation in a degree happier. I shall therefore, without further introduction, relate simple facts. I am a young woman of twenty, which is considered by the world in general to be an age when we have some degree of judgment, and consequently ought to have an opinion of our own.

I had the happiness, about two years since, to become acquainted with a young man nearly of my own age, who in my eyes had every virtue that was requisite for complete happiness in the married life. Fortunately I appeared no less agreeable to him; but on acquainting my father with our mutual passion and wishing for his blessing, he declared his disapprobation of the morals, and indeed the general character of my friend. For a year we were separated, and closely observed for fear of any clandestine intercourse, (which greatly wounded my pride.) At the close of that time we were permitted to see each other, and our passions being not in the least abated, with my father's consent, I received him as my acknowledged Lover; for a little time he was treated with politeness, but of late all politeness, all attention is laid aside, and rudeness, and disrespect, have taken their place. The reasons which are produced as an excuse for this conduct, is the young man's poverty and want of business—My situation is all before you Mr. GOSSIP, and you can imagine what my feelings are to see the man whom I love, and respect, continually mortified with reflections from one whom it would be his greatest pride to honor and respect. If you can think of any course for me to pursue that will alleviate my misery, by communicating it in your next number, you will oblige

HENRIETTA MILDNESS.

THAT *Henrietta's* situation is extremely embarrassing, I can readily conceive; and I most truly commiserate her sufferings, but unless I was fully acquainted with the characters of all parties, it is impossible for me to advise—it is a very delicate point to interfere, between parents and children—nor ought it ever to be done, but by those who from an intimate knowledge of all circumstances, and long habits of friendly intercourse in the family, are capable of forming an accurate judgment of the fit and proper, on every side. I confess her case, as stated in her letter, appears a very hard one, but when I reflect, that on the very first discovery of the affection subsisting between herself and lover, her father expressed his disapprobation of his morals and general character, I cannot suppose that there were some grounds for the prohibition which followed. He might afterwards, imagine he had been mistaken, and tenderness for his child might prompt him to permit addresses his better judgment did not altogether approve. Upon a nearer acquaintance with this young man, his former fears for the happiness of his daughter might revive, and that added to his total want of any regular employment, or any apparent means to support a family, have made him wish to prevent a union which portended nothing but infelicity. That a young woman of twenty years old ought to have an opinion of her own, I allow; but what young woman of twenty, who either is, or imagines herself in love, is capable of forming an unprejudiced opinion? It often happens, that what her reasonable friends would think *obstinacy*, she herself may dignify with the name of *constancy*. I can only advise *Henrietta*, to discontinue her intercourse with her lover for a short period: it will give him from mortification, oblige her parents, and allow herself time to investigate her own heart maturely; and scrutinize the

conduct of the man, who, at present, she imagines to be necessary in her happiness. His poverty and want of employment proceeds from inactivity of mind, and native indolence; she may dread a life of embarrassment, humiliation, and accumulated hardships. If he is a man of loose morals, she may believe a union with him would plunge her into unspeakable misery. Poverty is an evil which soon extinguishes the flame of love, or at least, throws so much bitterness upon it, that it languishes, and scarce emits warmth enough to keep the heart from freezing.—And vice, like an over-bearing torrent, breaks down every barrier, sweeps away every vestige of affection, that once existed, and having rendered the lacerated bosom desolate, leaves only the remembrance of the anguish its wild ravages occasioned.

TO THE GOSSIP.

MR. GOSSIP,

I SUSPECT the piece in your 16th number, signed "Timothy Downright" is from my husband. I am sure of it, from every circumstance. To be even with the clownish old hunk, (excuse me sir, I am in a pet,) I will tell the public my reason for exchanging liberty and affluence, for the slavish bonds of matrimony and poverty. I have never yet reproached him with squandering away the fortune which I brought him; nor would I now expose him, had not he half exposed himself.

But my motive—aye the motive, that is the point. My dear Mr. GOSSIP, I married him to avoid the hateful appellation of—let me whisper—of an Old Maid.

DEBBY DOWNRIGHT.

IF Mrs. *Downright* was so weak as to exchange liberty and affluence for *Downright* and poverty, from no other motive than to avoid the appellation of an "old maid." I am not surpris'd at this. *Old* happens either herself or spouse experiences. She has put herself and property in his power; and since *conscience* not *affection*, incited to what I call a foolish act, she now acts wisely in bearing the consequence without reproach.

I give the following letter a place, because there is a certain whimsicality and originality about it, which will divert many. I will just remark, that however *Milton* may have dignified his fallen angels, I can never be of opinion that Spirits who were banished Heaven for their pride, envy, and discontent, could live in harmony, in the regions of torment, to which their beauteous passions had precipitated them. As to the legion of evil spirits sent into the herd of swine, if we consider whose voice it was that commanded them to depart, and recollect that even the devils believe and tremble, we shall not be surpris'd at their implicit and unanimous obedience.

TO THE GOSSIP.

SIR,

IN your essay on matrimony, which appeared in the 16th number of the *Weekly Magazine*, you have advanced an idea new to me. Speaking in the miseries of unfortunate marriages, you say "the parties resemble the fallen Angels, for we are expressly told their chief, nay, their only delight, is to torment each other." You do not quote the scriptures, but I presume you rely on them, for your authority. Now Sir, I take the freedom to tell you, that I suspect you are in this instance too liberal. I do not recollect any text of Scripture, upon which I can suppose you founded your opinion, of the dreadful depravity of the spiritual apostles alluded to. I have not time at present to search, and therefore appeal to your candor and goodness, to point me directly to the authority you had in view, when you made the assertion. I say, Sir, you appear too liberal, because I doubt whether the miserable pair, (made so by their own mutual folly; and upbraidings,) have even the authority of the devil himself to support them: He may teach them by *precept*, to cherish the seeds of animosity, and give them lessons upon domestic jarings; but I believe he is clear of the guilt of enforcing them by *example*. Some one has said,

Bad as he is, the devil may be obeyed,
Be falsely charged and cautiously accused;
When men unwilling to be blamed alone,
Shift off on him, the crimes which are their own.

That you have from politeness to the Ladies or Gentlemen, wronged him or his associates, I will not positively

say; because it is possible you may yet satisfy me, and dispell my doubt. When the devil and his host, were commanded to depart from among the tombs, our Saviour asked his name; his name it seems was Legion, for they were many; but notwithstanding their numbers, there was a union, a mutual good understanding, which really did the devils honor; for when we compare their former dwelling with the one now presented before them, we are astonish'd at their ready acceptance. To quit *man*, the noblest of animals, for swine, the filthiest, might well have caus'd debate, and given rise to dissent; but not a lip of discontent, or a word of mutual upbraidings; but all as one, took possession of their new and miserable dwelling. Where among men can such an instance of unanimity be found? What a lesson of mutual forbearance, and patience, does this piece of sacred history afford us? But it is not from the authority of the scriptures alone, that I should refuse the married pair an appeal to the conduct of the fallen Angels, in justification of their own; *Milton* says;

—Droil with devil damned
Firm concord holds, men only disagree.

And again, when Satan, the chief of the fallen powers, left his associates in hell, and set out on the perilous expedition to this, our (then unknown) world; his unhappy fellow spirits are represented by *Milton*, as anxiously employed to mitigate their own, and each others sorrows. Some seek the hills, and losing themselves in mighty thought, forget their pains; others retire to a valley, and tuning their lutes, the ravishing sounds "suspend the pains of hell itself, and seized with rapture the thronging audience." In short, the devils themselves, as amusing themselves, and each other, in various ways, and leads us to suppose, that a solemn sympathy diffused itself through the whole infernal kingdom; and that every heart, though oppressed with sorrow, eagerly sought means to lighten the general load of woe. Such a picture is eminently calculated to excite our tender feelings, and to awake our pity; and such is its effect upon me, Sir, that I am afraid to proceed; the fallen Angels appear less infamous, less abandoned, than when I began. I am not the devil's friend; but if our all-wise and bountiful Creator, has thought fit to afford us useful lessons from our greatest enemy, and made it possible for us to learn virtues, even from the devil himself; to what depth of depravity are we fur'd, if we suffer them to pass unimproved?

Tours, LEVI.

THE GOSSIP requests *George Augustus Topington*, Esq. to send for his elaborate epistle, as it may be of service to him, on the approaching first of April—a day which has been, time immemorial, dedicated to, and celebrated by, all Fools.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE ITINERANT—No. XIII.

— "Tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonize at every pore." POPE.

AMONG the many sources of unhappiness and vexation, may be reckoned superfluity of refinement, or delicacy carried to excess. Sensibility may be rendered so exquisitely tender, by the fostering hand of luxurious nicety, as to shrink with horror from the most trifling inconveniences;—"irritable by the smallest aperity, and vulnerable by the gentlest touch." He that has been habituated from childhood to particular exactness in his person, his dress, and his food, will, on his entrance into the wide world, find himself surrounded by innumerable vexations, and harassed by unceasing difficulties, which those, whose education has been less soft and refined, would hardly perceive, or think worthy of regard.

It is possible, that delicacy of refinement may be so cultivated, as to render even pleasure disgusting. The few bitter particles which float in the purest cup of delight, may, to an exquisite taste, embitter the whole draught.—This quickness of sensibility naturally produces peevishness and disquietude: The gloomy side of every object presents itself to view; every occurrence brings with it dissatisfaction, and every anticipation is succeeded by disappointment.

The manner in which the wealthy generally bring up

their children, is often the foundation of future misery.—Accustomed to every elegance and every luxury, they are ignorant of the numerous ills which are scattered through human life. They are taught to expect the gratification of every hope, success in every pursuit, uninterrupted prosperity, and a life without care, without anxiety, and without trouble. Thus unprepared for combat, they become fit objects for the shafts of fortune. Unable to face adversity, they fall easy victims, and sink under the pressure of petty misfortunes; while the nervous sons of hardship, accustomed to difficulties, and prepared for the encounter, bear up with firmness against adverse fortune, or learn by prudence and circumspection to avoid the attack.

How often do we see the fair, who has been educated in the tenderest manner, and habituated to every indulgence, from parents, whose excessive fondness "permitted not even the winds of heaven to visit her face too roughly,"—reduced to misery and want. Captivated by the gaiety of some fashionable spark, she flies to his arms with all the ardor of romance; and a year or two of extravagance and folly, leaves them bankrupts in love, reputation, and estate. Education neither affords them means of supporting their diffidencies, nor of emerging to prosperity.

That life abounds with ills, and that we are daily subjected to misfortune, few seem to be informed: that it is our interest to be prepared to meet them, and early taught to surmount them, must appear reasonable to every one. It is therefore necessary to our happiness, that we divest ourselves of those extreme sensibilities and refinements, which add to the misery of life, and increase our portion of terrestrial unhappiness. H.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

RELIGION AND ITS MINISTERS.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

OF all the improprieties of this age of reason, none has ultimately a more fatal tendency than the practice of speaking with levity of Religion and its Ministers in the presence of children.

It is to this levity used in conversation on Religion before Children, that may be attributed the host of irreligious characters that now exist, and who by their example, expressed both in conduct and writing, lead others into the paths of vice and ruin. From this source also mult have originated that sect of Philosophers now deluging the world with their sacrilegious doctrines, endeavoring to exchange the established order of society for one more natural, less guided by reason and tempered by Religion, and which will remove every obstacle to the gratification of their unhallowed desires. Religion should never be spoken of before children but with the most reverential awe, and its duties should be enforced on them with the strictest care. But it is to be lamented that the present age is not less distinguished for a violation of these rules, than for the number of its wild adventures in theory, all having a tendency to undermine the basis of Religion, to destroy morality, and on the ruins thereof to erect the banners of infidelity and immorality. In many instances, Religion is spoken of not only with levity, but mournful to tell, with disapprobation.—It is condemned as a mark for villains, and its Professors are denounced as Hypocrites. Its ordinances are either totally neglected, or attended to without the respect due to them, without animation and without love. It is hoped and believed that this spirit in our country, is not very extensive.—Where it does exist, for a proof of its insidious nature, it is only necessary to look at the characters of the people.

The Philosophy of the day has made it fashionable to suppose that one person ought not to be influenced by the doctrines of another, when these doctrines are contrary to his reason; for it is alleged as a reason in favor of this supposition, that we are all mortals and liable alike to error of opinion. It is readily conceded, that we are all mortals and liable alike to error of opinion, when the latter is drawn from the same views, and by persons of the same education; but it is by no means conceded, that the person who reasons from *Revelation*, should not have an influence over those who reason from *impulse*. Our reason must be brought into subjection to this, and whoever adheres to its principles in the exercise of their reasoning powers, are entitled to a paramount influence on society. It is from envious and illiterate persons, whose pride induces them to contend on this point, that proceeds the abuse of Ministers complained of.

Among other indirect sarcasms on the Ministers of Religion, which proceed from low and unoccupied minds, are numbered the following:—If in describing a man's character, in order to do him justice, it is said "He is a very Religious and devout man;" another will remark, "He

must be good then;" and on the same occasion another will say, "there are other men who do not profess to be pious, equally useful to society, and possessing all the moral and social virtues in a degree equal with the man who is so Religious and devout."—Again, if a person makes an observation, and informs the company that for its authenticity he has the word of a Clergyman, another will facetiously reply, "Oh then, I suppose you think it cannot be untrue," and another sneering remark is, "Clergymen are like all other men, liable to the same errors and vices; subject to the same irritability of temper; possessing no more command over themselves than is common to mankind in general, and are therefore not entitled to any more notice."

Aburd and ridiculous to excess as these puerile means are, they have weight on young minds, who are apt from them to draw the conclusion, that Ministers are some inferior order of Beings, existing only to supply tea-table chat, and for the sport of fools. First principles are not easily eradicated.—It will therefore be seen, that such opinions formed in young minds, on the most respectable class of men in the community, cannot but be extremely injurious to the rising generation.

These expressions I acknowledge, are often spoken in convivial moments, intending no harm, and often too by persons who respect and honor the Clergy; but their weight on young minds, who are, and ought to be in the habit of believing all their parents say, is not in consequence thereof lessened.

It was never believed nor advocated, that the Clergy have more of immortality about them, or that they are more infallible in their doctrines, than any other class of learned men. This would be preposterous reasoning:—But the solemn dignity of their office, demands at all times a regular and consistent conduct, and an abstinence from the indulgencies common to other men, and even from some, which in their nature, are innocent and harmless. With these demands, as a body, they have ever complied, (when we consider the frailty of man's nature) in an astonishingly unexceptionable manner. They are distinguished far above all others, for the peaceable and quiet tenor of their lives, the purity and usefulness of which, united with the very respectable talents which they in general possess, one would suppose, might preserve them from the attacks of unprincipled slanders, and from the wretched victimhood of the knave:—Certainly no man has let examples to society so well calculated to promote its good as they have; and no men, after a long life of usefulness, appear so calm and resigned, may cheerful, at the approach of death! Thus, by the magnanimity of their exit, sanctioning the pure principles of Religion, which it had been the labor and the pleasure of their lives to inculcate. Children, therefore should be taught to respect them, as men from whom they are to learn the Religious, Moral and Social Duties of life. No unmeaning censure should be pointed towards them, if it must be at all, in the presence of children;—because this is not only forming an unfavourable prejudice against the Clergy simply, but it lessens their influence in promulgating the great truths of Christianity. Thus, the bad effects of speaking with levity of the Clergy, may be traced even to a future life, for people will not regard the doctrines of men whom they have been accustomed to behold only in the light of ridicule, and perhaps when they forsake a particular Minister, in consequence of seeing him thus represented, they forsake Religion also. They are indeed to be pitied, who cause such a revolution in the mind of man, for on their heads will fall his blood. MENTOR.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.
ON CALUMNY.

HOW conscious are the inhabitants of the world we live in, and so given to censure are the sons and daughters of men, that it is almost a miracle for a person to avoid the calumny of busy bodies, be their words and actions ever so pure and perfect:—slander will rear her detested head and say something to their disadvantage; were such persons who are given to this disservice, to spare but a few moments from their darling favourite, and apply them to recollection, how detested would their conduct appear, (even in their own eyes, were they persons of understanding) for how cruel is it in any person to sport with the good name of any one, and defame their character, when it may be the only solid foundation they had to build their future prospects on. Let such persons consider the irreparable injury they may do any fair one, by spreading reports injurious to her reputation, which if once gone, and the lady but a slender fortune, what reparation can the defamer make, who has already destroyed and blasted her good name, and perhaps her virtue—the most inestimable gem in her possession.

My fair young friends, let not that hated fiend enter into any of your minds to defame and foul it, but rather, when you hear any thing to the disadvantage of any person, endeavour to shew by your silence, your contempt of the defamer, or generously undertake the defence of the absent: for that person who will scandalize any absent person in your presence, in all probability, in another company, may speak ill of you. S. T.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

FRIENDSHIP—A SIMILE.

IMAGINE an aged oak rearing its expod head alone on a barren hill—the rough blast whistles through its worn-out limbs; the battering hail beats forcefully against its side; long it has braved the raging elements; long magnanimously withstood their fury.—but its strength now fails—exhausted and fatigued, with no friendly wood in part to screen it from the blasting storm—it groans a while beneath its fury, until at length, its body and its branches are severed and dispersed by the all-sweeping power of Heaven's electric ball.—So is it with friendship's Man—the darkly-rolling waves of adversity incessant rush against him—the clouds, as bleak and rough they roll along the sky of sorrow, emit their sulphureous flames on his devoted head; amazed he stands—no friendly arm appears to rescue him from the roaring cataraet of ruin—prone falls the wretched creature, and sinks amidst the whirling waves, to rise no more! AMICUS.

USEFUL.

A SPUR TO FEMALE INDUSTRY.

IN Poland, the women of middling condition are not allowed to marry, till they have wrought, with their own hands, three baskets full of cloths, which they are obliged to present to their guests, who attend them on their wedding-day.

CURE FOR THE CANCER.

Extract of a letter from the Rev. ELI FORBES, describing the salutary effect of DOCK ROOT on a CANCER.

WHEN the application was begun, Mrs. Forbes' Cancer was as large as a common tea cup, and the cavity would hold as much. It was lined with a black morbid coat; the discharge was very copious, ichorous, and fetid to a very high degree. She had a high symptomatic fever, extreme pain, and such weakness that she could not stand alone. But on the third dressing there was a material alteration for the better; and on the fifth, mortiferous matter began to disappear, and new flesh succeeded. Her pains went off; her fever abated; her appetite returned; and her strength recovered. The process of the application is the following:—

Take the narrow curled leaved dock root; wash it clean; boil it soft in rain or spring water. Wash the ulcer with this decoction as warm as the patient can bear; and fill the cavity with liquor for ten minutes. Then scrape off the pulp of the root; bruise it fine; spread it on gauze, and lay it on so as to bring the poultice in contact with every part of the ulcer. Then spread a fine cloth, dipped in the liquor over it; and repeat this process two or three times in 24 hours. At each dressing the patient should drink a wine glass full of tea of the same root, with one third of a glass of port wine, sweetened with honey, to prevent laxness. *Port. Gaz.*

AMUSING.

ORIGIN OF PEARLS.

MANY have been the conjectures of both ancient and modern writers concerning the production of pearls. Some have supposed them to proceed from a disease of the fish; and what is seems to be a great similarity between them, and is to be found in crabs, called crabs-eyes, which are formed near the stomach of the animal, and serve as a reservoir of calcareous matter against the forming of a new shell, at which time they are dissolved, and deposited for that purpose. As the internal part of the shell of the pearl, oyster, or muscle, consists of mother pearl, which resembles the material of pearl, and as the animal has annual occasion to enlarge his shell, there is reason to suspect that the loose pearls are similar reservoirs of the pearly matter for that purpose. The fish, in which the pearls are found, is much larger than the common oyster, and is called *concha margaritifera*. It abounds on the coast of Persia, near Ormus, about Capé Cormorin, and on the coast of the island of Ceylon. The oriental pearls are most valued on account of their largeness, colour, and beauty; but pearls are caught in the seas of the East-Indies, in those of America, and in some parts of Europe. At the commencement of the season, which is in March and April, and again in August and September, there appear frequently two

four hundred and fifty bars on the banks; in the larger Art two divers; in the smaller, one. Each bar puts off from the shore before sunrise, by a land-breeze which never fails, and returns again by a sea-breeze, which succeeds at noon. As soon as the harks have arrived at the place where the fish lie, and have cast anchor, each diver binds a stone under his body, which is to serve him as ballast, and prevent his being driven away by the motion of the water, and also to enable him to walk more readily among the waves. Besides this, they tie another heavy stone to one foot, in order to sink them to the bottom of the sea; and as the oysters adhere strongly to the rocks, they arm their fingers with leather gloves, or take an iron-rack to displace them with. Lastly, each diver carries with him a large net, tied to his neck by a long cord, the other end of which is fastened to the side of the bark. The net or sack is intended to hold the oysters he may collect, and the cord is to pull him up by, when his bag is full or when he wants air. Thus equipped, he precipitates himself, sometimes above sixty feet under water. As he has no time to lose, as soon as he arrives at the bottom, he begins to tear the oysters off the rocks, and cram them into his bucket. At whatever depth the divers are, the light is sufficient for them to see what passes around them, and sometimes, to their great consternation, they behold monstrous fishes, from whose jaws they can escape only by mudding the water, and concealing themselves by that means; although this artifice will not always save them from falling a prey to those formidable enemies. The best divers will remain under water near half an hour, during which time they hold their breath, without the use of oils, acquiring the habit by long practice; but the exertion is so violent, as generally to shorten the lives of those who repeat it frequently. Besides this method of diving, there is a way of defending in a diving bell, so contrived as to be replenished often with fresh air, by means of air-barrels, which are let up and down by ropes.

The poor men, who encounter these dangers for a livelihood, do not consider how trifling the value of the pearls is in itself, but what great advantages they can gain by the risk. Single pearls have been sold for immense sums of money. Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, wore one as an earring, that Pliny has estimated at eighty thousand pounds sterling. The real value of pearls and diamonds is small, because they do not contribute to the support or comfort of the life of man; but while people of fortune will lavish great sums upon such insignificant things, there will always be found people, whose necessities will impel them to obtain them at the risk of their lives.

BARBAROUS CEREMONY.

A LETTER received by the Earl Howe, from Bengal, of the 23d January, says, the following relation of the most barbarous ceremony that lately took place in Gungar Saugar, and to which Mr. BARTLETT, a Branch Pilot, with some other Europeans were eye witnesses, appears unparalleled in the annals of history. Being at Gungar Saugar, with some other pilots the last full moon, and hearing that some extraordinary absurdities were to be performed among the Faquirs of that port, among others such as persuading the ignorant natives to go into the water to be devoured by the sharks.—Mr. BARTLETT, with his party went to the place, from curiosity, where these cruelties were to be exercised, and witnessed these facts, that several men and women, at the instigation of the Faquirs, were made to throw themselves into the river amidst innumerable sharks that were seen floating upon the water, which almost immediately devoured these unfortunate victims of superstition; and particularly mentions, that a man, remarkably strong on being attacked, seemed to set the shark at defiance, and had a long struggle with his antagonist, till others came up and dispatched him. Mr. BARTLETT, upon hearing that a young boy was to be sacrificed in the same manner, was desirous, if possible to rescue him, and waited till late in the evening, in hopes of performing this act of humanity; but suspicions arising among the barbarous Faquirs that such an attempt might be made, put it out of Mr. BARTLETT's power to effect it, by secreting him. This horrid practice, it appears, takes place twice a year, in the months of February and November, about the time of the full moon.—*London P.*

DEAF AND DUMB.

SOME interesting experiments have been lately made in the Deaf and Dumb Institute at Paris, to ascertain whether the impressions made on the deaf and dumb, by the firing of cannon, the ringing of bells, &c. were produced merely by the violent concussions of the air. The experiments made by Citizen BEYER, on this subject, leave no doubt respecting this problem. Of one person, it was observed, that a single tone made no impression upon him, and it is necessary to repeat it several times before he was fen-

sible of it, and able to distinguish it; from which it was inferred, that it would be necessary for this young man to learn to hear, as persons born blind, who recover their sight by a surgical operation, must gradually learn to see and distinguish objects.

THE MISERS.—Mr. Guy, who was the founder of the noble hospital that bears his name in the borough of Southwark, was so remarkable for his private parsimony as his public munificence. He invariably dined alone, and a soiled proof-sheet, or old newspaper, was his constant substitute for a table cloth. It is recorded of him, that as he was one winter evening, sitting in his room meditating over a handful of half-lighted embers, confined within the narrow precincts of a brick stove, and without any candle, a person who came to inquire for him was introduced, and after the first compliments were passed, and the guest requested to take a seat, Mr. Guy, lighted a farthing candle, which lay on the table by him, and desired to know the purpose of the gentleman's visit. The visitor was the famous Vulture Hopkins, immortalized by Pope, in these lines:

*"When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend,
The wretch that lives, saw'd a candle's end, &c.*

"I have been told, (said Hopkins) that you, sir, are better versed in the prudent and necessary art of saving, than any man now living; I therefore wait upon you for a lesson of frugality; an art, in which I used to think I excelled, but am told by all who know you, that you are greatly my superior."—"And is that all you came about, (said Guy) why then we can talk this matter over in the dark." So saying, he, with deliberation, extinguished his new-lighted farthing candle. Struck with this instance of economy, Hopkins rose up, acknowledged himself convinced of the others superior thrift, and took his leave.—*Lon. pap.*

HAT AND WIG.

A FELLOW walking down Snow Hill, London, on a sultry summer evening, observed an old gentleman without his hat, panting and leaning on a post, and courteously asked him what was the matter. "Sir, (said the old man,) an impudent rascal, has just snatched my hat off, and ran away with it. I have run after him, but have quite lost my breath, and cannot, if my life depended on it, go a step farther." "What not a step farther," says the fellow, "Not a single step," returned the other. "Well, then by Jupiter, I must have your wig," and immediately he snatched the fellow's hat, and was out of sight in a minute.—*Ibid.*

Pope, the celebrated Poet, being in company one evening with a party, where the conversation took a most unaccountable turn upon the mean appearance and deformity of many great personages in former ages, with minds the most accomplished, many anecdotes were brought forward, and some farcisms, which POPE taking to himself, he remained silent, till being called on for an opinion, he observed, "From all I have heard and read, I have but one remark to make, which is—" it is He that made us, and not we ourselves, which is—He ever satisfied my mind with regard to myself." On which the conversation instantly took a more lively turn.

A gentleman having appointed to meet his friend on particular business, went to the house and knocked at the door, which was opened by a servant girl.—He informed her he wanted her master. "He is gone out Sir," says she. "Then your mistress will do," said the gentleman, "She," said the girl, "is gone out too."—"My business is of consequence," returned he, "is your master's son at home?"—"No, Sir," replied the girl, "he is gone out."—"That's unlucky indeed," returned he, "but perhaps it may not be long before they return; I will step in and sit by the fire."—"Oh, Sir," said the girl, "the fire is gone out too." Upon which the gentleman bade her inform her master that, "he did not expect to be received so coolly."

ANECDOTE OF AN ENGLISH SAILOR.

PRICE MAURICE, in an engagement with the Spaniards, took 24 prisoners, one of which was G. Haslewood an Englishman. The Prince ordered eight of them to be hanged, to retaliate a like sentence passed by Archduke Albert upon the same number of Hollanders. The fate of the unhappy victims was to be determined by drawing lots.—The Englishman, who had the good fortune to escape, seeing a Spaniard express the strongest horror when it came to his turn to put his hand into the helmet, offered, for twelve crowns to stand his chance. The offer was accepted, and he was so fortunate as to escape a second time. Upon being called fool-hardy for so presumptuously tempting his fate, he said, he thought he acted prudently; for, as he daily hazarded his life for six-pence, he must have made a good bargain in venturing it for twelve crowns!

REMARK.—We are never made so ridiculous by the qualities we have, as by those which we affect to have.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Mrs. W. P.'s excellent "Lett. to a young Man, on his entrance into life," adapted to the peculiar circumstances of the present times, are now in the press of S. Edwards, and will shortly be published by Samuel H. Parker. It is a book which every parent should put into the hands of his son, every guardian present to his ward.

THEATRE.

On Monday, for the benefit of Miss Potter, a comedy, never performed here, called the English Merchant; with the new grand Pantomime Entertainment, of Harlequin Freemason, and a large variety of other entertainments.—On Wednesday, for the benefit of Mr. Barrett; on Friday, Mrs. Harper's.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Alcon's Lines to Miss A. B. shall appear. Communication from R. S. in incorrect language, and worse orthography.

T. W. M.'s pretty solution of the Riddle, in last Saturday's Centinel, shall have a place next week.

If John O'Humblee, will condescend to let us know what the design of his letter is, it will oblige us. We do not presume to depreciate his talents by saying it has no meaning—we only say we cannot find it out.

We thank our correspondents for several solutions of the Rebus in our last.

"The Dying Indian," by Zama, is in type. Several other favours shall be attended to next week.

A communication from Roxbury, was not received in season for this week.

The "Poor Youth," is requested to send to this Office for a letter.

MARRIAGES.

In Kennebec, Rev. Asa Piper, to Miss Sarah Little.—In Harvard, Mr. Josiah Whitney, to Miss Sally Puffer.—In Monmouth, Capt. Seth Stone, of New-Salem, to Mrs. Mary Hopkins. In Salem, Capt. Thomas Ashby, to Miss Hester Ashby; Mr. Benjamin Cox, to Miss Sally Smith.—In Newbury, Mr. Samuel Coffin, to Miss Lydia Noyes. In Boston, Mr. Samuel Waters, to Miss Betty Eunion;

DEATHS.

In Biddeford, Benjamin Hooper, Esq. *Æt.* 82. In Haverhill (M.) Mrs. Mary Bradley, *Æt.* 27. In Reading, Mr. John Emerson, *Æt.* 71. In Hingham, Mrs. Ruth Cushing, *Æt.* 68. In Worcester, Mr. Samuel Woodburn, *Æt.* 80. In Dorchester, Mr. John Jenkins, of Boston, *Æt.* 34. In Salem, Mrs. Huldah Peabody, *Æt.* 24. In Newburyport, Mr. Somerby Chafe, *Æt.* 50. In Salisbury, Mrs. Elizabeth Carr, wife of Mr. Daniel C. *Æt.* 20. In Weston, Mr. Enoch Harrington, *Æt.* 20. In Lisbon, about the 1st Feb. Thomas Buckley, Esq. He left six children, each of whom he willed 230 dollars in specie. In Stockbridge, Miss Desire Nash, *Æt.* 65; for 19 years past she has been infirm. In Williamstown, Hon. David Noble, Esq.

In our last, we announced the death of Joseph Prince, Esq. at Freeport, whose house took fire in the night. Himself, wife and three children, escaped naked into the street; but anxious to save their two children yet in the house, he pressed back into the chamber where they were in bed, but the room underneath being completely on fire, they all three fell through the floor, and all that was heard of them, after this, was their screams, in the midst of the flames, where no human aid could be afforded them! What must have been the feelings of a beloved wife and mother, who was an ear and eye witness to this truly melancholy scene!

In Boston, for this week, there have been but four deaths, ending yesterday.

LOTTERY BUSINESS.

THE third class of South-Hadley Canal Lottery, commences drawing in June. The dispatch and punctuality of the Managers of this Lottery, have placed it high in public confidence—two rival companies being formed to purchase what tickets remain unsold after a certain period.—Tickets at 5 ds. halves 2 50, and quarters 1 25, for sale by GILBERT & DEAN, at the Lottery and Magazine Office, No. 56, State-Street, where the Prizes of the 2d class will be published on Monday next. The Prize tickets of former classes taken in pay for tickets in the 3d.

Also, for sale, A general assortment of Commercial Blank's; Trial of Friendship, a beautiful novel; Jefferson's Notes on Virginia, with a portrait, price 1 dl. 25 cents; Hindu Philosopher, and the Peasant's Fate; Specimens of Republican Institutions; Aphorisms on Man; the Art of Preserving Health, by John Armstrong, M. D.; Blunt's Practical Navigator and Coast Pilot; Wallis's Mercantile Arithmetic; Park on Insurance; and several Pamphlets, &c.

POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.
AN HYPOTHESIS.

LAST night unpleasing visions round my head,
In horror clad, their baleful influence spread!
Spectres most ghastly rose before my view,
And every moment more tremendous grew!
Appall'd! I shudder'd at the fearful sight,
And blest the beam of slow returning light.

Say, sacred Muse, whence the portentous dream,
When, lost to reason, the rapt senses fell?
Might not the foul imprison'd in her cell,
On some seraphic prelibation dwell?
When her career a short suspension knows,
Why seeks she thus to add to human woes?
Why not expanded on celestial wings,
Of future hopes, in strains immortal sing?
Why not delight to give the burst of thought,
With all the treasure'd stores of wisdom fraught?

Reflection luminous darts o'er my mind,
And reason, harbinging of light design'd,
Throws back the clouds, and with pervading ray,
Pours from her orb illimitable day.
Reflection as a mental mine appears,
And industry its golden treasures shares,
Come then, investigation hither bend,
And let refulgent truth unveil'd defend.

The foul encumber'd by her mists of clay
Stoops—reason faith—through the revolving day
To the debasing claims of earth born care,
And in each wayward passion takes her share,
To various offices perforce submits,
Now stands, now walks, and now inactive sits:

But when deep sleep enwraps the body round,
No longer by these clay forg'd fetters bound,
Glad of the respite—free from every load,
She speeds away to some divine abode,
On outstretch'd wing renews her latent fires,
And freely in her native air inspires.

And, as attraction sways the natural world,
Or dire confusion o'er our globe were hurl'd:
So, by some secret law, as yet untaught,
Back to her post, the fugitive is brought—
Compell'd, her well known functions she resumes,
Gleams in the eye, and in the features blooms;
Nor can th' unrolled senses greet the day,
'Till animated by her genial ray:
And, mid the broken slumbers of the night,
A viewless instant points her rapid flight.

But while abroad, the deathless wand'rer strays,
A thousand giddy gambols fully plays,
The breast a theatre of sport becomes,
Where each buffoon his mimic part assumes,
Fantastic frights the motley scenes display,
While mirthful fancies, unreserv'dly gay,
Laughs as the paints—till baleful spectres rise,
And a dark group th' infernal fiend supplies:
Then passions all tumultuous swell the breast,
Affluating the fair hours of rest.

Alternate visions thus chaotic rise,
Now sink us low—then mount us to the skies:

But when our guard an angel deigns to fill,
The empty void—and heavenly truths instill,
Visions seraphic flit before our sight
Cherubic forms enrob'd in spotless white,
Successive images of bliss arise,
'Till the returning spirit ardent sighs,
For that celestial world, her native home,
Where joys eternal shall unceasing bloom.

HONORA MARTELSA.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.
SOLUTION OF THE REBUS IN THE LAST
MAGAZINE.

MADEIRA's an Island that's famous for wine,
And Orange a fruit that's contain'd in a rind;
'Twas the Devil that first over woman prevail'd,
And Eve the first martyr in duty that fail'd;
A Serpent's the horrible reptile you mean,
And Treason's what often concealed has been;
Our Youth is the season best fitted for love,
For connexions then made, the most durable prove.
The initials of these if you please to parade,
You'll find the word MODESTY fairly portray'd.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

TASTE AND FASHION.

SAYS Fashion to Taste, I am strangely perplex'd,
For nothing to please me you bring;
With whims and with changes forever I'm vex'd,
And fill Fancy is wild on the wing!

I've invented all things that caprice can devise,
I have mingled all colours; and fill
The leaders of Fashion my fancy delight,
And, in ridicule, laugh at my skill.

I have dress'd and undress'd the fair nymphs of the land,
I have shewn ev'ry charm they possess;
Like their grandmother, Eve, I have led the gay band,
And, like Venus, have taught them to blest.

And 'tis therefore they scorn you, cried Taste with a smile,
You have left them no charms to display;
When I led the blithe phalanx, I taught them the while,
To be sparing and decent, tho' gay.

I told them that beauty when seen by all eyes,
Would the proud charm of novelty lose;
And that he is most ardent who fearfully sighs,
She most happy, who learns to refuse.

Let the Daughters of Fashion, to truth lend an ear,
Let them hide the rich charms they possess:
And the tributes of Fame, at their feet fall appear,
And mankind shall their empire confess.
March 11, 1803.

JAMES.

The following was presented to a YOUNG LADY, who
asked the AUTHOR, what he would say of her, if he
were to write her

EPI TAPH.

HERE IS DEPOSITED,
all that was mortal
of

Miss _____

To graces of person nearly bordering on perfection,
she added,
a refined and highly cultivated understanding:
"her price was fair above Rubies."

For she was possessed of all the merits of that character
which the wisest of men
has declared most difficult to be found—
A Virtuous Woman.

Her external form and internal excellence,
presented an assemblage of accomplishments
which strongly impressed
in the hearts of all that beheld her
that great and divine truth,
that a beautiful and virtuous Woman
is second only to Angels.

But
the solemn records of mortality,
while they pay the tribute due to virtues,
ought to make an impartial sacrifice to failings
at the shrine of truth.

This excellent and accomplished Woman,
as if to convince us
that absolute perfection both of person and mind
is not to be obtained
in this frail state of mortal probation,
had lost a TOOTH.

THE NOVELIST.

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

[Continued from page 84.]

LETTER VII.

From CHARLES WALLER, to FRANCES CROMWELL.

PENETRATED with the most lively sense of gratitude
for your last favour, permit me once more to take up your
attention for a few moments. Let me endeavour to pre-
vail upon you to recall the cruel sentence you have passed,
commanding me not to write to you again. It is obscuring
the only ray of comfort that is left to guide me through
the misfortunes of this world,—and, after what you have
acknowledged, is calmly arming my desperate hand with
suicide,—or, worse, immuring me in the most dismal dun-
geon that wretchedness ever beheld; for such will be my
situation, if I be compelled to feed upon the bitterness of
my miseries, by keeping them to myself,

Besides, my dear Frances, (pardon my calling you so)
where is the criminality of relieving the distressed, when it

can be done by simply attending to the pathetic tale of
their woes? or in what does it consist? Surely common
charity will urge this as a duty, when it can be effected
without guilt. The world, if it could possibly hear of such
a commerce, might call it, in a person of your distinction,
inconfidence,—but inconfidence without vice is no crime; and
I am confident, though it might be reckoned a spot
here, it will assume a very different character in the light
of heaven.

O, Frances! what a situation I am doomed to fulfil!—
a situation in which I never can expect even tranquillity,
much less happiness; the only wish I have, is to pour
out my miseries to the attention of one who would hear
me with complacence, and yield me one sigh of pity:—
and this you have the cruelty to deny me.

Thrice happy they whom mutual affection hath joined
in early wedlock,—whose thoughts if w in the most de-
lightful union, and whose looks are illumined by the tran-
scendent sensations of reciprocal love—who never reflect
but upon past joys, and who look forward, with gratitude
to their Creator, to many succeeding days of delight!
What a state of delicious serenity must such experience!—
But I,—born to a different fortune, placed in a sphere
which only adds to my torment, cut off from the consolations
of parental kindness,—who have no friend whom I
can trust,—who never revolve the past occurrences of my
life but I awaken thoughts that rend my bosom with angu-
ish—and who dare not attempt to speculate upon futuri-
ty,—envy the hapless wretch who is chained to the galley,
and think his fate the most exalted felicity compared to my
own.—Bodily labour is the evil eye he has to contend
with; it may fatigue but it gives no anxiety to the mind.
—It affords him a relish for his scanty meal, and makes his
bed of straw superior to softest down. The slave has no
pleasure above the gratification of sense, and consequently,
has no idea of intellectual misery.

I will honestly confess that I have more than once be-
held the happiness of others with a malignant eye, and
have sickened at the thought of seeing others in prosperity
while I was racked with such cruel sensations. I hope the
idea presents itself to every person in adversity; for I should
tremble to think myself alone capable of forming it. It is
the disposition of a demon to give way to it; and, what-
ever pangs I may endure in the attempt, this I am deter-
mined to overcome.—Horrid conception!—Why dost thou
haunt me thus?—What have I done, that I should be aban-
doned in this manner?—I have examined my conscience,
and have so far satisfaction, at least, as to say that I hope
and trust I never committed any act so black that I should
be constrained to be the object of such a dreadful persecu-
tion. O, eternal fountain of kindness! look down with an
eye of pity upon me!—suffer me not to harbour ideas that
make me leathe my existence.

You have done me the honour to confess that you suffer
equally with myself. Strange! that such a declaration can
supply any joy to a person who loves you more than he has
power to express!—yet, believe me, that avowal gave me
some relief.—Good God! how selfish a being is man!—
who would rather hear that she, for whom he has the
most tender attachment, is unhappy, than that she does
not return his love.

If you are miserable, communicate your cares: it will
lighten the burthen of them, and take from your spirits a
load sufficient to oppress the greatest fortune. Reflect on-
ly upon what I ask. Do I attempt to persuade you to a fecer-
ret marriage, which would most undoubtedly bring you
into difficulties too dreadful even to think of? Do I wish
you to do any thing that you could not reflect upon in your
last moments without regret? Do I desire you to run any
risk, and by that injure the good opinion you have with
your father, which, I know, you value above life? No:
all of these are the farthest from my desires! I only intend
you to tell me the movements of your soul; and to consent
to an intercourse which would be a mitigation to those
pangs, the unhappiness of our destiny hath ordained us to
feel. From such an intercourse no evil can accrue; our
letters may be delivered with our own hands, and instantly
destroyed when read. We have frequent opportunities for
such an exchange, without being in any danger of discovery.
Consent, therefore, with a goodness so natural to your
heart, to a correspondence, that you must be convinced is
innocent, if not deserving of an higher epithet.

Adieu! I wait your determination with no small uneasiness.
[To be continued.]

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Letters, (post paid) punctually attended to.

BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

DEVOTED TO

MORALITY, LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, THE FINE ARTS, AGRICULTURE, &c. &c.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

To soar aloft on FANCY'S wing,
And bathe in HELLICONIA'S spring;
Cull every flower with careful hand,
And throw them o'er our native land.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE ITINERANT—No. XIV.

"All crimes are safe, but hated poverty." JOHNSON.

A FRAGMENT.

***** IN these deep solitudes, so seldom visited by man, little did I think to hear a human voice. I stopped—the sound was distant, and I could hear nothing distinctly.—I directed my steps towards that part from whence it proceeded, and discovered, at a little distance, a man seated on a mossy stone, his head resting on his hand, and his eyes steadily fixed on the ground. His countenance, his attitude, his voice, spoke him the personification of misery.—I listened, unperceived, while he went on—

"Yes, poverty! thou art horrible—in whatever colours poets may paint thee, thou art most horrible.—Thou art cold as the grave—the winter winds whistle about thee, icicles hang from thy shaggy hair, and the cold fogs beat upon thy naked bosom. Thou hast neither a hat to shelter thee—nor fire to warm thee—nor clothes to cover thee—nor food to satisfy thy craving appetite.—Thou hast no friends—the eye of pity is never turned on thee, nor the tear of sympathy excited by thy sufferings.—Thou art an outcast from the world—thou art hated and persecuted by all—thou art despised and detested by the whole human race. What dost thou, then, in this world? Is there any hope for thee? Art thou not wretched beyond conception—and dost thou fill cling to this hill-top of earth?—Go,—hide thyself in the grave—

There thy enemies cannot hurt thee, nor the insolence of prosperity reach thee.—There shalt thou rest in peace—the cold clouds shall press lightly on thy breast, and thy manifold sufferings shall be remembered no more.—There shalt thou feel neither cold nor hunger—the winter winds shall whistle unheeded, and the rude storm shall beat harmlessly on the sod which covers thee.—Yes, thanks to HEAVEN! there is one consolation left me, and this will I cherish—it shall support me yet a little longer—I will go, and for a moment forget that I am miserable."

He rose, and at the distance of a few steps, descended into a cave. I returned homeward. The sun was just rising above the trees; every object reflected his rays, and nature presented a continued scene of unequalled lustre and beauty.—But nothing could erase from my mind the gloomy images which had been so recently impressed on it.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THOUGHTS ON MARRIAGE.

MARRIAGE determines in this world the happiness or misery of those who engage in it. There is no medium in this connection. Affection functioned by reason, gives the one, passion blending, perverting passion, will most assuredly create the other.

The questions therefore which should be applied to the heart of any woman whose thoughts address themselves to the nuptial state are these: Is the object virtuous? Is he suitable? If he is not virtuous, there is an end of all reasonable hopes of happiness, and the woman who marries a man knowing him to be vicious, is a wedded harlot, whose base motives, or incontinent desires impel her to a future and certain wretchedness.

As to suitability, consult your understanding in the following manner—Is his temper and turn of mind in any degree similar to my own? Has his education been such as to qualify him to be a pleasing companion to me? Or, if not, can I so far forget my education as to descend to a level with him, that he may be so? Is his fortune sufficient to support me as I could wish? Or is his profession

and industry equal to the maintenance of a family? Or will it be necessary for a wife to assist him in it; and, if so, am I qualified and willing to do it?

If you can answer these questions with an unprejudiced and deliberate affirmative, you may marry the person who is the object of your preference, with every reasonable expectation of being happy.

A perfect similitude of disposition is not to be found, nor is it necessary; but some degree of it, nay, a considerable degree of it, in leading principles, is essential to happiness. A woman of polished education will find it very difficult indeed to be happy with a husband who has received little or no education at all.

A great fortune is by no means necessary to happiness, but some means of support is absolutely requisite.

Suitableness in temper, education and means of living, are solid foundations of happiness; but the high-flown romantic fancies, the unrestrained liberty, the love of sway, &c. which are so commonly made the chief objects of matrimonial engagements, will prove vain and empty illusions.

An illiterate man, however virtuous, cannot be suitable to a woman of sense, feeling and education. A man without education and refined sentiments, may love her, I will confess; but not in a manner that is agreeable to her delicacy; for as he will not be able to comprehend the extent of her excellence, he cannot love her as she merits to be loved.

If my fair readers, you possess sentiments different from these, you must be under the influence of a passion which will prove fatal to you. The heart is never so deceitful to itself as when it is warmed by the tender passion, nor ever so inattentive to the cool admonitions of friendship. But remember, that marriage like death, excludes all possibility of benefitting by experience. In this case experience confers to be a danger. The scourge is in his hand and he becomes a desperate executioner.

E. C.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Mrs. GILBERT writes: A YOUNG Lady, of a refined taste and delicate sensibility, observing in a late number of your useful and literary paper, Lines to "Expiring Amity," from the elegant pen of HONORA MARTESA, was so much delighted with them, that she gave this impromptu; of which, at my earnest request, I have obtained a copy, and now send, to enrich your paper.

A FRIEND AND CORRESPONDENT.

TO HONORA MARTESA.

ALTHO' illustrious matchless worth
Demands far loftier lays,
A power refulgent draws me forth
MARTESA, in thy praise.

Nor will thy just and candid mind,
Enriched by truth sincere,
Disdain with scornful ear unkind,
GRATIANA'S song to hear.

Rich as thy mind my lay should be,
E'en as thy merit great;
And as thy bright celebrity,
To live an endless date.

Great is that fill where'er the lyre,
Returns no vacant sound;
Each echo bids my soul aspire,
Yet fooths the heart's fond wound.

Could I but choose, a wreath I'd weave
Unblemish'd as thy name;
No! mine were worthless, thou shalt live
Through every age of fame.

GRATIANA.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

A RIDDLE.

CONCENIAL with this globe my being rose,
A lifeless mass, which less, nor greater grows;
Yet nature wonderful in all her ways,
By me her power omnipotent displays.
My form the sage Philosopher admires,
My end the fever with holy rapture fires,
My use diffusive as the grain that grows,

My womb prolific as the pregnant dole,
My issue splendid as the Ephod's blaze,
And murky, dark, as winter's foggiest days;
My colour various as the varying dye,
My substance hard and soft, and wet and dry;
But neither bone, tho' brittle far than glass,
Nor flesh, tho' softer than the softest mass;
Nor blood, tho' liquid red my heart displays,
Nor skin, though nature's mail my form arrays
Of no component animal parts I boast.

Yet but for me whole species would be lost.
In me that vital principle inheres,
Which nicely cherished peoples half the spheres,
That fills the mighty void in nature's chain,
From the small mite, to huge Leviathan.
Ye fages fay, who nature's works explore,
What is my name, and whence derive I power?
Unborn, and unproduced by earth or sea—
By air, by fire, by water, firm, or tree,
Yet found in every clime, on every coast—
The matron's care, the little urbin's boast.
On every bill, in every dale I'm found,
On barleyst rocks, but most in feany ground,
In cots I'm often found, the housewife's hoard—
In vills the never, but to be received.

Solution requested by

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SOLUTION

Of the RIDDLE, in the CENTINEL of the 12th instant.

YOUR Riddle, CONWAY, is so plain I "ween,
"That to be answer'd, needs but to be seen."

A *Bliss*, from some fair Virgin, being claims,
The early offspring of a gullefs flame;
A *Bliss*, with rage and fear forever dwells,
A *Bliss*, is never found in lonely cells—
A *Bliss*'s by nature diffident and shy,
A *Bliss*, the desert fluns—to crowds dost fly—
A *Bliss* is fear'd by all—by none desir'd,
And yet by all applauded and admir'd.

March 15, 1863.

F. W. M.

THE NOVELIST.

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

[Continued from page 88.]

LETTER VIII.

From FRANCES CROSWELL, to CHARLES WALLER.

WHEN the mind wishes to be persuaded, it is very easily influenced; you will not then be surpris'd that I should return an answer so soon, or comply with what you wish: yet I am free to acknowledge that pity hath been rather the cause of my present step than any argument you have enforced, either of the innocence of the transaction, or the safety of it.

As my affection for you inspires to the most animated friendship (I would I could confine it within the bounds of amity,) I shall talk to you very freely upon two or three passages of your last letter, which I did not expect from the pen of a man who hath always expressed so perfect a reverence for the Deity as you have done; and which startled me the more, coming from you, who have often declaimed with the greatest energy and beauty of language against a crime the most heinous, perhaps, that humanity is capable of committing; and against which, you have often assured me the divine vengeance will be hurled with the most dreadful fury. I need scarcely say, I presume, that the passage I allude to is that in which you say, that if I were not so content to a correspondence with you, I should be calmly arming your hand with suicide.

The idea of putting an end to existence, to a mind that hath the smallest trace of religion imprinted upon it, is so shocking, that nothing can excuse the person who indulges it for a moment, and who does not dimiss it from his mind with almost the velocity of thought. To doubt is criminal, and to argue vicious, upon a subject which must flash conviction of its impiety at the first glance of reason. If you really hope I should transmit my sentiments to you,

never repeat what fortitude impels to despise, and religion to abhor.

I am not better pleased with you when you say that to conceal your grief is a more painful sensation to you than the thought of self-destruction. Would you not rather be unfortunate than impious?—Recollect yourself, sir, nor permit your reason to be hurried away by passion.

I am very willing to admit your distinction between inconfidence and guilt; but you must remember we live in a world too apt to judge of every thing by appearance; and it matters very little whether we be really criminal or not, provided we are thought so, with respect to its opinions; or whether our fault be inconfidence or vice, if to that inconfidence it attach reprehension. I cannot therefore affect to despise the prejudice of the world; for, as I am sent into it, I must, if I wish to avoid malicious insinuation, have some respect for its sentiments.

You think you would prefer the condition of a galley-slave to your own. I wonder you should make such an observation. Do you think, because he hath not had the advantage of a superior education, he hath a less exquisite sense of his misfortunes? To persons incapable of mental misery, corporal evils are the severest scourge they can feel: nor are their sufferings less than those that afflict higher sensibility. And I do not believe that you would willingly accept of such a change of condition, were it even possible.

I am afraid it is too common for adversity to envy the happiness of those whom it views content with their situation. The horror you express at its presenting itself to your imagination certainly evinces the goodness and purity of your heart; and the resolution you have adopted is praiseworthy, and such as, you may depend upon it, will not fail powerfully to interest the mercy of the Creator, always ready to give the most willing assistance to virtuous inclinations. Persevere, my dear Charles, (I shall not entreat your pardon for calling you so; for why should I affect an indifference that my heart is an utter stranger to?) and you will unquestionably meet with success.

You must not speculate too deeply upon every little symptom of a passion, of the sincerity of which I am convinced from your description of it; for, alas! I have long recognised every sensation you have mentioned, in my own breast; and yet, tortured as I am, I would not be any other person upon earth, if it were in my power. This refinement upon calamity can have no end, nor will it answer any good purpose,—but, so far from effecting any thing serviceable, only plunges you deeper in a thraldom which it should be our mutual endeavour to break from.—But what am I writing? Do I really wish you to escape from it? I dare not consult my heart.—You have accused yourself of being selfish,—what then am I?—What name does my conduct deserve, that has not even the advantage of candour to excuse it?

Miserable wretch that I am, who cannot help requesting you to avoid an effort that prudence dictates, and which my reason points out to me as the only means of lessening some part of your anxiety. But, though I have desired you not to speculate upon your passion, I cannot help wishing to hear every thing you have to say upon the subject.

If you think it will prove a mitigation of the canker of distress to unburthen myself to you, I will shortly write such a volume to you, as must put the reality of my affection for you beyond all doubt, and which would excite pity in the breast of an inquisitor.

I will allow you have every claim upon my gratitude, and that your conduct towards me has been founded upon the strictest honour and humanity. When a woman has owned her partiality for a man, he is a very uncommon creature who will not take advantage of it: nevertheless, I will do my prudence the credit to say, if I had not entertained this opinion of you, I should not have hazarded such a disclosure. But what claim have I to prudence?—Have I not been the means, by a foolish acknowledgment of, betraying one of the noblest creatures that nature ever made? for such I must call you. Might he not, if such a circumstance had not occurred to favour his disorder, been able to overcome his folly, or, if not overcome, at least to resist it? I call you to witness how reluctantly I answered your first letters, and the repugnance I felt to continue at your ruin. Yes, thank God! I exerted myself to the utmost; I made use of reason, entreaties, and supplication, to restrain the extremity of your madness; and it was not until I had lost all hope of your recovery, that I unbosomed myself to you. But this attempt to throw all the blame upon you is cowardly and unjust.—I will therefore dismiss the idea with indignation, and conclude with declaring that the consequences of our acquaintance are the offspring of the imprudence of both. Yet let me add, I shall glory in them, be they what they may, since I have the consolation (and a dear one it is so

me, I assure you) of reflecting that with you I suffer, and for you I shall come to destruction.

P. S. If you mean to write to me before we return to town, let it be as shortly as possible; for my brother Richard will spend a few days in the country, previous to his departure from the kingdom. You well know that Richard and I are inseparable, when it is in our power to be in the same house. Indeed I love him with the greatest tenderness; and I fear, unless you find an opportunity of delivering your letter to me before he arrives, you will not be able to do it until we reach London.

[To be concluded in our next.]

BIOGRAPHY.

ANGELO POLITIAN,

AN Italian, was one of the most polished writers of the fifteenth century. Baillet has placed him amongst his celebrated children. The Muses indeed cherished him in his cradle, and the graces hung round it their most beautiful wreaths; he was a writer at twelve years of age.—When he became professor of the Greek language, such were the charms of his lectures, that one Chalcondylas, a native of Greece saw himself abandoned by his pupils, who resorted to the delightful disquisitions of the elegant Politian. It has been acknowledged by critics of various nations, that his poetical versions frequently excel his originals. This happy genius was lodged in a most unhappy form; nor were his morals untainted: it is only in his literary compositions that he appears perfect.

Monnoye, in his edition of the Menagiana, as a specimen of his Epistles, gives a translation of his first letter, which serves as preface and dedicatory. The same ingenious critic has accompanied it with a commentary.—The letter (as he observes) is replete with literature though void of pedantry; and the aridity of the subject is embellished by its happy turns. It is addressed to his patron, Monsignor Pietro de Medicis. Perhaps no author has so admirably defended himself from the incertitude of criticism, and the fastidiousness of critics. His wit and humour are alike delicate; nothing can be more finished. Few compositions are sprinkled with such attic fail. I shall hazard a version; though sensible I can retain but few of its exquisite graces: such a Pliny requires a Melmoth. It was written about a month before his death.

MY LORD,

YOU have frequently proposed to me, to collect my letters; to revise and to publish them in a volume. I have now gathered them, that I might not omit any mark of that obedience which I owe to him, on whom I rest all my hopes, and all my prosperity. I have not however collected them all, because that would have been a more laborious task, than to have gathered the scattered leaves of the Sybil. It was never, indeed, with an intention of forming my letters into one body that I wrote them, but merely as occasion prompted; as the subjects presented themselves without seeking for them; it is thus I never retained copies, except of a few, which, less fortunate, I think, than the others, were thus favored for the sake of the verses they contained. To form however a sizeable volume, I have also inserted some written by others, but only those which several ingenious scholars favoured me, and which, perhaps, may put the reader in good humour with my own.

There is one thing, for which some will be inclined to censure me; that the style of my letters is very unequal; and to confess the truth, I did not find myself always in the same humour, and the same modes of expression were not adapted to every person, and every topic. They will not fail then to observe, when they read such a diversity of letters (I mean if they do read them) that I have composed not epistles, but (once more) miscellanies.

I hope, my Lord notwithstanding this, that amongst such a variety of opinions, of those who write letters, and of those who give precepts how letters should be written, I shall be able to find some apology for the present collection. Some probably will deny that they are Ciceroian. I can answer such, and not without good authority, that in epistolary composition we must regard Cicero as a model. Another perhaps will say, that I imitate Cicero. And him I will answer by observing, that I wish nothing better than to be capable of grasping something of this great man, were it but his shade.

Another will wish that I had borrowed a little from the manner of Pliny the orator, because his profound sense and accuracy were greatly esteemed. I shall oppose him by expressing my contempt of all the writers of the age of Pliny. If it should be observed, that I have imitated the manner of Pliny, I defend myself by what Sidonius Apollinaris, an author who is by no means disreputable, says in

commendation of his epistolary style. If it is found that I resemble Symmachus, I shall not be sorry. They distinguish his expression and conciseness. But if in no wise resemble him, I shall confess that I am not pleased with his dry manner.

Will my letters be condemned for their length? Plato, Aristotle, Thucydides, and Cicero, have all written long ones. Will some of them be criticised for their brevity? I allege in my favour, the examples of Dion, Brutus, Apollonius, Philostratus, Marcus Antonius, Aleiphron, Julian, Symmachus, and also Lucian, who vulgarly, but falsely, is believed to have been Phalaris.

I shall be censured for having treated of topics, which are not generally considered as proper for epistolary composition. I admit this censure, provided while I am condemned, Seneca is also condemned. Another will allow of no sentences in my letters; I will justify myself by Seneca.—Another on the contrary, desires frutentionous periods: Dionysius Halicarnassensis shall answer him for me, who maintains, that pointed sentences should not be admitted into letters.

If my style is too perspicuous; it is precisely that which Philostratus admires. If obscure; such is that of Cicero and Atticus.

Negligent; an agreeable negligence in letters, is equal to elaborate ornaments. Labour'd; nothing can be more proper, since we send epistles to our friends as a kind of presents. If they display an arrangement; Dionysius maintains, that a certain order should always be observed. If there is none; Arterion says there should be none. Now as a good and pure Latinity has its peculiar taste, its manners, and (to express myself thus) its Atticisms; if in this sense a letter should be found not sufficiently Attic, so much the better; for what was Herod the sophist censured? for having been an Athenian, he affected too much to appear one in speaking. Should a letter seem too Attic, still better; since it was by discovering Theophrastus, that a good old woman of Athens laid hold of a word, and shamed him, who was not indeed an Athenian.

Shall one letter not be found sufficiently serious? I love to jest. Is another full of figures? Letters being the images of discourse, figures have the effect of graceful actions in conversation. Are they deficient in figures? This is just what characterises a letter, this want of figures. Does it discover the genius of the writer? Matters order this. Does it not discover it? The writer did not think proper to paint himself; and it is one requisite in a letter, that it should be void of ostentation. You express yourself, some one will observe, in common terms on common things, and in new terms on new things. The diction is thus adapted to the subject. No, no, he will answer; it is in common terms you express new things, and in new terms common things. Very well! It is because I have not forgotten an ancient Greek precept, which expressly recommends this.

It is thus by attempting to be ambidexter, I try to ward off attacks. My critics will however criticise me as they please. It will be sufficient for me, my Lord, to be assured of having satisfied you, by my letters if they are good, and by my obedience if they are not so. Florence, 1794.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

OBSERVING an error published in last week's Magazine, and having personally known the gentleman who lately died at Lisbon, worth more than a million and half dollars, I send you the following correction:

Died—JOHN BULKLEY, Esq., not Thomas Bulkley.—Thomas Bulkley is the son of John Bulkley, and lately American Consul at Lisbon.

Col. Humphreys, our late Minister at that Court, married one of Mr. John Bulkley's daughters.

If a biographical note will be acceptable, I send you the following:

Mr. Bulkley, at an early age, was landed at Lisbon, a poor boy, sick from an English ship, and after being sometime in the hospital, was discharged, and went to seek employment; he engaged in a retail store, with Mr. Thomas Parr, whose daughter he afterwards married, and being an active prudent young man, Mr. Parr took him into co-partnership. From a retail firm, Messrs. Parr & Bulkley established a House in the commission line of business, and have for many years had a large share of American consignments, and by industry and parsimony, Mr. Bulkley had acquired the immense property of which he died possessed.

Yours, &c. B. H.

N. B. The 230,000 dollars to each of the six children was only a dividend of specie on hand—besides a large property in houses, lands, stock of goods, wine, &c.
Boston, March 23, 1802.

BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

DEVOTED TO

MORALITY, LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, THE FINE ARTS, AGRICULTURE, &c. &c.

ESSAYS.

To soar aloft on FANCY'S wing,
And bathe in HELICONIA'S spring;
Cull every flower with careful hand,
And throw them o'er our native land.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Mrs. GIBBERT & DEAN,

LATELY meeting with the History of Fashion, in a recent European publication, by inserting it in your Magazine, you will greatly oblige one of your constant readers.

FASHION, who is the offspring of the magician Novelty, and the fairy invention, is also a native of France. At her birth her father endowed her with the gift of universal attraction; and her mother bestowed upon her the power of renewing her beauty and youthful appearance every half year. Thus armed and equipped, she has bid defiance to rivalship, and set the deprecations of time at naught. Bred up from her earliest infancy in the gay, unthinking court of the most fantastical nation in the world, it cannot be wondered at, that she is full of variety and caprice, and delights in that absolute sovereignty, so dear to female hearts. I forget in whose reign the little forecress was introduced to the British court; but it must be a long while ago, for Wisdom was prime minister, and Common Sense and Economy were creatures of state. The nation had long been reposing on the lap of Peace: provisions were cheap, and money was plentiful. This situation of affairs was perfectly favourable to the reception of the beautiful stranger, whose appearance filled every heart with love, every eye with admiration; all ranks, all ages of both sexes, were equally infatuated. Nothing now was thought of but Fashion. The most ridiculous and absurd of her mandates, were obeyed with implicit and blind zeal.—The neat simple attire of their ancestors was thrown by, and with contempt, and the new fangled frippery of their lately adopted sovereign was substituted in its stead, with an enthusiasm that bordered on phrenzy. The world seemed turned topsy turvy;—for the short and the tall, the fat and the slender, nay, even the young and the old, wore the livery of Fashion without distinction; or the least regard to what was becoming or proportionate. Intoxicated with pride at her newly extended power, Fashion knew no end to the variety of her caprices, which nothing could equal but the folly of her voraries: every hour produced fresh changes: hardly was it possible to appear twice in the same habit; and to the great detriment of people's fortune, every thing must be of foreign manufacture, because it was scarce and expensive. Thus more money was lavished in a few years, for Fashion-sake, than had been given, for God-sake, in two centuries. You may be sure poor Wisdom was in a wonderful quandary, at the alarming situation of old England. In vain did he frown and remonstrate at the folly of the people;—they only laughed, called him an old quiz, and went on justly the same. But Fashion resented his interference more highly; she made a public declaration, that "Wisdom was inimical to Fashion," and directly every body tried to be as foolish as they could; and it is recorded, that they succeeded so well, that nobody could have supposed they had ever been otherwise.

The disgrace of Wisdom, entailed the same misfortune upon his coadjutors Common Sense and Economy;—the latter was decapitated as a traitor; the former ran away, and got safe to America, and was afterwards a prime favourite with the great Washington, and his adviser in every action of any moment. However, Wisdom, though disgraced, was neither executed nor banished, but continued to live in retirement till the reign of his present Majesty, when he was again introduced at court by the late Earl of Chatham, and justly cared his sovereign. It was then he put in execution a plan he had long meditated. He flew with concern, the influence of Fashion on the minds of the people had not in the least abated; he saw, too, that every attempt to lessen it would only be attended with disappointment and disgrace; to modify it, therefore, and render it less dangerous to their morals and fortunes was all that could be hoped. In order to accomplish this desired end, he proposed a marriage between the universal favourite,

Fashion, and an amiable youth, called Good Taste, the son of Good Sense, by the nymph of Fancy, who possessing all the solidity of his Father, joined to the playful variety of his mother, was the fittest companion possible for Fashion. His features were regular, his countenance expressive, and the symmetry of his form the most perfect imaginable, no wonder then he was received with so much complacency by the fair lady, the nuptials were shortly after solemnized with the greatest pomp and magnificence, never was any thing equal to the wonderful change that succeeded this union; the first step to amendment, was the dismissal of Effrontery, (the handmaid Fashion had brought with her from France) and the filling up her place by Modesty, a native of England. Fashion was now the best wife in the world;—Not the least article of dress would she put on without consulting her husband; to whose jurisdiction she entirely left the apparel of the gentleman. Thus an elegant simplicity was substituted forinery; and people were allowed to study their complexion and shape, in choosing the colour and form of their cloaths. Fashion now appeared lovely indeed!—The hand of Modesty adjusted her attire, and concealment heightened every charm. She wore no rouge, for the blushes with which Modesty supplied her were allowed by every one to be infinitely more becoming. The ample flowing robe of glossy silk gave beauty to her form and dignity to her port. In winter the rich satin defended her delicate limbs from the cold. In summer, the thinner luteletting and sarinet gave lightness to her attire. The poor artisan flourished;—and Fashion was the friend of the people!—Why must I revere this beautiful picture? Alas truth ordains! I must obey! The great influx of foreigners just before the French revolution, was the ruin of poor Fashion. She renounced her acquaintance with too many of her old friends, and began, by degrees, to adopt their manners. Notwithstanding the anger of her husband, and the remonstrance of her friends, she once more loaded her cheeks with rouge, and assumed the French ton in every thing she did and said. And when the troubles in France obliged to many emigrants to seek refuge in England, the contagion became irresistible. Every day produced new disturbances between Fashion and Good Taste; but when at last, the discharged Modesty, to take her ci-devant handmaid into favour again; the displeasure of her husband knew no bounds, and he declared that he was determined not to live another day under the same roof with her. To this menace she replied with the most perfect sang froid;—that she had long thought it extremely gethic to live upon good terms with her husband, and that she was happy to find he was of the same opinion; that if he thought his honour injured he might seek his redress in Doctor's Commons, and rest assured she should think the restoration of her freedom an ample compensation for the loss of his affection. So saying, she flung out of the room, and skipped into the carriage, that was waiting to take her to the lodgings of an emigrant count, called Monsieur La Folie, with whom she had long been carrying on a sinistric, and whole extravagant and propensity to gaming, have severely punished her guilt and folly in the event. Good Taste took Fashion at her word, and procured a divorce which was no sooner put in force, than he espoused Modesty, whose attractions, when contrasted to the disgusting boldness of Fashion, he found irresistible, and whose amiable sweetness and unaffected delicacy, made more than amends, for her obscure birth and small fortune.

With this new consort he endeavoured to establish a court in opposition to Fashion, in which, in some degree, succeeded; for though their society is small, it is composed of the most estimable characters. In the mean time poor Fashion, led on by her seducer from one folly to another, has nearly expended all her substance, since every shilling of money she can command is scarcely sufficient to supply her gaming expenses. Full of that politique so natural to Frenchmen, he has made even her vanity subservient to his wants. Under a pretence that silk dresses, were heavy and ungraceful, he persuaded her to renounce wearing any;—cheap white muslin was adopted instead, and invariably worn, summer and winter; in opposition to the dictates of reason and feeling, who exclaim loudly against the inconsistency of making no difference between Christmas and July. Pockets, he said, spoil the symmetry of the form.—Fashion declared she would wear none, and her

pocket handkerchief and purple were borne by her lover who took care to empty the latter, for his own advantage. The less expensive her attire, the more she could spare for him, he recommended therefore, naked arms, an uncovered bosom, thin petticoats and all the indecencies that disgraced the last year of the eighteenth century. Poor deluded Fashion, duped by his artifices, has sacrificed nearly all her wardrobe to his insatiable avarice, and had it not been for a pelisse, sent her as a present by Common Sense, and which Necessity (her now constant attendant) obliged, her to wear, the nineteenth century would have found her almost in a state of nature. The extreme low state of her finances, and the consequent coldness of her lover have made it hoped by many that she will shortly be obliged to seek a subsistence by becoming the handmaid of Modesty. If such a change should take place, we may then flatter ourselves, with the pleasing hope of seeing our fair country-women restored to their former dignity. A beautiful woman, adorned by Fashion, under the direction of Modesty and Good Taste, is indeed a most pleasing sight—it excites as much respect as admiration;—and what is admiration without respect? It is the smoke of the incense on the altar of the idolator—it deifies the image it pretends to adore!

TRUE FRIENDSHIP DESCRIBED.

[From ENFIELD'S Biographical Sermons.]

"FROM this instance of sincere and permanent FRIENDSHIP, we may learn to correct and improve our ideas on this important subject. It is really surprising to observe, how few ingredients, are at present required, to make up this Cordial of Life; on what early terms the appellation of a FRIEND, is obtained or bestowed. If one man treats you with civility in the common intercourse of life, and addresses you with the customary forms of attention and politeness; and especially if he mingles with his complaisance, a small portion of Flattery;—he is your FRIEND;—if another makes you his companion, and entertains you with the luxuries of his table; if he invites you, to be a spectator of the magnificence or elegance which he displays in his manner of living; to fill up the train of his admirers, while he sets himself forth as a man of taste, learning, or humour, or perhaps to supply his own defects, and furnish his guests with that entertainment, which his own uncultivated understanding and shallow capacity, is unable to provide;—he is your FRIEND. If your superior has occasion for your services, a countessending smile, a little flattery judiciously administered, and a few expressions of attention to your interests;—shall perhaps be sufficient to captivate your heart, and to give you a full assurance, that you enjoy the honor of his FRIENDSHIP. But let us not be deceived by appearances, nor delude ourselves, by the mere sound of words; for "there is a Friend, who is only a Friend in name." Before we pronounce a man to be a FRIEND indeed, we should be well assured that he has a heart susceptible of tender and generous feelings, and that he is capable of performing substantial, and disinterested acts of kindness.

Concerning the man you call your FRIEND, tell me, will he weep with you in the hour of your distress? Will he faithfully reprove you to your face, for actions for which others are ridiculing or censuring behind your back? Will he dare to stand forth in your defence, when detraction is feverishly aiming its deadly weapons at your reputation? Will he acknowledge you with the same cordiality, and behave to you with the same friendly attention, in the company of your superiors in rank and fortune, as when the claims of pride or vanity, do not interfere with those of Friendship? If misfortunes and losses should oblige you to retire into a walk of life, in which you cannot appear, with the same distinction, or entertain your Friends, with the same liberality as formerly, will he still think himself happy in your society, and instead of gradually withdrawing himself from an unprofitable connexion, take pleasure in profiting himself? If your FRIENDS and cheerfully assist you to support the burden of your afflictions? When sickness shall call you to retire from the gay and busy scenes of the world, will he follow you into your gloomy retreat, listen with attention to your "tale of Symptoms," and minister the balms of consolation to your fainting spirit? And lastly, when DEATH shall bid him adieu every earthly tie, will he shed a tear upon your grave, and lodge the dear remembrance of your mutual

friendship in his heart, as a treasure never to be resigned? The man who will not do all this, may be your companion, your flatterer, your seducer; but, believe me, he is not your FRIEND."

AMUSING.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Mrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

THE Moralists of the present day cannot take up their pens but they make an immediate attack on Novels and novel reading: these charming repositories of love, sensibility and sentiment, are treated by those icy-hearted mortals with the greatest rudeness and incivility. But the Circulating Libraries do not meet with fewer customers, I assure you, Messrs. Printers, and we who delight in Novels have the satisfaction of seeing, that in every library, Novels are not called for, Novels are most read, and Novels are worn out, before a single page of these moral authors is soiled.

It is however rather surprising, that among all the Novel readers in Boston, there has no one undertaken to say one word in favor of them; and will suffer the *Gossip* or any body else to rail against Novels as much as they please, without using any means to support or defend them.

I have long waited for some one to come forward, and convince the world of the pleasures, enjoyments, and advantages, gained from Novels. But no one has yet offered—therefore for lack of better argument, I will contribute my individual support, by relating the pleasurable enjoyment they afford me.

Novels and Romances are my greatest delight. They are my constant companions by day, and at night often rest under my pillow. I have Novels on my toilet, Novels on my table, Novels on my chimney place, Novels in my chairs, Novels all over my chamber. I would prefer a new Novel to a new gown, and had rather lose my dinner than break off from a tender love-scene.

In Novels I find all the nourishment of food, all the refreshment of sleep:—with my Novels I am most happy; without them I should be miserable. For what do I not possess with my Novels? Would I have lands and estates? What estate is preferable to the "Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne," the "Austrian Castle," and the "Abbey of La Trappe," which I have just purchased? Have I not besides the "Castle of Zittaw," the "Castle of Otranto," the "Castle of Incharly," and the "Church of St. Gifford"? Aye—and with them I possess not the "Perplexities of Riches," nor fear the "Freaks of Fortune."

What person enjoys better company than I do? Without the ceremony of introduction, I become acquainted with "Julia de Roulogne," "Julia de St. Pierre," the "Fair Hibernian," the "Baroness d'Alantim," "Lord Montague," "Lord Airmworth," "Sir Charles Grandison," and the "Duke of Clarence." When these tire me, I leave their company with as little ceremony as I entered into it; and with my "Eille de Chambre," I go to visit "My Uncle Thomas," where I am sure to find "Clarissa Harlowe," "Riiza Powell," "Josephine," and "Jemima." I here enjoy the delights of "Excessive Sensibility," and the charms of "Female Friendship." We never talk of "Family Secrets," nor suffer "Contradictions," but discourse on the "Power of Sympathy," and the "Exhibitions of the Heart," and weep with the "Man of Feeling," or mourn the sorrows of the "Hapless Orphan."

On my return home, I make old "Rofanond Gray," relate to me the "Persian Tales," the "Turkish Tales," and the "Tales of the Castle," till sleep overpowers my eyelids and I sink to rest.

Am I tired of a town life? I retire to my "Cottage in the Woods," which situated by the "Lake Windermere," affords a most enchanting prospect. I walk in the "Valley of St. Goatherd"—I meet with the "Girl of the Mountains," the "Maid of the Hamlet," and the "Mountain Cotager;" but the "Madman of the Mountain" appears, and I hide myself in the "Pavilion."

To pass away time, I go and visit the "Family of Otrantberg," which resides in my neighbourhood; where I amuse myself with the "Children of the Abbey," the "Child of Misfortune," and the "Child of Nature;" when these little fables grow troublesome, I send them to the "Devil on Two Sticks," or the "School of Virtue."

But what can equal the pleasantly thrilling sensations I feel, when reading of spirits and apparitions. The mere name of these bewitching creatures has such an effect on me, that it immediately causes a fascinating horror to pervade my frame. And who is not happy in having the heart and the imagination their sources of pleasures? As to the cold enjoyments of the understanding they, belong to the hoary-headed moralist, and deserve not the attention of a female of sensibility.

Hark! I hear the voice of the "Invisible Man," he would disclose to me "Horrid Mysteries"—he gives me

a "Solemn Injunction" to follow where he leads—I go onward—we pass the "Mythic Castle"—the solemn found of the "Midnight Bell" dwells on the undulating air—the "Spirit of the Castle" "Groans in my Ear" behold, says he, the effect of "Love and Madness," I once possessed—he disappears—the "Spirit of Turretville" flits before me—we pass to a "Subterranean Cavern." What a place for a "Nocturnal Visit"! This says the "Invisible Man," is the "Haunted Cavern"—the "Cavern of Death" could not be more gloomy!—we descend—all the "Horrors of Oaken-dale Castle" present themselves—my eyes are deceived with "Magical Delusions," and here in a cloud is the "Mysteris of Udolpho,"—it lightens—the cloud disperses and we see all "Mysteries Elucidated."

Adieu—I have just got into an interesting part of the "Monk" and can flay to write to you no longer.

Yours, "BETSEY THOUGHTLESS."

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

MARY ANN SMARTLY and REBECCA PLAINLY

Mrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

THE hope to pass through this life, free from pains, occasioned by the observations of ignorance or malice, I have ever found delusive. I have, since I began the journey of life, often been the victim that vulgar prejudice has delighted to sacrifice; and to often has the smoke of my torment ascended up, in the view of my persecutors, that they seemed satisfied with my misery; and of late, have kindly left an *old woman* to perish, without adding to her flock of unhappines. Nor did I believe, that I should ever again be called upon to taste of the cup of adversity; or to receive from my fellow mortals, travelling the same thorny road with myself, unmerited stripes. Judge then my young friends, (for such I am told you are) of my astonishment, at seeing my mangled self, again held up to public view. If your own youthful bosoms have ever been torn by conflicting passions; if you have ever experienced what a weight of misery man can bear about him; then may you form some idea of what I suffer. But, I hope, I trust, young as you are, that you are strangers to the feelings I have glanced at; and that for your own present, and future happiness, you cannot communicate me as I feel, I deserve.

Brought up at a distance from the capital, and having had but few helps towards improving my mind or manners, Miss "Smartly," should she see me, would, no doubt, think me very awkward, and shockingly deficient in polite accomplishments. To all which I should plead guilty.—But I was taught to read, and have often found consolation when perusing the works of serious and solid authors.—Whenever I have met with a congenial sentiment, I have fondly imagined that the author was present; I have often stretched out my arms to embrace him, and, though an airy Phantom, have pressed him in fancy to my grateful heart. Such an avowal may ruin me in the opinion of your cruel correspondent named above, who may tell me, that I have a miserable taste, and deserve no mercy. Just previous to your *Magazine's* coming to hand, in which I conceive myself crucified afresh, I was ranning over the pages of Miss *H. More's* and was attentively considering her observations on Female Education: they all appeared to me to be just, and well calculated to afford instruction and warning; but after reading Miss "Smartly's" answer to Miss "Plainly," in which my mangled name appears, I was impelled to pay particular attention to Miss *More's* observations relative to the tinsel ornaments, as the terms them, which the Young Ladies of the present day acquire, to the neglect of those more substantial qualifications of the heart, which would endear them to Virtue, and render them blessings to the world. The tinsel ornaments referred to, I suppose Miss "Smartly," possesses, nor those alone; I am well convinced that her mind is stored with many others. She can write I find, and that in a style so superior, that I shall decline any further correspondence with her, other than just to offer a few observations which seem to press upon my mind. I have seriously asked, if I could have brought myself to have acted the cruel part toward any one, that has not hesitated to adopt towards me; my heart answered, decidedly, no; which of the qualities or accomplishments then, natural or acquired, would have forbidden you thus to have wounded an unoffending stranger? Would what the world calls politeness have checked your tongue? No; for Miss "Smartly," possesses that no doubt. Would an acquaintance with the rich and great have forbidden the attempt, and caused a bluish of conscious error to have sufficed the check, if in their presence the lips had suffered words of such a deadly nature to have escaped them? No, for Miss "Smartly," often holds a feat, ennobled by the rich, the gay, and the happy; and in the face of them, and the world, has aimed the blow, and perhaps has found encouragement from their smiles. What then is it, that would have fenced you from

a line of conduct so obnoxious to the feeling mind? Is it a disposition of the soul, or a quality of the heart? I know not what it is; it is a certain something that my parents instilled into my mind in my youthful days; or it is a sweet inmate of the soul, that has Role unobeyed into my bosom, and made me a willing subject to all its decrees. I even now forbids me to treat "Mary Ann," other than a youthful wanderer, who may yet return, and most accuses me of having returned "railing for railing." I had written thus far, when I conceived the hope, that my neighbour, "Rebecca Plainly," would, while vindicating herself, have afforded me one consoling word, which would have given some ease to my suffering mind; I therefore delayed troubling you; but I find in her last, she is so wholly intent upon herself that I am forgotten; except it be that she gives me a fresh wound, calculated to revive my pains, and by rousing my sensibility, bid me bleed afresh. I cannot address thee, "Rebecca," in a glowing style, or with that warmth that my feelings struggle to express; my powers are inadequate. But though I address thee in a plain, it shall be in a serious and I hope, an inoffensive manner. You are, I find, fond of quoting the scriptures; you wish the world to believe that you are actuated by their divine precepts, and I regret that I am obliged to doubt it. Had the golden rule been recorded, been engraven upon thy heart, it would have been my powerful advocate; it would have arrested thy hand when "writing daggers," and bid thee pen a consoling sentence, to cheer the heart of one, who must soon expire with the wounds already received. When our Saviour related the story of the man who fell among thieves, he asked, who was the friend of the unfortunate traveller? They answered, "undoubtedly he who had mercy on him." I do not find that those who only looked upon him, and then passed by or other side, were accused of being his enemies; they were only indifferent, they neither did or said any thing to add to the wretches pains, or misfortunes. Now when you saw me wounded and bleeding, and did not think proper to act the part of the good Samaritan, could you not have assumed an air of indifference, and merely looked upon me and passed by? Why must you neglect to imitate the example either of the good or of the indifferent, and strike out to yourself a new and unheard of path? What would have been your opinion of the *Priss* and the *Lewis*, had they, instead of passing by, stopped, and anused themselves by tearing open the wounds of the bleeding man? Yet such has been the complexion of your conduct towards me; You have not even afforded me the mercy of indifference, for such I should have esteemed it. But you have amused yourself by repeating my name, and causing it to appear publicly to great disadvantage. Verily, the "great enemy," must have stood at the door of thy heart, and forbid the entrance of any of the mild virtues, that might have been waiting for admittance.

Should my name appear in its native simplicity, perhaps I should not be recognized; I therefore, subscribe myself, with some degree of reluctance,

Yours, MOLL PITCHER.

Lynn, March 17, 1803.

A DANGEROUS WOMAN.

That a word may be a two edged sword, the following circumstance will illustrate.

THE daughter of a Barrister, at the death of her father, found herself in possession of a small competence. She was tenderly attached to a feeble mother wholed a retired life, yet her own excellencies gave her an enlarged circle of acquaintance, but when she appeared in family or private parties, unhappily she was too much distinguished. The other females were neglected, and in proportion as the men admired, the ladies of course hated. They lifted her conduct for a pretext to have her abandoned, but in vain. A maiden of fortune, who from her riches was allowed to give the ton to the opinions of her acquaintance, declared that Miss "****" was a very dangerous woman; the word hit: they fervently pronounced with a shake of the head, in all their parties, that such a one, although very elegant and very engaging, was a dangerous woman. The girls laid this to their brothers, and the wives to their husbands; and they only spoke truth, for when she was present they were all in danger of being overlooked. Coolness soon turned to estrangement, and this poor creature found at three and twenty, every door flut against her. A female friend to soothe her uneasiness, told her the cause—"You are believed to be a dangerous woman.—The word was a death stroke to her heart; what could she do to parry it? It implied every thing, without specifying any thing. Had they imputed any vice to her, the whole tenor of her life would have been its refutation. Sinking under the blow, she pined in secret, and her constitution was undermined—had she made the just translation of this invidious word, she had been less bitterly affected—for when they called her

dangerous, they only meant she was attractive. Her wretched mother by the advice of a physician carried her to Bath. Change of objects and amusement, restored her spirits, her health and her charms—but that she might not lose her reputation of being dangerous, a man of affluent fortune declared himself in danger of losing his peace on her account. She withdrew the reserve that had chilled him; marriage followed, and this dangerous woman now moves in a circle far above that from which she was chased. : : : Lond. P.

RANELAIGH MASQUERADE.

ON Thursday evening, this elegant building was opened, for the first time this season, for the reception of Masks, and the routs was tolerably crowded; but the genius of inventions seems entirely at a stand; for, like all other masquerades of late, produced little excellence or novelty of character.—Housemaids, flower and fruit girls, were as numerous as ever. A dancing dog and a feller, afforded much entertainment. A female fortune-teller gave ample proof she was no impostor, when she told the gentlemen "they were all in love;" it could scarcely be doubted when they looked on her. A number of rude sailors appeared in the throng, who wished to prove themselves jolly tars, by swearing. An old maid and her nurse were tolerably good masks. The character of the pick-pockets was ably supported by seven masks. They not only evinced the facility of dawning watches and pocket-books, but proved how easy it was to make their escape with them.—The drawing of the lottery for twelfth cakes, not only furnished food for the fortunate part of the company, but amusement for the whole. As the first four hundred persons were only entitled to a lottery ticket, there were much whipping and splashing to get there to be included in the number. The dancing was kept up with spirit until a late hour in the morning, when broad daylight intimated to the motley group the necessity of parting.

The audacity of the pick-pockets at the masquerade was beyond conception. A number of them openly attacked, in the middle of the routs, such gentlemen as appeared worth plundering, and forcibly took from them their watches or pocket books. : : : *Ibid.*

WE have heard much of false cabs, artificial teeth, &c. but the following literally transcribed bill of a City-Occultist, demonstrates that there are other brilliant decorations waiting, before the personal charms of the modern beau or belle can be deemed complete.

"Curious enamelled Eyes upon an improved plan;—having the tone of action like life—is a great preservation to the inner eye, worn with the utmost ease and comfort, acting like a glove as a defence against colds, heats, dust, &c.—Put into the head without pain by John Waton, at Mr. Waton's, Eye builder, Church-Street, Coventry-fields, Mile-end, New-Town, London" : : : *Ibid.*

PHILIP the Second, walking one day alone in the cloisters of the convent of the Ecurial, an honest tradesman, seeing the door open, went in. Transported with admiration at the fine paintings with which that house is adorned, he addressed himself to the king, whom he took for one of the convent, and desired him to shew the paintings, and explain the subjects of them, Philip with all the humility and condescension of a lay brother conducted him through the apartments, and gave him all the satisfaction he could desire. At parting, the stranger took him by the hand and squeezing it affectionately, said "I am much obliged to you friend, I live at St. Martins, and my name is Michael Bombis. If you should chance to come my way and call upon me, you will find a glass of good wine at your service."

"And my name, (said the pretended servant) is Philip the second:—and if you will call upon me at Madrid, I will give you a glass of as good!" : : : *Ibid.*

A CONCOMICAL chap, who wished to be thought wise, one day pretending to have his recollection on the stretch to remember some occurrence, struck his forehead several times with his hand.—A young lady present, told him it was unnecessary to knock, for there was nobody within.—*Kent. Can.*

FOR THE CURIOUS.

ELEPHANT HUNT IN CEYLON.

The singularity of the process by which these powerful beasts are caught and domesticated, renders it one of the most interesting and surprising spectacles in the world.

Three or four thousand villagers are employed under the direction of about as many hundred hunters, for two or three months encircling a large tract of country, at one end of which is built a large and strong wooden kraal, or

nearly circular palisade, of about a quarter of a mile in circumference. The hunters continue gradually reducing their circle, and frightening, by fires and shouts, the elephants which are within it towards the kraal, through the gates which they are at last obliged to enter; and immediately they are in, a portcullis drops, and incloses them. There is another gate with a portcullis, which leads into a still stronger stockade, about twenty feet wide, and that leads into a third, which is still stronger, but so narrow, that one elephant only can pass at a time. When a sufficient number of elephants are driven from the first kraal, into the second, the portcullis is then let down by a man who is stationed at the top of the place where they enter for that purpose.

The beasts being cruelly squeezed by their numbers and size, endeavour to make their escape, and run into the third kraal.

As soon as an elephant has fairly entered this third kraal, cross beams are inserted, between the upright poles, which effectually prevents his return. As he advances, the same process is continued, till he arrives at the very end, where he is jammed so closely as not to be able to move backwards or forwards. Strong ropes, with running knots, are fastened round his legs and neck, and these last are drawn through ropes fastened on the necks of two tame elephants, accustomed to the business, who are bro't to the end of the kraal, where the prisoner is confined.—The poles, which form the door of it, are then removed, and the ropes which fasten the neck of the wild elephant, to those of the tame one, are lightened, till he is made secure between his new companions. The ropes are then taken from his legs, and his two conductors oblige him, by squeezing him with their bodies, and beating him with their trunks, if refractory, to accompany them to the place set apart for his stable. He is tied to a post, with his head between two poles fixed in the ground, that he cannot move, and from the peculiar docility of his nature, soon assumes sufficient manufacture to become useful for the purpose of man. *Colombo, Jan. 3, 1802.*

USEFUL

HOME MANUFACTURES.

WHATEVER tends to promote the manufactures of our own country to the exclusion of foreign exportation, ought to receive the utmost encouragement. The article of Straw Bonnets, for Ladies' wear, have heretofore been exported into this country from Europe, and on them has been paid a duty of 15 per cent, and have been retailed at from one to five dollars a piece.—We now find they can be made in this country, equally as well, quite as elegant, and at a much cheaper rate. In the towns of Wrentham, Franklin, and Bradford, in this State, we are told, there has been made, wholly by women and children, upwards of four thousand Straw Bonnets, in the course of the last and present year. They are carried to market and sold to merchants at from 75 cents to 2 dollars, who can retail them, at a handsome profit, 150 per cent. cheaper, than those imported. It may be added, that this article of dress seems to be the first adopted, by the fashionables, of domestic manufacture, in preference to foreign. : : : *Newburyport H.*

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY

From Domestic Encyclopaedia.

Mr. Boulard, architect at Lyons, has lately invented a very simple preparation, attended with little expense or trouble, and admirably calculated to defend wooden materials from being consumed by flames, though exposed to their influence for two hours. After many tedious experiments, he found that a solution of pot-ash is the most efficacious liquid for resisting the action of fire, longer than any other fluid. That observation induced him to apply that substance in a kind of paint or coating on wood, which was completely rendered fire-proof, in the following easy manner: dissolve such a quantity of pot-ash in cold water, as that fluid is capable of holding in solution, wash or daub with it all the boards, wainscoting, shingles, &c. which are intended to be prepared. Then dilute the same liquor with a little water; add to it such a portion of fine yellow clay as will make the mixture of the consistence of the common paint employed on wood; and lastly, stir it into a small quantity of flour paste, in order to combine both substances intimately.

With this mixture, all wooden materials ought to be coated three or four times, similar to painted work. Thus, wood will be secured from the action of fire, though exposed to it for a time exceeding two hours; but the great advantage of this excellent preparation consists in the circumstance, that it prevents the wood from ever bursting into flames. M. Boulard remarks, that 20 lbs. sifted yellow clay, 1 1/2 lbs. of flour for making the paste, and 1

lb. of pot-ash, are sufficient to prepare a square rod (French measure and weight) of deal boards; so that the expenses, when compared with the importance of the object, are indeed trifling. It is further deserving of notice, that even furniture made of wood, such as chairs, tables, &c. and particularly the stair-cases and flooring of dwelling-houses, may be so far enabled to resist the ravages of the fire, that they are only reduced to coals, or embers, without spreading the conflagration by additional flames: mean-while, there are gained at least, two hours, during which, all valuable effects may be removed to a place of safety, and the lives of the family at the same time, released from danger. : : : Lond. P.

LITERARY.

There is a very excellent work publishing in numbers, by Mr. E. Lincoln, Water-Street, Boston, called the *Cheap Repository Tracts*. It contains a number of moral and religious tracts, written in a style of simplicity, which renders them extremely easy to be understood even by the meanest capacity. It is a work highly to be recommended to all families, particularly to those in the country who live at a distance from a meeting-house, being very proper for a master or mistress to read to their children and servants, of a Sabbath evening, or to put into the hands of their domestics to employ their vacant hours. But little need be said in its recommendation, when we add, that many of the pieces proceeded from the elegant pen of that female champion in the cause of piety and virtue, Miss Hannah More.

Mr. Nauvoret, has just published, "Boston, a Poem, by Winthrop Sargent." This Poem, on a familiar design with the "London" of Johnson—has a title to an equal share of merit, uniting at once the chaisty of Gifford with his just criticism.—The sale of this Poem has been so rapid as to induce a second edition.

Messrs. Manning & Loring, have now in the press, the fourth edition of "The Gospel its own Witness," by Andrew Fuller, D. D.

Mr. Byrne, of Philadelphia, has issued proposals for a new, improved, and enlarged edition of Lectures on History, with an additional Lecture on the Constitution of the United States, and engraved Charts of History and Biography, by Dr. Priestley.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We are greatly obliged to the correspondent who has favoured us with the elegant extract from *Enfield's Biographical Sermons*, and solicit a continuance of his favours.

A Friend to Mankind, on Scandal, will early grace our Miscellany.

The Female Friend shall appear.

Our communications very good, but we have so many of the same kind, we cannot give it an early insertion.

Offerer, too personal to be admitted.

Rebus, by Paul, incorrect.

Corin's Lines are pretty, and shall appear.

Offerorator is received.

Ladies, on the abilities of Women, shall enrich our Magazine, as soon as the arrangement of our business will permit.

Lines on Pity, are in press for insertion.

Matilda's poetry, incorrect.

General Varunum's Letter is not mislaid; but various incidents have contributed to delay its publication. It shall gratify our readers soon.

We thank an ingenious correspondent, for his selection of amusing anecdotes.

Epigram by *Oxianotus*, shall be noticed.

Charles, had better send his Verses to *Juliet*, by the post.

MARRIAGES.

In Newbury, Mr. Moses Bartlett, to Miss Lydia Cone.—In Danvers, Capt. John Pitman, of Salem, to Mrs. Elizabeth Seldon. In Northampton, Mr. Daniel King, to Miss Sophia Lyman. In Milton, Dr. George Osgood, of Andover, to Miss Sarah Vose. In Billerica, Dr. Abraham R. Thompson, of Charlestown, to Miss Elizabeth Bowers. In Salem, Mr. Wm. Ashton, to Miss Frances Goodhue, daughter of the Hon. Benjamin Goodhue.

DEATHS.

In Beverly, Mr. Thomas Symonds, *Æt* 30; Miss Sally Morgan, *Æt* 75. In Danvers, Mrs. Dorcas Felt, *Æt* 84. In Marblehead, Mr. Jonathan Orne, *Æt* 38. In Menotomy, Mr. Geo. Swan. In Sandwich, Melchiah Bourne, Esq. In Whitchoo, Charles Derby, Esq. of Salem, vice commander of the ship Caroline, of Boston. In Gloucester, Mrs. Mary Smith, *Æt* 55. In Dorchester, Mrs. Sarah Richards, *Æt* 40. In Boston, four deaths, for this week, ending last ev.

POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

REBUS.

THE isle where Etna's flaming mountain stands,
The Grecian monarch who in foreign lands,
Roamed twice ten years: He who by hemlock died,
A statesman fair Columbia's boat and pride,
The youth who for his own fair shadow pin'd,
The dream whose real source none e'er could find,
Thetis's son whom nothing could subdue,
'Till at his heel the well aim'd jav'lin flew.

The founder of a great and mighty state,
The mount where fabled Gods held high debate,
What's more defrable than wealth or pow'r?
The flood which laves grim Pluto's dreary shore,
Heaven's first law by rolling world's obey'd;
He who the force of that great law display'd.

The initials combin'd,
And you'll presently find,
The name of a woman is shown;
By true genius inspir'd
By our sex lov'd—admir'd,
The honor and pride of her own,

March 28.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

A REBUS.

A BEAUTEOUS Queen by furious zeal pursu'd,
With sense and science in young life imbud,
A Patriot who has earn'd the meed of fame,
Whom public gratitude exalts to name,
The long acknowledg'd mistress of the world,
By Goshick prowess to destruction hurl'd,
A moral poet whose pathetic song,
On flarry pinions quicks the rhyming throng.
A gallic writer, splendid mid his years,
In whose bright page fall many a world appears.
That prize which swift wing'd commerce bears away,
The mildly bleaching harbinger of day,
The Critic's pupil, who a sceptre grac'd,
And the vast wealth of intellect embrac'd,
Achieving in her comprehensive mind,
All that illustrious worth has e'er design'd.
He who in Eden, mid th' eventful night,
By wondrous skill unweild the cowering spright,
A nation fam'd for literary lore,
That faculty which can the past restore.
The man by envious tongues condemn'd to death,
To virtue forfeiting his guiltless breath.
The long fam'd Prince, who spurn'd a peaceful reign,
By madnes led, and by his vices slain.
A sophist, known by many a tender page,
Fated a most unequal war to wage.
A chief, whose valour broke his country's chains,
In fame's bright annals who unrival'd reigns.
The love-sick maid, whose tender wailings float,
On every breeze, and each returning note.
The sea green guardians of the limped dream,
Offspring of some enthusiastic dream.
The fond bond which bindeth man to man,
The flamb, and the grace of every plan.

Though most inconspicuous my selection flows,
Yet, as from chaos light and order rose,
In three short words the initials find their place,
And name the theme of elegance and grace.
Wit, sense, and judgment in her bosom away,
Benignly good, and rationally gay,
Bright beauty's sceptre the fo mildly wield,
That even envy to her merit yields.

The pride she was of all the virgin train—
(Per truth and virtue ever peerless reign—)
And angels o'er her recent vows will smile,
The voice of love each matron care beguile;
Erethen the rosy bowers of bliss prepare,
Weaving fresh garlands for the matchless fair
While radiant honor, beaming o'er her head,
Its sweetest joys, and richest fruits shall shed.

HONORIA MARTESIA.

March 30th, 1803.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

To Miss A. B.

HOW beauteous is the glitt'ring dew,
Suggested by the opening flower;

How sweetly soft the crimson hue
Thro' the pellucid chrysal flower,
Adown my Anna's vermeil cheek
The tear moves soft, more beauteous flows,
When with love sympathy it speaks
Her grief at lovely Catherine's woes.
The feeling heart, the social mind,
Be ever your's, my charming maid;
So when (the lot of human kind)
Misfortune shall thy peace invade,
May others kind and pious care
Solicitously ills away,
Repress each wildness of despair,
And blunt the barbed shaft of fate.

ALCOLM.

Boston, March 11, 1803.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

TO SERENA.

OH thou, whose tender serious eyes
Expressive of the mind's true joys;
Serenely bright as midnight skies;
Soft as the shadows of the grove.

Oh mix their beauteous beam with mine,
Thus let us interchange our hearts;
Let all their sweetness on me shine,
Pour on my foul their guiltless darts.

Ah no! deficit, I cannot bear!
Their gently pure, yet powerful ray;
In pity then thou charming fair,
Turn those bewitching eyes away.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SONG.

THE comforts of life may be clearly defin'd,
And each may come in for his share;
All trouble is merely a freak of the mind;
Alas! how we're apt to despair!

In all situations a man may be glad,
He ne'er was created for woe;
Let him seek and he'll find there is bliss to be had,
And plenty of comfort below.

Too oft we are careless of what we enjoy,
And seldom contented a day;
We suffer each passion our peace to annoy,
And trifle our moments away.

Let us look at our neighbors, of ev'ry degree,
And all their misfortunes review:
Ten thousand unfortunate creatures you'll see,
More wretched and friendless than you!

Then let us not fall in an error so wrong,
But trust to a power above;
Be cheerful and gay with a friend and a song,
And live with Contentment and Love! U. C.

THE NOVELIST.

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

[Concluded, from page 92.]

LETTER IX.

From CHARLES WALLER, to FRANCES CROMWELL.

I HAVE long wanted such a friend as you have shown yourself to be—one to whom I could explain all the feelings of my heart, and in whom I could place the most implicit confidence—who would hear all I have to say with patience, humour my complaints, answer me with candour, and apply to me the soothing voice of commiseration.

To such a friend, possessing the most exalted mind, I hope I shall not forfeit any of my reputation, if I openly confess all the thoughts that agitate my bosom, and lay bare all the transactions of a heart which, I hope, is not altogether vicious, although I have infinite reason to wish it were better than I find it. To you I mean to open all my frailties, without concealing the least of them:—and this is a task I shall perform with pleasure; for (pardon my vanity) I begin to look upon you as another self—with this only difference that I expect to experience—you will treat my case without that partiality so natural to all of us when we attempt to correct ourselves. The heart is ever ready to find some excuse for its own defects; in fact, it is a flatterer we should never place the least confidence in: for it evades all our researches in a two fold manner:—In the first place, it never admits any action to be coloured with all that glow of light in which it might be beheld by another; and, consequent-

ly, the first horror of any action being taken off, the mind becomes indifferent whether it be guilty or not of the act, when it is no longer startled by the enormity of the degree of crime that attaches to it, nor under any uneasy sensations to think itself influenced by vice. Secondly, with respect to the being actually guilty of any crime, how many palliatives does it throw round our conduct! With how many deceptive circumstances does it ensnare the understanding and baffle the judgment! How many causes for extenuation does it insinuate! He, therefore, who wishes to judge rightly of his fault, should by no means trust to partial a judge, but rather reveal them to some judicious friend, who, without being morose, will censure where he may see occasion, and excuse when the nature of the case will admit of it.—But where to find this friend, is the object.—Where is the person whom such implicit confidence can be placed, as to lay one's self entirely open to his animadversions? Before we can bring ourselves to such an act of confidence, what and how great ought to have been the trials of his worthiness!—We ought to be convinced of his humanity, candour, honor, and secrecy. It is necessary that such a person should have great affection, great esteem, and an interest in our welfare, in order to be qualified for to intimate a friendship as this. And even here new obstacles arise; for, to discover every sentiment to a person whom we love, and who has an equal regard for us,—not to conceal any thing, but to undraw that certain which we all spread before our conduct,—at the expense of being despised,—and by whom?—By those whom we feel the most lively sensations of kindness, and who possess an equal good opinion of us:—to ruin ourselves, by this communication, in their eyes,—may, to be avoided by them,—are thoughts by no means to be reconciled to the feelings of any one who possesses the smallest spark of sensibility.—Yet I know not how it comes to pass: but to you I can unfold every wish of my soul, and can display, without any dread, the operations of my mind, however injurious they may be to my own vanity. But I entreat you not to spare me: for in doing so, you will deceive me, by making me suppose that which may be highly culpable, indifferent; and prevent me from correcting what is my duty to amend.

Would you believe it, that I am capable of forming the most villainous wishes,—nay, such as conscience makes me detest?—Can you think it probable that I should wish to justify them to myself?—And yet such is the tendency of my reflections.

When I muse upon the cruelty of my destiny, in being obliged to be separated from all I hold dear upon earth,—from every thing which is calculated to inspire me with felicity, and to afford me the means of contentment—in a world, from the woman I adore,—I often wish I had been endured with sufficient hardship to have prevailed upon her to consent to a private marriage, which, would at once have put me in possession of perfect happiness.—Fancy runs away with me at the idea, and I paint to myself all the delightful bliss of an union in which love would have been sweetened, and its force strengthened by retirement. Lost in the raptures of imagination, I forget that my virtue suffers by the reverie, until I am roused from this enchanting vision by the admonitions of honour.

And what art thou honour, that compellest us to resign every thing formed to make us happy in life,—that ordereth us, with thy harsh dictates, to leave the paths of pleasure, where every object that presents itself to our view is gratifying to the sense and captivating to the heart, to beat thy thorny roads?—What are the consolations thou affordest?—What are the returns thou makest for such a sacrifice?—and by what authority dost thou act?

A little reflection tells me that honour is a principle which is the result of human reason and goodness,—a principle which approaches nearer to religion than almost any other branch of morality,—that those flowery paths which it forces us to abandon were so many snares for our true happiness,—that the thorns we behold growing in the ways of honour, after a little use, so far from giving us any pain, soon become preferable to the roses of vice,—that its consolations are the highest sensations of bliss we can be sensible of,—sensations flowing from a conscientious of integrity,—and the returns for our giving up ourselves to its direction are a quiet conscience, happy slumbers, and a mind at peace.

You see, madam, I have been very explicit; and by having been so, I have become proportionally easier in my mind. If I did not fear to take up too much of your time, I could fill up another sheet with my expressions of thankfulness for your kind permission to relate to you the evils of my fate.

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

DEVOTED TO

MORALITY, LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, THE FINE ARTS, AGRICULTURE, &c. &c.

ESSAYS.

To soar aloft on FANCY'S wing,
And bathe in HELLICONIA'S spring;
Oull every flower with careful hand,
And strew them o'er our native land.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE ITINERANT—No XV.

"Who (to speak with SHAKESPEARE) lets slip the dogs of war on modest defenceless merit, and bursts out into a loud insulting laugh, when pale, timid innocence trembles—his sword avoid his specious calmness, the barbings of forms—avoid his flattery, it will soon turn to the lion's roar, and the howl of wolves." LAVATER.

It is a circumstance, humiliating to the pride of human nature, and strongly indicative of a depraved heart, that beings, stamped with the image of God, should take delight in creating unhappiness, or that they should derive any satisfaction from the afflictions of their fellow-creatures. It is so contrary to our notions of purity and goodness, that we can hardly conceive it possible, that a being, created by the Deity, could originally possess passions and dispositions so repugnant to his nature, and so offensive to his sight.

If the world contains but few, who, like NERO, would wrap cities in flames, and exult in the surrounding ruin; or behold, with horrid pleasure, the wretched but innocent victim quivering on the wheel, and expiring in the acutest tortures—yet there are millions, who partake, in a less degree, of this fiend-like disposition; whose supreme delight is in wounding the finer feelings of sensibility, and in covering with the poignant blush of confusion, the fair face of unsuspecting innocence.

Persons of this class are the pest of social intercourse;—they strike a general panic into every company which they enter. Neither respectability of character, nor the venerableness of age, nor the privilege of sex, is a security from their influence. If no personal defect or family misfortune afford them an opportunity of displaying their wit, and indulging their malice, low ferocity and clownish indecency yield them a substitute, while the loud laugh of impudence deepens the crimson of trembling modesty. We cannot, perhaps, obtain a more just idea of an infernal being, than by observing a person of this character, in the height of his joy; when, after performing some deed of mischief, he, like MILTON'S devil, "grins horrible a ghastly smile," in expression of triumph and exultation. Indeed, it were almost doubtful, whether these *lipos* are wholly human, "they imitate humanity but abominably."

However their rude companions may applaud them, they are neither loved nor esteemed, and, when absent, are generally censured by their best friends. They have many enemies, as the natural consequence of their proclivity to injury and insult. What charms, then, or what advantages are there in a habit, so contrary to nature and reason, that any one should be induced to pursue it?

It is but a despicable attempt at reparation, after a torrent of aspersions and insolence, to say, no injury was intended. It is like feathering "firebrands, arrows, and death, and saying, Am not I in sport?" Such barbarities admit of no other excuse, than their being the effect either of madness or idiocy. H.

ON THE

DESIRE OF KNOWLEDGE.

The mind untaught is a dark cyst. BEATTIE.

USEFUL knowledge is an inestimable treasure, of the value of which few persons seem sufficiently apprised. The acquisition of it is an employment that does honour to our nature: its singular importance, both to our present and future felicity, must be acknowledged by every one, who has reflected on the subject with any tolerable degree of attention; its admirable tendency to brace and strengthen the mind, to fortify us against the mazes of error and superstition, and prepare us for the various scenes through which we are to pass, must surely render it an object worthy our intensest application and most assiduous endeavours.

A thirst after knowledge has been justly reckoned one of the surest characteristics of a truly great and ingenious mind; wherever this disposition is predominant, no obstacles will be sufficient to impede its progress; difficulties will but invigorate our endeavours, and give new ardour to the energies of the mind; the reflection that a resolute persevering diligence cannot fail of success, will prove a stimulus to our exertions, and animate us to pursue our inquiries with cheerfulness and avidity.

Those persons who are blessed with extensive natural capacities, and who enjoy opportunities of improving them may fairly be ranked amongst the happiest of mortals; to them are imparted advantages of a superior kind; they enjoy, in an eminent degree, the enviable power of contributing to the welfare and felicity of their fellow creatures—improve, ye happy few, those precious opportunities of usefulness and mental improvement which are now put into your hands—the blessings which will soon be past—catch them on the wing—employ them to the noblest of all purposes, that of cultivating your own minds, in order to enable you to become blessings to society, and enlighteners of the human race.

The chief end of our existence is to advance in knowledge and virtue; on these two qualifications depend entirely the happiness, the usefulness, and the respectability of our lives; without knowledge our virtue would in all probability, be extremely defective; these two qualities are of such a nature as not to be separated without a considerable diminution of their lustre; united together, they exhibit the loveliest and most engaging picture humanity is capable of producing; they constitute the highest glory and dignity of our nature, and elevate us to an honourable rank in the scale of existence; they assimilate us to the best and most perfect of beings, and will form the principal ingredients in the felicity of a future world.

The darkness and obscurity in which many subjects are involved, ought by no means to damp our ardour in the pursuit of religious and philosophical truth; on many points we may obtain the clearest information, and even on those which at present appear to be attended with insuperable difficulties, new light may be continually struck out; every diligent and judicious enquirer may contribute towards dispelling the mists and darkness in which they are enveloped, till at length, we shall, perhaps, be able to arrive at complete satisfaction, even on many subjects which at present appear to be above the reach of human comprehension; the astonishing discoveries that are continually making in almost every branch of science, justify and confirm this pleasing expectation!

Great and almost incredible have been the effects of diligence and industry in the cultivation of the mind, even in those persons who have enjoyed the fewest advantages; of this our own country has afforded several illustrious examples; many instances have occurred, of persons, who, amidst all the disadvantages of poverty, and destitute of the usual means of improvement, have soared to such heights in the regions of literature, as have astonished the world, and will cause their names to be remembered with veneration and delight, as long as a taste for science continues to exist; the labours of these untutored geniuses are so many striking proofs of the powerful effects of patient persevering exertion; let the indolent and careless consider this circumstance, and blush at their own folly!

If we take a survey of the state of those countries which have not yet experienced the blessings of civilization, upon which the light of the gospel has not yet dawned, nor icinence shed her divine influence—dreadful indeed are the scenes which will present themselves to our view; ignorance and superstition, maintaining an unlimited ascendancy over the human mind, and introducing a thousand barbarous customs, at the thoughts of which the feeling mind turns away with horror and disgust; the little appearance of religion that is to be found amongst them overclouded with the most shocking absurdities, and its utility destroyed by the most impious and cruel rites. Can we reflect on these circumstances, and not be sensible of the value of those superior means of improvement which we enjoy? How diligent ought we to be in appropriating them to our own advantage, and in rendering them subservient to the best interests of society.

Virtuous and intelligent PARENTS, who are solicitous for the welfare of their offspring, and who are desirous of seeing their valuable members of society, will be careful to furnish them betimes with a stock of useful knowledge, which may not only be of the utmost consequence in directing the conduct of their future lives, but may serve to secure their young minds against numberless temptations to which youth is liable; if they can be inspired with an early desire of improvement, and made to feel a delight in intellectual pleasures, in contemplating the sublime truths of religion and morality, in exploring, by the help of philosophy, the wonders of creation, and tracing the marks of divine wisdom and goodness in every object they meet with; such employments would give an elevation to their views, and would in a manner, abstract them from their thoughtless dissipation which is incident to their age; those trifles, and amusements which engage the attention of so large a part of mankind would excite no other sensations but pity and disgust.

No less happily experienced would be the influence of such a practice in *the decline of life*; to a neglect of it may, in a great measure, be ascribed that peevish querulousness which is too often the unhappy attendant of old age; nor is this a matter of surprise; having been accustomed to place their chief satisfaction in external objects, and never been taught to look higher than the pleasures of sense, can we wonder that when these recede from their grasp, and mock their disappointed hopes, they should sink into the most abject dejection, and be ready to vent their fretfulness and revenge even on inanimate objects; by such a conduct rendering their own lives miserable, and disturbing the happiness as well as alienating the affections of all around them: whereas the man of an enlarged and cultivated mind, who has made the extension of his knowledge, and the improvement of his heart the main business of his life, has many sources of innocent and laudable delight, with which the mere drudge of business or pleasure is entirely unacquainted; this man can retire from the gaieties and amusements of life without regret; he has treasured up a stock of happiness in his own mind, and, therefore, can never be at a loss when other resources fail; this will infuse a cheerfulness into his temper, and prove a sweet relief to the weariness and infirmities of age; his library will be ever ready to furnish him with a variety of useful and pleasing employments, and the still more exquisite delight of conversing with a few select friends whose minds are similar to his own, will agreeably diversify his time: thus calm and tranquil will be the evening of his days; even at the close of life he will feel no anxious terrors, but will look forward with joyful anticipation to a more perfect existence, where all the faculties of his mind will be enlarged, and his knowledge augmented by continual improvements.

London "Monthly Visitor."

ON SCANDAL.

Do ye envy writers at another's joy,
And hate that excellence it cannot reach."

THOMPSON.

THERE is not a greater enemy to the peace of individuals, and society at large, than Scandal; although it is much to be regretted, there is no frailty to which most people are so subject. Scandal is the offspring of envy, and the only weapon of little minds against the superior abilities of another. But, notwithstanding scandal affects more or less, every member of the community, it reigns with more distinguished power over some parts of society than others; and on inquiry it will appear that the female character sustains the most injury from this baneful to human happiness. In the country, this species of scandal is more prevalent than in the metropolis. The reason is obvious: in a country place the number of inhabitants is so small that each is more acquainted with the character of his neighbour than his own; every action is examined with the most critical severity, and often the best characters lose the esteem of their acquaintance from the malignant aspersions of ignorance and envy. It is impossible for a Lady to be seen walking with a Gentleman in such a place, without the immediate conclusion being made, "they are lovers." It is frequently added, if their acquaintance should

have lasted any length of time, "Miss such a one, grows very fat lately." After a report of this kind having spread, I have seen a company of females thrown into the utmost contumacious by the entrance of a lady who was the unfortunate subject of slander. How busy is the silent whisper on these occasions! It runs with amazing rapidity from ear to ear, accompanied by nods and winks—with a "you know who," "to they say," "it is her," &c.—Scandal is of a quality peculiarly distressing. Against the open shafts of violence every one may defend himself; but from slander and secret calumny, the most deserving must suffer. The only method to prevent the propagation of this pest of society, is, for every one to shut their ears against the officious tales of slander and envy: since experience proves, that, if people in general were not too much inclined to listen when any account is brought of the faults and failings of others, the tongue of scandal would no longer find the mean satisfaction it now enjoys. The mischief accruing to mankind from calumny and slander, are innumerable. How many families have their peace destroyed by evil reports! By such means, the seeds of enmity are too often sown between the dearest connections of life.

It has been already observed, that scandal is the only weapon of little minds against superior worth and abilities; the truth of this observation ought to be a sufficient preventative; for no one would wish to incur the merited appellation of a little and envious mind. Females should, in particular, divest themselves of this spirit which produces so many evils among the Fair Sex; for, let it be remembered, an envious mind and slanderous tongue, should never inhabit the face of beauty, and form of elegance. If there must still remain, in the minds of some, a spirit of scandal, and a delight to fabricate slanderous reports; if most people will also retain a propensity to listen to whatever comes from such a source, let us act with some degree of impartiality; and, before we credit, as undoubted truth, tales injurious to the reputation of another, examine whether what we have heard, does not bear the most flagrant marks of falsehood. By acting in this manner, we shall be enabled to discover fiction from truth, and we shall frequently find, the person accused, is innocent; for it is the province of great minds to vindicate the characters of the absent, when unjustly aspersed by the tongue of scandal.

A FRIEND TO MANKIND.

Boston, March 30, 1803.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ANSWER TO ***** REBUS, IN LAST SATURDAY'S MAGAZINE.

SICILY's the isle where Etna's flaming mountain stands,
Ulysses the Grecian monarch who in foreign lands,
 Roam'd twice ten years; *Socrates* by hemlock died
Adams, the statesman, fair Columbia's boast and pride;
Narcissus, the youth, who for his own fair shadow pined;
The Nile, the stream whose real source none'er could
Abdulla, Thetis's son, whom nothing could subdue, find;
 Till at his heels the well aim'd jav'lin flew.

Remulus, the founder of a great and mighty state;
Olympus, the mount where fabled Gods held high debate,
Wifdom, is more desirable than wealth or power;
Sixty, the flood which laves grim Pluto's dreary shore;
Order, heav'n's first law by rolling worlds obey'd;
Newton, the force of that great law display'd.

The initials combin'd,
 And you'll presently find,
Suzanna Rowson is shown;
 By true genius inspir'd,
 By our sex lov'd, admir'd,
 The honor and pride of her own. E.

MORALITY.

The following brief and elegant Discourse on Fasting, is from the pen of the ingenious Soame JENYNS, Esq.

MATT. VI. 16.

Moreover, when ye fast, be not as the hypocrites.

JESUS Christ having been born and educated under the Jewish institution, complied with all the ceremonies and customs of that law, and required none of his disciples to relinquish them, in order to receive the religion which he came to teach. Among these, fasting at particular seasons was one, which was commanded by their law, observed by all, and particularly by the Pharisees, with superstitious rigour and hypocritical ostentation; which he here with some alperity reprehends. He reproves them, not for fasting, the use of which, as well as that of all the rest of their religious rites, he approved and encouraged; but it is observable, that in these words there is nothing which requires it; taking it for granted, that they would fast in obe-

dience to their law, he only says, "When ye fast, be not as the hypocrites;" and then proceeds to instruct them how to perform this duty in a proper manner: but does not command them to perform it at all.

This silence of their master, on a subject which they thought so important, induced many of the Jews, who had become his disciples, to excuse them from complying with this unpleasant ceremony; as is evident from the question put to him by the disciples of John the Baptist, who said, "Why do we and the Pharisees fast often, but thy disciples fast not?" From hence it appears plainly, that though Christ observed this, as well as all the ceremonies of the Mosaic law, it was no part of his institution, nor was enjoined by him as a Christian, or a moral duty. This indeed, and every other mode of self-punishment, are so opposite to the benevolent spirit of the religion which he taught, that it is impossible they can make a part of it.—Christianity requires us to make every one as happy as we are able, to relieve the poor, visit the sick, and comfort the distressed; but if every man was obliged to inflict sufferings upon himself, instead of excluding misery at every avenue, as we are benevolently commanded, we should introduce as much as if every man was permitted to injure and torment his neighbour. There are many precepts in the New Testament, which require us to suffer with fortitude and resignation, for righteous sake, for truth, for our religion, or the benefit of mankind; but we find none which enjoin sufferings for their own sake, or represent them as meritorious in themselves. St. Peter exhorts his disciples to suffer patiently for these great ends, "because Christ also suffered for them, leaving us an example that we should follow his steps;" but he does not advise us to suffer for no end at all.

Fasting, with all the rest of their religious rites, are continued to the Jews after their conversion to Christianity, but were never imposed on the proselytes of any other nation; from whence it is evident, that Christ never intended by the gospel to abolish the Mosaic law, with regard to the Jews, nor to extend it to any other people. Hence arises that remarkable difference, which cannot escape our notice, between the religion of Christ, and that of his Apostles, and particularly of St. Paul; a difference so great, that, if we attend not to the cause of it, we must consider them as two religious institutions contradictory to each other. Christ commands his disciples to perform the most minute ceremonies of the Jewish law, to pay tithes even of mint, aniseed, and cummin; St. Paul represents the most important, as useless and insignificant, and says, "Circumcision is nothing, and uncircumcision is nothing, but the keeping the commandments of God." The cause is sufficiently evident: Christ preached to the Jews, and therefore his religion is founded on and incorporated with theirs, which he did not require them to relinquish, in order to accept it, as it assures them, that he did not come "to destroy their law, but to fulfil it." St. Paul preached chiefly to the Gentiles, but was not commissioned to convert them to Judaism, in order to their becoming Christians; and therefore we do not find that he, or any of the Apostles, imposed the observance of fasts, or any other ceremonial of the Mosaic law, on their Celtic proselytes.

AMUSING.

LUDICROUS ANECDOTE.

THE following ludicrous scene actually took place, a short time ago:—A feedman, in the neighbourhood of Thames-street, having been chosen Church-warden of an adjoining parish, was called upon by the Organist, who had the misfortune to be blind, for the payment of 5*l.* being the amount of a quarter's salary; and addressed himself to the shopman—"I come," says he, "for a quarter's salary."—"You cannot have a quart of celery," replied the shopman. "It is not our custom to serve it by the quart, Sir."—"I am sorry for it, indeed," rejoins the Organist, "I have always been accustomed to receive it in that way, and it will put me to much inconvenience to alter the plan; and it surely cannot be a great object to your master."—"The Shopman, not knowing how to proceed, informed his master, who accused him of having made some blunder, and came himself to right the business. "Friend," says the new made Church-warden, "what amount of celery did you say you wanted?"—"Five pounds, Sir."—"There, John," says the feedman, "I told you it would turn out one of your blunders—nothing can be more clear; put up the gentleman five pounds of celery."—"The Shopman having finished the job, was very politely proceeding to place the parcel under the blind man's arm, who wondering at the circumstance, could not help crying, "What are you at now, friend?"—"Why, only giving you the 5*l.* of celery," says the shopman,—"What the Devil," replies the impatient organist, "is it all half pence?" : : : *London, P.*

THE MUSICIAN.—A CHARACTER.

A MUSICIAN is like an echo, a retail dealer in sounds. As Diana is the goddess of the silver bow, so he is the lord of the wooden one: he has an hundred strings to his bow: other people are bow-legged; he is bow-armed; and, though armed with a bow he has no skill in archery. He plays with his cat-gut and kit-fiddle. His fingers and arms run a constant race, the former would run away from him did not a bridge interpose, and oblige him to pay toll. He can distinguish sounds as other men distinguish colours. His companions are: Crotchets and Quavers. Time will never be a match for him, for he beats him most unmercifully. He runs after an Italian air open mouthed, with as much eagerness as some fowls have fought for the philosopher's stone. He can bring a tune over the seas, and thinks it more excellent, because far-fetched. His most admired domestics are Soprano, Siciliano, Andantino, and all the Anos and Inos that constitute the musical science. He can scrape, scratch, shake, diminish, increase, flourish, &c. and he is so delighted with the sound of his own viol, that an ass would sooner lend his ears to any thing than to him: and as a dog fumes a pig, so does he shake a note by the ear, and never lets it go till he makes it squeak. He is a walking pillory, and crucifies more than a dozen standing ones. He often involves himself in dark and intricate passages, till he is put to the shift, and obliged to get out of the scrape—by scraping. He tears his audience in various ways; as I wear away my pen so does he wear away the strings of his fiddle. There is no medium in him, he is either on a flat or a sharp key, though both are natural to him. He deals in third minors, and major thirds, proves a turncoat, and is often in the majority and minority in a few minutes—He runs over the flat as often as a race horse;—both meet the same fate, as they terminate in the cadence; the difference is, one is driven by the whiphand, the other by the bow-arm; one deals in rickado, the other in staccato. As a thorough bred hound discovers, by instinct, his game from all other animals, so an experienced musician smells the composition of Handel or Corelli. TIMOTHY CATGUT. : : : *Ibid.*

A FARMER at Chelster, overhearing a conversation of two of his neighbors, in which they expressed much faith in dreams, took occasion to tell them with great secrecy, and strict injunction not to mention it, that he had dreamed there was a large sum of money buried in a dung-hill in his field, and promised them a share in the booty, if they would help him search for it. It was agreed to carry the dung out upon the land, for better certainty of information.—They brought their carts and went to work; but not finding the expected prize, one of them expressed a persuasion that it must be under the ground where the dung-hill lay, and was proceeding for it, when the farmer told them that his dream went no farther than the removal of the dung-hill, which he was much obliged to them for doing, as he could not himself have effected it before the snow came on.—*Id.*

A WIDOW lady resides at present in the Borough of Southwark whose first husband was a butcher, the second a tanner, and the third a shoemaker.—The first almost starved her, the second used to hide her, and the third used to make her go barefooted! : : : *Ibid.*

AMONGST the number of names one meets in the metropolis, that are professionally appropriate to the avocations of their owners, not the least striking are the following:—In Smithfield, a multifarious Professor sports the inscription of "CATCUP-POLE, hairdresser, peruke maker, and undertaker." In Clerkenwell-green, we meet the sign-board of "St. Grammar's Academy;" In Dyott-street, St. Giles's, a professor of the fable robe, announces his avocation by "Chimnies swept, and night work performed here, by Timothy Druff." A window near Clare-market exhibits a label, inscribed "Thomas Swift, portering and messengers performed here;" and an Siberian lady, who keeps an *Ovarium* in High-street, St. Giles's, writes up, "Fresh eggs every day, by me, Catherine Cluck." And in High-street, in the Borough, an active agent of the law, designates his residence by the words—"Grip, Officer to the Sheriffs of Kent." : : : *Ibid.*

BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTE OF DR. FOTHERGILL.

HE was upon the road, and alone; a highwayman crossing his path, demanded his purse. The assailant was a youth, and his agitated frame visibly betrayed the perturbation of his soul. Fothergill expostulated; but the unfortunate invader persisted in his demand. Thou art, said the humane physician, in the morning of life, and unbackneyed in the walks of vice; thy mind is absorbed to the present course; extraordinary circumstances must have conspired to drive

thee upon to deliberate an expedient. Here is what may answer thy present exigencies; and he presented his prescription. This is no place for particular enquiries, but my name is Fothergill; I practise physic in London; possibly thou hast heard of me. If thou canst put confidence enough in me, call upon me there; my lodgings may easily be found, and I promise thee I will be thy friend. How dignified are the steps of a man, seeking to reclaim, by such extraordinary efforts too, a fellow creature, posted in the high road to destruction!

Some mornings after, the good doctor is seated at the breakfast table. A stranger very importunately requests to see him; he supposes a patient, and his humane feelings are immediately engaged. It was indeed a patient; his disease, however, of the mental kind. The son of adversity presents himself. I come, sir, relying upon, and confiding in, the fame of your unfeigned virtues—and he prostrated himself at his feet. They instantly retired to a private apartment, and the unpractised culprit unobscured himself to this excellent man. An erroneous education, fir, hath been the source of my ruin. My father bred me a gentleman, yet in that character, it was not in his power to support me. I was early initiated into a life of dissipation, and amid the licentious rout, I am stripped of every farthing—no friendly hand presents—the walks of rectitude are barred against me, nor is there an avenue which I can enter—but one alternative remained, either to arm myself against my own life, or point the pistol at the breast of another—a love of existence prevailed, and I have assaulted, with impious despair, the man on whom the welfare of a very large proportion of my fellow creatures depend!! Yet my reliance on your honor, sir, is implicit—and if by your means I could be placed any where out of the knowledge of those who have witnessed my follies, where I might obtain support, my obligation to you would be eternal. White robed mercy fill triumphed in the bosom of the doctor—after some deliberation, he proposed to the young man, some honorable employment abroad. He said he could have no objection, provided he could be taken out of the country which had witnessed his misfortunes. The man of feeling rejoined, he would consider what might be done for him. This he did effectually—for by his interest, in the course of a few days, he was provided for, in the East-India company. The station of the young adventurer was lucrative—two or three years enriched him beyond his utmost hopes—and he returned, penetrated with the deepest sense of his patron's benignity. Once more he prostrates himself at the feet of the doctor—Take, fir, take the life of the man you have rescued from destruction.

The comments upon this anecdote, so much to the honor of Dr. Fothergill, are obvious; and the result such as reason would teach us to expect. A useful member of society is restored to his family, to his friends, and to himself. A good citizen is saved to the state, and, by proper exertions of lenity, an unhappy being stopt in his career of iniquity. : : Lond. Pap.

TO THE CURIOUS.

A NATURAL CURIOSITY.

Captain Nixon, of the British ship Apollo, has lately discovered a sub-marine grotto on the Malabar coast. It first presented a large bed of coral, almost even with the surface of the water, which afforded one of the most enchanting prospects in nature. Its base was fixed to the shore, and reached in so far that its end could not be seen, which seemed to be suspended in the water, which deepened suddenly, that at the distance of a few yards, there might be seven or eight fathoms depth. The sea was at this time quite unruddled, and the Sun shining bright exposed the various forms of coral in the most beautiful order, some branching into the water with great luxuriance, others lying collected in round balls, and in a variety of figures, heightened by the spangles of the richest colours, that glowed from a number of large crams, which were every where interperfed. It is to be regretted that a work so stupendously grand should be concealed in a place where mankind can so seldom have an opportunity of contemplating this astonishing scene. : : Lond. P.

MONSTROUS FISH.

IN 1774, near St. Peter's, in the life of Thanet, a monstrous fish (says Hasted) shot himself on shore on a little sand, now called Fishness, where, for want of water, it died the next day. His roaring was heard above a mile: his length was 22 yards; the nether jaw opening 12 feet. One of his eyes was more than a cart and 6 horses could draw. A man stood up in the socket. The thickness from his back to the top of his belly, was 12 feet; his tail the same breadth. The distance between his eyes 12 feet.—Three men stood upright in his mouth. Some of his ribs were 14 feet long, his tongue 15 feet, his liver two cart

leads, and a man might creep into his nostrils. It sold at Deal for 22 guineas. : : Ibid, Feb. 1, 1803.

USEFUL.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN, IF you think the following worth publishing, it is at your service. Yours, CASSANDER.

AS the method of preparing COPAL VARNISH, is generally kept secret by those who are acquainted with it, and as a tradesman who is desirous of knowing it, is obliged to give sometimes a hundred dollars to another, to let him into the secret, and that upon condition of not imparting it to any one else—the following, to some, may not be unacceptable.

To make Amber or Copal Varnish—take of white refin four drachms, melt it over a fire in a glazed vessel, after which put in two ounces of the whitest amber you can get, finely powdered: this last is to be put in gradually, stirring it all the while with a small stick, over a gentle fire till it dissolves, pouring in now and then a little oil of turpentine, as you find it growing stiff, and continue this till your amber is melted. When the Varnish has been thus made, pour it into a coarse linen bag and press it between two hot boards of oak, or flat plates of iron. Great care must be taken in making the Varnish, not to let the house on fire, for the vapours of the oil of turpentine will even take fire by heat; if it should happen so to do, immediately cover the pot with a board, or any thing that will suffocate it, by which means it will be put out. At a future day, the manner of laying on Varnishes will be given to the public.

THE ANJOU CABBAGE.

THE culture of a very useful vegetable, till very lately unknown in England, has been recently brought to perfection, near Bristol. It appears richly to merit the attention of our farmers. This is the Anjou cabbage, perhaps the most useful and profitable leguminous plant that can be raised. The seed was supplied by a French emigrant. It is to tender that it is dressed in three or four minutes boiling. It affords excellent food for cattle, and they feed upon it very greedily; it occasions cows to yield abundance of milk, and at the same time keeps them in flesh—in bulk, rapidity of growth, and for the little culture it requires, exceeds all others of the Brassica species. The stalk acquires the thickness of a man's leg, and is used when dry for fuel.

WORTHY IMITATION.

THE Portinouth "Oracle," says, "Many of the young masters and misses, of the South parish in that town, have, in the course of the last year, distinguished themselves by the catechetical task, which they have performed."

At the beginning of the year it was proposed that the youth of both sexes, as many as might be disposed, should undertake to learn, not only several different catechisms, but certain passages from various parts of the bible, in order to repeat on the Sabbath, after the public exercises was over. For their encouragement it was also proposed to enter their names on the church records, together with an account of what they might respectively learn and repeat.

Although the young masters have done much, yet the young misses have done much more.

Among the young masters JOHN LANE SREAFE, repeated the most in the year; but among the misses HANNAH GRAY LEVERETT, repeated the most. Although she is but nine years old, she has repeated memoriter, one hundred and seven chapters and psalms from the bible, one of which was 119 psalm, besides Watts's catechisms for children and his divine songs. The whole is deemed equal to nineteen hundred and twenty verses, to take them as they rise in the bible.

The emulation which has appeared among many of these young masters and misses is truly laudable, and the knowledge, which they have, in this way, acquired, we trust will never be a subject of regret to them or their parents. In this way they strengthen their memory, and by treasuring up truths of incalculable importance, lay a good foundation for time to come.

FEMALE INSTITUTION.

THE anniversary meeting of the "Salem Female Charitable Society," was held the 6th April, 1803. "Every benevolent mind will rejoice in the prosperity of this valuable Institution, as its success has been beyond the most sanguine expectations of its friends. Very creditable donations in specie and clothing have been presented by both sexes. Seven Children are now supported from its funds; and many aged Widows, the preceding winter, have experienced the salutary effects of its bounty. To see such a number of children snatched by

the fostering hands of benevolence from the paths of ruin, and led on in those of religion and virtue, must excite in the most pleasing sensations in every friend of humanity."

INTELLIGENCE.

THE Amherst "Cabinet," says, "a most horrid deed was committed at Soddards, N. H. the 17th March. A Mrs. Wright of that place, who was supposed to have been suddenly seized with a fit of distraction, from previous depression of spirits, took her three youngest children, in the absence of her husband, and led them about 60 rods from the house, where she caught the youngest by the heels, and put a period to its existence, by dashed it against a rock. The other two not being so easily handled, she attempted to dispatch them by beating them on the head with a stone; but fortunately missing her aim, the children escaped, and alarmed the family. When her husband arrived he found her near the place where she had committed the shocking act, with the murdered child in her arms, in a puddle of water. What has been done with her we have not yet learned."

LITERARY.

Messrs. Thomas & Andrews, have just published, a new edition of Zoonomia, or the Laws of Organic Life, by the late celebrated Dr. Darwin, author of the Botanic Garden. This edition, complete in 2 vols is copied from the last English edition, corrected and improved by the author, a little time before his death.

Proposals are issued by Thomas & Andrews, for printing a new improved edition of Brown's Dictionary of the Bible, 2 vols. 8vo.—a work in high repute among all denominations of Christians.

Messrs. T. & J. Swords, of New-York, have lately published an edition of Quincy's Lexicon Physico Medicum improved, with many amendments and additions, expressive of Discoveries lately made in Europe and America.—It is for sale by Thomas & Andrews, price 3 dolls. 50 cts.

Mr. James Oran, of New-York, has lately published an edition of Thompson's Family Physician, or Domestic Medical Friend. This work is recommended by Drs. Rogers and Miller, of New-York, as preferable to any work of the kind for the use of families.—A few copies may be had of Thomas & Andrews, price 2 dolls.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Lines addressed to Mrs S. S. cannot be admitted. Rebus, by Fancy, incorred. Acrotic, on a well known political character, inadmissible.

Several other favours shall be noticed in our next.

MARRIAGES.

In Taunton, capt. Joseph Atwood, of Dighton to Miss Sally Macomber. In Salem, Mr. Henry Healey, to Miss Rhoda Crane, formerly of Boston. In Portland, Mr. John P. Thompson, to Miss Mary Tucker. In Patcham, (Eng.) a couple entered the holy bands of wedlock, whose ages, added together amounted to 140 years; the bride being 65, and the bridegroom 75! What a fond pair! In Boston, Mr. James W. Burditt, to Miss Mary Rhoades. Mr. Benjamin Tucker, to Miss Eliza Baily.

DEATHS.

In Hanover, Hon. Josiah Smith, 63. In Charlestown, Mrs. Mary Hammett, 41. In Medfield, Mr. Eliakim Morfe, 97. In Northampton, Mr. Daniel Rust, 49. In Roxbury, Mrs. Kinder, wife of Mr. Robert Kinder. In Reading, Mrs. Sally Willy, 25. In Natick, Mrs. Sarah Brown, consort of William Brown, Esq. In Tiverton, R. I. Mr. Stephen Cook, 100. In Salem, Miss Abigail Dana, 20. In Leghorn, capt. T. Perkins, late of Salem. In Newton, Mrs. Sarah Fuller, 75. In Boston, capt. James Bancroft, 47; Ann Maria Blake, 13 mo. daughter of Mr. Nath. Blake; Miss Abigail Whitman, 72; Mrs. Sarah Trott, 43. Mrs. Mary Fisher, 21, wife of Mr. John Fisher. Mrs. Deborah Knight, 78. Master Barton, 14. Mr. James Foster, 60, and 4 children, making the number this week, twelve, ending yesterday.

HIT HIM AGAIN!

CRIES the fierce-headed bully!—Ye that are fond of Fortune's races, if he has left you with a frown—hit her again—and ye have all, if she has drained one pocket full in the other! Whist—a word in your ear—if your finances look low, try only a half or quarter of a ticket.

Tickets, halves, and quarters, in the third class of South-Hadley Canal Lottery, which commences drawing in June, for sale by GILBERT & DEAN, Magazine and Lottery Office, No. 56, State-street—where a list of the prizes in the second class may be seen.—Prizes taken in pay. 49.

POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

If the following will have the same effect on your minds, as it had on mine in the perusal, you will let it occupy a place in your Weekly Magazine. L*****c.

LUCT.

COLD was the night and drear the heath,
And high old ocean roll'd;
And shrill across the frighted gloom,
The tortur'd spirits howl'd.

Around the Abbey's ivy'd wall
The boding owl flew;

By fits up on the mould'ring bone,
The moon-beam flash'd to view.

When hapless Lucy left her cot,
And wander'd forth unseen;
Whilst gently on her throbbing breast,
Her sleeping Babe did lean.

"Ah! cruel," cry'd she, "was the youth,
That could thus bemoan fly;
Ah! cruel, left these faithful arms
Nor breath'd one parting sigh!"

Then rush'd she, madd'ning, o'er the heath;
Deep heav'd the swelling storm;
The chill rain fell, the cold wind beat,
And shrank her gentle form.

"Where shall I fly?" she oft exclaim'd,
"Where shall I seek for aid?
Ah! would that in the narrow cell
This broken heart were laid.

"Hark! hark! thro' yonder cloister'd aisle
How shrieks the northern blast!
See! see! Oh, saw ye not, my babe,
Thy ruthless father pass?"

This said she, and with sudden step,
Sprang forward to pursue;
When, dreadful, from her heedless grasp,
The little infant flew.

Ah me! upon the rocky ground,
See god's its tender breast!
It scream'd, it writh'd, then stretch'd its arms,
And sigh'd its soul to rest.

Ah! Lucy, then how swell'd thy heart,
How did thy breast heave high!
Pale grew thy features, pale thy lips,
And pale thy sinking eye.

"'Tis past," she cry'd, "and I will go
To my eternal home;
To where my little spirit's fled,
I come, my child, I come!"

Then wildly to the founding surge,
And shrieking did she fly;
Despair upon her pallid cheek,
Diffusion in her eye.

"I come, my child, my lovely child,
I come!" was heard once more;
And loudly roar'd the foaming tide,
And kull'd the rocky shore.

Then Lucy leapt from off the cliff,
Her eye was beat on heaven;
And, sure as mercy dwelleth there,
Shall Lucy be forgiven.

Now darker gloom'd the lurid sky,
And louder groan'd the storm;
And on the tow'ring, turbid wave,
White, floated Lucy's form.

"Forgive my love," she faintly cry'd
As wild the waters swept;
And deep, beneath the billows rage
In peace poor Lucy slept.

EPIGRAM.

WITH folded arms and uplift eyes—
"Have mercy heaven!"—the Parson cries,
"Upon our thirsty fire burnt Plains,
Thy blessings send in genial rains,"
The Parson ended and the prayers,
Sir Cuffee for his home prepares;
When with his wife's dress in smit,
"It rains, thank heaven!" cries farmer Giles;
"Rains?" exeth the Parson, "is your joke,
"Rains?" heaven forbid—I have no clock!"

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

P I T Y .

SOFT as the falling dews of night,
The tear of Pity flows,
Bright as the morn's returning light,
That gilds the opening rose.

Sweet, as the fragrant breeze of May,
Her sympathetic sigh;
Mild, as the dawning tint of day,
The beam that lights the eye.

Still, gentle spirit, o'er my heart.
Perferv thy wonted sway;
Teach me to blunt afflictions dart,
And soothe her cares away.

Or if thy anxious efforts fail,
While sorrows still pursue,
I'll with while list'ning to the tale
That good I cannot do.

E***

Selected for the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

[The following little piece, by PRIOR, contains much pleasantry and humour.]

HELEN was just flipp into bed;
Her eye-brows on the toilet lay;
Away the Kitten with them fled,
As fees belonging to her prey.

For this misfortune, careless Jane,
Assure yourself, was loudly rated;
And madam, getting up again,
With her own hand the moufe-trap baited.

On little things, as Sages write,
Depends our human joy, or sorrow;—
If we don't catch a moufe to-night
Alas! no eye-brows for to-morrow.

THE NOVELIST.

THE ADVENTURES OF A PARROT.

SOME time in the summer of the year eighty-six, making a visit in the country, I accidentally met with an old soldier, who had spent his best blood and left one of his limbs in America, where he had served during the late unhappy war. It seems, that after an absence of eight years, he had returned to his native country, and found, by the death of a relation, that he was entitled to fifteen pounds a year, and a little cottage, with a small garden to it. Here he lived in a very penurious manner, having a little boy, who was his grandson, to support. Accident led me one evening past his humble dwelling, and seeing him busy in improving his garden, I leaned over the white palisades, and began a trifling conversation on the growth of peas, beans, &c. and the fineness of the season. The man's answers to the questions I put were always apt and pertinent. I was pleased with him—We instantly became intimate, and often, in the cool of the evening, I have repaired to the cottage to listen, while he fought all his battles over again, marched on his wooden stump, and shouldered his oak knick, while martial ardour brightened every feature, and beamed from eyes as good as rendered dulle and unmeaning. One evening, after having been detained from my accustomed walk two or three days, on approaching the old man's habitation, I found his grandson sitting at the door crying.—On inquiring the cause of his tears, he said, granddaddy was sick in bed, and he was afraid he would die. When I entered, I found the poor fellow extremely ill of a fever, and but indifferently attended, I sent for medical assistance immediately and provided a careful nurse; but all these precautions proved inefficual; he died on the seventh day. A few hours before he departed, he spoke to me as I stood by his bed-side in the following manner: "My good Sir, you have been extremely kind to me, and that kindness prompts me to ask a favor of you, which I do not think I could venture to ask of any other human being, but I fear you will think me very troublesome."—"By no means, my friend, I replied; if by any means, I can be serviceable to you, pray mention it freely, and depend on my utmost exertions."—"Then, Sir, said he, I wish you to be guardian to my poor Tom. Here is my will, continued he, (giving a bit of paper folded up very curiously); I have left the poor lad my all, and if you would but be his friend."—"You may rely on me, said I, eagerly interrupting him; he shall be carefully educated, and properly provided for."—"Oh you are very good cried the old man; but there is one thing more I have to intrust." Speak on

said I. "Well then, continued he, pray be kind to poor Poll." I thought he had meant another grand-child; but I was soon undeceived, by the nurse bringing a cage to the bed-side, in which was an old grey parrot. "Do good Sir, said he, grasping my hand, do pray be kind to her, and not suffer her to be ill used: She is an old servant; she belonged to my poor dear young mistress, and when she died as she did, poor soul, broken hearted in America, I took Poll home to the Barrack, and promised for my poor Miss Sybella's sake, I would never be parted from her, but I must leave her now, Sir." Simple as it may appear, I could not help being affected at the poor fellow's earnestness, it seemed a proof of his attachment to his mistress, whose fate I felt a restless curiosity to be acquainted with; but this curiosity was not to be gratified; for soon after I had given him my solemn promise that I would be equally careful of both my wards, he grew composed and fell asleep. I then left him, and found when I called the next morning, that he had breathed his last in the night without any apparent struggle—I gave the necessary orders for a decent interment, and then took my two proteges home. At the close of the summer I returned to town, sent Tom to school, and made Miss Poll my constant companion at meals, &c. She was a good natured creature spoke very fluently, and seemed at times almost to converse rationally.

Poor bird said I one afternoon as I stroked her head, poor bird, I wish you could inform me of the fate of that amiable mistress, of whom my old friend Thomas spoke with such affection—No doubt she has experienced many vicissitudes of fortune; perhaps bereaved of friends in a foreign country, the sunk under the accumulated evils of poverty and a broken heart—Perhaps deserted by an unkind husband, or plunged into ruin by a perfidious lover. While I thus gave the reins to imagination, Poll clambered up to my shoulder, and nestled her head close under my ear. When throwing myself back in my easy chair, I insensibly fell asleep. The same idea which had occupied my waking thoughts now took the lead, and I thought the bird on my shoulder, in a soft but articulate voice, thus addressed me.

I know you have, for a long time, indulged an unconquerable desire to be informed of the fate of my late mistress. I have it in my power to gratify you not only in this particular, but also to inform you of many interesting and entertaining circumstances, to which I have been a witness in the course of my life; but you must promise you will not once interrupt me, for the moment you break the thread of my narrative, I shall punish you for your impertinence and drop the subject for ever. I acquiesced to this proposal, and methought the bird continued thus.

I first received life in Africa, and was taken from my nest by a young negro lad as a present for his little favourite, who was called Unka; as she was extremely good natured, I was taken particular care of, and in a short time learnt to pronounce almost every sentence after my kind mistress. I had not been long with her pleased with an English ship arrived on the coast, and Unka being pleased with the dress and complexion of the Europeans, consented to accompany the captain on board, and, by her art, betrayed her faithful lover and his brother into slavery; but she did not go unpunished for her perfidy, as will be hereafter seen. As the captain considered me almost as great an acquisition as the negro girl, I was taken aboard with her, and had my station in the great cabin, where Unka at that time resided, and was treated with great kindness by the captain, though I cannot say I ever heard him make any great professions of love or tenderness. When the business was finished, for which they visited Africa, we set sail for Antigua, where we arrived free from accidents. The slaves were all sold but Unka, whom my master took on shore and presented to the wife of a rich old planter, who lived just without the town.—I also was presented to the same lady, and had no reason to regret my change of situation, as I was provided with a most elegant cage, fed with the greatest dainties from the fair hands of my mistress, and soon became a general favorite of the family. Unka was by no means pleased with her situation—She had whilst on board the ship led a life of indolence; it did not therefore much agree with her to be obliged to wait on a woman, whom the plainly law was preferred by Captain Thoruby to herself; however, she kept her discontent from being perceived, and waited only a convenient opportunity to take ample revenge.

[To be continued.]

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

DEVOTED TO

MORALITY, LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, THE FINE ARTS, AGRICULTURE, &c. &c.

ESSAYS.

To soar aloft on FANCY'S wing,
And bathe in HELICONIA'S spring;
Cull every flower with careful hand,
And strew them o'er our native land.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP—No. XXII.

Ne diurna oris manu, versate diurna.

I HAVE often reflected with astonishment, on the various religious opinions, professed by the numerous sectaries which are to be found scattered over those parts of the globe, where all agree in one great fundamental principle; all acknowledging one universal Father, from whom this world, with all its multitudinous surrounding wonders proceeded; and one merciful Saviour, sent by the Father to ransom offending, degraded Man, from everlasting death. I am astonished, I say, when I reflect, that as all are unanimous in these material points, so much confusion, cruelty, and blood-shed, should have been caused by a trifling difference in opinion about mysteries too great for the human mind to comprehend; about the real meaning of words which explain them as we may, seem to have little, or no connection with or influence over the gratitude and purity of our hearts, or the moral rectitude of our manners. How many of our divines spend their weary hours in writing sermons, which, when they deliver from the pulpit, weary their congregation as much in listening to, and after all this waste of labour on one side, and patience on the other, the chief part of his auditors perhaps have not understood a syllable of his arguments; and those who did in some measure comprehend them, have not been able to glean one useful idea from the whole harangue. How much better would it be if the generality of the teachers of religion would give plain practical moral discourses, such as the meanest capacity may comprehend, and every good man cheerfully practice, with the inspiring hope of reaping in futurity, the reward of his active obedience. It is much to be feared, that the contradictory opinions delivered from the pulpit, in regard to the means by which eternal happiness is to be secured, is of great injury to the real interest of religion. Our duty is certainly very plainly marked, both in the old and new testaments; so plainly that any one who can read, cannot be at a loss to understand it. With the multiplied injunctions contained in the mosaic laws, we have now nothing to do, but the laws of the decalogue still remain in full force; to which has since been added, from the mouth of the most wise, most holy, "Thou shalt love thy Maker above all things, and thy neighbour as thyself," and He who spoke this, expressly said, "This do, and thou shalt live." Who then shall dare to assert, that to act uprightly, to do justice, and love mercy, is of no avail; and that a man, in the constant practice of every good work, is in the high road to perdition?—That our existence is not confined to this transitory state, is certainly a delightful idea; in affliction, the mind naturally turns to the comforting reflection, that however agonizing our sufferings, they must terminate; and however gloomy the prospect here, once through the dark vale of death, we shall awaken to bright scenes of joy and gladness, in a region prepared from the foundation of the world, for those who love and serve their Creator. But this reflection loses its fascination, and assumes an appearance of terror, from which the mind flinches instinctively, when dressed in the gloom and horrors of fanaticism and superstition. When the God of infinite mercy is represented as armed with thunderbolts and never ending torments, to hurl at the defenceless atoms, his fiat called into being, every rational reflecting mortal, who believes in a future never ending state, (and who that contemplates his own wondrous formation, the stupendous universe of which he is a part, can doubt even for a moment) must feel an anxiety concerning the happiness or misery attendant on that futurity. To me it appears that our duty is so plainly unfolded in the short emphatic sentence, "Love thy neighbour as thyself," that no one can misapprehend it. What a heavenly system of universal charity is comprised in those few words, not that charity which in divesting itself of a small portion of

superfluous dross, thinks it has performed its duty. No, I mean that exalted charity which leads us in every action of our lives, to ask ourselves this question, "Am I acting by others as I would be acted by?"—But alas! opposed to this exalted sentiment, which, if universally practiced, would make even this life a paradise, self-love exerts its imperious influence, and pride, in ostentatious language, speaks aloud, I deserve more than others; I am lionester, chafker, more holy than my brother Publican. Great God! that pride should dwell in creatures so abject, so weak, so liable to be misled by every wayward passion of the soul.—"And why," cries Scepticism, "were these passions given us if we are to wage perpetual war with them?"—If it were a general custom to teach our children from earliest infancy to practice the great "Golden rule," these very passions would become instrumental in promoting the general harmony. Avarice, who now with gorgon countenance and iron heart, oppresses the poor, defrauds the public, and breaks every law of God to swell his own coffers with ill gotten wealth, only that he may gaze on, count it, and again lock it from public utility. This grinding degrading passion, would under the restriction of "doing as we would be done by," become only prudence, taking from selfish indulgence, what might assist to cheer the hearts of our suffering fellow creatures. Pride would be softened into that laudable sentiment which prompts to every praise-worthy action, from motives of general usefulness, from a wish to set examples of magnanimity, benevolence, fortitude, and self-denial. Ambition would be stirred only from similar motives. Love separated from its humiliating semblance, would become the silken, yet indissoluble chain, that would bind the whole universe in the most harmonious union.—Envy, hatred, malice, would be banished from the earth; and all the strife would be, who should be kindest, humblest, most extensively useful. Enthusiasm, cries some of our readers, how can such a system ever exist? It is a romantic, improbable fiction, impossible to be practiced in real life; and existing only in the brain of the fabulist.—Eye! eye! Attentively read, carefully study the life of the divine founder of the religion you all profess, however various the forms under which you worship. This is no fable. Yet where shall we find such an example of this quiet, meek, long suffering virtue. He was the son of the Most High; yet he humbled himself to associate with, instruct, serve the meanest of mankind. He who might have been attended by legions of celestial spirits, have enthroned himself on the clouds, and rode upon the flaming elements; had no pride, no self-consequence, was clad in the plainest attire, fed on the simplest fare, and went about performing acts of mercy to all, even to those who reviled him. He who was the purest, holiest being that ever was robed in mortal clay. Assumed no superiority over others, condemned none, but left even the most atrocious to the condemnation of their own consciences, accepted the penitent tears of *Mary Magdalen*, pardoned the offending wife, taught how the returning prodigal should be received, spoke words of comfort to the repentant thief, and even prayed that the sins of those who crucified him, might not be remembered against them. Oh! ye! who uselessly spend your time in disputing whether to pray kneeling, sitting, or standing, be the sure way to heaven; whether it be right to wear the hat in public worship or pull it off; whether the baptismal rite should be administered by sprinkling or immersion.—Ye, who, for trifles, are ready to revile, persecute, torment, and depress each other, lay aside your folly. Study the life of your blessed Redeemer, to the utmost of your power; follow his example, and conscientiously teach your children the same. Have that faith in the promises of this benign Saviour, as may lead you to practise all the good works of Peace and Mercy, and humbly believe, that he who enjoined you so to do, will accept your obedience, as the most grateful sacrifice you can offer.

⚡ DURING the late suspension of the GOSSIP, several letters have been received, which shall in due time be noticed.

TERTULLIAN.

⚡ Near the close of the second century, flourished Tertullian, one of the most intrepid and powerful among the early defenders of christianity. His apology for the fol-

lowers of Christ, which he directed to the Emperor of Rome, was written, at a time when christians were suffering a terrible persecution; from their having been represented to the Emperor as traitors and enemies to the state. The extract, which we now re-publish from that celebrated apology, cannot fail to be gratifying to our christian readers, as it is a specimen of the eloquence and noble ardor of Tertullian; and also shows the state of the christian religion, at that early period.]—*Æd. Lat.*

"IF we were enemies to the state, (observed Tertullian, writing to the Emperor) you might then go and suck new cities and countries to govern, since you would have more advantages than loyal subjects in your empire. We (christians) have filled your towns, your provinces, your castles, your fortresses, your camps, your tents, your palaces, your senates, your market-places and your islands: only we have left your idolatrous temples to yourselves, all other places being full of christians. If we were enemies, what dangerous rebellions might we have made, even though our numbers were small in comparison with the rest of your people; since we so little value our lives, that we suffer ourselves to be daily slain by your hands: this therefore is your safety, that notwithstanding your unjust persecution of us, we are loyal, patient and obedient, and that the christian religion obliges us rather to be killed than to kill."

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

MAXIMS.

- 1.—IT is often said, that second thoughts are best; it were better perhaps, to say that thinking was best; as the generality of those to whom the proverb is applicable, are such as seldom or never think before they proceed to action.
- 2.—It is not an easy task to reflect judiciously; it requires both genius and experience; for which reason natural instinct inclines most men to act aside.
- 3.—The true cause why we are willing to be censured, is our self love, which prompts us to secure ourselves against crosses and disappointments. The cause of our neglecting advice is pride; which by pretending to more wisdom than falls to our share, defeats the good purposes inspired by self-love.
- 4.—We judge in common very unjustly of the conduct of others; and they in return pass a right a verdict on ourselves.
- 5.—The review of good or bad qualities in others, is, perhaps, equally pleasing: the bad ones administer some comfort to our vanity; and malice enjoys the most agreeable pastime in scrutinizing the good ones, in order, if possible, to deny them that title. Our friends are those whom we most rigorously judge. We do this on the principle of self-defence; for what can more offend that spirit of selfishness born with our nature, than to remain unguarded against the attacks of those who are nearest to us?
- 6.—We always endeavour to place our friends on our own level, in case their natural endowments have set them above us; and as industriously maintain the superiority, if it happens on our side.—This is easily accounted for, when we consider that superiority in this particular case is more grievous than any other; and at the same time more soothing and valuable to the vanity of the possessor.—Inferiority is seldom a bar to the sincerest friendship, but superiority proves often an insurmountable obstacle.
- 7.—Inferiors, if they would be at the pains of governing themselves, would often govern their superiors.
- 8.—Equality of rank makes people retive and jealous of each other; but where we are divested of that mutual diffidence, we hearken to what is said, more than to the sayers themselves.—Hence it happens, that a man whose eloquence has been employed in thwarting what has been propounded in the company of his equals, shall, when retired to domestic consultation with the person whose under-estimation and respectful assiduity, have won his affections, listen with more willingness, because with less suspicion.
- 9.—A man of slender abilities is commonly more useful than a man of splendid ones. The former is like an adventurer, who, setting out with a small capital, husband and improves it to the utmost—the latter is like a rich heir dazzled with the immensity of his wealth, and careless how he squanders and wastes it.

THE MONITOR—No II.

I INTEND the paper for this day, as a loose essay upon FRIENDSHIP, in which I will throw my observations together without any set form, that I may avoid repeating what has been often said on this subject.

Friendship is a strong and habitual inclination in two persons to promote the good and happiness of one another. Though the pleasures and advantages of Friendship have been largely celebrated by the best moral writers, and are considered by all as great ingredients of human happiness, we seldom meet with the practice of this virtue in the world. *Love and Esteem* are the first principles of Friendship, which is always imperfect where either of these two is wanting. Friendship immediately banishes Envy, under all its disguises. A man who can once doubt whether he should rejoice in his friends being happier than himself, may depend upon it that he is an utter stranger to this virtue. A Friendship which makes the least noise, is very often most useful; for which reason I should prefer a prudent friend to a zealous one. The most difficult province in Friendship, is the letting a man see his faults and errors, which should if possible, be contrived, that he may perceive our advice is given him, not so much to please ourselves, as for his own advantage; *the approach*, therefore, of a friend, should always be *friendly*, just, and not too frequent. We are in some measure, more excusable if we violate our duties to a friend, than to a relation; since the former arise from a voluntary choice, the latter from a necessity to which we could not give our own consent. As it has been said, on one side, that a man ought not to break with a faulty friend, that he may not expose the weakness of his choice; it will doubtless hold much stronger, with respect to a worthy one, that he may never be upbraided, for having lost so valuable a treasure, which was once in his possession.

AMUSING.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

To Mrs. MOLL PITCHER.

WELL, I have got myself into fine business, scribbling to a Quaker and a Witch! I blush at this moment, to think I should so far forget my own dignity as to notice the impertinence of either. But, thanks to my stars, nobody knows who I am. I am sure if M or Pa, did but suspect that I had so degraded myself, they would disinherit me.—But writing to Quakers and Fortunetellers, is not the only thing I have done unknown to them; nor do I think it will be the last. They are so particular as to watch my very look and action; and I am never so perfectly happy, as when I can elude their vigilance, and do something that I think would plague them, were they to find it out. O, if they knew how many capers I have done out of their fight, what would they not say, what would they not do! I verily believe I should be shut up in a garret the rest of my life. But I have done nothing to what I intend to do. I mean one of these nights to run away with Albert Darkaway. Pa hates him, and will not let him come near the house; but I care not; I see him as often as I wish, notwithstanding all his precautions. One of these pleasant evenings, I shall ask permission to take a walk with my cousins—and then, good for him, when once I can obtain your permission to walk, I shall have no difficulty to obtain my own permission to take a ride; then, good bye fir, 'tis a wonder if you see Miss Mary Ann again very soon. But whether is my pen wandering? My heart is full of this new scheme; and my pen, obedient to its dictates, faithfully delineates each sentence.

Now, Mrs. Pitcher, let me tell you what were my intentions when I took up my pen. First, I was going to ask your pardon for speaking so disrespectfully of you, in my letter to that *young dandy* (for so he will have it) at Lynn. Really, my dear Mrs. Pitcher, I meant no harm, I dare say you are a clever and respectable old witch; and I don't believe one word about your making a league with the Prince of Darkness; about your taking a ride on his infernal majesty's back, &c. &c. And if you will be a good witch, now, and tell me my fortune, Inevitably will call you Moll again. Do now, that's a good witch, tell me whether I shall have *husbands* and how many children I shall have, that's all I want to know.—That you may be as happy as you deserve, is the sincere wish of

Your most devoted, most humble servant,

MARY ANN SMARTLY.

N. B. One thing more I wish you to tell me, that is, whether Rebecca Plainly is an old maid, or not. As you live in the same town with her, I suppose you can tell without conjuration.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

To MARY PITCHER.

THOU art mistaken, Mary, in supposing I designedly added to thy affliction; I never yet intentionally broke the bruised reed. Though I live in the same place with thee, I never beheld thy face, nor ever heard thee spoken of, but as of a woman who pretended to dive into futurity, and to foretell what shall hereafter happen; for which service thou wert content to receive a return of money. Now, as I am not superstitious enough to believe in the possibility of living mortals holding converse with disembodied spirits, whether celestial, or infernal, I naturally did conclude, that thou, Mary, pretending to practise such an art, wert an impostor, and my very spirit doth loath imposition of every kind. If thou art such as thy epistle hath set forth, why dost thou degrade thyself by such folly? Surely, every serious, industrious, well informed woman, may find means of support, without having recourse to such mean and despicable artifice. I tell thee, that if my mentioning thee gave thee pain, I do intend thee to forgive me; for I would fain live and die in charity with all mankind. But I must honestly tell thee, Mary, thou hast brought the mortification upon thyself. And moreover, I do conjure thee to quit such abominations, and betake thyself to some honest means of obtaining a livelihood. It is such lying prophets as thou art who lead young persons into many acts of frailty, and by foretelling what perhaps may never happen, incite them to take unwarrantable measures to prevent, or accelerate, the dreaded, or desired event. Accept my admonition, Mary, and profit by my well meant advice. I know thee not, thou hast never injured me, and even if thou hadst, I would not retaliate, or bear enmity towards thee; such acts are contrary to the principles of

REBECCA PLAINLY.

Lynn, 8th day of the 4th Month.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

QUERY.

IF IN TWO HOURS the gross and fulsome flattery of two of our modern polite Gentlemen, can make a Lady believe herself an Angel; how long will it take a man of sense to convince her she is a fool? ESQUIRE SNIP. New-Haven, April, 1803.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

IN the course of my reading, having met with the following, in the account of one of the prisoners in the Bastille, if you think it worthy a place in the Magazine, you will gratify one of your readers by inserting it. Yours, J. S.

THE LITTLE RED-BREAST.

AN EXTRACT.

"NEARLY a year had elapsed since my undergoing the torture, when one morning a small part of the window having been left open to air my prison, a Red-Breast flew into the apartment, and perching on the table, began to peck the bread which had just been brought me as half my days provision. I approached a few steps towards it, that I might the better observe it; for in my present situation, any object which engaged my attention, afforded me a moment of unexpected happiness. I perceived that it saw me, and I stopped, lest I should drive it away; but the food seemed to be a greater attraction than my presence was a cause of fear, and, to my satisfaction, it went on pecking the bread. Its plumage was rough, and raised against the cold, and it bore every mark of having suffered from the inclemency of the season, which was that of a severe frost; a deep snow had for some time covered the ground, and the eagerness with which it preyed on its newly found prize, showed that the weather had proved to it, (whose feeble claws were unable to turn up the depth of snow) a season of famine.

I pitied it for what it had suffered, and participated in its present apparently great satisfaction.—"Yet, poor foolish wanderer," I cried, "thy native timidity, when the call of nature is satisfied, will again drive thee the piercing cold and hunger from which thou hast now found protection! thou art not wise enough to insure it to thyself, and mayst perish perhaps for want of that which thou shouldst never lack by living here, could I but teach thee to know my good will towards thee!" In the energy of what I felt I drew nearer to the table; and the bird having finished his meal, or being terrified at my approach, flew two or three times round the room, in search of the spot by which it had entered, and having found it, vanished in a moment from my sight. "Thou art gone," I exclaimed, "never to return hither again!"—There was a charm in the last words, I had uttered, that seemed to render even the biting air and keen famine, to which the little animal would be exposed, an en-

ble situation when compared with my own. "Many are the hardships thou wilt endure," I cried; "but thou hast a balm for all thy sufferings—thou enjoyest LIBERTY, the choicest gift and richest blessing heaven pours on its created beings: deprived of it, all otherills in life are light. Knowing what I have learnt from experience of the bitterness of its loss, I would not be the wretch to inflict it, 'e'en on the little bird I have just beheld, no! tho' my own enlargement were the price of its captivity!"

On the following morning, to my great delight and surprise, the little bird again flew into my prison; I threw it some crumbs; it pecked them, hopped about the floor, flew upon the table, fluttered about the room, and again left me. Every morning I was now visited by the Red-Breast; I had nothing else to occupy my attention: and I found a great source of amusement in waiting the arrival of my feathered visitor: I never failed to feed him plentifully, and used every endeavour to divert him of his natural timidity, and dispose him to receive my caresses; and I even flattered myself that he began to view me without fear, as he sometimes remained several hours in my prison; but, alas! when spring began to exhale her inviting sweets, my little companion, wearing too much the complexion of the world he inhabited, forgot his fosterer in the hour of adversity, nor returned to soothe his solitary moments. Spring, summer, and autumn passed, and I began to think that some accident had befallen him, or that he had entirely forgotten the spot where he had been so hospitably received, and gave him up as lost. On the part of my persecutors also, a strict silence as to my doom had been observed towards me, and I began to fear I was a prisoner for life. Winter was now again advancing, when, as I was one morning reclining on my bed in mournful meditation, a fluttering in my room called my eyes to the part where I had heard it, and I beheld on the table my long lamented bird! I felt the glow of pleasure mount into my cheeks; and I immediately rose and crumbled for him a piece of bread; he chirped in thankfulness for my gift, and I even imagined he seemed as pleased as myself at the renewal of our acquaintance. During the winter he continued to visit me, as he had done the former one; and having made for him a perch, which I contrived, by means of a crooked nail, to form out of a long splinter which I had shaved from my table, and which I fastened up in one corner of my prison, by supporting it in a small niche I made in either wall; he often remained with me during the night, as well as the day, and sometimes for four or five days successively; and the pleasure which, (thut out as I was from all intercourse with my own species) I enjoyed in the unrestrained visits of this little bird, was undecipherably great. With the spring he again deserted me, and with the winter he again returned to my prison, and thus, till the seventh year after his first visiting me, did he continue to be my companion during the winter season. It was one day, about the middle of the seventh winter, that he happened to stand sleeping on his perch, with his head folded in the feathers of his wing, when the jailor entering with my breakfast, and observing him, darted across the prison, and, ere I could stop his cruel arm, seized my unconscious favorite and wrung his neck. Need I blush to own that the tears burst into my eyes:—I would have remonstrated with the unfeeling wretch on his barbarity, had I not immediately considered that what I could say would be of no avail, but to gain me the derision of him who had deprived me of my only source of solace and amusement; and I contented myself with requesting him to give me the dead body: without answering me he aimed to throw it out of the window; but missing his cast, it fell back into the room; I sprang forward to seize it, but he snatched it up, and his second aim being more successful, it was gone forever ere I reached the spot. I followed it with my eyes, and when it disappeared still found gazing at the window. The ruthless jailor left the prison in the silence with which he entered it. I immediately placed the floor under the window, and sprang upon it, hoping I might find the body reposed on the outward frame of it: but the hope was vain. I descended from the floor, and standing with my arms folded in the middle of my prison, reflection again led me to draw a comparison between the present situation of myself and that of my lamented bird, and the only inference I could draw from a long train of thought, I expressed in a short exclamation, which I instantly uttered, "That little bird at all still the happier!"

[From London Papers to March 5, 1803.]

THE Beeswain of a Man of War, that had just been paid off, passing through Monmouth-street, with full pockets and a prodigal heart, was so captivated with the richness and finery of a velvet suit which was displayed at the door, that he immediately went in and bargained for it.—Having tried it on, he was so well pleased with his appearance, that he was easily prevailed upon by the merchant to

complete his dress with the necessary appendages, a bag wig, a sword, and a chapeau au bras. Thus equipped, his next care was where to exhibit himself. The theatre readily occurred, whether he went, and placing himself in the front row of one of the side boxes, soon became attentive to the play. Notwithstanding his disguise, he was presently recognized by one of his shipmates in the upper gallery, who pointing him out to his comrade, asked him if that was not their boatswain; a question which the other answered in the negative, assuring him that it was "a lord or some other great gentleman." "We'll soon settle it," said the first, "for we'll hail him. Ohoy, the boatswain of the Romney, Ohoy!" who forgetting his situation, started from his seat, answering "Holloa!" and was discovered.

LEVITY.—A Link boy asked Dr. Burgess, if he would have a light. "No, child," says the Doctor, "I am one of the lights of the world." "I wish, then," replied the boy, "you was hung up at the end of our alley, for we live in a devilish dark one."

Artists, who understand anatomy, are fond of giving what they call *maps* of the human body. One, of this description, has lately published a *map of the foot*. This may be called *topography*.

An old man of high rank and fashion, who still affects the sprightliness and some of the gay vices of youth, was, a few days since, pertly asked by a witing, "what might be his age?" "My age! my age!" said old —, looking somewhat foolish, "eight and forty perhaps."—"Eight and forty!" exclaimed the enquirer, in astonishment—"Faith!" said the Duke, "I do not certainly know my age. My rents I count; my stock dividends I count; my horses I count; but, my years, I never count; for, them I cannot lose, nor can any person steal them from me!"

Legal Measure.—"You are an excellent packer," said a bon vivant to a waiter—"I dont understand you, Sir" replied the attendant—"Why you have contrived to pack a quart of wine into a pint decanter."

Robinson, convicted of imprinting his teeth on Ladies faces, says he was only imitating Sebastiani, by biting the Chicks.

The learned Gentleman who has written on the *diseases of the tongue*, attributes them all to want of rest.

The learned Frenchman who has invented a mode of propagating genius, vindicates its originality, by proving decidedly that it was not known before his time.

Mr. Francisco Badini, who has lately been conducted out of this kingdom, it is thought has been dexterously instrumental to his own departure. This is the same adroit personage, who, a few years since, published his own death in the Newspapers, sent his wife about to collect subscriptions for his decent interment, and thus managed to live snugly in private, upon his own funeral expenses, until he contrived to manage a more comfortable resurrection.

EPIGRAM

On the present fashion among Gentlemen of having their coat pockets made across the breast.

YOU discover at length, says a Belle to a Smart,
That your pocket's the thing which is nearest your heart!

On Saturday last, a Lady proceeding to Wandsworth, was accosted by a beggar, who implored alms of her; and while the lady was examining her purse to relieve the miserable, he suddenly snatched it from her, and run off without being apprehended. The purse contained two seven-shilling pieces, and 4s. 6d. in silver.

On Thursday last, an experiment of ingenious villainy was tried at the Post-Office, in Sheffield. A piece of wood, fashioned so nicely as to fit the slide in the window and intercept the letters, was inserted therein, and suspended to the outside of the shutter with a wire at each end, so that it could be let down and drawn up at pleasure.

THE FASHIONS.

LONDON—FOR MARCH, 1803.

Evening Dresses.—1. A round dress of yellow silk or muslin; the back made plain, and very low on the shoulders, with a small frill of white lace at the bottom of the back. Plain sleeves of white satin, with full yellow epaulets, trimmed with lace.

2. A dress of blue muslin, made low and full over the bosom; a half handkerchief of patent net or lace, fastened on the shoulders, and drawn full over the bosom. Full sleeves of white satin or farinet. Pearl necklace. An embroidered handkerchief twisted round the head, with one end falling over the right shoulder. A blue feather fixed on the right side so as to fall over on the left side.

Morning Dresses.—1. A round dress of white muslin, the back made full; long sleeves, with lace twisted round from

the shoulder to the waist. White tippet, bonnet of white silk, trimmed and tied under the chin with a white silk handkerchief; the bonnet turned up in front, and lined with coquelicot.

2. A short dress of white muslin, trimmed all round with a wreath of white crape and beads. Plain short sleeves of worked muslin, trimmed round the bottom with puffings of ribbon. Petticoat with a long train, trimmed round the bottom the same as the sleeves. The hair dressed long and full over the face, and ornamented with a wreath to correspond with the dress.

General Observations.—Barcelona handkerchiefs of various colours, and with gold and silver trimmings, are much worn as turbans. A straw bonnet with a high dome crown, called the St. Cloud, has just been introduced. Pearl necklaces are much worn. The prevailing colours are blue, green, and amber.

PARIS—FOR MARCH, 1803.

The fashionable shops still shew upon fave, hats of white, orange, red, and flesh coloured satin. Some use a crape of an amaranth, a green, or a sky-blue colour. The most common ornaments of the hats, are knots of ribbons, ivan-down edgings, and peculiar decorations of cut-crape. The turbans are of silvered crapes, or of crimson silk, embroidered with gold. Some women of fashion comb down the hair smooth, and simply bind it with a band of black velvet.—Golden arrows, lyres of pearls, or diamonds, and combs of rich materials, are still much in use. Topazes, instead of cameos, are now enshafed in the centre of the combs. Cornelians are now out of fashion. The palm-branch necklaces are still generally worn.

TO THE CURIOUS.

Account of Dead Bodies in a high state of preservation.

OBERRLIN, the professor, has published a short account of the two bodies found in such a high state of preservation in the small vault of the church of St. Thomas, Strasbourg, Germany; the body of the one is a male; the other is a female. The former was found with a covering of grey cloth, linen stockings, a vest buttoned, and shoes. He had on chamois gloves. His head, which rests on a silk pillow stuffed with scented herbs, is covered with a cap of silver fluff embroidered with lace. He has found his neck a ruff, as was the fashion of the 16th century.

His arms, which are placed at the head of his coffin, prove that he was one of the Counts of Nassau; perhaps Count Lewis, who died Canon of this Cathedral in 1542.

With respect to the young girl, she appears to have belonged to a house of great importance. She is clothed in a robe of green taffeta, ornamented with ribands. She has on her head a crown of flowers. From her shoulders depend two chains, the rings of which, brass painted black, are covered with glass stars, white and black. A hand placed on her neck, enriched with a ruby, two precious crosses suspended to that hand, a gold ring in each hand, with the letters of the name of Jesus; all these circumstances induce a belief that the young girl was a religious. These two coffins appear to have been brought from some other place, and placed in this vault. As they are of wood, they did not tempt those facerligious wretches who, in the time of terror, profaned many tombs. : : L. P.

ASTRONOMY.

AT the meeting of the Royal Society, on the 10th inst. several papers were read, among which were two dissertations on the Transit of Mercury over the Sun's disk, by Mr. Herschell, and Professor Buge, of Copenhagen; and a paper by the former, proving that the telescope is not affected by the humid atmosphere, and therefore that astronomical observations may be made during a fog. : : *Ibid.*, Feb. 25.

USEFUL.

PRECAUTIONS TO FARMERS, &c.

GREAT care should be taken, in the Spring of the year, to shut up fences and prevent horses and every kind of cattle from running over grass lands. Grass, at its first springing up, has no degree of hardness; it is too tender and delicate to suffer injury. The bite of cattle, while it is in this state, opens its bleeding pores, and as it were, poisons it and prevents its future growth.—Moreover, the tread of the cattle's feet so wounds and mangles the roots of tender grass, as to disable them from sending forth and nourishing their blades. The gnawing of horses upon tender spring grass is more pernicious than that of neat cattle, as they bite clover, while the ground is soft, often take up a part of the root with the blade.

Early spring grazing has also this pernicious effect, that it lays the ground bare and exposes it to the rays of the sun, so that, in case of an early drought, the surface of the earth is hardened and the roots of the grass become scorched;

which not only prevents the next ensuing crop, but injures the soil for years to come. Farmers often do not consider how much they lose by a few days neglect of their fences in the Spring. They had better pay double or even treble price for reasonable fencing than to let their fences lie down and the cattle graze their lands. : : : Balance.

THE Newark "Gazette," says, "a number of the most worthy and respectable Ladies of this village have lately formed themselves into an Association for the relief of poor and distressed persons. This association is governed by a prudent constitution—has already acquired a considerable fund—and is extremely well calculated to effect the highly meritorious purpose of its pursuit. Females of almost every age have united in this praise-worthy undertaking—and they reap their reward in the sweets of an approving conscience, and the exercise of that noblest principle of the human breast, heaven born Benevolence." *&c.* Many Societies of this kind, have recently been formed in various parts of the Union. "Go thou thine, and do likewise."

INTELLIGENCE.

INUNDATION.

A VERY extraordinary event has destroyed two thirds of the village of Vila Gaurdia, near Onelle, in Italy, consisting of 80 houses and 400 inhabitants. The village was situated on the brow of a hill, in a fertile soil, well cultivated, and abounding in springs. In the evening of the 22d of Nov. several great cracks were perceived in the ground, near the church—it rained without intermission the whole night, and on the following morning a considerable part of the mountain fell, and buried the church in ruins; and 37 houses sunk into the earth by degrees, one after another—the wretched inhabitants were witnesses to the scene of desolation which continued the whole day—the vineyards, gardens and olive fields yielding to the mass which had fallen from the mountain, were precipitated into the torrent; the remnant of the mountain is now a barren rock, and for four miles round it nothing is seen but wretchedness and ruin.

THE Lexington, "Kentucky Gazette," says, "The shareholders in the Kentucky Vine-Yard yesterday held a meeting at the house of Capt. Pofflethwait, when a sample of Kentucky wine was exhibited, which was supposed only to want age, to 'make it equal to any.' The company will dine together this day, when they will drink their own wine."

LITERARY.

S. H. Parker has this day published, Mrs. West's excellent "LETTERS addressed to a young Man, on his first entrance into Life, and adapted to the peculiar circumstances of the present times."

"Give me the boy at the plough, and the girl at her spinning wheel, rather than Master learning metaphysics, and Miss studying life and manners, in the pages of *Woodstock*, *Crist and Godwin*." Vol. 1, page 73.

E. Lincoln, of this town, has now in the press, an edition of Doddridge's Sermons, on Regeneration.

Answers to Correspondents in our next.

MARRIAGES.

In Castine, Capt. Elias Littlefield, to Miss Lucy Mann. In Salem, Mr. Nathaniel Cahot Lee, merchant, of Boston, to Miss Mary Ann Cabot; Mr. Nathaniel Ropes, to Miss Elizabeth Cleveland.

In Boston, Mr. Aaron Austin, merchant, of Portland, to Miss Eliza Packard; Mr. Wm. H. Perry, to Miss Ruth Dillaway.

DEATHS.

In New-Gloucester, Miss Betty Lane, *Æt.* 20. In Salem, Miss Mary Burrill, *Æt.* 25; Mrs. Elizabeth Very, *Æt.* 77. In Beverly, Mrs. Sally Young, *Æt.* 46, wife of Rev. Joshua Young. In Mcford, Miss Mary Brooks, *Æt.* 30, daughter of Capt. Caleb B. In Brookline, Mrs. Hannah Lucas, *Æt.* 59, the virtuous consort of John Lucas Esq. In Dedham, Mr. Thomas Weld. In Roxbury, Mrs. Hannah Lovering, *Æt.* 57. In Hingham, Mr. Laban Deas.

"At Mendon, on Tuesday last, by the accidental discharge of a gun, Francis Stone, *Æt.* 14, son of Mr. Thomas Stone."

"At Framingham, Mr. Benjamin Edwards, *Æt.* 71, formerly of Boston."

In Boston, Mrs. Elizabeth Salisbury, *Æt.* 27, consort of Mr. Samuel Salisbury, jun. merchant—Miss Sally Dennis, *Æt.* 20, eldest daughter of Capt. Thomas Dennis; James Carter Barton, *Æt.* 13 and 6 mo. son of Mr. John B.—Mrs. Sarah Hales, widow, *Æt.* 76; Mrs. Sarah Hillyard, *Æt.* 45; Mr. John Wilwall, *Æt.* 42; Mrs. Sarah Bennett, *Æt.* 25; Mrs. Sarah Henry, *Æt.* 20—a stranger from the Aims-House; and two children. Total this week, ending yesterday, 11 persons.

POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.
TO *****

WHEN sinking 'neath the western hill,
Sol seeks his Thetis in the sea;
I'll gaze upon the winding rill,
And sigh whilst I remember Thee.

When Cynthia fleeds her placid light,
And tips with silver every tree;
Tears of will hide her from my sight,
Starting whilst I remember Thee.

The cot, the shrubs, the road which curves,
Far o'er the hill as eye can see;
Each well known object daily serves,
To make me * remember Thee.

And were these not—yet to my mind,
Thy worth, thy form would present be;
E'en whispering through the trees the wind,
Would bid me fill remember Thee.

But will one wandering thought of thine,
Rest in its rapid flight on me?

Nor to forgetfulness consign,
The friend who loves to think on Thee.

Yes sure, thy fancy oft will fly,
To scenes which once were dear to thee;
Yes, when these lines shall meet thine eye,
Thou smiling may't remember Me.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE FEMALE FRIEND.

GIDDY girls, who up and down,
Flutter through the rattling town;
Flirting here, and flirting there,
While you for distinction stare:
Think, while flat rers round you crowd,
In your praise profuse and loud,
Think that in their painted eyes,
Danger lurking, danger lies.

Giddy girls, who in your dresses,
Follow fashion to excess,
And with every aid from art,
Dress, from admiration start:
Think how oft in circles bright,
While appearance breathes delight,
Round a room by scandal tost,
Female characters are lost.

Giddy girls, I do not mean,
Urg'd by envy, urg'd by spleen,
What you pleasure call to blame,
Spleen and envy I disclaim:
But as human life's a race,
While you run from place to place,
Let reflection guard your hearts,
'Gainst all base bewitching arts.

Giddy girls with wildness gey,
Do not turn from truth away;
'To a female friend sincere,
Lend, O! lend a listening ear;
Trust me, while your charms you spread,
By the hopes of conquest led,
You may, in a luckless hour,
Loose your heart-defending power.

S. R.***.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Mrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

WHEN I look round upon my acquaintance, and find them falling on my right hand, and on my left, (I mean in *Love's* it seems to be found in music ears the admonition, "Be ye also ready.") Now, Gentlemen, I by no means feel myself ready; but I have a desire to prepare for the event should it happen; and as it is fashionable to employ the pen on those occasions, I wish to exercise mine a little beforehand. I may, as I find leisure, suppose myself in a variety of situations, and endeavour to suit my verse to them. I am serious, I assure you, and offer a few lines as a first attempt.

TO MY MISTRESS.

Ah, if the lustre of thine eye,
Disturbs my peace, destroys my rest;
If thy sweet smile creates a sigh,
And wakens tumults in my breast!

What unknown torture would be mine,
If frowns should cloud that brow so fair;
Should that soft lustre cease to shine,
And thou reject my humble prayer?

Yours, ZAMA.

AN ACROSTIC.

Judicious nature, well didst thou refrain
One gift from him, who thousand hearts might stain,
How richly cloth'd his mind with every charm,
Nor spar'd thy beauties on his grannel form.

B ut why is speech, thought's channel thus denied?
R efus'd the sense articulate beside.—
E ntire his soul doth in its prison move,
W ill sure at last a virtuous system prove—
S ince he's forbid in terms to dress his mind,
'T o soothe his days, be fortune ever kind;
R e ly'd on blessings, may they constant flow,
R epelling from his mind all human woe.

EVELINA.

[The above gentleman has the misfortune to have been born deaf and dumb—his son to Dr. John Brewster, of Hampton, (Con.)—and whose nature has deprived him of the greatest blessing, yet, she has given him the genius of an able artist, in delineating and taking striking and correct portraits. He is now on a visit to this town, and we understand he may be found at Mr. Rufus Farnham's, No. 14, Summer-Street.] Editors.

THE NOVELIST.

THE ADVENTURES OF A PARROT.

[Continued from page 100.]

I HAD not long been in this family before I discovered that every creature in it had a different interest; my master was old, covetous, jealous, and ill natured; my mistress young, fond of pleasure, dissipation and extravagance; he had a most seducing person, and had married, I found, merely to secure an independence. The next personage was a Miss Bladon, who was an humble friend to Mrs. Lum, and who, with few personal and less mental endowments, had taken a violent fancy to Captain Thornby; but it was in vain, she made the most humiliating advances, the captain had neither ears nor eyes, for any woman but my mistress; and poor Miss Bladon found that all the artillery of her eyes and wit were entirely thrown away; she therefore consulted with Unka to play him some trick, which should avenge his seeming intemperance. To this end she was more than ordinarily attentive to Mrs. Lum, often deploring the hard fate of one so young and beautiful being married to a man so peevish in his disposition, decrepit in his person, and morose in his temper. Mrs. Lum was a weak inconsiderate woman; she listened to these consolations with evident pleasure, and at length confessed how much she preferred Captain Thornby to her husband.—This was the very point Bladon aimed to gain; she therefore encouraged their intimacy, and at length connived at a private assignation to meet the ensuing night, when Mr. Lum was expected to be out very late. Of this assignation she took care to apprise the old gentleman, so that just as the lovers were engaged in an interesting *à-la-tête* he returned, and in an authoritative voice demanded entrance to his wife's dressing room. What was now to be done, there was unfortunately but one door to the room, no closet, no possible place where the Captain could be concealed. At length, after much whispering and bustling, he threw himself from the window into the garden. This Bladon had foreseen, and as she descended saluted him with a full pail of water, which she discharged from an upper window on his head. Without a coat, bruised by his fall, and miserably wet, did poor Thornby attempt getting over the wall into the street, which, after many fruitless attempts, he at length effected, but his tormenter had not yet done with him; for he had previously informed some of his companions of what might possibly happen. Three or four of them received him as he came over the wall, and in the delightful pickle he then was, carried him by force to a tavern, and introduced him to a room full of young fellows, met there on purpose to be merry at his expense.

However glaring appearances might be against Mrs. Lum, she contrived to make her husband believe she was innocent, and had been falsely aspersed; so that his suspicions being entirely lulled asleep, when Captain Thornby's ship was ready to sail, she took all her jewels and a large sum of money from her husband, and taking Unka with her, embarked with the Captain for England.

When the elopement was discovered, I thought old Lum would have lost his senses; he raved, tore his hair, and cursed his ill stars that had led him to marry such a young jilt. "As to her," said he, "I would not care a jot if she was in the bottom of the sea, if I had but my money again; five thousand pounds, and all those fine jewels that cost as many more. Oh, I shall never get the better of it! But, continued he, rising in a passion, I will clear my house of all these vipers, these basilisks, these crocodiles; I will not have a woman come near my dwelling." He then or-

dered all his female slaves to be immediately sold, and desired Miss Bladon to quit his house, and take me with her; for, said he, she is a female, and perhaps may have some method of tormenting and deceiving people as well as others. Miss Bladon's finances were but low, and as she had no friend in Antigua, to whom she could apply for protection, she immediately agreed with the Captain for a vessel bound for England for her passage. On board of this vessel was a Colonel Manton, who was returning home after a long absence, to his native country: He took a fancy to me, and offered Miss Bladon 20 guineas for me.—The money was not to be refuted by a person in her circumstances, and I was taken on shore by the Colonel as a present for his only daughter. [To be continued.]

POOR POMPEY!

MELVILLE was going to spend the night at Lambeth. Crossing Westminster bridge about dusk, he saw an old man looking through the rails, his head resting on his hands. His deep-fetched sighs attracted the notice of Melville, who stopped at a short distance from the spot, wishing to console the afflicted stranger, but hesitating to address him. The wish to benefit a fellow-man is not always sufficient to furnish the means; and it often evaporates without effect, on account of the uncertainty which precedes it—like those luminous exhalations which impart no heat, and irrevocably disappear on the least agitation even of the air which has produced them.

Melville however approached the old man; and after a momentary pause of silence—"Excuse me, sir," said he; "but may I ask whether I can afford you any consolation, or render you any service?"

"Ah sir," replied the stranger, "a dying friend had bequeathed to me his dog, had particularly recommended him to my care, and I loved the animal—he was so fond, so faithful a creature! Poor Pompey never quitted me—never till this dreadful moment—for I have just now drowned him!"

"I was no longer able to keep him. The times are hard—extremely hard! I have a wife and a child; and they you know, deserve the preference. I offered Pompey to several persons; Pompey was not a handsome dog; and they refused to accept him. I could not see the affectionate creature starve; and I determined to put him out of pain.—I had the courage to execute the deed; but I shall never be able to pardon myself.—Oh! if you had seen him at the moment while I was tying the fatal stone about his neck! He looked in my face, licked my cheek, my hands, and seemed to say to me, 'I pity thee; thou art about to part with a friend.' Twice, fir, turning my eyes aside, I attempted to pull him off the battlement, without having sufficient strength to execute my purpose.

At length I called to mind my wife and my child—and poor Pompey went.—I cannot describe what I felt on hearing the noise of his fall into the water. Poor Pompey! I shall never see thee more!"

Melville was affected to the soul. Unable to offer consolation to the mournful senior, he wished at least to divert his sorrow—"You must," said he to the old man—when, lo! a dog ran up to them.—'Twas Pompey himself, dripping wet, and panting for breath. He leaped upon his late master, who, like a man recovered from a trance, looked now at the dog, uncertain whether the whole were not a dream. At length he exclaimed, "Gracious heaven, is he himself! Poor Pompey! it is possible, how couldst thou escape from death?"

Melville conceived himself authorized to become Pompey's interpreter, and thus explained the transaction to the astonished stranger. "In your grief, your trembling hands had ill tied the knot which fastened the fatal stone; in the fall it fell off, and Pompey swam to land."

"Yes replied the old man, it must have been so; I could not see what I was a doing; my eyes were dimmed with tears; and I was all in a tremor. I shuddered even at the courage which I exerted. But I shall never again feel similar courage—No! my poor Pompey! I will feed thee though the loaf should rise to half a crown. Rather than see thee want, I will sell my—"

"Sell nothing," interrupted Melville—"let this pay for Pompey's keeping until provisions become cheaper."

"A thousand thanks, fir," exclaimed the senior—"But may I ask who is thy benefactor?"

"A man of feeling," answered Melville, "whose most exquisite enjoyment of the gifts of fortune consists in the pleasure of sharing them with his fellow creatures."

BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

DEVOTED TO

MORALITY, LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, THE FINE ARTS, AGRICULTURE, &c. &c.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

To soar aloft on FANGY'S wing,
And bathe in HELLICONIA'S spring;
Cull every flower with careful hand,
And strew them o'er our native land.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP—No. XXIII.

Rega æge, care pater, cervice imponere vestra;
Ipse fatis humeris; nec incolor late gravabit.

THE following letter contains a complaint of such a heinous nature, that for the honour of humanity I should hope it was fabulous, were it not a melancholy truth that too many instances exist, to prove it a reality. May the simple statement which is made of the Father's industry and misfortune, and the Son's success and depravity, strike to the heart of the offender, awaken his dormant feelings of filial piety, and prompt to a future steady and cheerful performance of his duty.

TO THE GOSSIP.

DEAR GOSSIP,

AN intimate acquaintance of mine, appears to be dead to every sense of filial affection. He is the son of a poor, yet honest farmer of the vicinity, who, unable to support his son at home, after giving him a common school education, succeeded in placing him under the instruction of an eminent teacher of this town; where he discovered such abilities in the line of this profession, that in due course of time, by the assistance of his master, he became an eminent trader himself. Fortune appears to have bestowed those smiles on the efforts of the son, which the sternly and to the last, denied to the no less honest endeavours of the father. The son married, and had a promising family of children; the latter lost the partner of his youth by death, the adversities of this life took from him his little all, and age has now rendered him unfit for the labours of the field. Under these circumstances, he has been induced to seek an asylum under the roof of his son; is it not the obvious duty of the son to receive, to support and to comfort his father, and to do all in his power to render the few last days of his life serene and tranquil? I have no doubt but you will answer, certainly it is. Alas! how different his conduct! he seems to have forgotten his duty, to ridicule the idea of respect to his venerable suppliant, and even refuses to admit him to his table. My heart recoils with indignation, when experience every day tells me, that such things are.

Do Mr. Gossip, pick up a lecture for this unfeeling son, endeavour to awaken in him a sense of duty, left his children in a like case, should follow his example.

"The sword can kill
Man's body; Gold destroy his very soul."

Yours, PHILLO JUN.

IT appears strange, that in a civilized country, where men are in general educated in the principles of moral and religious rectitude, such a species of ingratitude as is here pointed at, should exist. Love and gratitude to the authors of our being, is a principle, which it should seem, springing from the first pulsations of the heart, would "Grow with our growth, and strengthen with our strength." When remembrance reverts to those days of helpless infancy, when without the paternal care we must have hungered, and perhaps, have perished, under the pressure of cold, hunger and neglect; our limbs have become contracted from the want of frequent ablutions, and that attention to cleanliness, so necessary to health, and our minds debased from a total neglect of proper correction and instruction; when a recollection of that period of imbecility rushes upon the mind, how can we but love and revere, with the most enthusiastic fervour, those kind-friends, whose care, prevented all our wishes, supplied all our wants, corrected the erroneous propensities of our natures, and cultivated with tenderness, every latent virtue. I do not know any point of view, in which the Patriarch Joseph, appears more amiable, than when we behold him assiduously striving to procure for his aged father, whom famine had driven to seek an asylum in Egypt, those comforts and conveniences, which smoothed the descent to the tomb, and gave to his

last hours, a bright beam of tranquility. How beautifully fascinating does *Ruth* appear, employed in gleaning the scanty gleanings from the fields of the wealthy *Boaz*, to support an infirm and beloved mother. The New Testament too, affords an example of filial love in our blessed LORD, who, in the agencies of death, looked upon his mother, and compassionating her desolate state, recommended her to the care of his chosen disciple, in these expressive words, "Behold thy Mother." As another incentive to the cheerful performance of our duty to parents, we are expressly told that he who honours them, shall have long life. Nor are influences of the beauty of this virtue, or precepts to enforce the performance of it, confined alone to the sacred writings; profane history abounds every where with examples, exciting admiration, and prompting to imitation.

How do we venerate the filial piety of *Cymon*, who endangered his own freedom, and became responsible for a large sum, which at that time, he had little prospect of ever being able to pay, except by personal servitude, in order that he might pay a fine, which the ungrateful *Abenians* had laid upon his father *Mithriades*, and who had refused the corpse of that brave general interment, until it should be paid. But the deuteous *Cymon*, would have cheerfully submitted to slavery, rather than the body of his father should suffer indignity, he raised the money, paid the fine, and procured for his parent, the honor of public and respectable sepulchral rites.—The Grecian Daughter nourishing her famished parent in prison, is an object peculiarly interesting, and will be transmitted to the latest posterity, as a striking example of filial love.—And who that reads Virgil's beautiful description of *Aeneas*, bearing his ancient Father on his shoulders, through the flaming ruins of desolated Troy, but forgets the admiration he had previously felt for the hero, in his love and respect for the filial piety of the son.—These examples, and the high veneration those who performed them, have been held in, through all succeeding ages, ought to call to mind the child to the cheek of every ungrateful unfeeling child. Ingratitude, in every sense, is detestable; but ingratitude to parents, is the height of human depravity. He who can be guilty of it, is restrained by nothing but the fear of legal punishment, from committing every enormity to which his hardened heart may incline.

But let such disgraces to humanity remember an hour of retribution will come, and that probably in this world, happy for them if it does; for they may then perhaps escape the less infernal torments in the world to come. I some little time since met with a story, though I cannot recollect in what book, that is apposite to the subject: I shall relate it and leave every unfeeling child to profit by the inference their own consciences will consequently draw.

A gentleman who being engaged in an extensive manufactory, had occasion to employ a large number of labourers, was desired by an anonymous note, one day, to visit his principal workman, and make some enquiry after his father, whom the note informed Mr. Wells, (for so the gentleman was called) was sick and confined to his bed, and that his son suffered him to languish unattended in an upper room, on a deplorable bed, and without a fire. Mr. Wells, struck with horror at this information, hastened to the house of Dobson, the workman, in order to satisfy himself of the truth of the information. Neither Dobson nor his wife were at home, a child of eight years old opened the door, and on his enquiry for the old man, answered that "Grandad was sick up stairs"—"I will go up and see him," said Mr. Wells. "La, sir," said the child, "he's up in the back garret, and mammy will scold, if I let's any body go up there." "I will take care she shall not scold you," said he, "so show me the way." "Grandad's very sick indeed," said the child, her face crimsoned with agitation, "Daddy says, he don't think he'll live long." "And you are very sorry for that," said Mr. Wells, willing to try how the child would answer, as by that he might form some judgment of the disposition of the parents. "N—o," said the girl, hesitating, "no very—he's very old, and mammy fays, he's so tire some." Mr. Wells had heard enough, he ascended the stairs hastily, the child shewing the way; but on entering the miserable chamber, he recoiled with horror from the heart rending scene. On a wretched flock bed, in one corner of a garret, the shattered remains of which exposed it to every inclemency of the elements, lay poor old Deh-

fon, worn almost to a skeleton, by pain of body and anguish of heart; his beard was of a frightful length, his countenance of a livid paleness, and his eyes sunk and dimmed entirely of intelligence. Two dirty blankets were the whole of his covering; and on the floor by his side, in a coarse porringer, was a little small beer with a few crumbs of bread broken into it.—"Great God!" exclaimed Mr. Wells, and caught by the door to support himself. "Ah! who is that?" said the aged sufferer, in a tremulous voice.—"Thy Mr. Wells," cried the half frightened child, "he would come up to see you, Grandad"—"Go down child" said Mr. Wells, "kind for your father, and I will stay here until he comes." He then seated himself on an old chest, entered into conversation with the old man, and heard a most lamentable tale of the trials and cruelties he endured from his unfeeling children. "I sometimes am a whole day without food," said he, "and when they do find me any, it is such scraps and bits, that my stomach refuses to take them. I have not known the refreshing comforts of clean linen for many weeks, and when I complain to my barbarous son, he says, I shall have a good clean shroud one of these days"—"Monster!" said Mr. Wells. In a very short time, the son returned, and terrified at hearing who was above stairs, with his father, ran up; but thinking to bear all out boldly, hegan, the moment he entered the room to bluster, saying, "he supposed Mr. Wells had heard a fine parcel of complaints." "I do not go by what I hear, but what I see," said Mr. Wells, sternly pointing to the bed.—"Well," said the unfeeling man, "it's as good as I can afford him—my wife, and the children occupy all the other beds, except one in the best chamber, which I keep for a friend—and if you did but know how cross and fractious the old man is, how he is always wanting this, and that, and t'other—and finding fault with every thing;—and he has no right to complain, for he treated his old father worse; he did not allow him even a bed to lie on; and many a time have I been sent up into this very room with scraps scarcely good enough for a dog to live upon."—"Is this true," said Mr. Wells, to the old man. He made no answer, but hiding his face in the bed clothes, remained silent. "However," continued Mr. Wells, turning angrily to the son, "he that as it may, you have no right to punish the faults of your father; whatever may have been his conduct in early life, you experienced from him only acts of kindness, he gave you a good common education, had you instructed in a respectable trade, and gave you wherewithal to begin life with comfort; from you, therefore, there is due towards him a large debt of gratitude. Go then, prepare a bed in your best chamber, as you call it, send your wife hither with clean linen, and refreshment for your father, let him have the comfort of being shaved and washed; remove him into a good bed, and send for a nurse and physician." The man hesitated. "Go," said Mr. Wells, emphatically, "do as I have said, or never expect another day's employment from me." This threat had the desired effect, he went down, and the old man, raising his eyes to Mr. Wells, said, "It is all true, and I am punished justly; I suffered my poor father to want every comfort, and to lie for months in this wretched apartment, unnoticed, unattended." His whole frame shook violently, and a cold sweat burst from every pore. Mrs. Dobson entered, and a person with her, who, assisted by Mr. Wells, washed and shaved the penitent sufferer, and changed his linen, giving him at intervals, a spoonful or two of warm negus, with a small portion of biscuit, dipped into it. This dose, they prepared to remove him down stairs, wrapped a large gown round him, and raised him on his feet; but a sudden faintness overcame him, he sunk down again, and feebly exclaiming, "Oh! God, thou art just! here on this spot, where I suffered my father to perish: here I must expire." His voice failed, he groaned deeply, and expired.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE ITINERANT—No. XVI.

"Tyants no more their savage nature kept." POPE.

THE following little piece, from the French of St. LAMBERT, has many beauties in the original; and to tone it may not be uninteresting in its present rough dress.

"DURING the last wars in America, a party of Abenaki Savages detected an English detachment. The war-

guished were unable to escape, from an enemy, more noble in the course than they, and eager to purify them; and were treated with barbarity, of which there are few examples even in those countries.

A young English officer, preceded by two Savages, that attacked him with uplifted hatchets, had no longer any hope of life: he thought only of selling his life at a high price. At this instant an old Savage, armed with a bow, approached him, and prepared to pierce him with an arrow; but after having adjusted it, he suddenly dropped his bow, and threw himself between the young officer and the two barbarians who were going to massacre him: they retired with respect. The old man took the Englishman by the hand, reanimated him with his caresses, and conducted him to his cabin, where he always treated him with a sweetness that was never diminished. He made him feel his slave than his companion. He taught him the language of the Abenakis, and the Greek arts in use among this people. They both lived very contentedly with each other. One thing alone gave inquietude to the young Englishman; sometimes the old man fixed his eyes upon him, and after having regarded him, would shed tears.

At the return of spring, the Savages re-affirmed their arms, and took the field. The old man, who was still sufficiently robust to support the fatigues of war, set out with them, accompanied by his prisoner. The Abenakis made a march of more than two hundred leagues through the forests; at length they arrived at a plain, where they discovered an English camp. The old Savage sneaked it to the young man, and regarding his countenance, "Behold thy brethren," said he; "these are they, whom we seek to combat. Listen to me; I have saved thy life; I have taught thee to make a canoe, a bow and arrows, and to surprise the elk in the forest; to manage the hatchet, and to strike terror into the enemy. What wast thou when I conducted thee into my cabin? Thy hands were those of an infant; they served neither to nourish nor to defend thee; thy soul was enveloped in night; thou knewest nothing; as to thee thou wert all. Wouldst thou be so ungrateful as to reunite thyself to thy brethren, and raise the hatchet against us?" The Englishman protested, that he would rather lose his life a thousand times, than shed the blood of an Abenaki.

The Savage, bowing his head, covered his face with his hands: after having been some time in this attitude, he looked upon the young Englishman, and said to him in a tone of mixed tenderness and grief, "Hast thou a father?" "He was alive," said the young man, "when I quitted my country." "Oh! how unhappy he is!" exclaimed the Savage; and after a moment of silence he added, "Knowest thou, that I have been a father? I am one no more. I have been my son fall in battle; he was my my side. I have seen him die manfully; he was covered with wounds, my son, when he fell. But I have avenged him; yes, I have avenged him," he pronounced these words with energy; his whole body trembled; he was almost filled by groans, which he would not suffer to escape. His eyes were wet, his tears flowed not. He calmed himself by degrees, and turning towards the east, where the sun was going to rise, he said to the young Englishman, "Seest thou this beautiful sky, refulgent with light? Hast thou pleasure in regarding it?" "Yes," said the Englishman, "I have pleasure in regarding this beautiful sky." "Ah well! I regard it with pleasure no more," said the Savage, shedding a torrent of tears. A moment after, he shewed the young man a tree, which was in blossom. "Seest thou this beautiful tree," said he; "hast thou pleasure in regarding it?" "Yes, I have pleasure in regarding it." "I regard it with pleasure no more," replied the Savage with precipitation; and immediately added, "I depart, go into thy own country; that thy father may yet have pleasure in viewing the sun, which is rising, and the flowers of the spring."

ST. LAMBERT.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF PLUTARCH.

IT has long been a complaint, that those who teach us wisdom by the surest ways, should generally live poor and unregarded, as if they were born only for the public, and had no interest in their own well-being, but were to be lighted up like tapers, to waste themselves for the benefit of others. This, however, did not apply to Plutarch, for he lived in an age that was sensible of his virtues, and found a Trajan to reward him as an Aristotle did an Alexander. It is agreed that Plutarch was born at Cheronæa, a small city of Bœotia, in Greece; between Articia and Phocis, and reaching to both seas. Juvenal called the natal spot of our author, a country of fine weathers, owing to the foggy air; but he is remembered, that it nevertheless produced three wits, which were comparable to any three

Athenians, Pinder, Epaminondas, and our Plutarch. The year of Plutarch's birth is uncertain, but without dispute in the reign of Claudius.

Our author in his works speaks of his father as a man well read in learning and poetry, and commends his prudence and humanity. The father of Plutarch had many children beside him. Tison and Lampres, his brothers, were bred up with him; all three instructed in the liberal sciences, and in all parts of philosophy. Plutarch evinced a great affection for his relatives, indeed they according to his own account, merited his esteem, for they were kind and affectionate.

Plutarch, at the end of Themistocles's life relates, that being young, he was a prisoner on the house of Ammonius, the Egyptian Philosopher whom he brings in disputing with his scholars, and giving them instructions. The custom of those times was very much different from those of ours, where the greatest part of our youth is spent in learning the words of dead languages. The Grecians who thought all barbarians but themselves, despised the use of foreign tongues; the first elements of their breeding were the knowledge of nature, and the accommodation of that knowledge by several precepts to the service of the public and the private offices of virtue; the matters employing one part of their time in reading and discoursing with their scholars, and the rest in appointing them their several exercises, whether in oratory or philosophy, and letting them to declaim and dispute among themselves. By this liberal education, study was so far from being a burden, that in a short time it became a habit; and philosophical questions and criticisms of humanity were their usual recreations at their meals. Boys lived then as the better sort of men do now; for their conversation was well-bred and manly. Rods and fusts were not used by Ammonius, as being properly the punishment of slaves, and not the correction of ingenious free-born men. Plutarch therefore having the assistance of such a master as Ammonius, in a few years advanced to admiration in knowledge; for, like a true philosopher, who minded things not words—he strove not even to cultivate his mother tongue with any great exactness. As it was his good fortune to be moulded first by masters the most excellent in their kind, so it was his own virtue to seek in wisdom, an incredible desire their wise instructions; and it was also his prudence so to manage his health by moderation of diet and bodily exercise, as to attain a good old age, and be vigorous to the last. We find that Plutarch visited Egypt, which was at that time as it formerly had been, famous for learning. From Egypt, returning into Greece, he visited in his way all the academies and schools of the different philosophers, and gathering from them many of those observations with which he has enriched posterity.

In his treatise which he composed on Content and Peace of mind, he has displayed a rich cabinet of matter. We may perceive in his writings the desire he had to imprint his precepts in the souls of his readers, and to lodge morality in families, nay, even to exalt it to the throne of sovereign princes, and to make it the rule and measure of their government. The Pythagorean, Epicurean, and Stoic, and peripatetic philosophy, were familiar to him, but he was chiefly inclined to follow Plato, whose memory he so much revered, that annually, he celebrated his birth day, and also that of Socrates.

It appears that moral philosophy was his chiefest aim, because the principles of it admitted of less doubt, and are most conducive to the benefit of human life; for after the example of Socrates, he had found that the speculations of natural philosophy were rather delightful than solid and profitable; and thus they were abstract and thorny, and had much of isophrase in the solution of appearances. He forgot not to be pleasat when he instructed, for he was no four philosopher. As to his religion it was heathen. Alas!—that he was no Christian is manifest; yet he is no where found to have spoken of our religion with contempt. The orthodox fans of him, that he had heard of our holy gospel, and inserted many of our sacred mysteries in his works, which we may easily believe, because the Christian Churches were then spread in Greece. Not leaving the fond of Plutarch, with our charitable wishes, to his Maker, we shall proceed on to more entertaining passages of his life, evading a dissertation respecting the doctrine of spirits.

Plutarch has spoken of his wife in language the most affectionate. He has extolled her conjugal virtues, her gravity in behavior, and her constancy in supporting the loss of children. Some think the famous epic Longinus, was of Plutarch's family. It is needless to insist on his conduct to his family; his love to his wife, his indulgence to his children, his care of their education, are all manifest in that part of his works which is called his Morals.

Other writers have praised his disposition, and he himself drops this testimony, "I had rather," said he "be forgotten

in the memory of man, and it should be said, there neither is nor was a man, called Plutarch, than that they should report this Plutarch was inconstant, changeable in his temper, prone to anger and revenge on the least occasion." There is a pretty anecdote related of Plutarch and a certain slave, who in his disposition somewhat resembled the harmless Sancho Pancha, excepting that his compassion had more of the vinegar in it. Plutarch being justly offended at this fellow, gave orders for his correction; the slave no sooner felt the smart, than he bawled out loudly, but on a sudden he left off his lamentations and began to argue the matter with more flow of reason, and accused Plutarch of not being the philosopher he pretended himself to be. Plutarch gave his reasonings a patient hearing; he assured his slave that in him he did not discover any symptoms of anger, for he was quite calm, and turning to the officer, bid him do his duty, whittle he and the slave disputed the matter.

We have strong reasons to conclude that Plutarch was at Rome, either in the joint reign of the two Vespasians, or at least in that of the survivor Titus; and that the correspondence he had with the worthy Suetonius Seneca, principally induced him to undertake the journey thither. On his arrival at Rome, soon was he countenanced by the worthies of that age, who, with the nobility frequented his house, in order to hear his philosophical lectures. About this time Plutarch was honoured with the friendship of Trajan; and it is said that this wise emperor made use of him in all his counsels, and that the happiness which attended him in his undertakings, together with the administration of the government, which in all his reign was just and regular, proceeded from the instructions which were given him by Plutarch.

Whilst at Rome Plutarch industriously applied himself to the Roman history and laws, and the native character; hence was he not only enabled to write the history of their great men, but to draw masterly parallels betwixt the Grecian and Roman heroes. It is generally thought that he continued in Italy near forty years. The desire of visiting his own country, to natural to all men, and the approach of old age, and perhaps also the death of Trajan, prevailed with him at last to leave Italy, or if you will have it in his own words, "He was not willing that his little city should be one the less by his absence."

After his return he was, by the unanimous consent of his citizens chosen archon, or chief magistrate of Cheronæa; and not long after, admitted himself into the number of Apollo's priests, in which employments he seems to have continued to his death, of which we have no particular account, only it is evident that he lived to a great old age.

Thus much with respect to the life of this great man. We shall take a slight survey of his works, many of which are irrecoverably lost. His Lives are, however, of themselves, a stupendous monument to his fame, and his *Morals* crown this towering edifice with a fort of never fading laurel.

We might descend with rapture on the beauties of history; suffice it, that it is a very prospective glass, carrying your soul to a vast distance, and taking in the farthest objects of antiquity. Biography, or the history of men's lives, although not possessing the dignity of history, nevertheless excels in pleasure and instruction. It is not only commended by ancient practice to celebrate the memory of great and worthy men, as the best thanks posterity can pay them; but also the examples of virtue are of more vigour when they are thus contracted into individuals. Plutarch was sensible of this truth, and posterity have profited by his labours; Plutarch knew the value of good morals, and Plutarch was incessant in furnishing mankind with lessons of wisdom. Mankind, to their honour, have felt a gratitude to their benefactor.

CARRUTH.

AMUSING.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ANSWER TO THE QUERY, IN THE LAST MAGAZINE.

IF it takes two hours for the modern fine Gentleman to make a Lady believe herself an Angel, it will take a man of sense just as long to convince her she is a fool, as it will the Fool in question, to turn the brains of a sop, viz. five minutes.

Natick, April, 1803.

MIMA SNAP.

ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN.

HAIL, thou inexhaustible source of wonder and contemplation! Hail, thou multitudinous ocean! whose waves chase one another down like the generations of men, and, after a momentary space, are immersed forever in oblivion! Thy fluctuating waters wash the varied shores of the world, and while they disjoin nations whom a nearer connection would involve in eternal war, they circulate their arts and labours, and give health and plenty to mankind.

How glorious, how awful are the scenes thou displayest!

Whether we view these when every wind is hushed, when the morning view rises the level line of the horizon, or when its evening tract is marked with flaming gold, and its unrippled bosom reflects the radiance of the over-arching heavens; or whether we behold these in their errors; when the black tempest sweeps thy swelling billows, and the boiling surge mixes with the clouds; when death rides the storm, and humanity drops a fruitless tear for the toiling mariner whose heart is flinking with dismay!

And yet mighty deep 'tis thy surface alone we view. Who can penetrate the secrets of thy wide domain? What eye can visit thy immense rocks and caverns, that teem with life and vegetation? Or search out the myriads of objects, whose beauties lie scattered over thy dread abyss?

The mind staggers with the immensity of its own conceptions: and, when it contemplates the flux and reflux of thy tides, which from the beginning of the world were never known to err, how does it shrink at the idea of that divine power which originally laid thy foundations so sure, and whose omnipotent voice has fixed the limits where thy proud waves shall be stayed — Keats's Sketches of Nature.

THE MUSICAL SWINDLER.

THE following coup de main was played off at a snop in Oxford street a short time since. A well dressed man, apparently a foreigner, went into a woolen draper's shop, in the afternoon; he had a green bag in his hand, which he laid on the counter with great care, and asked for some kerseymere for a waistcoat and breeches; he affected great hurry, and had a boy, like a servant or errand-lad, with him. The kerseymere being cut off, he gave it to the boy, saying "hid the taylor lose no time; I must have it to-morrow night for my lord's concert; I cannot go without it's done if I do. I shall lose twenty guineas." The boy went off in a hurry with the purchase; — the draper asked the gentleman if he did not want lining, and trimmings, &c. The answer was, "Yes; I forgot that; God helps me! I must go to the taylor now myself with them." — He then talked of the concert he was engaged for; mentioned the violin in his green bag, for which my lord had offered him forty guineas, and which he refused. He next felt for his purse, in order to pay the draper's bill; affected great surprize, but recollected he must have left it at the music shop, where he had been to buy a sonata! it was certainly safe; he had been no where else; and if the gentleman (the draper) would give him leave to hang his violin on the vacant nail he saw in a niche behind the counter, he would leave it till he returned with the money; but may be that he might not come till next morning, as it was probable he might fly late at my lord's, where he was going to rehearse with some amateurs.

The draper consented; a splendid violin was drawn out of the bag and hung up with great care, the musical gentleman observing it was lucky he had another at home, for which he should want the bag, which he took with him. About two hours after another person came for some small article, and chanced a piece of cloth for a coat, but did not buy it; seeing the violin, he asked if it was to be sold; the answer was "no; the owner would not sell it for forty guineas;" "It must be a good one," said the stranger; "permit me to feel it." He took it, tried it, and was in raptures. "It's a charming instrument, Sir; I'll give you twenty guineas." "Sir, it is not mine; I cannot sell it." — "I'll give thirty, Sir: do let me have it" — and he took out his purse. "I cannot," said the draper again. "Let me finger it a little more; Sir you must contrive to get it for me—thirty-five guineas, Sir? Oh, by G—, that's a divine tone; I'll give thee forty guineas, Sir, and pay you commission for buying it; and I'll call to-morrow morning." "I shall do my endeavour, Sir."

The draper now thought he should make a hit; the commission probably on both sides too was not to be neglected. Early next morning came the owner of the violin, to pay for his kerseymere, and take his instrument. "Will you sell your violin, Sir?" "No, Sir—do you play?" "No, but I have a mind to make a present, and you say this is a good one. Will you take twenty guineas for it?" "I tell you, Sir, I have refused forty." "Come, I'll give you thirty." "No, Sir, I should affront my Lord if any body else was to get it." "Come, come, you say you have another." "Aye, that is true, and as like this one, as can be." "Well, I will give you thirty four guineas and no more." "Why, to be sure, I should not like to see my Lord know that I wanted money, if I did even want it; so you see you to like it, if you give me the kerseymere into the bargain, you may have it; my Lord does not know one from the other." The thirty four guineas were paid. The draper has got a violin which the pretended purchaser will most assuredly never call for. Such are the kind of hits which avarice sometimes makes; for the divine toned instrument proves to be a Dutch one of half a guinea price!

AS a number of persons were one evening relating to each other the various extraordinary incidents which had fallen within their observation, a gentleman traveller attracted the attention of the company by the following: — "As I was once passing through a forest, I heard a rattling noise in the bushes near the road; and being impelled by curiosity, I was determined to know what it was; when I arrived at the spot, I found that it was occasioned by a large stick, which was fast—erected, it could not be still."

[From London Papers.]

A SCHOOLMASTER hearing one of his scholars read, the boy, when he came to the word Honour, pronounced the word full; the master told him it should be spoken without the H, as thus, *onour*: "Very well, Sir," replied the lad, "I will remember for the future." "Aye," said his master, "always drop the H." The next morning the master's tea, with a hot muffin, had been brought to his desk; but the duties of his avocation made him wait until it was cold; when speaking to the same boy, he told him to take the muffin to the fire, and heat it: "yes Sir," replied the scholar, and taking it to the fire, set it. Presently the master calls for his muffin; "I have eat it, as you bid me," said the boy: "eat it, you scoundrel! I bid you take it to the fire and heat it." "But, Sir," answered the lad, "yesterday you told me always to drop the H."

A GENTLEMAN sitting down to write a deed, began it thus: "Know one woman by these Presents." A bystander interrupted him, and said it should be, "Know all Men by these Presents." "No matter," says he, "if one woman knows it, all men will of course."

A SEA Captain having made some material blunders in his reckoning, and finding that he could not discover the latitude, walked the deck in great dependence, wringing his hands, and crying out in a pathetic tone, "Oh! if my dear wife knew where I was!" "By St. Patrick, (said a dourly tar) I would much rather, Sir, that you knew yourself."

MAXIMS.

- 1. THE best way to respect a respectable, is to appear happy.
2. There is no end to the inconveniences arising from want of order and cleanliness.
3. Happy the woman who can distinguish the sincere best admirer, from the apparently modest gallant, whose heart is cold and barren as the island of Zembla!
4. It is every body's mouth, "Much depends on the choice of your companions." I say bookers are companions; songs are companions; words are companions.
5. If you would never be ashamed, never do wrong.
6. Rich clothes are sometimes spoiled in making; but good deeds are oftener inefficual, through the ungraceful manner, in which they are performed.

REMARKABLE.

EXTRAORDINARY NARRATIVE.

SOME years ago, as a gentleman was travelling from Strasburg, in company with a merchant of that city, attended by one servant, and a favourite dog, the merchant, for his amusement, stopped a short time under the shelter of some beautiful trees which grew on one side of the road; but on his endeavouring to remount his horse, the dog seized his coat, and held him with all its strength, growling and barking in a very uncommon manner. Unable to form any idea of the cause, the parties were all apprehensive of the animal's being mad. The master lashed him severely, and at length getting from his hold, attempted to pursue his route; but the dog not only continued his barkings, but bit at the horse's nose and feet, insomuch that the merchant, who was a man of strong passions, drew a pistol and wounded him mortally. Upon receiving the wound the dog fell, but in a few moments recovered himself, and calling a most piteous loud at his enraged master, turned back, and crawled towards the city. The travellers pursued their journey for about three miles, when they stopped at an inn for refreshment. In attempting to discharge the bill, the merchant now found that he had forgotten among the trees, a leather belt, made in the manner of a flout belt, in which, according to the custom of travellers in Germany, he carried his money; recollecting, however the privacy of the place, and that no other person had passed the road, he was not in the least uneasy at the event, and proposed riding back with his servant, to recover his property. His fellow-traveller, however, not only offered, but insisted on returning with him. Upon their arrival at the fatal spot, there lay the belt, and on it the sanguous victim of fidelity breathing its last breath in convulsions. A spectacle so extremely melancholy, sensibly affected the

whole party; but how was the distress increased, when the merchant, seized by a violent phtency, flew to his pistol, and endeavoured to lodge the contents in his own body, and his companion and servant were obliged to use the utmost force to prevent him from self-destruction. Having, however, secured him so as to prevent the immediate fatal effects of insanity, they returned to Strasburg; where, notwithstanding every medical effort, the unfortunate merchant in a few days died raving mad: — Lond. P.

INTELLIGENCE.

[Belfast, Saturday Evening, April 23, 1834.]

MIDDLESEX CANAL.

IT is said, that the Proprietors of the Middlesex Canal will shortly realize the fruits of their enterprise and perseverance. Immense numbers of rafts, composed of large logs, as well as of such, as are designed for snags and spurs, are ready to be floated into Charles' River. We are credibly informed, that the quantity of timber, for this purpose, which is already felling in the Merrimac, or on the banks of that river, amounts to at least four millions of tons. The price of timber is consequently greatly enhanced of late throughout the neighbourhood of the canal.

BERRY-STREET ACADEMY.

EVERY attempt to excite a spirit of virtuous emulation in youth deserves applause and gratitude. It was with peculiar pleasure that a most respectable company assembled on last Thursday evening, to attend the exercises; their performances were highly gratifying, and received the applause so justly due; to select any one from this amiable school, as an object more particularly deserving praise would be ungenerous, and a reflection upon others not less deserving from their spirited exertions to gain our esteem. Mr. and Mrs. Payne, their worthy preceptor and preceptors, merits every attention and encouragement, which a grateful public can bestow. Their system of education so admirably calculated to give birth to reflection, is evinced by the correct progress their scholars make in the various branches of useful knowledge and polite accomplishments.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

- Ophelia's verses will flourish all grace our next. Marcia to Zema, in our next.
Peter Probe, Esq. will see his communication at a very early period.
Chafe of the Wild-Hog, on file.
The Confidant, on Flattery, shall be noticed.
Admirator's verses we presume, would not excite admiration.
S. in imitation of Southey—good.
We beg leave to decline a pastoral, signed E. & C.
Jack Patchwork's intent is good, but the language is not fish as we would prefer to the eye of our female patrons.
The story contains an excellent moral, and we should like to see it in a better dress.
April—like the month it celebrates, neither one thing, nor another.
Cure for Love, and some extracts from a Halifax paper, sent us by a correspondent, very trifling.—We must also decline The Choice, by a young Lady.
Rebus on Beauty, not beautiful composition.
Verses to the Moon, vastly fine, but it is the first time we have ever heard of the silver moon beams gilding the trees.
Verses to Nancy—will interest no one but Nancy.
Verses by Morgan Ratler, too trifling and inaccurate for insertion.

On Calumny, by Observer, common place.

ORDAINED.

In Salem, on Wednesday last, the Rev. Samuel Worcester, as pastor over the Tabernacle Society, in that town.

MARRIAGES.

In Boston, Mr. Thomas Waterman, to Miss Mary Vaughan; Mr. Wm. Bicknell, to Miss Martha Boston, of Salem.

DEATHS.

- In Plymouth, Maine, Mrs. Mercy Paine, Aet. 94. She lived to see her 17th child, viz. 12 children, 83 grandchildren, and 76 great grandchildren.
In St. Lucia, Capt. Richard Thompson, of Devon Aet. 26.
In Marblehead, Mrs. Blackler, Aet. 20, wife of Capt. John C. Blackler.—In Topsfield, Mr. David Perkins, Aet. 77. In Salem, Mr. Joseph Young, Aet. 26.
In Boston, Mr. Seth Baxter, Jun. Aet. 38. Andrew S. Newell, youngest son of Capt. And. Newell; Capt. Charles Porter, Aet. 48; Mrs. Mary Barker, wife of Mr. Daniel B. Dea. John Sale, late of Chelsea, Aet. 75; Mr. Wm. Patten, Aet. 53; Mrs. Elizabeth Downie, Aet. 77.—one other — Total, eight for the week ending yesterday.

POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ON QUITTING THE LADIES' ACADEMY AT MEDFORD.

ON fleeting wings the happy hours flew!
They are gone, and I must bid a last adieu
To scenes of happiness;
To scenes impress'd on mem'ry's lasting pow'r,
(Not the impression of a transient hour,
Which time will soon erase.)
But strongly ting'd with gratitude's warm glow,
Which feeble language has not words to show,
Nor yet my pen impart;
Fain would I strive, but my young muse is weak,
And language is inadequate to speak,
Th' emotions of my heart.
I part from those, whom friendship has endear'd,
From those associates, with whom I've shar'd
Rich education's sweets;
But great the claims of love and gratitude:
My heart by the sensations is subdu'd,
And will be while it beats,
Tow'rd's an Instructor, infinitely dear;
Whose kind attention, tenderness and care,
Never can be repaid:
Who to infuse the principles of truth,
Religion, virtue, in the minds of youth,
Leaves no art unessay'd.
But I no more shall her instructions share,
Thine valu'd precepts never more shall hear
Which so impressive flow.
But to those virtuous precepts to adhere,
And profit by them, fill shall be my care
And future guide below.
Fain would my willing mind make forms return,
Fain paint the heart that will forever burn
With boundless grateful love;
But worth like hers in deathless fame shall live,
And at some future period receive
A bright reward above.

Medford, April 16th, 1803. M. W.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

LINES,

Written after having taken leave of a respected Friend for the night.

BELMOUR, o'er thy reposing head,
My guardian angel's wings extend,
While sleeping, may they watch thy bed,
When waking, fill thy life defend.
May Peace reside within thy breast,
Long mayst thy virtues grace the earth,
Be thou by fortune's favours blest,
Proportioned equal to thy worth.
Oh that my prayers had the pow'r,
To gain from heav'n a boon for thee;
Thou should'st dear Belmour from this hour,
The happiest of the happy be.
May sacred Friendship for thee glow,
May't thou be blest in faithful love;
And should thy breast on sorrow know,
Their sympathy the grief remove.
Calm be thy slumbers, soft and light,
And may the dreams those slumbers bring;
Be pleasant, yet as pure and bright
As is the soul from whence they spring.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

HOME.

While round the globe the wanderer,
With wearied steps may roam,
Thro' every change, in every clime,
Each thought full points to home.
Each dear domestic scene is fill
By partial fancy dress'd,
And e'en the Greenland savage, thinks
His barren foil the best.
So where'er he henceforth by fate
This frame of mine may be,
Each thought, each wish will fondly dwell
America, with thee. S. R.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

A REBUS.

THE name of a place where literature's known,
And a word that is common in use with a clown;

With a letter beginning a very fine flower,
And a passion we all know has very great power;
A vowel belonging to a place of resort,
And the season of life best suited to sport;
Arrange the initials and then you will find
A Lady accomplished, in virtue and mind. O.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.
AN ACROSTIC.

INERTLY fordid every breath must be;
Stagnant in spirit that can tamely fee,
Regardless even of a grateful boot,
A daring warrior sink in silent duet—
Encircling laurels let the trump of fame,
Long bind around the patient hero's name.
Peerless in prowess, PUTMAN's name shall pass;
Unfaded follow in the vet'ran clafs,
Teaching the world that those bright deeds were done,
Maintain'd by ador for rights alone;
And while the faithful page its tribute pays,
No servile slander shall depress the praise.

A. Z.

THE NOVELIST.

ADVENTURES OF A PARROT.

[Continued from page 104.]

WHEN I arrived at Portman Square, the place of the Colonel's residence, I was presented by him to a young lady, the emblem of beauty and innocence.—She was seated at the breakfast table with her father and a maiden aunt, when the servant brought me in. "Here Sybby," said the Colonel, "this is the present I promised you; 'tis a good-natured docile creature, therefore, I think, I need not desire you to be kind to it." Miss Mantion, while her father had been speaking, had opened the door of my cage, and taking me on her finger, "Pretty Poll, said she, raising me toward her lovely face, I shall surely love you for the sake of the donor, and I hope my dear father does not think his daughter capable of being unkind to any thing in existence that depends on her care and tenderness for support and protection." "Oh, to be sure, you are vastly tender hearted," cried Miss Dorothy, the maiden aunt, "nobody ever doubted that." "And I would have her so," said the father mildly, at the same moment casting a look of the most benign complacency at his child.

What! would you have her take all the beggar's brats in London under her care?
Beggars brats, madam, said Miss Mantion, reddening, I don't know what you mean by using that appellation to the offspring of Mr. Rowley.

The Colonel had appeared much surprised at this conversation between his sister and daughter, and addressing the latter in the gentlest accent, desired to be informed of the cause of their apparent dissatisfaction with each other.

I will tell you, my dear Sir, she replied, and I flatter myself you will not think me quite so blameable, as my aunt does, in offering all my little assistance to one, who, though she had greatly erred, was still my fellow creature. Oh, monstrous! cried Miss Dorothy, how dare you place such vile harlotry on a footing with the family of the Mantons. My dear aunt, replied the charming girl, we are by nature all on a level, and all our boasted superiority over a fallen sister is, that we either have been happily educated in the strictest principles of honour and virtue, or we have not been exposed to temptations which we possess not fortitude to withstand.

Good girl, said the Colonel, kissing off the drop of humanity that had fallen on her ruby cheek; but I am anxious for your tale.

You may remember, my dear Sir, that when you placed me with Mrs. Woodville, at Bromley, there was a young lady there of the name of Leslie, she was several years older than myself, yet I know not how it was, but a firm friendship soon was formed between us, which subsisted unabated to the last hour of poor Matilda's life.

Miss Leslie was frequently visited by her father, who always brought with him a young gentleman, whom she addressed by the appellation of brother. I had observed Matilda to be uncommonly grave whenever this young gentleman visited her, at which I was greatly surprised, as he was the most amiable young man I ever conversed with, handsome in his person, and insinuating in his manner. The Colonel looked at his daughter and smiled archly, Miss Dorothy, sneering, tossed her head, and the lovely Sybilla blushing, proceeded.

One evening, after this young gentleman had made Miss Leslie a long visit, I surprised her in tears. Dear Matilda, said I, has any thing happened to your father or brother,

that you are thus distressed? Brother! said she emphatically, and raising her fine eyes, would to Heaven, my dear Sybilla, that I had a brother, I should then be happier than I can now ever hope to be. The young gentleman I have just now parted with is not my brother, nor indeed any relation. He is the orphan son of a brave officer, who left him for inheritance nothing but an unfulfilled name. My father knew this man in his youth, and for the sake of the worthy father, adopted the son, gave him an education befitting a gentleman, and George Rowley is equally beloved by him as his own Matilda; brought up from infancy together, how was it possible but we must love; we did love, but neither of us suspected with what ardency, or that it exceeded the bounds of fraternal affection, 'till a few days since, when my father informed me I should leave school entirely the next holidays, and that now as I was eighteen, he wished to see me settled in a matrimonial way, and had provided me a noble lover in the person of the young Earl of Stor. Though I have seen this young nobleman, my dear Sybilla, and acknowledge him an amiable and accomplished man, I feel, I can never love him, as honour and duty will require, and at the same time I am convinced I shall ever in my heart prefer George Rowley to all the rest of his sex how is it possible then that I can reconcile duty and inclination, for I am certain my father will never consent to my union with a man so entirely devoid of the gifts of fortune.

During the time Miss Leslie remained at Bromley, after this conversation, I frequently listened to her on the subject nearest her heart, and was sorry to find that her unhappy passion for Mr. Rowley daily increased. At length the time arrived when she was to return home; we parted with a mutual promise of corresponding, but after I had received two letters, I heard no more from her, 'till one day, the latter end of last week, when a man, in the tattered habit of a soldier, knocked at the street door as I was going up stairs, I stopped to hear if he enquired for me, or wanted charity. My aunt was in the front parlour, and hearing the man ask for Miss Mantion, threw open the door and announced herself as the person he wanted, at the same time demanding his business. I have a letter, madam, said he, which I was to deliver into your hands only; but is there not another Miss Mantion? I now came down the stairs, and taking the letter, said, Perhaps, friend, it is for me: Who is it from? A poor dear creature, said he, whom you formerly knew, Miss — He paused, and tears gushed in his eyes. I hastily tore open the letter, and found it contained only these words, though scarcely legible.

"If Miss Mantion has any compassion for the lost Matilda Leslie, she will come with the bearer to close her dying eyes. Oh, Sybilla, by the friendship you once bore me, do not refuse to come; I have a request to make, which lies heavy at my soul, and you are the only friend to whom I dare apply." [To be concluded in our next.]

LOTTERY.

THE Subscribers hereby give notice, That they shall commence the drawing of the Third Class of SOUTH-HADLEY CANAL LOTTERY, at Boston, on the 15th day of June next, and that the Tickets which shall be unsold on the 15th day of May next, will pass from the Managers into the hands of a Company who have contracted for them, whose agent has directed, that none be sold after said 15th day of May, under Five Dollars Fifty Cents. The sale hitherto, has been rapid beyond the most flattering expectations of the Managers, and they hope the number to pass into the hands of a company will be very few.

- THOMAS DWIGHT,
 - JUSTIN ELY,
 - JONA. DWIGHT,
 - JOSEPH LYMAN, jun,
 - JOHN WILLIAMS,
- } Managers.

TICKETS, HALVES and QUARTERS, in the above Lottery, for Sale, by GILBERT & DEAN, at the MAGAZINE and LOTTERY-OFFICE, No. 56, State-Street. Likewise, Wafers; black and red Sealing Wax; Sand-Boxes, and black Sand; Ink Stands of all kinds; a good assortment of Penknives; variety Memorandum and Pocket Books, &c.

Also, for sale, A general assortment of Commercial Blanks; Trial of Friendship, a beautiful novel; Jefferson's Notes on Virginia, with a portrait, price 1 dl. 25 cents; Hindu Philosopher; the Peasant's Fate; Specimens of Republican Institutions; Aphorisms on Man; the Art of Preserving Health, by John Armstrong, M. D.; Blunt's Practical Navigator and Coast Pilot; &c. April 23.

PRINTED and PUBLISHED, every SATURDAY Evening, By GILBERT & DEAN. Two Dolls. per ann.—One half paid in advance.

BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

DEVOTED TO

MORALITY, LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, THE FINE ARTS, AGRICULTURE, &c. &c.

TO OUR FRIENDS AND PATRONS.

IT being now six months since the *Weekly Magazine* first appeared in existence, the EDITORS beg leave to return their acknowledgements to their Friends and Patrons, the Public, for the very liberal encouragement they have afforded them—and strangers to the world of literature, they cannot but be sensible of their obligations to those literary characters who have so generously assisted their undertaking; at the same time they presume to solicit a continuance of those favours which have highly contributed to enhance the value of the publication.

YOUNG and inexperienced as we are, we must be fully conscious that there have been, and still are, many defects, both in the plan and execution of our design—that numerous inaccuracies must have been visible, many improprieties may have crept in, and that when we have been most solicitous to please, we have, perhaps, been most liable to offend. We have been censured by some, for having so resolutely refused admission to any political discussion whatever; but as the daily papers abound with politics and party spirit, and as it is our desire to render the *Magazine* acceptable to all parties, all ranks and sects, we shall still persevere in the original plan, and confine ourselves to those subjects which may amuse or instruct.

IT has been our strenuous endeavour in every succeeding number, to add something to the interest and general utility of the work; and we shall still make it our study to collect such materials as may render it peculiarly grateful to our Fair Patrons, for whose use and amusement it was originally designed. We have been favoured with an original Novel in M. S. entitled "SINCERITY," which we purpose commencing on the 4th of June next, by which time we hope to procure such good paper, and add to the *Magazine* such appropriate decorations, as may assist to establish it on a permanent and respectable footing.—We have also by us at present, several original Essays and Poems, which have been approved by persons of assured judgment, and many judicious selections from late European publications; which will, we trust, prevent the smallest appearance of sterility in our future numbers—and whilst we solicit the continuance of that Public support which it has been our happiness and pride hitherto to have experienced; we assure our generous patrons, we shall not be wanting in unremitting exertions to deserve it.

MAGAZINE-OFFICE,
Boston, April 30, 1803.

N. B. In about three weeks, the Editors will complete, at a very great expense, the re-printing thirteen numbers of the *Magazine*; when those who have subscribed, with the view of commencing from the first, will please to call or send for their deficient numbers. To subscribers, who

have been supplied, and have their files incomplete, the price will be four cents each number. Letters, (post paid) duly attended to.

ESSAYS.

To soar aloft on FANCY'S wing,
And bathe in HELLICONIA'S spring;
Cull every flower with careful hand,
And strew them o'er our native land.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP.—No. XXIV.

Accommodatio, rerum simulacra ad animi desideria.

TO THE GOSSIP:

MR. GOSSIP,
PERMIT me to approach thy lofty and dignified station, that of overlooking the follies of the age, with the full assurance that what I shall complain of in the sequel, will receive from you that attention which I think it so deservedly merits. Be not surprised at my thus approaching you in so solemn a manner:—in truth, I think that if you cannot redress the many grievances that the prelate labour under—if you cannot wholly root out the many fashionable vices of the times, your writings have an admirable tendency to expose them in their most detestable shapes, and, as the poet says, "to shoot folly as it flies" with the most wonderful effect: Of all follies appertaining to life, that of *Fashion* is the most foolish and impious; it degenerates its votaries from the acme of human elevation to the level of empty and nonsensical affectation; and it too frequently defends still lower to the noisome shades of vice; then it is that virtue is assailed with all the bewitching allurements that it is possible for fruitful invention to bring forth:—neckties and lovely simplicity, which form the shield of virtue, are not always found adamant enough to resist the pernicious temptation. Yes, I might almost say that Fashion is the basis of every Vice that disgraces human nature! For is it the fashion to be pure at heart? Is it the fashion to pursue meekness, humility, and christian sincerity? Is it the fashion to use toward each other, our neighbours, and those who ought to be our dearest friends, a system of pure, ingenuous and open-hearted friendship? No, certainly not; these are thrown aside as totally irrelevant to the present times—they are ancient imbricances, not fit for the refined society of our modern *politesse*.—Then if it is not the fashion to be really good, I certainly have not greatly over-reached in ascribing the existing vices to its baleful influence.—But where am I going! Alas, I have found that I have run upon a subject to which my intellectual acquirements are but poorly adapted to do justice:—I feel, but lack the power of expression to effuse those feelings in a manner that would be acceptable to you, and serviceable to those to whom I would wish to appear useful. Yet I hope I shall not have the appearance of partaking of too great a share of vanity; and that the assurance of my honesty of intention will amply compensate for every defect that your prying eye may discover. But to the sequel. Let me ask you in sincerity, whether or not your sex don't too often take ungenerous liberties in assailing the many weaknesses of ours? If they do not too often make us the subjects of their low witticisms, and newspaper puns, with regard to the present fashions, without even deigning to cast a glance upon themselves? They can see a mote in the eye of the weaker part of their fellow-creatures, but cannot fee a beam in their own. But, nevertheless, I am extremely sorry that our sex should be induced to make inroads upon modesty, because they have an example set them by yours; and I believe it may be entirely attributable to that ardent desire which has grown with their growth, to become pleasing and agreeable to their male companions; and I sincerely think, that if the males in general were to make a reformation in the deportment toward their female companions! if they were to adopt a plainness and neatness of dress, and a simplicity of manners; if all their empty and *polite* professions and complimentary protestations, which proceed from rotten views, were to give way to a generous and open-hearted avowal of their real, honest sentiments; in fact, if they were to appear divested of all disguise, the pleasing result would be

speedily obvious; they might then with some degree of grace, proceed to point out our many follies;—then, if, instead of their exciting our vanity, by their high encomiums on our arrangement of the fancies of dress, and the "delicate" exposure of those "beautiful" shapes which in ancient times it was considered a great virtue to conceal from the saucy eyes of men, were they to add example to precept, and encourage economy and plainness, which certainly constitute neatness, and censure all those extravagancies which directly tend to impoverish both our inventions and our pockets, they might be assured that the solicitude before suggested of becoming agreeable, would quickly eradicate those follies which now make us the subjects of their sneering and ungenerous wit.—Pray picture to yourself one of your fashionable beaux, tripping to the ball room, the theatre, or strutting himself into a circle of females—I say, look at him—can imagination paint a groffer compound—a more ridiculous and unchaite figure? Does not his appearance and behaviour often border on indecency? I will not here pretend to describe why, for it would appear as indicative in me to give him a *complete* description, as his appearance ought to be disgusting to every lover of modesty and good breeding. Until such evils, such gross and glaring imperfections are pointed out and amended in your own sex, never look for perfection in ours.—Under these considerations, pray don't think me hard in complaining of your ungenerous conduct in submitting us to so much public ridicule, when, in fact, you are the very objects on which it should be exercised.—Now if you will just give some of your wholesome advice to those followers of the fleeting Goddess Fashion, of your own sex, be assured, as far as my weak influence can have any effect, I will try my utmost endeavours to discourage those follies of ours, but too often, I must confess, so justly complained of.

Yours, to serve,

SARAH.

Danvers, March 1, 1803.

I PERFECTLY agree with Sarah, in thinking the outward appearance of the beaux and butterflies of both sexes stand equally in need of a reform; but it is only the vain and trifling of either, who would sacrifice propriety to fashion. A man or woman of sense, will never dress far out of the fashion, as to be particular, nor so much in it, as to be either indelicate, or ridiculous. The dress of a person, to me, is ever a strong indication of the propensities of the mind; if that be pure and well regulated, the apparel will be ever peculiarly neat, sometimes elegant, but never gaudy. And this being allowed, the shafts of criticism cannot wound those who are conscious of not deserving that they should be aimed at them: Whilst there are fools in the world, Sarah, you will laugh, and *fitly* apply the lash—but what of that? "It touches not us, we have free souls, let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung."

TO THE GOSSIP.

MR. GOSSIP,

I AM so delighted with the advice which you are giving, in the *Weekly Magazine*, to one and another, who seem to be struggling with difficulties, like me, though quite of a different kind, I cannot deny myself the satisfaction of consulting you in my own case.

Pursuing on your indulgence to my humble and respectful application, I take the liberty to tell you that, I am an Orphan Boy, at some distance in the country, where your good advice is read with so much avidity, that I frequently hear it, with other good things in the same paper, though I can very seldom get a chance to read myself. Having had the misfortune to lose my father when I was an infant, my mother placed me under the care and direction of his friend. This gentleman sustains an eminent character, and has a truly excellent family, who live in a considerably better style, as the saying is, than most others in the neighbourhood. Here I am put to all sorts of work that is proper for a boy to do, for which I am fed and clothed; and did expect, besides common school learning, to have something more; in short, I was led to believe, that if I should serve my time out, I might by good behaviour, and industrious application, get to good a share of learning, as to enable me not only to get a living, but to rise so much in the world, in some decent way, as to be as well off, as those whom I now look up to. But I am sorry to tell you, Sir, that I am much afraid, of late, that I shall be disappointed, and I

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ESSAYS.

*To soar aloft on FANCY'S wing,
And bask in HELLICONIA'S spring;
Call every flower with careful hand,
And tread them o'er our native land.*

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP—N^o. XXV.

*Odorant peccare boni virtutis amore
Tu nihil adules in te formidant pœna.*

AMONGST the virtues generally recommended, applauded, and thought necessary to complete the character of a christian, there are none, so much talked of, or so little understood, as that of CHASTITY. There is one great and general mistake which the world runs into concerning this virtue, namely, that a strict conformance to its dictates, is solely confined to the Female Sex. It is without a doubt, the brightest gem that can adorn the brow of beauty. It is so indispensable a requisite to form the character of an amiable woman, that the most superior talent, the most exquisite personal perfection, fine not with half their native lustre, when not illumined by this pure and brilliant quality. But what is this virtue, about which so many preach, to many assume an undue portion of arrogance, and self complacency, whilst fancying themselves decorated with its attributes? Does the possessor it, who, having in one grand point never transgressed its laws, will permit her tongue to utter impurities; who will listen to a double entendre from the lips of a libertine not only without a blush, but who by her loud laugh, and leering eye, will encourage him to proceed? Every person of common understanding will answer, no. Is it he who having spurned from her, contemptuously, an erring sifter, the sufferers of whose penitent and broken heart, has compensated all her errors; and the next moment receives with smiles of complacency the seducer who had reduced the poor victim to her present state of humiliation and sorrow? No.—Can that woman be chaste, who associates voluntarily with the man who laughs at virtue, ridicules it as prudery, and openly boasts his triumphs over her sex? No. She who loves Chastity for its own sake, not only practices it herself most rigidly in thought, word and deed, but fluns, as she would the most infectious disorder, every person, whether male or female, who does not do the same. That Chastity is not held in the high estimation it deserves, or as its superficial professors would pretend, is a melancholy truth. How my soul has frequently recoiled, when in a mixed society, I have heard a matron, whose daughter just starting into womanhood was present, indulge in conversation which ought to have called a blush into the cheek even of a frail daughter of error; nay, perhaps, encourage men of the most profligate manners, to address that daughter, and should her unsophisticated nature shrink from a being so uncozenial to the temperance of her mind, will laugh at, and tell her, “a reformed rake makes the best husband.” It has happened that my heart has sunk and my cheek turned pale, when I have heard lips, whose extreme youth might have been supposed, to have preserved them from contamination, uttering sentences so nearly bordering on indecency; that though the fair speaker had a moment before, appeared to me an angel of light; she instantly assumed the semblance of a fiend of darkness; But what can be expected from the scions, when the stock from whence they spring is corrupt? And why is not Chastity as necessary a virtue in man, as in woman?

I have been led into these reflections by a circumstance which took place a short time ago, in a polite circle of which I made one. In one corner of the room was a group of females, some married, some single; an old bachelor whose health and youth had been sacrificed at the shrines of Bacchus and Venus, and who within a few late years having mistaken the want of power to continue his vicious career, for the want of will, and the peevishness of regret for penitential remorse, had set up for a reformer of mankind; two young men just returned from a European voyage, and a man who had dared to put on the livery of sanctity, whilst his corrupt heart overflowed with impurity which teemed from his lips at almost every second word. It was

at a small town a considerable distance from the metropolis, and as I was only a bird of passage, stopping to make a visit of a few days in the course of a journey I was then taking; though I was one of the company, I was a mere a cypher only serving to increase the number; and after the compliments customary on such occasions had past, I was suffered to rest in silence; for what could I know of their neighbours or their neighbours concerns? So that except now and then a common place observation addressed to me, which required only a simple monosyllable in answer, I found nothing to call off the attention I was inclined to pay the conversation of the group before mentioned. It is not my intention to enter into a detail of all the trifling, indif, or indelicate sallies, which occupied the first part of the evening; but at eight o'clock a lady taking leave, pleading in excuse for retiring so early, the attention necessary to be paid to a large family of children, and an infirm mother; her absence gave an entire new turn to the conversation. I found this unfortunate woman had a sifter who had transgressed the bounds of female discretion, and was suspected to be more guilty than the really was. How was her conduct canvassed, how was her fame mangled: I was a stranger, had never heard the name of the unhappy being; yet to me must the whole affair be detailed, and I was informed there was such a woman in existence, only to be informed also, that she had disgraced her sex, ruined herself, and heaped misery on a sick, almost dying mother and worthy sifter. One was astonished how Mrs. (the lady just departed) could show her face in company, after what had happened; another, was determined to drop her acquaintance, she could not think it reputable to associate with a woman who countenanced such doings by permitting her sifter to continue in her house after her very reprehensible conduct. But do you think ma'am, said one of the males to her who sat next, Mr. S. went marry her.—Mr. S. and the other in astonishment, lord ma'am this was not the person. No, said the old gentleman, I believe you never hear such a story of Mr. S. he is or pretends to be quite a Joseph. By the bye, said the black coated man, I have my doubts about that said story of Joseph; to be sure upon second thoughts Potipher's wife might have been old and ugly, tho' to make the story appear to better advantage, and place the hero in a very exalted point of view, it was necessary to describe her as young and beautiful, and in the former case his repugnance was natural enough. Here a conversation ensued which I will not offend my fair readers by repeating; the girls tittered behind their fans, the married women laughed very vociferously, and the men said things which ought to have banished them from every modest woman's society. The poor frail fair who had given rise to their animadversions was most unmercifully handled; her reputation was torn piecemeal by the victimisers of the men, while the women enjoyed every pointed sarcasm and bestowed on them loud bursts of applause, seeming to exult with as much pleasure on the disgrace of their fallen sifter, (whom I understood was uncommonly beautiful and accomplished,) as the savage women of Africa did when a suspected wife, experienced personal castigation from the terrific Mumbo Jumbo. In the midst of this unbecoming and equally unmanly amusement, Mr. S. was announced, and a most interesting figure entered the room, a whose countenance, if an index of his heart, bore testimony to a fair and highly finished volume. He bowed respectfully to the lady of the house, paid his compliments gracefully to the surrounding circle, and gliding into a chair which stood vacant, fell into easy conversation with an elderly gentleman who had been almost wholly silent during the former part of the evening; whilst in the party amongst whom I had unfortunately got, was almost audibly whispered “that's Joseph,” accompanied by tittering, winking, and such like girlish foolery, that I felt my face burn more than once with shame and apprehension, left he might suspect who was the subject of their mirth. However to my great relief, in less than half an hour, another gentleman was ushered in by the name of Dañial. That's the man, said the person who sat next me, that is Miss L.—gallant. This man was dressed in the extreme of fashion, he affected a piping tone in speaking, and a lounging idle manner, as bowing slightly to the company he threw himself on a sofa, and declared the room was infernally hot. The moment this being entered, the attention of almost every woman in the room was devoted to him—

one asked him about the weather; another what news; a third asked if she should come and fan him, two or three drew up together, and placing a chair in the middle, told him it was cooler at that end of the room, while he, yawning, replied, he was very much at his ease, and could not take the trouble to move.

Good Heavens! said I, mentally, is it thus these women prove their love of Chastity? Is it thus they evince their abhorrence of vice? by courting and caressing a wretch, who is known to have seduced one woman from the paths of rectitude, and then left her to all the misery of a reproving conscience and an unmerciful world; and who is strongly suspected of laying a snare for another? Why will not women know their own consequence, and show their respect for virtue, by resolutely banishing from their presence and denying their smiles to the man, whose unhalloed deeds have polluted its sacred shrine?

Speaking my sentiments on this subject the next morning, to the friend I was visiting, she told me with a chaffered smile, that she feared there were very few men possessed of the virtue of Joseph. And if there were, Madam, said I, a little plentifully, I don't think they would be favourites with women in general. To judge from your observations made last evening, she replied mildly, perhaps not; yet you may believe there are women in the world who can admire modesty in the opposite sex, and who think a man who is entire master of his passions, an object of the highest respect and veneration. There are not many such men to be found, said I, for take them in general, they are as rampant as obtrusive, and as nonsensical as any uneducated ill-bred Miss of sixteen can be; listen to the conversation of half a dozen young men, who meet for an hour or two to enjoy what they call society. What is it but an heterogeneous jumble of ill told tales, of drinking bouts, gaming parties, or loose amours—a very good counter part to the scrippery of fashion, dancing, and intriguing, which make up the chat chat of a parcel of girls. You are severe, she replied, but there is no general rule without an exception. And this Mr. S. is one, this Joseph as they call him.—Madam! Madam! said I, if he has half the virtue ascribed to him in this epithet, which is applied by way of ridicule, he is an honor to his own sex, and ought to be held in the highest estimation by the other; and it is only by treating such men with the respect they deserve, and driving every unprincipled libertine from society, that women can prove their unassailed love of that inextinguishable virtue, CHASTITY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

OF THE TERM RESPECTABILITY.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN, RESPECTABILITY is a term which is thus applied by two classes of people. The one thinks it consists in being rich himself, and having opulent and high born connections.—The other thinks it consists in talents and virtue. It will not be expected by the most liberal, that he who depends solely in the first application of the term for the little notice of society which he enjoys will acknowledge the invalidity of his claim, for should he be so absurd as to do this, having neither talents nor virtue, he immediately sinks into the degraded sphere in which nature and his ignorance would place him, were he divested of assistance. Keeping out of view this class of men, none others it is presumed will hesitate to assert, that respectability is a term applicable in its literal sense only to those who possess talents and virtue—that it is due to these, tho' their descent be low, and that those of the other class, to whom the term is applied, were a crown ill suited to their clumsy heads, which ought not to command the respect due to those to whom the crown naturally and legally belongs, but whom poverty (from a custom of society) is basely allowed to deprive of it.

When it comes to be the case that an obscure person, born of poor but honest parents, cannot render himself respectable by the honest exercise of handsome talents, by a life of industrious usefulness and persevering virtue, what object, other than the brutish one merely to cloy his appetite and moisten his throat, can he have to continue a similar procedure, after he shall be able fully and easily to meet this object? Despairing of ever being admitted into the best society, at the same time that he despises low

company, and being thereby deprived of the fine delights which result from the laudable ambition to please and distinguish himself, he thinks he may as well retire from a society in which, being poor himself, and having obscure connections, his most honest, active and useful exertions will not admit him to rise in any degree adequate to his ambition. With these impressions he relapses into a torpid inactivity, loses the desire to distinguish himself, and thus society by her foolish law of placing the ingenious poor beneath the ignorant rich, and by her unparadonable neglect of the former infinitely more in America than England, is deprived of many useful and ornamental members.

It is not contended, that there ought not to be a superior respect paid to the richest man of two, provided the abilities and virtues of both are equal, for besides being promotive of a system of order which should pervade the world, to attain this respect is one great stimulus to, and object of industry. But it is contended, and it is too obvious to need assertion, that it can be proved from every principle of civil equity, that the ignorant, immoral and dissipated rich, ought not to find so ready an admittance into the habitations of virtue, taste and brilliancy, while the laws of society exclude the well informed and correct poor. What is it but giving a free passport to the vanity of the former, and checking all the ardent and aspiring feelings of the latter? Bountiful nature in the first instance deals to all alike.—She introduces us all into the same world, tempered alike by the common feelings of humanity, differently organized to be free, but all possessing originally, more or less, capacious powers of mind, which, with proper culture, are capable of attaining to respectability, if not to glory; but because one has all the relative outward means of respectability given to him at his birth, without any exertion on his part being necessary to attain it, is he in reality more respectable than he who, being born of poor parents, inherits from nature very much superior abilities, and attains by application much more splendid and useful accomplishments, whose whole life has been correct and benevolent, and whose services to society, more than adequate to the extension of his means, and far more than would have been expected from the obscure orbit in which he moved? If common sense does not immediately give the answer, I will not pretend to.

Whenever I feel disposed to a little humour, I have a most approved method of exciting merriment.—It is only to ask some young man of the clais who think respectability consists in riches and birth, if a person whom I feign not to know, be respectable? He answers with much ferocity, that the person is both rich himself, and has rich connections, and this, forthwith, he supposes is placing him on the very summit of the alps of respectability! Nothing can be more diverting than to hear the verbose talk of these would-be *disting blades*;—but who are the would-not-be-thought stupid blockheads?—perching themselves upon a foundation laid by their own airy-castle-building imaginations, which the slightest adverse tide may undermine, they really fancy themselves, the legitimate lords of the universe, and I have almost split my sides with laughter, when they have been mortified to realize that like what they term the minute of mankind, they themselves, altho' exceedingly rich, were subject to pain and disease, and the latter too of the worst kind.—But why, say some, disturb the repose of the grave?—for in the grave of insignificance these fellows rest. Perhaps even now they dream of large estates, which the death of aged parents will soon put under their controul; and of consequence they must review in imagination, a long train of relative attendants. From this dear reverie, I will not awake them, lest they should find their parents still alive, perhaps enjoying renovated health, and with cheerful countenance, expressing the fond hope to live for many years. Oh! in this case, the mournful difference between the dream and the reality!

PETER PROBE, jun. Esqr.

MEDICAL.

[We have been favoured, by a respected Correspondent, with the "Charleston Medical Register," which promises to be a useful publication. The Preface, giving the general account of the character and design of the work, we subjoin, for the information of our readers.]

THE PREFACE.

MEDICAL facts, correctly stated and diligently compared together, reflect great light on the practice of physic. Conformable to this established principle, it must be obvious, that annual statements of the principal events, connected with the health of the inhabitants, made by physicians in different places, would be particularly useful. The

more extensively this was done, the better; but in the United States, the advantages of such publications are enforced by peculiar considerations. In the old world the attention of learned men has been employed for many centuries, in applying the general principle of medical science. Knowledge of this kind, in America, chiefly rests with individuals. To bring it within the reach of the community, requires the joint labors of practitioners in every part. If one physician, in each of the cities and towns of the United States, and several in the country parts of each state, were to favor the public with an annual account of the state of diseases, and of the circumstances connected with them, as far as their observations extended, there would, in time, be an accumulation of materials, from which we might obtain the following advantages:

1. More correct knowledge of the diseases of the U. States.
2. A Comparative view of health and longevity of the inhabitants in different places.
3. Authentic evidences of all changes of the climate that took place; and particularly of the effects produced on the health of the inhabitants from clearing and cultivating the soil, and from the different modes and articles of culture.
4. Persons laboring under any constitutional predisposition to particular diseases, might select, with precision, a place of residence, least likely to call into action the particular predisposition, under which they labored. Such is the extent and variety of climates in the United States, that this might be done, in almost every case, without changing the government or language, to which persons proposing a change of residence, were accustomed.
5. Physicians would be enabled to direct invalids to such a route in traveling, as would best fit their particular habits and diseases: from the want of this local knowledge, improper advice is frequently given. The longitude and latitude of places afford no certain rule. Their influence controlled by a variety of local circumstances, is by no means uniform.

The advantages of the proposed annual publications would not be confined to the medical department. The farmer and gardener, from an average of seasons, would be assisted in forming their opinion of the best time for their respective operations.

The enterprising agriculturist, who wished to enrich his country with some new productions, would be informed when and where to make his experiments, by comparing the observations auxiliary to the practice of physic, with the usual habits of the particular commodity he wished to introduce.

A facility might thus be given to the introduction of ginger, japan figs, of the almond, alspice, caper, clove, cinnamon, camphor, nutmeg, red cotton trees, and several other valuable exotics. There are, doubtless, portions of the United States suitable to the culture of these articles; but that suitability is unknown to foreigners, and equally so to the owners of the soil. The same observation applies to the introduction of new animals, and of new branches of manufacture. Success, in both cases, must be materially influenced by the degree of heat and cold, and of the moisture and dryness of the atmosphere.

The foreigner, who wished to remove to this land of equal rights, would, also, be enabled to determine where to locate himself, in a situation least variant from his transatlantic residence.

With these impressions, the following contribution is respectfully submitted to the public. However imperfect the execution may be, the plan is such, that if improved by the wisdom, and carried into effect by the industry of more enlightened physicians, some considerable benefit must result to the United States. DAVID RAMSAY.

Charleston, (S. C.) Jan. 1803.

MORAL.

THE MONITOR—No III.

I HAVE always preferred *Cheerfulness* to Mirth, the latter I consider as an act, the former as an habit of the mind. Mirth is short and transient, cheerfulness fixed and permanent, these are often raised into the greatest transports of mirth who are subject to the greatest depressions of melancholy: on the contrary, cheerfulness, though it does not give the mind such an exquisite gladness, prevents us from falling into any depths of sorrow. Mirth is like a flash of lightning that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment; cheerfulness keeps up a kind of day-light in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

One source of cheerfulness to a good mind, is its consideration of that Being on whom we have our dependence, and in whom, though we behold him as yet in the first faint discov'eries of his perfections, we see every thing that we can imagine as great, glorious or amiable. Such considerations which every one should perpetually cherish in his thoughts will banish from us all that secret heaviness of

heart which unthinking men are subject to when they lie under no real affliction, all that anguish which we may feel from any evil that actually oppresses us, to which I may likewise add those little cracklings of mirth and folly, that are apter to betray virtue than support it; and establish in us such an even and cheerful temper as makes us pleasing to ourselves, to those with whom we converse, and to HIM whom we were made to please.—SPECTATOR.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

THE way to be happy, is to look down on those who suffer, and not up to those who shine in the world. The comparison then would be so much in our favour, that we should cease to complain. So far should we be from repining at the unequal distributions of fortune, that we should sit down contented with our own lot, and be happy with the blessings we enjoy.—Our pride would be humbled, and our peevishness turned into pity: our murmurings would be hushed at the sight of others. A little reason and common sense would point out to us the absurdity of our pursuits, and prove how dangerous it is to follow the deceitful track.—How happy then might people live and what a figure, might they make in the eyes of the world; were they to manage the liberality of fortune with common sense, and learn to despise the superfluities of it; from a want of this springs all the unhappiness of this life, and from a careful observance of it, proceeds every satisfaction we can wish to obtain.

MAXIMS.

IN the choice of a wife take the daughter of a good mother. If thou hast wit and learning, get wisdom and modesty to them. Trust not him that seems a saint. Never provoke the fury of bigots, by exposing their sentiments. Never enter into hot disputes concerning points of religion or state affairs. Measure not men by Sundays, without regarding what they do all the week after.

I advise thee to visit thy relations and friends; but I also advise thee not to live too near them.

Let the society thou frequentest be like a company of bees gathered together to make honey; and not of wasps which do nothing but hum, devour and sting.

In thy judgment and esteem of men constantly prefer the good temper of their minds, and honesty of their actions, above all the excellencies of their eloquence or knowledge.

AMUSING.

SINGULARITY OF RESEARCH—AN EXTRACT.
"THERE is, perhaps, no one principle in human nature that leads to greater consequences, than the concentration of application to singular research."

"But this, like every other principle, has occasionally strange and useless terminations, that may be called *super nature* in mortals. As an instance of this, I will present you with the result of a man's labour for three years, eight or nine hours a day, Sundays not excepted, to determine the verses, words, and letters contained in the Bible."

VERSES, : : : : 31175.

WORDS, : : : : 773,692.

LETTERS, : : : : 3,566,480.

The middle and the last chapter is the 117th Psalm.

The middle verse is the 8th verse of the 101st Psalm.

Jehovah is named 6,855 times. The middle one of these Jehovah's is in second Chronicles, fourth chapter and 16th verse.

The word *and* is found in the Bible 46,227 times.

The least verse in the Old Testament, is in first Chronicles, first and 10th verses. The least in the New Testament, 11th chapter of John, 35th verse.

"I look upon this to be a very singular occurrence in the history of human nature, that there should be found a man, who, merely for the sake of employment, should spend three years on such a task."

ANCIENT FASHION REVIVED.

THE Ladies of Paris are at least as much attached to their clothing, as those of London. A lady of distinction there having become very conspicuous for the thinness of her attire, one day, when she had a good deal of company, a packet was brought directed for her, and entitled, "A Dress for Madame—". It was brought up, and thinking it was an elegant dress she had ordered from her milliner, the lady resolved to treat her friends with a sight of this new invention of her fancy. It was opened, and there appeared a *wine leaf*.

PUNCTUATION.

A PERSON a few days since, having met with an acquaintance, a Printer, asked him if it was true, that a Mr. F had put a PERIOD to his existence; no, said Mr. T, he had put a COMMA to it, for he is in a fair way of recovery.

POETRY.

[Selected from the Port Folio, for the Weekly Magazine.]

THE VOICE OF HIM I LOVE.

HENCE far from me, ye senseless joys,
That fade before ye reach the heart,
The crowded domes distracting noise,
Where all is pomp, and useless art!
Give me my home, to quiet dear,
Where hours untold and peaceful move;
So fate ordain I sometimes there,
May hear the voice of him I love.

I hate e'en music's pleasing power,
When giddy crowds my tones attend;
But love to sing at evening's hour,
To soothe or gratify a friend.

I love to breathe the plaintive lays,
Which Henry's heart and taste approve;
For oh! how sweet, how dear is praise,
Giv'n from the lips of him I love.

The praises I from others hear,
May pleasure to my pride impart;
But Henry's wake the rapt'rous tear,
His praises only touch my heart,
From busy crowds o'erjoy'd I'd fly,
With him in lonely shades to rove;

For in the gayest scenes I sigh,
To hear the voice of him I love.

I woo the drama's magic powers,
Seek music's ever crowded thrine;
In learning pass the studious hours,
Or strive, the Muse's wreath to win;
Yet still I feel a joy more dear,
Tho' I these pure delights approve;
When in retirement's scenes I hear,
The dulcet voice of him I love.

Selected for the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE STRIFE OF REASON.

From the Life of LORENZO DE MEDICI.

RISE from thy trance, my slumbering genius, rise,
That shrouds from truth's pure beam thy torpid eyes!
Awake and see, since reason gave the rein
To low desire, thy every work vain!
Ah, think how false that lifts the mind explores,
In futile honours, or unbounded stores;
How poor the bait, that would thy steps decoy
To sensual pleasure, and unmeaning joy.
Route all thy powers, for better use designed,
And know thy native dignity of mind;
Not for low aims and mortal triumphs given,
Its means exertion, and its object heaven.

Hast thou not yet the difference understood,
'Twixt empty pleasure, and substantial good?
Not more opposed—by all the wife confest,
The rising orient from the farthest west.

Doom'd from thy youth the galling chain to prove
Of potent beauty, and imperious love,
Their tyrant rule has blighted all thy time,
And marr'd the promise of thy early prime.
Tho' beauty's garb thy wondering gaze may win,
Yet know that wolves, that harpies dwell within.

Ah! think how fair thy better hopes had sped,
Thy widely erring steps had reason led;
Think, if thy time a nobler use had known,
Ere this the glorious prize had been thine own.
Kind to thyself, thy clear discerning will
Had wisely learnt to fever good from ill,
Thy spring-tide hours conium'd in vain delight,
Shall the same follies clothe thy wintry night?
With vain pretex of beauty's potent charms,
And nature's frailty blunting reasons arms?

At length, thy long lost liberty regain,
Tear the strong tie, and break the inglorious chain;
Freced from false hopes, assume thy native powers,
And give to reason's rule thy future hours;
To her dominion yield thy trusting soul,
And bend thy wishes to her strong control;
Till love, the serpent that destroyed thy rest,
Crushed by her hand, shall mourn his humbled rest.

OBSERVATION.

IT is a better employment of the understanding to bear the misfortunes that actually befall us, than to penetrate into those that may.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ON THE PLEASURES OF RETIREMENT.

SWEET solitude! when life's gay hours are past,
How'er we range, in thee we fix at last;
'Tis'd through tempestuous seas, (the voyage o'er)
Pale we look back, and bliefs the friendly shore.
Our own strict judges, our past life we scan,
And ask if virtue has enlarg'd the span:
If bright the prospect, we the grave defy,
T'rust future ages, and contented die.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

EPIGRAM.

SAID I, Apollo, pray advise
A friend, that's wittier more than wife.
Since you in kindness have thought fit
Above my peers to give me wit,
'Tis right you teach me how to show it,
Or how shall any body know it?
Said he, "Unless you'd make a horse fick,
Stick close to *Rebus and Aeroflic*." P.

THE NOVELIST.

KOTZEBUE'S ACCOUNT

OF THE

ILLNESS AND DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

[From his Flight to Paris—in the Autumn of 1790.]

WHEN my ill state of health drove me again to Pyrmont last summer, to drink of its salutary spring, my beloved wife, being then in the fifth month of her pregnancy, remained at home. Every letter I received from her, and we commonly exchanged three or four letters in the week, brought the most pleasing accounts of her health, and the assurance that she had no wish but for my return. How ardently I participated in this but may be easily imagined! I, therefore, eagerly embraced the first moment when it was possible to escape from the medicinal yoke, and flew to her arms. This was the beginning of September. Our first interview was at Gotha. She came thither to meet me. My transport at beholding her, our first embrace, the heart-felt joy with which I contemplated her blooming cheeks manifesting pure health and content, the animation that sparkled from her eyes—how present are all these ideas to my imagination! How does my fancy love to dwell upon the enchanting images! How would my pen describe them in equally glowing colours!—But words are unequal to the task! Yet every one who has a heart can imagine them all.

Two months more passed on. I saw, without alarm the moment approach when I was to be presented with a new pledge of our love, since no reason for alarm then appeared. I did all that lay in my power to prevent danger: I persuaded my Frederica to take a walk with me almost every day, in the beautiful park at Weimar, which was indeed her favourite resort. How have we trod about there arm in arm, in sweet conversation, building castles in the air, forming conjectures on the future, reviewing the past, and enjoying the present! Sometimes talking about our absent friends, amusing ourselves with speculations on what they might be about at that moment, what, and when, they should write to us, or where, and when, we should see them again.

In the little hut made of the bark of trees, or at the waterfall, or upon the hill, or by the three pillars, or where we look over the meadows in the valley as upon a stage—have we often stood or sat, contemplating the varied beauties around us. Oh, may the sweetest, the most refreshing dew, fall upon ye every morning, ye trees and flowers, for you were witnesses of my happiness! Ever mayst thou flourish and look gay, thou verdant turf, for thou hast been pressed by the footsteps of my beloved wife! How would the laugh when our William would sometimes stand upon his head, and set the little dog barking with comic eagerness at so unusual a sight? Never, never, will a happier couple enjoy thy charms, thou lovely spot!

Often, too, have we visited Belvedere, and Tiesfurth, country seats near Weimar. There did we sit under a tree, and regale upon new milk, while my Frederica rejoiced at finding the weather still so warm, that although in the month of October, we could remain out in the air, whereas at home we were always creeping to the fire. These little excursions were always so pleasant to her, that in every the most minute incident she found a source of delight.

About a month before her confinement, she accompanied me to Leipzig fair. She was on that day uncommonly cheerful and animated, and at our return home assured me, that she never in her life enjoyed any thing of the kind more highly. Oh, what greater delight can the world af-

ford than to have contributed to the enjoyment of her whom we love!

Thus, amid a constant reciprocation of pure and innocent happiness, did the hours pass on, till the moment approached of which neither of us entertained the least apprehension. My Frederica had always enjoyed uninterrupted health, her only medicine was strawberries, and never since our abode at Weimar had the apothecary been enriched by her to the amount of a single dreyer.

At length on the eleventh of November, she was safely and happily delivered of a daughter. For the first three days she was remarkably well, and was all life and animation, laughing and assuring us that a lying-in was a mere joke. Never, she said, had she been so well; never in the first three days, felt a like appetite, or a like freedom from pain. In short, every thing seemed to promise her speedy recovery, and the little cloud which must at such a period inevitably for a moment, darken the horizon, seemed entirely dispersed. Such was her own opinion, as well as that of all around her. Ah! was there then on earth a mortal happier than I! Who the whole creation seemed mine, and its sovereign! Who could suppose that these were to be the last happy days of my life.

On the fourteenth she was somewhat indisposed. We believed this to be a matter of no consequence, only occasioned by the milk, and were satisfied nature relieves herself in various ways. On the fifteenth she again appeared quite well. Still do I see her, when, after having spent a very uneasy night with the idea of her indisposition, at five o'clock in the morning I stole softly into her chamber, and crept to the side of her bed, full of anxiety to learn some tidings of her. She stretched out her arms to me, and raising herself up, assured me that she was then perfectly free from complaint. Oh blessed assurance! once more my mind was in a state of composure. Afterwards read to her a scene of a drama I was writing, for I always made her unsophisticated feelings the test by which I proved the real merit or demerit of my works. What did not draw a tear from her eyes, I blotted out. Alas! to whose feelings can I refer in future!—My tutelary genius has forsaken me—my fire is extinguished!

She listened to me on this morning with her accustomed attention and pleasure, she gave her opinion on the work as usual, her mind never appeared more clear or acute. Never! Oh, never will the piece, of which this scene was a part, be finished! I should start back with horror were the fatal pages ever again to fall into my hands! The bare idea of adding another line to them gives me a feeling of criminality. I could not for all the treasures this world affords, endure to hear that part repeated which I read to her. The recollection of her nod of approbation as I proceeded, would harrow up my soul! for, oh! it was the last approving nod I ever can receive from her.

On the sixteenth she began to complain of excessive faintness, and from this day her situation constantly grew more alarming. I became extremely anxious about her, and called in the advice of my old university friend the chief physician Hufeland, in aid of Mr. Buchholz, who had hitherto been our sole attendant. The disorder rapidly increased, her fever grew hourly higher, and she was at times delirious. Three days, which to me seemed like an eternity, thus passed on, when my anxiety became intolerable.

On the twentieth, I hastened early in the morning to Jena, to call in the assistance of the celebrated Dr. Starke, who was my intimate friend, and of whose medical skill I had the highest opinion. Thus I thought nothing would be neglected on my part to save a life so dear—and this reflection has been my sole source of consolation in the midst of my despair at her loss. Heaven only knows what I suffered on this expedition. My fancy could not forbear to dwell on the most dreadful images, which, though merely ideal, were, alas! but too soon to be realized.

My friend was so good as to return with me immediately, and I was back again at Weimar, accompanied by him, within five hours from my departure. We found my Frederica very ill, but yet did not think her case by any means hopeless, and I once more began to breathe freely. Cathartics and diaphoretics were administered. She was become from delirium very peevish and obstinate, nor would take any thing but from my hands. Oh, with what trembling hands did I reach her the glass with the medicine, but she stifled me when she had taken it, and my soul could not but find some consolation in this testimony, that amid the forwardness of disease, and wanderings of distraction, her affection for me remained pure and undiminished as ever! [To be continued.]

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

DEVOTED TO

MORALITY, LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, THE FINE ARTS, AGRICULTURE, &c. &c.

ESSAYS.

To soar aloft on FANCY'S wing,
And hate in HELICONIA'S spring;
Cull every flower with careful hand,
And draw them o'er our native land.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP—No XXVI.

*Damnosa quid non imminuit dies?
Etiæ parentum, peior avis, tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiorum.*

TO THE GOSSIP.

PRAY Mr. Gossip, have you any children? or are you totally indifferent about the happiness or misery of the rising generation? If you are not, I wonder you should remain so long silent on a subject which has, I do assure you, given me much uneasiness, as well as filled me with astonishment. But perhaps you are a stranger to the evil of which I shall complain; or perhaps you are an old man like myself, who, living in a retired nook of the world, know little of what passes in its busy scenes; your knowledge of human nature may have been gleaned from books, and having in your youth mixed in society, you judge of what now is, by what has been. But, Sir, there are follies in the world, at the present day, of which our forefathers could not even have dreamt; and these follies will lay the foundation for vices, until this once innocent nation, though but yet in its infancy, will prematurely be stained and disfigured with all the blot and murky spots, which deform the visage and corrupt the heart of matronly Europe, and which of old, sapped and enervated the Roman constitution, and at length whelmed that imperial mistress of the world in the shade of eternal oblivion.

Mr. Gossip, I have been nearly eighty years; my father gave me, what in the period of my youth was called a good education; I went through my academical studies with respectability, and at twenty-five years of age, found myself settled on a small but cultivated estate; in possession of an amiable wife, and in the practice of physic to a very large circle of tolerably populous villages. My residence is nearly an hundred miles from the metropolis, which I have visited but three times since I finished my professional studies.

Forty or fifty years make great alterations in the manners of a young country. I see even around me surprising changes; some indeed may be called improvements; but the major part cannot be allowed to have improved the manners, amended the hearts, or added to the happiness of the community at large.

Well, Sir, to my story. I never had but two children; one died in his infancy, the other was just coming on the stage of life, when those diffusions with Great-Britain commenced, which terminated so highly to the honour and advantage of America. He had been married about ten months to a good and lovely girl, when the first American blood was shed by the British troops at Lexington, which roused every heart, and armed every hand, that was not chilled by cowardice, or palsied by age, in defence of nature's privileges. Of an active and enthusiastic turn of mind, it could not be supposed that my son would remain inactive at such a period, he joined his brave countrymen, and fell in one of the earliest battles. His widow, who had never been settled in a house of her own, continued with me. She had, during his absence, become the mother of a sweet girl; her health, from the period of its birth, had been extremely delicate; but hope had buoyed up her spirits, and she strove to preserve life for his sake, who alone made it valuable to her. When that hope was annihilated by the death of her husband, existence was no longer worth preserving; a rapid decline hurried her to the grave, and her orphan daughter became the sole object of my care and undivided affection; for I had lost my wife several years before. In her now centered every tender feeling of my soul; to the cultivation of her mind, I gave up my leisure hours, and had the pleasure to say, when she had reached her twentieth year, that she had never given me pain by a wilful act of disobedience, or by one word or look of unkindness, neglect or disrespect. At this period, she was ad-

dress'd by a gentleman of worth, of suitable age, and very flattering prospects; though it was like tearing foul from body, I preferred her felicity to my own, and parted with her; for the man she had chosen, lived in the metropolis. I could not leave my native plains even to be nearer her; once a year she pays me a visit, and at the birth of her eldest daughter, I went to town to see her; but I staid only a short time and made few observations. But Sir, about a month since, my grand-daughter having presented her husband with a son, I was earnestly press'd to make another journey. I own my old heart rejoiced at the idea of embracing a male descendant of my son's, and I hastened to comply with their request. On my arrival, I found great alterations had taken place in the family—a large and elegant mansion, furnished in a style of magnificence I had never before witnessed, was now their place of residence; the side-board was loaded with plate; large mirrors reaching from the ceiling almost to the floor, appeared in all the best apartments—horses, carriages, and servants, according with such appendages, carried the establishment of my grandeur; but this is not my complaint, as his property was large and daily increasing, I thought no one had any right to animadvert on his methods of employing it. A liberal minded *bonnet* man, (and between you and I, Mr. Gossip, no man can be truly liberal who is not strictly honest) makes trade and manufactures flourish, and is a real promoter of his country's welfare. My eldest great grand child, is now above eight years old, and a fine sprightly little creature she is; and had she the manners of a child, the ideas of a child, I should be delighted with her; but here is the mischief. This young enters the room with a dancing step, and fine womanly courtesy, talks of the play, goes to balls and parties; nay, if you will believe it possible, she balls and parties at her father's house. Yes, she actually sent cards of invitation to above sixty young ladies, who were accompanied by an appropriate number of young gentlemen—the best rooms were thrown open; music at no small expence was provided, and cake, fruit, confections and sweetmeats of all kinds, with wine, lemonade, &c. &c. liberally served, and this party of pignicines—the eldest of whom, perhaps, did not exceed fourteen years, were allowed to fast, dance, and do as they pleased, until nearly one o'clock; when they ought, every one of them, to have been in bed by nine, at the latest. The consequence was, my poor little *Mary Ann* awoke next morning (or rather noon) with a sick stomach, and an aching head; pale cheeks, and a frame debilitated by the fatigues of the preceding evening—and this, I understand, is a general practice, and that there are three or four of these parties, in the short space of a week or ten days.—Sir, this is a serious evil; did the mischief rest with only ruining their health, and hastening on the infirmities of age, before they have had time to reap the real joys of youth; it ought to be reprobated and discountenanced by every person of sense; by all who have any regard to the interest and prosperity of posterity—but it not only has this bad effect, but leads them into habits of dissipation and extravagance, at a time, when every moment should be devoted to the cultivation of their minds, and preparing them to take an active and respectable part in the busy scenes of life. What kind of a figure will they make as men and women, whose very childhood is dedicated to folly? I do declare to you, Mr. Gossip, I think it to be as pernicious a crime, as the heathen of old making their children pass through the fire to Moloch—for is it not casting the innocent lambs into the fiery furnace of temptation, before they are provided with the armour of discretion, which might in some measure guard them from its fatal effects?

Do Sir, say a word or two on this subject, and dont forget to mention the idle, expensive, and profligate manners of our young men; how boys of sixteen will boast of their amours; spend their money in gaming, and their time in drinking; how they put more on their back at one time, than would have served their grand-fathers for Sunday suits, a whole life time; I mean in regard to expence—how they launter away their time, read novels, plot mischief, and talk nonsense and impiety.—Ah, well ad! good Mr. Gossip, this was not the method those brave men were brought up, who gave liberty to America, and much I fear, does this pernicious system continue, a very short period must make the race of men extinct from us, who will, ei-

ther feel the inclination or possess power to preserve that liberty sacred as it was transmitted to them. If you will give a good lecture on this subject, you will oblige one of your admirers. HEZEKIAH HOMBRED.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ON FEMALE ACQUIREMENTS.

I TAKE the liberty of expressing my sentiments upon a subject often written and spoken upon—and prompted by the desire of doing justice, I have ventured to advance my opinion, in opposition to many.—Ignorance and pedantry, is the opposition to which I allude, knowing men of understanding and benevolence, will be liberal and candid.—Young men, just emerging from a collegiate life into the world, without mind enough to possess original ideas, or foul to be liberal, to give themselves an air of importance, diftant upon the old subject of the duties and inferiority of woman—and continue, in the same strain, until expence flops them; (for I have known it make even a fool comparatively wise) then in the decline of life, from repeated mortifications, most of them under the name of misanthropes, rail against all creation—others, with more sense, confess their error, and become amiable and respected.—I yesterday heard the sentiments (which led to these observations) of a gentleman of sense, upon the female sex; which, while they excited my indignation, I could not help inwardly allowing, from the want of education, were too true. Nature has formed the sexes upon an equality in mind; I am not so illiberal as to assert either is the superior, but place them originally upon an equal footing. Man, from his infancy, is taught to feel the blessings of an education, that forms as it elevates the mind, and awakens feelings that might forever have laid dormant, but for timely exertion; it is taught not only to know *what* exists, but upon what principles; and from thence his mind becomes enlarged, and open to instruction. Girls on the contrary, (in general) are either kept half their lives in the nursery, or else left to the care of women, who can only teach them to use their needle—to hold up their heads; to simper, and in time, to play a few tunes on the harpsicord—which, to the annoyance of most present, they perform in all companies; for though the compliment is often urged, a compliance is seldom desired.—Undoubtedly domestic concerns ought to be made part of the education of a female; but when they are not merely made *part*, but the *whole*, how deplorable is her life, and how little worth preserving.—Instead of being the friend and companion of man, she is incapable of either, but far, far below him; for if he loves her, it is with the fondness of a baby, not a friend—as a play thing, to divert time, which he throws aside when tired; and if he is indifferent to her, his silent contempt, is nearly as bad as his foolish fondness. How much better would it then be, were females educated, in order to make useful and ornamental members of society; by teaching them to know the true value of an independent mind—they would then be able to feel the beauties around them, with an enthusiasm, otherwise unknown to them. It would fortify them, in great measure, against pain either of mind or body; and far from rendering them pedantic, (which is only the case when a person is superficially educated) they would be modest and easy in their manners and conversation, dignified and graceful in their appearance.—instead of endeavouring to captivate by their personal charms, they would prefer the more sure and lasting beauties of the mind. If the situation of a lady in life is such, as not to enable her to acquire by instruction from others, the erudition she would wish, there are always books to be procured, if she is inclined, that will, by perseverance, soon give her a taste for knowledge, which will become her darling pursuit—for I know instances of self-taught people, who make a much better figure in life, than many who have been half their lives surrounded by instructors of every description. I have lately become acquainted with a lady, who really combines delicacy with humour and good sense; her conversation is spirited, amusing and instructive—she is a lady of reading, and a comprehensive mind; yet from not being thoroughly educated, her manners have an apparent levity in them, though not disagreeable to her friends, gain her many enemies. They consider her, affected and pedantic, her own sex partly from envy, and the other from not suffici-

POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

LIFE AND FRIENDSHIP.

LET Cynics and Snarlers continue to rail
At life, and pretend to despise every pleasure ;
I know there are joys, whose source never can fail,
And life by enjoyment, alone will I measure.

The Stoic will tell you that pleasure and pain,
Alike should be scorned, nor disturb our repose ;
I'd laugh at the latter the former to gain,
' Though the thorn wound my hand, yet I'll snatch at the rose.

They warn us of falsehood, and folly, and pride,
And paint as chimera's both friendship and love :
Say few are the friends by adversity tried,
And affection but dwells in the nest of the dove.

That women are torments, the plague of man's life,
That wealth is the source of all mischief and evil,
That he must be wretched who once takes a wife,
And he who is wealthy must go to the devil.

But vain are their croakings, I never intend,
T' imbitter life's cup, tho' not filled to the brim ;
The man who is honest I'll own for my friend,
And though scanty my portion divide it with him.

Then as to the women, why women have charms,
Wit, talents and beauty, at least there is one
Who tho' she must never be prent in these arms,
And though icy her heart, yet that woman alone,

Convinces me Stoics and Cynics mistaken,
Have snarled without reason, and railed to no end,
For the coldest would from his indifference awaken,
Had he but a woman like her for a friend.

Heaven grant me of wealth such a competent measure,
That want may ne'er tempt, honour's paths to forsake ;
And Lanna's esteem, 'tis a blessing, a treasure,
Diogenes 'self might have wish'd to partake.

Affured of her worth, then to read chaste affection,
Express'd in each eloquent glance of her eyes ;
He'd have banished at once ev'ry frigid reflection,
Own'd life had its pleasures, and friendship its joys.

CONRADE.

May 15th, 1803.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

A SMILE.

YOU say, fir, once a wit* allow'd
A woman to be like a Cloud ;
Accept a simile as seen,
Between a woman and the moon ;
For, let mankind say what they will,
The sex are heavenly bodies still.

Grant me to mimic human life,
The Sun and Moon are Man and Wife :
Whate'er kind Sol affords to lend her
Is squander'd upon midnight splendor.

And when to rest he lays him down,
She's up and star'd at, thro' the town !
From him her beauties close confining,
And only in his absence shining.

Or, else, she looks like fullen tapers,
Or, else, she's fairly in the vapours ;
Or owns at once, a wife's ambition,
And fully glares in opposition.

Say, are not these a modish pair—
Where each for other feels no care ?
Whole days in fast rate coaches driving,
Whole nights to keep *afander* striving—
Both in the dumps in gloomy weather,
And lying once a month together—
In one sole point, unlike the cafe is,
On her own head, the horns she places.

ALONZO.

* DEAN SWIFT.

LOVE.

The following lines, sent by Prince HENRY to the Infanta of SPAIN, during his romantic visit to that country, in 1623, are very quaint and expressive :—

SWEET is to me, the fire, the wound, the chain,
By which love burns, and binds, and gives me pain ;
To quench this fire, these precious bonds to loose,
Or heal these wounds, I would not could I choose,
Strange sickness, where the wound, the chain, the fire,
That pains, that binds, that burns, I still desire.

MORAL.

Extract from an Address, delivered by the Rev. D. B. WARREN, Preceptor of Kingston Academy, (New-York) to the Students of that Academy.

HAPPY is that youth ! whom wisdom tutors ; whom science leads to her abode. Her immortal charms invite our warmest search. Her beauties, however, cannot be discovered without examination. Methinks I see your bosom glow, inspired with her love ; if you seek her early, she will conduct you to a garden full of fragrance. She will lead you to enchanting groves where a thousand beauties dwell.

Whilst you are perusing the Roman and Grecian authors, may the constancy of a Scipio, the virtue of a Cyrus, the contempt of power and wealth in Cincinnatus, the justice of Aristides, and the love which Leonidas bore to his country, inspire you with the energy of virtue. And, while you are reading the history of your own country, may all those virtues of the ancient worthies, which shine forth in the life of the illustrious Washington, awaken, in your breasts, a noble ambition, and inspire your minds with amiable and heroic sentiments.

Now is the time for laying the foundation of your knowledge. If, in your present years, you mistake the true path, it will destroy the peace, and poison the reputation of your future life. He who still continues to drink of folly's cup, or, who allows himself to sink in the bed of indolence, will ever remain a stranger to those delightful sensations, which flows the breast of the diligent and attentive youth.

THE NOVELIST.

KOTZEBUE'S ACCOUNT OF THE ILLNESS AND DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

[Continued from page 120.]

POWERFUL are the charms of nature. Even on this awful day her enchantments for a moment engrossed my senses, and lulled my anguish to rest. The warm serene sunshine assimilating itself with what I found congenial in my bosom, some rays of reviving hope they for a while, by their combined power, suppressed the tumults that rag'd there. " Ah ! " I suddenly exclaimed aloud, " *all will yet be well !* " Fancy supported this blessed idea, and raised within me a crowd of transporting images. I saw the bloom of health once more spread itself over the cheeks of my beloved Frederica. I saw her walking up and down the room, somewhat weak indeed, but supported by my arm, apprehensive of no farther danger. I fought out for her the best old Rhenish wine that could be procured, omitted nothing that might contribute to her entire restoration, and when this anxiously desired object was finally attained, I thought of solemnizing a little festival to commemorate the blessed event. My eldest boy I determined should learn a poem by heart, two orphan children should be clothed, and a circle of select friends invited. After dinner, as we were sitting round the table, a band of music should strike up in the next room, *Lord God we praise thee !* When we filling our glasses, and raising them up towards heaven, I, with my other hand round the neck of my beloved wife, would sing in chorus, *Lord God, we praise thee !*

Oh flattering fancy ! For one moment didst thou here make me happy ! It was a drop of cordial to enable me to struggle with new sorrow !

Amid these musings, I insensibly reached the Castle of Belvedere, about half an hour's walk from Weimar. I bought a nosegay for my wife, and a rose-bush in a pot, for she was always very fond of flowers. The nosegay I carried home myself. I reached my house about half past one, when I found my Frederica still asleep, nor had she coughed during the whole time of my absence. About two o'clock she awoke : I gave her the flowers : she seemed pleased with them, but it was only a momentary pleasure, the soon relapsed into her accustomed indifference to every thing. The eruption meanwhile continued and this kept my hopes still alive. But in the afternoon the cough and spitting of blood returned, and continued for a long time. In the evening it abated, yet she breathed very short, and scarcely knew any body. Leeches were applied below her right breast, but she did not appear to feel them. The rose-bush I had bought in the morning was brought in, and placed by her bedside, but she paid no attention to it. I am silent as to my own situation, it may be conceived, it cannot be described.

About ten o'clock she seemed to be in the last agonies. Her throat rattled, her eyes were fixed, and the physician, as well as myself, thought there was every symptom of approaching death. My friends treated me not to stay and see her die ; and reminded me, that I owed to our children

the preservation of my life and senses. I was so stupified, that I knew not what I did. I took leave of my wife, who neither heard or saw me. Only for one moment, when I threw myself upon her, and pressed my burning lips to hers, did she seem in some degree sensible, and returned my kiss very faintly. This token of her love gave me the sudden relief of tears, they streamed down my cheeks : I kissed her again and again, and rushed out of the room, in the fatal conviction that these were the last kisses I ever should give this beloved wife.

I was solicited to leave the house, but while any hopes of her life remained that was impossible. I threw myself upon a bed in another apartment, where I continued in a state of mind little short of distraction. My mother remained in the room with my Frederica.

How shall I describe this long and miserable night ! Every moment I expected to receive the last fatal tidings. As often as I heard the door of my poor wife's chamber open, my heart was ready to beat through my breast, and all my limbs shook—I expected it to be the messenger of death. About midnight, I heard the sound of coffee grinding in the kitchen. Oh God ! this seemed an assurance that all was over, that those who were watching with her had no other object of attention remaining but themselves.

A thousand times had I resolved to go and satisfy myself upon this dreadful subject, but anguish held me back, the idea of seeing her corpse, the corpse of my Frederica, was perfect agony. Still, still, I thought a ray of hope remains in my bosom, shall I deprive myself of that by rushing on a dreadful certainty ? Amid these horrid reflections, I continued tossing on the bed, experiencing torments not to be exceeded by those of hell. No ! the sensations of a criminal whom the following morning is to lead to execution, cannot be half so dreadful.

Yet one more transient interval of hope was in store for me. Sometimes the lamp in my room appeared nearly extinguished, and then again quickly burned bright and clear. This seemed a type of human life, and I thought that my beloved wife might revive again, as the flame of the lamp.

Four o'clock had just struck, when I heard the door of the sick chamber open, and my mother's footsteps approaching mine. My senses were nearly gone : I could hear my heart beat : I looked wildly at her as she entered— " *She is still alive,* " were the first words she spoke. What a balm was that to my wounded soul ! I burst into a shower of heart relieving tears. I had no power of speech, I could not ask a single question, but my mother told me, with a countenance of consolation, that immediately after midnight, the dreadful situation in which I had left my wife began to amend, she became easy, and had not coughed since ; she now knew every body, and had asked several times for me. With one spring I was in her arms. Oh God, what a blessed change ! She knew me, she smiled, she returned my kisses, and laid sweetly, *she can kiss thee now joyfully : awhile ago it was painful to me !*—She was perfectly rational, and assured me she found herself better. I brought her the rose-bush, she seemed highly delighted, and even reached out her hand to feel it.

[To be concluded in our next.]

What ! Miss GODDESS, is this you again ?



THOSE who feel disposed to be in fortune's way, are invited to stand candidates for the many valuable prizes in South-Hadley Lottery, which commences drawing the 15th of next month.—What a charming fun is 8000 Dollars !—what a glorious " path to riches ! " Tickets for sale by GILBERT & DEAN. May 21.

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ESSAYS.

To soar aloft on FANCY'S wing,
And bathe in HELLICONIA'S spring;
Cull every flower with careful hand,
And strew them o'er our native land.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP—No XXVII.

*Inter spem curamque, timores inter & iras,
Omnem crede diem tibi diluxisse supremum.
Grata super veniet, que non sperabitur hora.*

THE subject of Mr Homebred's letter, which I presented to my readers in my last number, has often employed my thoughts; with him I sincerely lament the trifling, dissipated manner, in which the youth of both sexes are allowed to waste the precious time best suited to the improvement of the mind, and when every care should be taken, that while that great and firm concern is attended to with all possible circumspection, the frame should be strengthened by exercise, sports, and even labour, pursued in the open air; and the constitution rendered firm by temperance, early rising, and habitual self-denial.

Life is so uncertain, and so brief for sport; that to lengthen out the span by our own exertions, is the most useful science that can be taught; in order to this, every stage of life should have its proper pursuits; and necessary judicious restraints, imposed in childhood, render the pleasures which naturally attend the joyous season of youth, more acceptable. This allowed, what can be more absurd, than to accustom children, in their very infancy, to partake of amusements, (if they may be so called) which are more appropriate to the period of approaching maturity?

Let us suppose a girl brought up according to the present fashionable system, at the time when she should be working her sampler, or dressing her doll, when in the ramble in the fields, a journey into the country, a treat of milk, fruit, or simple cake at a farm house, or a fight of something rare and curious, which might give her at once information and entertainment, should constitute her highest gratification; in this very dawn of her existence, she is taught, that to dress the finest, that is, the most expensively; to dance the best; to talk most nonsense, (for what is the frippery chit-chat girls are allowed to indulge in, but nonsense in the extreme?) to have the largest party; is to be most respectable, the most worthy imitation. Before she has attained the age of fifteen, she has run through the whole routine of fashionable follies—has perhaps, fancied herself in love, because some over-grown boy has told her she was an angel; that she was always present to his mind, and that no other appeared to him so beautiful or accomplished. Her mind poisoned by such language from one of the opposite sex, the mischief is increased by an indiscriminate perusal of all the inflammatory rhodomontado's, commonly called Novels; she enters into a correspondence with some child as thoughtless and uninformed as herself, and writes letters; which, if they were shewn her, at a more advanced period in life, would crimson her cheek with shame, has the any sense of shame left. This routine of dressing, dancing, visiting, falling in love, having all been gone through while she is yet a child, what can the poor girl do as she approaches womanhood? The same scenes are tasteless and infipid; she finds no pleasure in the society of men and women of sense and information, (for there are many such in the world at present, how many there may be to be found in the next age, I will not take upon me to say) she sinks into languor and inanity, there is nothing new to awaken her attention; a laudable curiosity has never been called into action; the world is a blank before her, because she has never been taught to read the delightful and instructive page of animated nature. She finds no longer entertainment from external objects, and knows not how to seek it within herself; from mere habit, she follows the same unmeaning follies, though her soul sickens at the repetition—her mornings are spent in idleness, her noons in walking the streets, from mere want of better employment—her evenings in dissipation; perhaps before she is twenty, she becomes a wife and mother, without one qualification to make those important characters respectable—or, perhaps, from extreme inattention to her

health, from following imprudent fashions, and other indiscretions, she is hurried to a premature grave, by that remorseless tyrant, Consumption.

Our young men too, instead of being inured to hardships, fitted for fatigue, and taught that to be industrious, frugal, temperate, brave; in short, to be useful members of society, is laudably to fulfil the part allotted them in life—are brought up in habits of effeminacy and idleness, to ape foreign fashions, and foreign manners; to revile religion; to call vice of all kinds by the gentle appellation of the errors of human nature—to treat women with adulation to their faces, and contempt behind their backs; to ridicule age and its infirmities; to drink, game, swear, and frequent impure society—to squander money, which by right belongs to the honest artificer and manufacturer, and to give this shameful abuse of time and talents the name of life! spirit! spunk! How many beginning thus, terminate their dissolute career in a jail, or by some sudden stroke of fate, hastened by their vice or their folly in an early death; or should they live to advanced age, find it without comfort, either internal or external, enveloped in penury and obscurity.

That such things have been in former ages I will allow; and that such circumstances will occur, in all ages, to the remotest period of time, is most probable—but the mode of bringing up the youth of the present time is such, as threatens to multiply the examples of this miserable folly and profligacy, until Morality shall become only a name; common honesty be totally neglected; religion forgotten, and the nation sink into one great abyss of bankruptcy, ruin, and corruption!

But where is the remedy or preventive to this threatened evil? Education! Education! You multiply your Academies in vain, unless you reform the manners of those feminaries. One great evil that follows, from the multiplicity of the Public Schools, is the indiscriminate intermixture of the sexes. What good can be expected to accrue from a school being instituted, and a preceptor or preceptors provided, to attend at certain hours of the day, to instruct them mechanically, in a few common branches of knowledge, when discipline is banished, or so little attended to, that a trifling superiority in the rank or fortune of the parents, will screen the child from correction, however glaring the offence? where, when the immediate hours of study are past, the boys and girls eat, play, walk together; continually in the same house, without any one possessing any right or authority, to correct or controul them. It were better that they remained in almost barbarous ignorance, than that knowledge should be purchased at so dear a price as such a system will naturally incur. It is at no less an expence than the loss of that delicacy and modesty, which is woman's highest ornament; and robbing our young men of that respect and veneration for the other sex, which would lead them, for their sakes, to defend with their heart's blood, the rights and freedom of their native land.

What made the Spartan soldiers almost invincible, and their women Heroines? what but their strict mode of education and rigid discipline? The boys were inured to lie hard, eat coarse food, wear thin clothes summer and winter; use much exercise, and little rest. The girls were taught industry—self-denial, and a strict love of virtue.—The sexes never mixed together, but upon public or solemn occasions, until arrived at an age when reason had power, aided by a strongly inculcated principle of rectitude, to curb, with a powerful hand, the impetuosity of the passions. I would not recommend a renewal of the Spartan mode of education in all its rigours; but I would have our Seminaries of Instruction, conducted in such a manner, as should make our women virtuous and respectable; our men brave, honest, and honourable—and the American People in general, AN EXAMPLE OF HONOUR AND VIRTUE to the rest of the world.

The following letter, received about a month since, perhaps will help to prove my assertion, that the present mode of Education, is no PROMOTER OF FEMALE DELICACY.

TO THE GOSSIP.

DEAR MR. GOSSIP,
I HAVE had the misfortune to be educated after the old fashioned method of our ancestors, who were so ignorant as to instill modesty as a virtue, into their female pupils. Now you must know Sir, this place is filled at present with a polite set of ladies (members of a society with so hard a name, that I am afraid I should spell it wrong, fo

I will omit it) who have heroically resolved to put all modest virgins out of countenance, by staring unmercifully in their faces. This behaviour adds to many new charms, and renders them so agreeable to all they converse with, that I would gladly assume a little of this modern accomplishment; but the prejudice early imbibed is so strong, that instead of answering a snort in his own way, I cannot forbear blushing, both for him and the ladies who are diverted with his prodigious wit. I beg you will assist me to conquer these ill-bred flushes, or prevail with the ladies to confute their feet, by a grain or two of modesty, out of compassion to several sufferers; and particularly Sir,

Your obedient servant, ANN GLOWCHECK.

N. B. It would not be amiss, if you would appoint different houses of public appearance, for the two classes of bolds, and bashfuls. S^{***}, 1803.

Selected for the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

HINTS ON CONVERSATION.

THERE is no part, perhaps, of social life, which affords more real satisfaction, than those hours which one passes in rational and unreserved conversation. That conversation, however, may answer the ends for which it was designed, the parties who are to join in it must come together inclined to please and to be pleased.

In the conduct of it, be not eager to interrupt others, nor uneasy at being yourself interrupted; since you speak either to amuse or instruct the company, or to receive those benefits from it. Give all, therefore, leave to speak in turn. Hear with patience, and answer with precision. Inattention is ill manners; it shows contempt; and contempt is never forgiven.

Trouble not the company with your own private concerns, as you do not love to be troubled with those of others. Yours are as little to them, as theirs are to you.—You will need no other rule whereby to judge in this matter.

Contrive with dexterity and propriety, that each person may have an opportunity of discoursing on the subject with which he is best acquainted. He will be pleased, and you will be informed. By observing this rule, every one has it in his power to assist in rendering conversation agreeable; since, though he may not choose, or be qualified, to say much himself, he can propose questions to those who are able to answer them.

Avoid stories, unless short, pointed, and quite *a-propos*. He who deals in them, says Swift, must either have a very large stock, or a good memory, or must often change his company. Some have a set of them strung together like onions: they take possession of the conversation by an early introduction of one, and then you may have the whole rope; and there is an end of every thing else, perhaps, for that meeting, though you may have heard all twenty times before.

Talk often, but not long. The talent of harranguing in private company, is insupportable. If the majority of the company be naturally silent or cautious, the conversation will flag, unless it be often renewed by one among them, who can start new subjects. Forbear, however, if possible, to broach a second before the first is out, lest your stock should not last. There are those who will repeatedly cross upon and break into the conversation with a fresh topic, until they have touched upon all, and exhausted none. Economy here, is necessary for most people.

Laugh not at your own wit and humour: leave that to the company.

When the conversation is flowing in a serious and useful channel, never interrupt it by an ill-timed jest. The stream is scattered, and cannot be again collected.

Discourse not in a whisper, or half voice, to your next neighbour. It is ill breeding, and, in some degree, a fraud; conversation being (as one has well observed) a joint and common property.

In reflections of absent people, go no further than you would go, if they were present. "I resolve (says Bishop Beveridge) never to speak of a man's virtues to his face, nor of his faults behind his back." A golden rule! the observation of which would, at one stroke, banish flattery and defamation from the earth.

ADVICE.—There is nothing of which we are so liberal as of advice. We may give advice, but we cannot give conduct.

BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Vol. 1.]

SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 11, 1803.

[N^o XXXIII.]

BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE :

DEVOTED TO

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The Fine Arts, Agriculture, &c. &c.*

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MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP.—N^o XXIX.

*Quid leges sine moribus
Vana proficiunt;*

I PRESENT my readers with several letters which I have lately received, and shall take up the subjects of which they complain as occasion may offer.

TO THE GOSSIP.

SIR,

I SUSPECT you are not acquainted with Philology, and that you can delineate causes, as well as events; I suspect at least you will hear me with attention. Until of late, I was the most happy youth in the neighbourhood where I reside; every thing was itself beautiful; I was ever charmed with the varieties of nature—my mind usually, at ease, and suited to the enjoyments of life, each season had its peculiar pleasures. Spring, the season which in many respects, may be compared to youth, creates the most delicious sensations; the murmuring rivulet, freed from its icy fetters, sporting with every thing that fell in its way, winding through fields covered with the richest verdure, at length tumbling down the frightful precipice, and lost to the eye, echoing its sound to the distant hill; the bellowing of the grazing herd, the bleating of lambs, sporting with each other while the attentive dam seemed anxious to procure nourishment for the playful innocents; the warming influence of the sun, and the beautiful serenity of the sky, all combined to heighten the scene; but of late every thing in nature, seems to have changed, the objects which so lately I admired, have lost their influence; I wander from place to place, without meeting with any thing which seems to please; I am not satisfied, often having exerted myself to the utmost, in any thing I undertake; the sublime and magnificent appearance of the heavens, where thousand of worlds all seemed in the greatest harmony and regularity, each planet and satelite, keeping within the limits of its orbit prescribed by nature, moving on with unaccountable velocity—the whole seems nothing but confusion; why this unaccountable change, what have I done, thus to have my peace of mind destroyed; I feel something within me which is not right, language is not adequate to explain it. I cannot convey an idea of my feelings. Experience may enable you to inform me of my situation; could you be the means of restoring my usual cheerfulness and serenity of mind, gratitude on my part shall never be wanting.

LINEUS.

TO THE GOSSIP.

MR. GOSSIP,

I HAVE had the privilege of a religious education; having been taught to fear the Lord, and attend his ordinances, from my earliest years; and no part of divine worship, has ever appeared more solemn, more exalted, more analogous to the blessed above, than psalmody; none therefore was ever more pleasing to me; this has often made me lament the indifference with which it is heavily dragged on in many parts of the country to this day: Hence I have long wished some reformation in our church music, but wished in vain. Until a few weeks ago, my parents sent me hither to a boarding-school: I attended public worship at the Old Brick, where I found all I had complained of, corrected: the singing was conducted in such a manner, as was, at once, expressive of the truest devotion, and conducive to check the wandering mind, fitted to elevate

the languid soul, and administer reproof to every untuned heart. Next day, a friend invited me to spend the evening where a singing party were to meet for the improvement of the learners, I was much pleased with the opportunity, and went, but to my great surprise, I found a large company, in all the spirit of gaiety, professedly convened for amusement and instruction, and declaring by their whole conduct, this was all they meant; yet employed in uttering nothing but solemn addresses to the Deity, in prayers, confessions, praises, &c. After tuning notes to such language, as I have heard our worthy parson say, "It would be daring impiety, even for the serious to use in church, unless in the fullest assurance of faith," the most elevated sentences of the inspired psalmist, paraphrased and filled for the sweetest moments of the christian's life.—Nay, the HALLELUJAHs of the enraptured choir above dwelt on the fingers lips, the whole evening; interrupted now and then by a cheerful joke, a glass of wine, or the repeated plaudits of the hearers: perhaps it is owing to my rustic education, but I sat dumb, shocked, and greatly offended. Conscience whispered, is not this a solemn mockery of JEHOVAH? or do these mean what they say? If so, happy soul! If not, is it not trying to the searcher of hearts? Blasphemy! O horrid trifling with the name of God! In these thoughts I was not a little checked, by the presence of a reverend divine: for sure (methought) I judge amiss; otherwise his great knowledge and distinguished gaiety would not suffice him; by his countenance thus publicly to abett a practice in which, the Lord hath declared he will not hold any man guiltless: This however, did not satisfy me. I durst not go again: All my own private reasonings fail to justify it; and being a stranger and unknown, I have no access to the sentiments of those who would instruct me; I am therefore at last obliged to beg, in the most humble and respectful terms. I can, that you would condescend to favour me with such light on this subject, that may relieve a mind that is burthened.

*DO I ask your humble Servant,
Boston, May 1803.* CLARISSA.

TO THE GOSSIP.

MR. GOSSIP, [Boston.]
BY making the following the subject of one of your numbers, you will oblige one who has seen better days, but is now reduced to penury and want. I was born in this town in the year 1756, and had the best education the town afforded; was an only son and a favorite child. My parents were in great credit, and in very good circumstances, on which I placed my greatest dependence. When I arrived at the age of nineteen, my father died. Of my tender mother I took the greatest advantage, and too, too soon, I threw off the yoke, and that kind of obedience that was her due. At twenty-one I received one thousand dollars left me by my father, which procured me many of what I then thought friends. At twenty-three I married well, and in the course of six years, had four beautiful children, and kept along with some reputation, until within the six years past; and I date my ruin from the too free use of spirituous liquors, and an acquaintance with several that met as constant as the day (Sunday excepted) at 11 o'clock A. M. and 5, P. M. at a certain place, in order to club for strong drink. So habituated was I to it, that I neglected all business; at length, I became a fool, lost my customers, and all government in my family; and poverty came upon me like an armed man. And now alas! what am I, a poor despised, indolent wretch, a very nuisance to society. But oh! the cutting reflections—the address ring I sometimes feel. Have I ruined myself alone? No! my once virtuous wife, and my children, have caught the infection from me; from me—who should have been their Guardian, Friend, and all. But oh! that fatal, though slow poison, too freely drank, called rum—Pity me, oh ye plying ones, can it be? Yes, true it is, I tell you that I have seen my children drunk; and more, their parent with them; have known them pilfer in order to obtain a morning dram; but I forbear; I could not be easy in my mind, until I had given the above account: And from no other motives have I done it, than that if there should be any others treading in the same path, they may be early prevented. And I earnestly call upon all parents, masters, &c. to keep their children and apprentices, from using strong drink. I know a likely lad, son of a good family, who was ruined from living at the house where the above mentioned club resorted. Many will wish to know the author of the above: What further I have to say, is, that in a short time I must be

known; unless some relief from an uncle in a neighbouring town (which God grant) prevents it.

TO THE GOSSIP.

RESPECTED SIR,

I AM a young man, twenty years of age. The place of my birth is in a country town, about forty-eight miles from Boston.—My parents were very careful to give me a religious, though not polite education—and particularly under their good instruction and example, I soon conceived the most serious thoughts of the Sabbath, and paid a sacred regard to the duties of it. About three months since, I paid a visit to an uncle, who lives in Boston. My uncle's family were remarkable for their industry in business; and since they were so careful to improve fix days of the week in secular employments, I expected the seventh day would be the Lord's. But how great my disappointment! How changed the cafe, from what I had seen at my father's house! The business of the week crowded late into Saturday evening, and when I arose, early on Sunday morning, as I had always been taught to do, I was surprised to find that not one in the house, but a servant quitted his bed until 9 o'clock.—From that time, breakfast, &c. (for prayers they had none,) brought them then ten or eleven o'clock; at which time public worship was to begin. The young ladies excused themselves from attending in the forenoon, because it was too late, they had not time to dress. My aunt said, she had attended meeting all day the two Sabbaths past, so she thought the would not go.—My uncle without any great ceremony of dress hurried away; and the sons said that they, would be there before prayers were done, which they thought time enough. Our entertainments were very serious and instructive: The most important themes were recommended to our meditations.—When we returned, we found those that tarried at home, almost attired and ready for the afternoon service. In the intermission season, I heard no religious discourse, nor observed any of the family take any book in their hands; the young men walked abroad I know not whether; but returned at one o'clock. We dined; the young ladies completed their dress, and all but the servants and one of my cousins, who said he felt dull and defutatory, went to meeting in the afternoon. After service aunt went to see a neighbour.—The young ladies had some friends to visit and drink tea with them; who spent the remaining part of the day in merry chat, upon new fashions, &c. Some of which I could not but hear, while I resided to another room.—I having declined the invitation of the young men, to walk down the Long-Wharf, and about town for amusement, they went without my company, and returned at dark, with some of their acquaintance, who spent the evening in conversation upon news, fashions, and what they observed peculiar in the dress or behaviour of any at public worship the day past. And thus the day ended.

I filled me with abhorrence to observe a Sabbath spent in a manner so different from that I had ever before known. But I flatter d myself that this was an unusual latitude which would not be frequently taken, and hoped to see more religion upon future Sabbaths which I spent in town. But was sadly disappointed, for this was but a specimen of what I observed upon all the Sabbaths while I remained in town.—Their behaviour was indeed diversified: but their alterations were for a variety of amusements, and not in favour of religion. And I cannot but own, that being acquainted with such behaviour upon holy time, for several months together did in some degree abate my abhorrence of it. At the end of three months I returned to my father's house, not without some thoughts that Sabbath was observed there to too great a degree of superstitious nicety; though I really abhorred that dissolute conduct I had lately been acquainted with.—My father seemed somewhat surprised with what I told him I had observed at Boston, though he said he feared it was too much the same, in many families in the country.

The first Sabbath after my return, our Minister happened to discourse upon the sanctification of said day, from these words "Remember the Sabbath Day and keep it holy." His sentiments were peculiarly striking. He made it evident the design of the Sabbath was religious—with many other things much to the purpose; which made me with these discourses made public and dispersed through the country; and especially through the town of Boston: Though

I have no reason to think but what the worthy Ministers of that town, do suitably treat upon this subject in turn; though it seems without the desired success. As I am told we have excellent laws in this state, to prevent the profanation of the Sabbath, I have been almost ready to suspect the negligence of those whose business it is to execute those laws. Sure methinks the matter is weighty enough to engage the attention of all who regard the honour of God, the interest of religion, and the prosperity and happiness of this land. And I humbly hope, that you will make this subject of one or more of your earliest numbers. Accept my best wishes for your prosperity, and when you shall leave this world of sin, may you hear the glad sound of "well done good and faithful servant." This is the sincere wish of

Yours, &c. EZRA LOVEGOOD, jun.

Forty eight miles from Boston, on the great post road to New-York.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE INSTRUCTOR—No 1.

VIRTUE ALONE IS HAPPINESS BELOW!

THAT "Virtue alone is happiness below," the most profligate will not deny. Yet pleasure still exerts her siren voice, and spreads her filken net with success; and the traits of avarice and ambition, continue as numerous as ever.

The gentle gales, by which man was intended to waft his little vessel through the ocean of life, he has swelled to his own destruction. The passions, designed to excite the soul to action, assume, when indulged, the most despotical influence; and the severest of all slavery, is the subjection to their sway.

Observe the votary of ambition, how abjectly he couches to a wretch that he detests and despises! with what care he regulates his looks!—how he smiles, fawns, and flatters! Can such a one be said to be free? The man who voluntarily lives in a state of servitude, who had rather cringe at the levee of a prince, than enjoy the dignity of independence, is a slave, a base, shackled slave! Let him attend the height of his desires, let him be exalted above his rivals, and rewarded with the honors of the state: yet then, even then, he has plunged deeper into misery. He is surrounded by parasites, and sycophants, whom he dreads and mistrusts, he has no friend whom he can consult; no confidant to whom he can open his bosom—and the menaces of his enemies, languishing in a dungeon, may look down on him with pity, though his brow be crowned with a diadem, and his throne encircled with guards.

Can a more melancholy object be conceived than the man of pleasure, who combats with the impulses of appetite, and wastes his youth in the indulgence of licentious passions? The animal spirits from subside, the fund of life is soon exhausted; and he sinks into a state of weakness and decay, alive only to the terrors of conscience, and the pains of disease.

From these terrors, from these pains, is the PEASANT free. Yes, happy man! Thy pleasures are permanent; thy life is calm and serene. Though thy meals are simple, they are sweet; though thy bed be hard, thou sleepest the sounder for it.

A man may devote his whole life to the attainment of knowledge; he may read all the books that have ever been written; study all the systems that have ever been formed: yet all his reading and all his study, will amount to no more than this—that VIRTUE alone is productive of true felicity.

If this representation be just, the virtuous have no reason to repine. The sweet reflection of having acted right, is an higher reward than the sovereignty of an empire—VIRTUE, like health, renders the mind more susceptible of pleasure, calls a light on every object, and brightens every scene. If a man be engaged in a good cause, it is of little consequence whether he succeed or not.

What nothing earthly gives or can destroy,
The mind's calm sunshine and the heart's felicity,
Is virtue's prize.

Good heavens! what would he have besides? Dejection is only to be expected from a villian, when guilt points the arrows of adversity. The enjoyments of the reflective principle, are the highest of all enjoyments; and those who possess them, are superior to the evils of life. Philosophers may talk just as they please; they may declaim a thousand ad ten thousand times on the folly of expecting happiness in this sublunary state—a man's happiness does not depend on his situation; it depends on himself; and he who has reduced his passions to obedience, may fear no reverse of fortune. PROSPERITY cannot intoxicate; ADVERSITY cannot depress him. He resembles the oak, which con-

stant firm and erect, whether the sun shines, or the storm batters.

In these numbers I shall present my readers, under the title of "The Instructor," some selected, and some original pieces: and hope they may derive from them—instruction and improvement. Letters addressed to "The Instructor," left at this office, will be thankfully received, and duly noticed.

BIOGRAPHY.

CATHARINA I, EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

WOMEN, it has been observed, are not naturally formed for great cares themselves, but to soften ours. Their tenderness is the proper reward for the dangers we undergo for their preservation; and the ease and cheerfulness of their conversation, our desirable retreat from the fatigues of intense application. They are confined within the narrow limits of domestic assiduity; and when they stray beyond the sphere, and consequently without grace.

Fame therefore has been very unjustly dispensed among the female sex. Those who least deserved to be remembered, meet our admiration and applause; while many who have been an honour to humanity, are passed over in silence. Perhaps no age has produced a stronger instance of misplaced fame than the present: The Semiramis and the Thalestris of antiquity are talked of, while a modern character infinitely greater than either is unnoticed and unknown.

Catharina Alexowna, born near Derpat, a little city in Livonia, was heir to no other inheritance than the virtues and frugality of her parents. Her father being dead, she lived with her aged mother, in their cottage covered with straw; and both though very poor, were very contented. Here, retired from the gaze of the world, by the labour of her hands she supported her parent, who was now incapable of supporting herself. While Catharina spun, the old woman would sit and read some book of devotion:—Thus, when the fatigues of the day were over, both would sit down contentedly by the fire side, and enjoy the frugal meal with vacant felicity.

Though her face and person were models of perfection, yet her whole attention focused bestowed upon her mind; her mother taught her to read, and an old Lutheran minister instructed her in the maxims and duties of religion.—Nature had furnished her not only with a ready but a solid turn of thought, not only with a strong but a right understanding. Such truly remarkable accomplishments procured her several solicitations of marriage from the peasants of the country, but their offers were refused. For she loved her mother too tenderly to seek of separation.

Catharina was fifteen when her mother died; she now therefore left her cottage and went to live with the Lutheran minister, by whom she had been instructed from her childhood. In his house she resided, in quality of governess to his children; at once reconciling in her character unerring prudence with surpassing vivacity.

The old man, who regarded her as one of his own children, had her instructed in dancing and music by the masters who attended the rest of his family: thus she continued to improve until he died, by which accident she was once more reduced to her pristine poverty. The country of Livonia was at this time wasted by war, and lay in a most miserable state of desolation. These calamities are ever most heavy upon the poor; and therefore Catharina, though possessed of so many accomplishments, experienced all the miseries of helplessness and indigence. Provisions became every day more scarce, and her private stock being entirely exhausted, she resolved at last to travel to Marienburg, a city of great plenty.

With her scanty wardrobe, packed up in a wallet, she set out on her journey on foot. She was to walk through a region miserable by nature, but rendered still more hideous by the Swedes and Russians, who, as each happened to become masters, plundered it at discretion; but hunger had taught her to despise the dangers and fatigues of the way.

One evening, upon her journey, as she had entered a cottage by the way-side, to take up her lodgings for the night, she was insulted by two Swedish soldiers, who insisted upon qualifying her, as they termed it, to follow the camp. They might probably have carried their insults into violence, had not a subaltern officer, accidentally passing by, come in to her assistance. Upon his appearing, the soldiers immediately desisted; but her thankfulness was hardly greater than her surprize, when she instantly recollected in her deliverer, the son of the Lutheran minister, her former instructor, benefactor, and friend.

This was an happy interview for Catharina: The little stock of money she had brought from home was by this time quite exhausted; her cloaths were gone, piece by piece, in order to satisfy those who had entertained her in their

houses; her generous countryman, therefore parted with what he could spare, to buy her cloaths, furnished her with a horse, and gave her letters of recommendation to Mr. Gulck, a faithful friend of his father's and superintendent of Marienburg.

Our beautiful stranger had only to appear, to be well received; she was immediately admitted into the superintendent's family, as governess to his two daughters; and though yet but seventeen, shewed herself capable of instructing her sex not only in virtue but politeness. Such was her good sense and beauty, that her matter herself in a short time, offered her his hand, which, to his great surprize, she thought proper to refuse. Actuated by a principle of gratitude, she was resolved to marry her deliverer only, even though he had lost an arm, and was otherwise disgraced by wounds in the service.

In order therefore, to prevent further solicitations from others, as soon as the officer came to town upon duty, she offered him her person, which he accepted with transport, and their nuptials were solemnized as usual. But all the lines of her fortune were to be striking: The very day on which they were married, the Russians laid siege to Marienburg; the unhappy soldier had now no time to enjoy the well earned pleasures of matrimony; he was called off before consummation to an attack, from which he was never after seen to return.

In the mean time the siege went on with fury, aggravated on one side by obstinacy, on the other, by revenge. This war between the two northern powers at that time was truly barbarous; the innocent peasant and the harmless virgin often shared the fate of the soldier in arms. Marienburg was taken by assault; and such was the fury of the assailants that not only the garrison, but almost all the inhabitants, men, women and children, were put to the sword; at length, when the carnage was pretty well over, Catharina was found hid in an oven.

She had been hitherto poor but still was free; she was now to conform to her hard fate, and learn what it was to be a slave: In this situation, however, she behaved with piety and humility; and though misfortunes had abated her vivacity, yet she was cheerful. The fame of her merit and resignation, reached even Prince Menzikoff, the Russian General; he desired to see her, was struck with her beauty, bought her from the soldier, her master, and placed her under the direction of his own sister. Here she was treated with all the respect which her merit deserved, while her beauty improved every day with her good fortune.

She had not been long in this situation, when Peter the Great paying the Prince a visit, Catharina happened to come in with some dry fruits, which she served round with peculiar modesty. The mighty monarch saw, and was struck with her beauty. He returned the next day, called for the beautiful slave, asked her several questions, and found her understanding even more perfect than her person.

He had been forced when young to marry from motives of interest, he was now resolved to marry pursuant to his own inclinations. He immediately enquired the history of the fair Livonian, who was not yet eighteen. He traced her through the veil of obscurity, through all the vicissitudes of her fortune, and found her truly great in them all.

The meanness of her birth was no obstruction to his designing his courtiers that virtue alone was the properst ladder to a throne.

We now see Catharina, from the low mud-walled cottage, Empress of the greatest kingdom upon earth. The poor solitary wanderer is now surrounded by thousands, who find happiness in her smile. She, who formerly wanted a meal, is now capable of affording plenty upon whole nations. To her fortune she owed a part of this pre-eminence, but to her virtues more.

She ever after retained those great qualities which first placed her on a throne; and while the extraordinary Prince her husband, laboured for the reformation of his male subjects, she studied in her turn the improvement of her own sex. She altered their dresses, introduced mixed assemblies, instituted an order of female knighthood; and, at length, when she had greatly filled all the stations of Empress, friend, wife, and mother, bravely died without regret—regretted by all.

AMUSING.

COMPARISON.

MAN may be compared to a book. His birth is the title page, his baptism the epistle dedicatory; his groans and crying, the epistle to the reader; his infancy and childhood, the argument or contents of the whole ensuing treatise; his life and actions are the subject; his sins and errors the faults escaped; his repentance the corrections;

as for the volumes, some are in folio, some in quarto, some in octavo, and some in duodecimo; some are plain bound, others more elegantly; some have piety and goodlines for their subject; but great numbers are mere romances, pamphlets of wantonness and folly; but in the last page of every one there stands a word which is *Finis*, and this is the last word in every hook; such is the life of man; and some longer, some shorter; some weaker, some stronger; some finer, some coarser; some holy, some profane; but death comes in like *Finis* at the end, and closes up all, for that is the appointed end of all.—For God hath appointed unto all men once to die, and after death then comes the judgment.

A MERRY writer in one of the latest periodical papers, who is disposed to sneer at the stuffing of those fashionable frocks, appropriately called puddings, thus advertises:—

“NECK OR NOTHING.”

“The curious in Cravats are informed, that Nicholas Van Neck has prepared a new and unparalleled assortment of stuffing, capable of containing twelve shirts and two suits of clothes. They are admirably contrived, as in case of long sea voyages to Canton, the coast of Africa, or Botany-bay, to include a complete mattress, bolster, pillow, &c. Mr. Van Neck flatters himself that an object so big with so many conveniences, will necessarily meet with due encouragement.” : : : P. Folio.

I HAVE often remarked, says a facetious novelist, that giddy thoughtless people, though they are forever in the fire, are never burnt; while your prudent well meaning folks, are constantly getting into some cursed scrape or other. : : : *Ibid.*

LOW nonfence is like small beer in the barrel, which is altogether flat, tasteless, and insipid. High nonfence is like that in the bottle, which has in reality no more strength and spirit than the other, but frets and dies and bounces, and by the help of a little wind that is got into it, imitates the passions of a much nobler liquor. : : : *Ibid.*

THE broad pronunciation of a in *Cato*, notwithstanding the strong recommendations of some erudite men, has failed. As *Cato* was some evenings ago uttered at Covent Garden, in somewhat of a *squalling* tone, a funny member of the gallery, disconcerted all those around him, by “*Cat* ———” : : : L. Pop.

AN Oxford scholar being at Cambridge ten days together, they kept him drinking all night, so that he could never rise before dinner; being asked how he liked the place, he said, “Well enough, but that there was no forenoon there.” : : : *Ibid.*

JARVIS and Sons, have advertised *improved Coffins* for the security of the dead. Their advertisement runs thus: “It must afford a great consolation, and a pleasing satisfaction to any gentleman or lady, to be certain that no one can steal their bones after they are dead; and they defy any one, who is *pleased* to be buried in one of their coffins, to be taken out by any means.” : : : *Ibid.*

A MIDDLE aged man lately presented himself at the matrimonial altar. The clergyman having surveyed the man for a moment, said, “pray friend, I think you have a wife already living?” “It may be, Sir,” said he, “for I have a very treacherous memory.” : : : *Ibid.*

SATURDAY EVENING'S MONITOR.

SERIOUS REFLECTIONS.

TO explain the nature and cause of extraordinary appearances, falls within the province of astronomers, astrologers and philosophers. This is very often done to satisfaction and seeming probability. Ingenious men may, with much ease, account for any appearances of so extraordinary a nature as that which happened at Richmond, on the 23d of April, (and at several other places) we are constrained to withhold our explanations, or from giving reasons, or assigning causes, from natural deductions or principles. That phenomenon, in my opinion, was designed for some great end and purpose, by a power superior to all, at whose command the elements must form or gather themselves, to execute his will. It is an eternal truth, that power which created and called all things into being and existence, can command them to form themselves into any shape or form he pleases.

I am neither an astronomer, astrologer, philosopher or prophet; I shall therefore not attempt to shew that such appearances are produced by a collection of sulphuric vapours exhaling from the earth—but to shew that these are the signs we are to look for, as they are recorded in the pages of truth. I am induced to believe, from the many extraordinary occurrences and phenomena, which have appeared within 30 years past, to the best of my recollection, that the time is not far distant, when this world will be visited in a manner not expected by many now. It is written—the stars shall fall

from heaven—the firmament of the heavens shall be shaken; then will appear, in glory and majesty, HE, (who is now denied and mocked by many) and call to judgment the hardened and stiff-necked atheists and order them to a place suited to their fate and condition.

I am well aware this kind of prophecy will not be well received by many. It is always most pleasing to us to hear good things, which promise safety and success.—Good prophesying, though pleasing to the passions, desires and natural feeling, produces no good effect; if it ever did, I am ignorant of it. But I am not ignorant of its having produced ill effects, destructive to many. True prophesying, however disagreeable to the passions, desires and natural feeling of the sensualists, has always had a good effect upon some, if not all. It has often been a means of stopping and turning many from the road to ruin and destruction. Confiding man in a state of nature, without fear of future punishment for crimes committed in this life, which remain unknown, or a sure hope of a future reward for a well spent life; every sensible and rational thinking man will and must admit, that nothing but a dread of punishment prevents and deters men from the commission of *horrid* and shocking deeds.—“Let none despise prophesying” True prophesying always proved itself true. Good prophesying always proved itself false in the end.

Let the daring profligate, who bids defiance to divine admonition—let the sly, secret and deep designing rogue, who secretly studies how to take in and injure his neighbour both in person and property, take it into serious consideration, why all these extraordinary appearances; he may convince himself, that we are fast approaching an awful period, when every one will wish, he had so lived as he should have done. SAY NOT WITHIN YOURSELVES, THE LORD DELAYETH COMING—REST ASSURED HE WILL COME; PERHAPS SOONER THAN YOU EXPECT. *Philad. Paper.*

USEFUL.

TO FARMERS.

YOUR Indian Corn is now in a state when birds commit their depredation on it, and sometimes nearly destroy whole crops; an attention to the following directions may perhaps be worthy your notice.

“Pieces of grass dipped in a mixture of train oil and bruised gun-powder, and hung upon ledges or poles, will effectually protect newly sown corn from the depredations of crows, rooks, &c.” (PUBLISHED)

DIRECTIONS FOR THE CULTURE OF THE CURRANT BUSH.

THE currant bush, though a shrub that grows almost spontaneously, requires nevertheless some dressing; in regard to which the following directions may be of service.

Plant them round the quarters in your garden, that they may have the benefit of the dung and culture annually bestowed thereon, which will consequently make the berries large and the juice rich. The red currant is preferable to the white, as yielding richer juice, and in much greater quantity.

Take the most luxuriant slips or shoots of a year's growth, let them in the ground about eight inches deep, and not less than twenty-four distant from each other; these never fail of taking root, and generally begin to bear in two years. For the rest, let them, from time to time, be treated as espaliers (but not against a wall) observing to keep the roots, especially in the spring of the year, free from fuckers and grafts.

This treatment is the more necessary, as the goodness of the wine in a great degree depends on their having the full benefit of the sun and air, to inactivate and give the berries a proper balsamic quality, by exhaling a due proportion of their acid watery particles.—*Am. Museum.*

NEW KIND OF BRICKS.

MR. Rawthorne, the architect, has lately invented a new kind of bricks, dove-tailed into each other, for constructing arches for the ceilings of rooms, &c. in lieu of timber. This method requires very little, if any, additional thickness of walls or abutments, and it may be constructed to be as perfectly secure against fire. The expense of finishing buildings by it is little more than that of timber.

LITERARY.

MR. CARLISLE, is now reprinting Grandpre's Voyage in the Indian Ocean, and to Bengal, commenced in the year 1790, from the life of France. It will form one volume in duodecimo, from the London copy in two vols. 8vo. published there in the present year. Much local information will be found in this work, combined and agreeably diversified with a great variety of pleasing anecdotes, and interesting occurrences, in which the author was personally engaged. The character and arts of the people of India are brought into view, with some remarkable religious rites of the inhabitants of Bengal.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Allegory, by “Gillies,” too incorrect for insertion. Verbs from an English Magazine, signed “X,” was beg to decline.—“The Circle of Love,” inserted.

We are obliged to “H.” for his Essay—are sorry he did not understand that we never meddle with politics. Verbs on a tomb stone, true and common.—“Morning's Excursion,” the same.

“Dialogue between a Gentleman and Lady,” by no means interesting or ingeniously carried on.

N. S.'s communication is very long; could he convey his sentiments on the subject, (which every one must deem worthy admiration) in fewer words, we shall be happy to give them a place in our Magazine.

Mr. BOWEN'S COLUMBIAN MUSEUM, in Milk-street, is opened every day and evening, Sundays and Saturday evenings excepted. The Museum is the most pleasing resort for rational amusement, ever offered.

HYMENEAL REGISTER.



MARRIED.—At Salem, Mr. Wm. Treadwell, to Miss Betty Bancroft; Mr. Nathaniel Andrew, to Miss Eunice Bowles. At Quincy, Mr. Darius Boardman, of Boston, to Miss Hannah Adams. At Dedham, Mr. Rowland Hartshorne, to Miss Beryl Guild. At Lancaster, Capt. Jonas Whitney, to Miss Mary Hawkes. At Brookline, Joseph Allen, Esq. of Worcester, to Mrs. Hannah Kellam. At Bridgewater, Mr. James Cary, to Miss Hannah Wales. At Dorchester, Henry Gardner, M. B. to Miss Joanna B. Everett.

In this town, John Leverett, Esq. of Windsor, (Ver.) to Miss Elizabeth Salisbury.

OBITUARY.



DIED.—At Watertown, Miss Lucy Jones, *Æt.* 22;—Mrs. Beulah Alden, wife of Mr. Jonathan Alden. At Dorchester, Capt. Caleb Champney, *Æt.* 63. At Scituate, (suicide) Mr. Tylon Nash. At Hingham, Mr. Thomas Berry, *Æt.* 71. At Needham, Mrs. Mary Daniel, *Æt.* 56, wife of Dea. Joseph Daniel. “At Porte-de-la-Ville, S. America, in Oct. last, Mr. Joseph Babcock, jun. of Milton, mate of the ship Traveller.” At Londonderry, (N. H.) of the lock-jaw, from a bruise on the end of one of his little fingers, Mr. John Ramley.

In this town, Mr. John Amory, mer. *Æt.* 75; Mrs. Sarah Henderfon, *Æt.* 78, wife of Dea. Benjamin Henderfon; Miss Eliza Minzies, *Æt.* 19; David Sweetser, *Æt.* 17, son of Mr. Joseph S.—James Foster, tertius, *Æt.* 14, son of Mr. James F. jun.; Maryann H. Dyer, *Æt.* 5, oldest daughter of Mr. J. F. Dyer; and Mrs. Dykes. Total 8, for the week ending last evening.

“I’LL BAIL THE BOAT!”

BUT hark ye—out of a multitude of candidates, only one can have this honor; and for his services, will be entitled to the enormous sum of 8000 dollars! Where is there one then, that would not say, “I’ll bail the Boat!”

NOTICE.—Next Wednesday, the Hadley Lottery will commence drawing; highest prize 8000 dollars.—Tickets, halves, and quarters, for sale by GILBERT and DEAN.—The price of tickets will be six dollars, after Wednesday.—“ATTENTION THE WHOLE!” June 11.

POETRY.



For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Mrs. GILBERT & DEAN, If you think of the following, occasioned by reading the Sapphic in your 29th number, will answer for a Supplement, you perhaps will publish it, when you have nothing better. If it be not so fortunate, as to "excite a smile," it may find some of your fair readers "their own image."

Here comes Miss LIGHTHEAD and her tatty filter;— Jack, off the counter, wait upon the ladies; Show 'em what they call for, tell the price of each piece, Do your best to please 'em.

"Have you any cambrics, that are yard and half wide? What's the price of that piece of tape-striped dimity?" "Three and six-pence, madam"—"Let me see a better— Give me a pattern."

"Have you any stockings, very nice, with lac'd clocks? What are these a pair, fir?"—"Madam, they're eight [shillings]"

"I'm sure I saw much better, for only six, at FALES's— They will not answer."

"I'll look, fir, at that lustrous—is eight-and-six the lowest? I'll give you seven shillings"—"That's less than what it cost, madam"—"Take it"

"I'll give you seven-and-sixpence"—"Madam, you may "I'll call again, fir." CORNHILL.

May 23.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE rose, when dew's of night are shed, That folds its leaves and bows its head, Shall to the genial beams of day Its blushing beauties full display.— Ah! when shall S — — — beauties rise Again to bless these longing eyes; Eye's that must close in careless night, If the delay to charm their sight. She comes, the lovely virgin see, She comes again to love and me, Before the radiance of the eye The gloomy shades of sorrow fly. Not so reviving morning's light To flower's that wither, chill'd by night; As the sweet hope's ber flames impart To cheer with joy my drooping heart.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE MISANTHROPE.

FAR from the noise and tumults of the world; In a deserted vale, did Shalum dwell— Detach'd from man, he was from vice detach'd; No strife, no quarrels, had he'er to quell. Beneath a craggy rock, a little hut, Built by himself, of brush and bark of trees— A bag of oyster shells, on which to sleep— All these were Shalum's, far happy Shalum these. Before the sun he ever us'd to rise, Compell'd against his will to quit his flits; Rarely he slept, the hungry crows without. Did to assail his ears with hideous yells. "Vshaptuary" oft he would exclaim, Eating soup compos'd of logwood chips; "Know you hut little of contentment, ease; Of luxury less," he'd cry, and smack his lips. Oft on his heels—"when death hath snatch'd me No hypocrite for me shall shed a tear. [hence, I have no children, to disturb my peace; No wife, thank God, to cry, my love, my dear." So Shalum liv'd, unknown, unthought, unseen, Save by the fowls without, owls, crows, and jays. Thus Shalum liv'd; and thus, O God, let me In a deserted vale—not spend my days.

Cambridge, 1803.

E. F. E.

THE NOVELIST.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SINCERITY; A NOVEL IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS. LETTER II—ANNE TO ELEANOR.

LONDON, Nov. 1775.

Dear Madam,

I AM pleas'd to find by your favour of the 13th* that you are pleas'd with your situation. The pleasure I enjoy'd in your society during our journey from Brussels, and our little voyage across the channel, has made me anxious to preserve the esteem of a person so amiable. I have no doubt but Lady M * * * * * d, will be more than satisfied to have so capable a woman take the charge of her infant daughters. She must soon learn justly to appreciate your value, and by every proper attention endeavour to secure to them as they advance in life, a continuance of your valuable instructions enforced so powerfully by your example. I will confess, dear madam, that I am so much of an English woman, as to prefer my own country women, in almost every respect; especially where the education of the young mind is concern'd, and where the future happiness and respectability of life depends greatly on the morals, manners and general habits of those with whom the early period of youth is pass'd. I am delighted with the vivacity of the French Ladies, I am convinc'd their manners are more captivating than those of the English, but while I have been charmed by their wit, almost fascinat'ed by the very high polish of their manners; I could not help secretly wishing it had been temper'd and correct'ed by the modest reserve. The inobtrusive delicacy, which always characterizes a well bred English woman. You, my dear madam, by a long residence abroad, have most agreeably blended the vivacity of the one, with the chaste propriety of the other, and your perfect knowledge of the French and Italian languages, join'd to an extensive knowledge of your own, renders you a very able instructor in all. I presume you will accompany the family to town after Christmas, when I shall have an opportunity of renewing an acquaintance so pleasantly commenc'd, and which I trust will ripen into a lasting friendship. But in the mean time, I am not forgetful of your request to be inform'd of the principal events in the life of Mrs. Darnley, who so much interest'ed you, the few times you saw her previous to your journey into Berkshire.—I do not hesitate to enter on the subject very freely, because there is no incident in her short life, which she could with conceal'd, and one that redound to her honour. I fear she is not happily married, but being of a disposition to bear all things with patience, to look on the bright side of the picture, and not think of an approaching storm, while there is one gleam of sunshine left, I think it possible she may draw comfort from various sources, which the irritable or discontented mind would entirely overlook; and be more than content, where another would be little less than wretched.

Mrs. Darnley is the daughter of a gentleman who held a post under government which yielded him above a thousand pounds per ann. She lost her mother at a very early period, and her father's household was conducted by a maiden sister of her father's, forbidding in her looks, rigid in her principles, and harsh and unbending in her manners. She had herself enjoy'd little of the advantages of a polite education, thinking and asserting at all times, that if a woman could read, write, execute various needlework, superintend domestic arrangements, understand the etiquette of the dining table, and drawing room, knew how to give every person their proper place, and pay them the proper degree of respect due to the rank or wealth, had attained the summit of female excellence. Having no taste for the fine arts herself, she treated as ridiculous every pursuit of the kind, and as to a learned woman, she treated the idea as a mere chimera, or if existing, a monster in nature, which though wonderful, was only laugh'd at by one sex, feared and shunn'd by the other. Sarah, for so I shall call her, shew'd early talents for music drawing, and was delighted with reading the best English Poets; I have heard her father say, that at ten years old, she read with propriety and seem'd fully to comprehend all the beauties of Pope's Homer, Dryden's Virgil, and other works of the same tendency; Spencer, Shakespeare, and other authors who lived at the same period, were great favorites with her. Sarah is an only child, she inherit'd from her mother a small patrimony, about 1500 pounds, it was in the funds, and the interest would have been sufficient to keep her at a very genteel school, but her father had an utter aversion to schools, she was therefore attend'd by misters in all the

* All letters foreign to the principal subject of this correspondence are suppress'd.

polite branches, her aunt document'd her about economy, sewing, flourishing muslin, &c. &c. but the larger part of her time, (her father being engag'd in business or pleasure, her aunt in praying, scolding the servants, dressing and paying, or receiving visits)—Sarah was left to amuse herself with the servants, or read any books which her father's library afforded, or chance threw in her way, without any one to direct her choice, or correct her taste. Possess'd of an ardent imagination, it may easily be conceiv'd that works of fancy were read with uncommon pleasure; but this was not the world, she read books of religious controversy, nor did the pernicious writings of fashionable sceptics escape. Her mind eager in the pursuit of information, embraced it with avidity, in whatever shape it offer'd itself. Nor is it surprizing that from such a heterogeneous jumble, her ideas became a chaos of romantic fancifulness, enthusiastic superstition, and sceptical boldness; yes, contrary as those sentiments are, they each in turn, predominated in the mind of Sarah. Her father had a great deal of company, chiefly gentlemen. A girl sensible, witty, and with an understanding uncommonly expand'd for her age, introduced into the company of men, becomes early accustomed to the delicious and intoxicating poison of adulation, and too often fall victims to the sentiments those flatterers awaken in their souls, before reason and fixed principle has power to counteract and repel the powerful impulses of youthful passion. Had Sarah been of a temper easily call'd into action, she could not have escap'd contamination in the scenes to which she was too often a witness. Her father was not a man of strict morals, he had support'd a woman as a mistress for many years, and was frequently so imprudent as to take his daughter with him, in his visits to this woman. But Sarah's soul naturally revolted at the approach of vice, and when she understood the character of her father's *Chere amie*, she resolutely refus'd ever again to enter her house. Her aunt was so far serviceable to her that she early inspir'd her with a love of virtue, and a veneration for religion, which I have no doubt thro' her life, in spite of her eccentricities, will ever be the leading trait in her character. She was just turn'd of thirteen when I became acquainted with her, and though there was seven years difference in our age, her sense was so matured, her conversation so superior to the generality of women, even at a more advanced period, that I courted her friendship, obtained it, and found her tender, ardent and sincere, (if I may be allow'd the expression) even to a fault. Totally unacquainted with the world, she believ'd it to be such as the books she had read represent'd, she believ'd every profession of love or regard made to her, and would give her last farthing to relieve an object of distress, without trying to enquire whether the distress was feign'd or real. I have said her father was dissipated, he was, besides, thoughtless to a superlative degree in his expenses, so, that when Sarah had reach'd her seventeenth year, involv'd in debt, and severely blamed by his friends, and desert'd by his dissolute companions, she saw him deprived of his place, the duties of which he had for some time scandalously neglect'd. About six months previous to this deplorable change in her situation, Sarah had ruin'd her aunt, and when her father to avoid his creditors, went off to India, she found herself cast unprotected on the world, for having declared her resolution to liquidate the melt pressing of her father's debts the moment she could sell out money sufficient for the purpose; her relations declar'd their disapprobation of a conduct which they plainly saw would leave her a very small stipend, and were cautious of inviting to their houses, a person likely to become in some degree a burthen to them. I spoke to Sarah on the subject, her answer was, "I am fully aware, Anne, that no one can oblige me to pay these sums, and that by retaining my little fortune, I shall be secure from dependencies, but one of my father's creditors, is a poor tradesman, who has a large family of children and a sick wife; another is a widow, in very deprest circumstances; what right have I to retain my fortune, while they, whose actual property I have help'd to waste, driven to extreme necessity, while by paying them what is lawfully their due, I restore them to a state of comparative comfort." This argument was unanswerable, I did not attempt to dissuade her, she sold out a thousand pounds at a very considerable loss, paid those she thought were most in need of the money, and remitted the remainder to her father. If you still feel interest'd in my narrative, I will renew it in a short period; but do not expect any romantic scenes, flaming lovers, or cruel false friends, what I have to relate, are incidents, perhaps, frequently to be met with in common life; but I love Sarah, and all that concerns her is interest'ing to me. Adieu, my dear madam,

Believe me yours, with esteem,

ANNE.

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

[Vol. I.]

SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 18, 1803.

[N^o XXIV.]

BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE :

DEVOTED TO

*Morality, Literature, Biography, History,
The Fine Arts, Agriculture, &c. &c.*

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* * * Printing elegantly and promptly executed at this Office. ORDERS SOLICITED.

MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP—No. XXX.

Quid te exempla juvat spinas de pluvibus una ?

THE world, it is true, abounds with sin and folly; there is sufficient cause of complaint on which ever side we turn; but complaint alone will make but little progress in the work of reformation. Would every individual set about strictly reforming and amending his own conduct, mankind would grow wiser, better; and consequently happier than they are at present. But all complain, and few think of the remedy; every one can see, and point out, the necessity of reforming some one or two, to which by habit, constitution, or education, he is not himself prone—yet continue totally blind to those blemish faults which mark his own conduct; and which are, perhaps, equally prejudicial to society in general. I have been led into these remarks, by the letters published in my last number. In which, the very heinous offences of intemperance, Sabbath Breaking, and want of reverence to our Creator, are the melancholy subjects. It is true, the *Repentant Baechenalian*, complains not of others, but of himself; yet multum inquire, where is the use of complaint, if we neglect the means of cure?—Perhaps there is no vice to which human nature is liable, so difficult to conquer, as habitual intemperance; and it is a certain fact, that it is the master key which unlocks the mind to every other species of sin and folly. Reason of herself is often too weak, even in her full vigour, to stem the torrent of impetuous passions—what then must man become, when even that guide is driven from her seat, and the passions inflated beyond their natural turpitude, reign furious and tyrannical masters. It is a sad truth, that this vice prevails to an astonishing degree among us, especially among the middling and lower orders of people, persons without support, and that of their families, depends on their daily exertions—and who might, by industry, temperance, and economy, not only maintain themselves in comfort, but respectability, will labour through six days with preverging steadiness, and on the seventh, devote more than half of what they have so hardly earned, to riot and debauchery, though at the same time their families are almost naked and starving:—and here is a double enormity committed, instead of spending that seventh in grateful services of homage and praise, to the giver of all good, for his bounty in bestowing health, strength, and abilities, on the creatures of his power, that enables them to procure, by the proper use of those talents, food, raiment, every comfort of life.—They sacrifice to the demon of darkness, the last, best gift, their reason, and blaspheme the name of the Most High, while, with a truly nihilistical spirit; they accuse him of injustice, for not giving them that rask in society, that ease and plenty, which their own folly alone prevents their attaining. Nay, servants, who by hard and incessant labour, earn five or six shillings a week, will spend three or four pence a day for rum or gin; and often by the indulgence of that propensity, are led to pilfer from their employers, to purchase the poisonous draught, and by daily rendering themselves unfit for the duties of their station, are at length turned out to want, misery, and shame; or perhaps, are brought to an ignominious punishment for crimes which the devil of intemperance alone prompted them to commit. But what can be said to deter people from this foul debasing practice, that has not already been advanced by the wisest and best writers of all ages and nations; or what can be hoped towards reforming it, whilst the Circean

draught is offered from a thousand different springs, whilst houses of public resort are so easily and frequently licensed; and where, though there is an existing law to prevent publicans from keeping their houses open on the Sabbath, it is so lightly enforced, or there are so many ways of evading it, that on that day they generally expect, and much I fear too often do, reap the richest harvest. The happiness of a state depends on the wisdom of its laws, and the integrity of its governors; but wise laws and upright legislators, are of little service, if the subordinate officers whose business it is to see those laws put in execution, are remiss in their duty, and suffer a bribe to close both their eyes and ears. I have often wondered, that among the many just and salutary statutes that have been intimated for the benefit of this rising nation, nothing has been thought of to restrain the vice of intemperance—some mulct or fine to be exacted from every person who was seen in a state of intoxication, some law that would oblige parents to give a certain portion of their daily earnings, to the support of their families; and by that means, prevent their becoming a public charge, and too frequently a public shame, and nuisance. But the pious and modest bard, COWPER, has assigned a cause, why the legislature of every land are so remiss in punishing, or endeavouring to restrain, this vice, in the following lines:—

*Ten thousand casks
Forever dribbling out their base contents,
Tous'd by the widdis finger of the state,
Bled gold.*

But I forbear, and leave the subject to abler pens and wiser heads than mine, most fervently wishing that some able champion might arise, whose strength of reasoning, poignant satire, or severe ridicule, may argue, lash, or laugh, the votaries of Bacchus out of their blind, and almost mad infatuation.

As to the complaint of my friend "Linnaeus," I hardly know what to answer; it appears by his own account, that his mind has sunk into a state of torpor or apathy; and I recommend, by way of remedy, that he immediately engage in some laudable and active pursuit.—In reflecting on his case, I have thought that the young man may, perhaps, fancy himself in love; and that, that is the cause of his insensibility to the beauties of creation, and blessings of heaven, with which he is surrounded. But if so, I do assure him, he is under a great, though very common error. A mind, such as he describes his to have been, would expand, rather than contract from the influence of that passion. It is natural for us to suppose those whom we fondly love, think and feel as we do ourselves; and the soul, capable of comprehending and tasting the exquisite pleasures arising from a contemplation of nature, in all her charms, all her varieties, will feel that pleasure heightened almost to rapture, by the reflection, that the being they love and respect next to the Deity himself, feels, tastes, enjoys those pure delights in an equal degree as they do. The rising sun is hail'd with joy, because his morning beams call forth the admiration, gratitude, and praise of the person most dear to our soul. The thick umbrageous grove, the soft murmuring stream that invites to repose in the sultry hour of noon, soothes the mind with the reflection, that the chosen friend of our heart, would, if present, taste the refreshing sweets in as high a degree as we do. The dusky shade of evening, the scarcely perceptible moon, the hum of the beetle and grasshopper, nay, even the dew falling on the high grass, brings inconceivable pleasure to the heart that loves purely and ardently; for they seem to such a heart almost audibly to say, this scene would delight, these dews refresh, this cheerful hum sooth into tranquility the soul of the being most worthy, most esteemed of all God's creatures. Linnaeus, thou art, I fear, a discontented man; arose from this lethargy of the soul, for believe me, thy complaint is nothing more: Awake to activity, awake to usefulness, and trust me, thou wilt certainly awake to happiness.

My pious young friends, "Clarissa," and "Ezra Lovegood, jun." shall be noticed next week.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ON CONJUGAL MISUNDERSTANDINGS.

FLORIO and CAMILLA, though in reality they had a regard for one another, were so unfortunate in an impatient temper, that they continually rendered each other miser-

able. FLORIO was a man too easily dejected, and CAMILLA interpreted this into sullenness. In consequence of which, she would accuse him of peevishness, or else sit whole hours with a book in her hand, as regardless of his sighs, as if they were the puffs of an old pair of bellows.—If FLORIO desired her to avoid a particular thing, she directly considered him as laying a sort of command upon her, and therefore thought it incumbent on her price, to do every thing prohibited. If FLORIO heged her to observe any point of good breeding, which CAMILLA might through accident have forgot, she reproached him as a squeamish creature. If he appeared particularly desirous to polish her in the art of eloquence, it was imputed to a love of contradiction. And thus, two people, really lovers at bottom, tortured one another, without any solid excuse. MEANWELL.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

**ON THE NECESSITY OF PARENTAL RESTRAINT
IN THE EARLY PART OF FEMALE LIFE.**

DID not daily experience convince us to the contrary, one would hardly think it possible that there could be such a being as a cruel parent; and yet I am satisfied, in my opinion, that parents in general, are oftener guilty of folly than cruelty. Whatever may be the disposition of a man to severity, yet the fond endearments, wheddings and caresses of his children, whom he considers as part of himself, will ever prevent him from acting the part of a tyrant, unless he has a foul callous to all feelings, and deaf to all the calls of humanity. I believe it will be found upon enquiry, that one half of the errors which children commit, and our daughters in particular, owe their existence to the folly and ambition of their parents; who, under the ambitious idea that their children should dress as well as their neighbours—scatter them up in all the empty parade of fashion, and thereby sow in their little hearts, those seeds of pride which spring up all the rest of their lives, and effectually choke all the beneficent shoots of reason. Though pride may, in some degree, be considered as the centinel of female virtue; yet like a treacherous guard, it often betrays them, and leads them into the most fatal errors—for a girl having once been taught to consider dress as an essential point, should the loose her parents or friends, by whom she is supported in her gaudy parade; yet the pride of her heart will not suffer her to submit to what before considered as a vulgar dress, as noble gamesters, after a run of ill luck, put up their estates at auction, in order to pay their debts of honour: so it is much to be feared that the proud female heart, humbled by the loss of parents or friends, rather than to appear humiliated in the eyes of the world, will barter her virtue for folly, and meet her disgrace and ruin in the arms of the assassin of innocence.

To know how properly to deny or comply with the request of a child, seems to be one of the nicest and most essential points of a parent; to deny them what is necessary and suitable to his own condition and circumstances, is cruel and unjust; to grant them more, is mad and folly—but here will arise the question, who is to be the judge of what is necessary, the parent, or the child? I fear the child too often determines that point, and the parent gives up what he should inevitably support and maintain, his own opinion. When once through our weakness and affection for our children, we thus suffer them to triumph over us, we then take a lasting farewell of all order and subordination; and we must not complain, should they then oppose us in every step we take—despite our authority; look upon us with indifference and contempt; and at last, accuse us of being filly dotards, and the authors of their ruin.

I am well walled that kind of doctrine will draw a frown on many a pretty face; but as I write not to flatter the folly of any one, nor to insult the empire of beauty, I shall address a few friendly words to the Female Sex:

Remember my fair friends, that there is nothing truly valuable in this life but virtue, and that the parade and glare of dress, is more its enemy than its friend, though modesty, peculiar and graceful to your sex, will not permit you to own, yet certainly true it is, that your fondness for dress owes its origin to the wish of procuring yourselves rich and opulent husbands. Your gaudy dress may indeed entrap the fool or the coxcomb; but what girl of sense would wish to make a husband of either; the sensible man will not be directed in the choice of a wife by her laws,

HASTE OFTEN MAKES WASTE.

[The following is more particularly applicable to the Farmers, but will apply to many other classes.]

MAKE no more haste than good speed, is advice worth observing. Some lose more by their precipitancy, than they gain by their industry. They are in so great a hurry about one thing, that they forget other things and accomplish nothing. They have half a dozen designs in their heads at once, demanding attention, and like a litter of pigs, pushing away one another.—They are busy in collecting; and what they gather with their hands, they kick away with their feet.

Fervidus is one of this sort of men. No man is more busy, or does less to the purpose. A piece of ground must be ploughed to-day. To-morrow something else must be done. He hires a plough—tackles his team—drives them on a full run into the field—has forgot his plough—whips the boy, because he did not think of it—hastens back after it—the boy runs home—it is noon before he can bring his matters together—and he does but half a day's work. In the course of a summer he overturns several loads of hay. There is the appearance of a shower, he guards on his cattle; and instead of looking at his cart, looks at the clouds; his load is overfat, and out in the rain. He rises in a winter morning, with a determination to sled home three loads of wood. He must first get his boots mended. He runs to the barn—throws some hay to the cattle in the stables—forgets those in the yard—never shuts the door—hastens to the shoe-maker, but has left his boots at home—runs back after them—finds his cattle in the barn, and his oxen at the corn cribs—drives them out with a vengeance—goes into the house in a foam—strikes the first he meets, for leaving the barn door open—concludes his oxen will die—cooks a mess to prevent the fatal effects of the corn they have eaten—in his hurry kicks it over—and then prepares another. He gets no wood to-day—keeps his people in a fret and his family in a tumult. He gives his people no orders how to employ themselves—they lose their time—and at night he is in a rage because not a soul has done any work. Fervidus fully believes the doctrine of witchcraft, and his family are solemnly of opinion, that there is an evil spirit. : : : Amer. Museum.

ANECDOTES.

[Translated from the French, for the Magazine.]

IN the 15th century the Portuguese at the time of their conquests in America, were besieged by the Indians in a city of the new world. A Portuguese, by the name of RODRIGUEZ, took a barrel of powder in his arms, and crying to his companions, "take care, I carry my death, and that of others," he threw himself into the midst of his enemies, with a lighted match in his hand. He immediately fired the barrel, the explosion of which, threw into the air, and destroyed more than one hundred of the natives. RODRIGUEZ, by an astonishing good fortune, escaped alive from this perilous enterprise, and continued to give signal marks of his valour.

ALEXANDER the great, seeing Diogenes look attentively at a parcel of human bones, asked the Philosopher, "what he was looking for?" "That which I cannot find—the difference between your father's bones and those of his slaves." E.

THE name of a juror on the list at the Old Bailey, being called the other day, upon his not answering to it, the usual notice, that he would be fined, was denounced against him. Upon which, a person who stood by, very gravely said to the Court, "you may fine him if you please, but I dont think you will ever recover the fine of him, for I saw him buried about a week since."—L. P.

IT is possible the inventor of Cards had a moral lesson in view.—Let us suppose he reasoned thus himself. "The man who has the HEART (that is the spirit) to play for DIAMONDS, (that is money) may get into a quarrel, which may introduce CLUBS, which may occasion the necessity of bringing in SPADES, to dig a grave for his carcass."—Ibid.

A POOR unfortunate Irishman was brought before a magistrate as a common vagrant. The justice asked him, "what brought him over to this country?" "A ship, your honor." "A ship!" echoed the magistrate, "you impertinent fellow! how do you get your living?" "By my hands, your honor; I am a hay maker" "and how long have you been out of work?" "Please your honor, our trade has been rather dull this winter!"—Ibid.

A PARISIAN wit says, that the fashions for the month of Nivose were winking eyes, clattering teeth, and red noses!

A PEDANT lately entered into a Talow Chandler's, in Whitechapel, and asked for a pennyworth of candles, in the following sublime fashion—"pray give me a pennyworth of your sublimous composition to illumine my obscure cabinet."

USEFUL.

CURE FOR ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE.

I AM neither Physician, Surgeon, Apothecary, or Non-trum-monger, (says a correspondent)—but totally ignorant of the Materia Medica, except that I have swallowed large draughts of it to cure me of painful returns of St. Anthony's Fire at spring and fall—In vain, alas! did I swallow—for the Saint was constant in his visits at the accustomed time, notwithstanding the repeated prophesies of my doctor and apothecary to the contrary. Fortunately for me, ten years since, I was favored with a visit, from a good lady Bountiful; during a spring confinement, she told me, that if I would at the time the Elder tree blossoms, and in the spring of the year, at each season for about a month, drink every morning fasting, half a pint of Elder Flower tea, and the same quantity in the afternoon, that it would drown the Saint. The next season of the Elder tree blooming, I followed her advice, as also the spring following, and have done so for these nine years, since which time the Saint has never tormented me in the least. I have recommended this excellent tea from my experience of it, to ten of my fellow sufferers since my own cure, every one of whom hath found it a specific remedy.—A sufficient quantity of these flowers should be gathered in a dry day, and dried with great care for spring use. The tea is made by pouring a quart of boiling water on two handfuls of Elder Flowers, when green, when dry, a less quantity will do. It may be drank hot or cold, as best agrees with the stomach. Each single blossom is not to be picked off, but the heads from the main stalk. : : : K. I. Pop.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ANSWER to the MATHEMATICAL QUESTION, in the MAGAZINE, June 4, 1803.

Supposed sum received, £400
Paid Landlord, &c. 94
Lent a friend 1/2 - - - 153
Spent 1-5th on Joan, 80
1-10th Remaining, 40

Supposed sum received, £300
Paid Landlord, &c. 94
Lent a friend 1/2 - - - 103
Spent 1-5th, - - - 60
1-10th Remaining, 30

Error, - - - - - 33
Suppld £400
£300
£33
Errors, 33 9900 5200
13 5200
Error 20(4700
£235

NATHL. HOWLAND WHITAKER.
Boston, June 15, 1803.

INSTRUCTIVE ANECDOTE OF QUEEN CAROLINE.

THE memory of Queen Caroline is revered for the excellence of her domestic character. As a mother she shone in a conspicuous manner, by the attention which she paid to cultivating the dispositions of her children. Of her majesty's superior talent for that tender office, of her ardour in seizing the happy moment to inculcitate virtuous principles, the following anecdote records an instance, which ought never to be forgotten.—

The princess royal was accustomed at going to rest to employ one of the ladies of the court in reading aloud to her until she should drop asleep. It happened one evening that the lady who was appointed to perform this office, being indisposed, could not without great inconvenience, endure the fatigue of standing; yet the princess was inattentive to her situation, and suffered her to continue reading until she fell down in a swoon.

The queen was informed of this the next morning. Her majesty said nothing upon the subject, but at night when she was in bed sent for the princess, and saying that she wished to be lulled to rest, commanded her royal highness to read aloud. After some time the princess began to be tired of standing, and paused, in hope of receiving her order to seat herself.—"Proceed," said her Majesty. In a short time a second swoon seemed to plead for rest. "Read on," said the queen. Again the princess stopped—again she received an order to proceed; until at last faint and breathless, she was forced to complain. Then did this excellent parent exhort her daughter to forbear indulging herself in ease, while she suffered her attendants to endure unnecessary fatigue.—An illustrious example to mothers how to create and improve occasions for forming the dispositions of their children.

LITERARY.

Mellis, Munroe & Francis, have issued their 5th number of *Shakspeare's Dramatic Works*. This number is executed with the same neatness and accuracy of the former—and we are happy the public have given encouragement to this great undertaking.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"N." shall appear next week.
We are obliged to "H." and shall make an early use of his favour.

"Memento Mori," very good.
Several other Communications are received, and shall be duly noticed.

We thank our Correspondents for several answers to the Mathematical Question, published the 6th inst.; particularly the one from our young friend, inserted this week.

INSTALLED]—On Wednesday last, the Rev. Mr. Williams, was installed pastor of the Baptist Church and Society in Beverly. Sermon by the Rev. Mr. Baldwin, charge, by the Rev. Dr. Stillman, of Boston.

HYMENEAL REGISTER.



MARRIED]—At Balltown, (N. Y.) Mr. John Marvin, merchant of that city, to Miss Amy Stevens, of Washington, Massachusetts.

May Heaven's propitious, every ill repress—
Each year increase their mutual happiness;
May purest joys, on all their lives attend,
And all their virtues, on their race depend.

At Salem, Mr. Edward Stanley, to Miss Lither Waters; Mr. John Patterson, to Miss Snanna Eulen. At Portland, Capt. Samuel Shaw, to Mrs. Rachel Hilton. At Bath, Mr. Samuel E. Duncan, to the amiable Miss Sally Webb. At Kennebunk, Mr. Jonathan Harding, to Miss Peris Stevens.

In this town " by the Rev. Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Timothy Crosby, to Miss Ruth Pope, daughter of the late Dr. John Pope." Mr. Edmund Hildeton, of Dorchester, to Miss Nancy Minns.

OBITUARY.



DIED]—At Salem, Mrs. Sarah Childs, 65; Mr. James Thomas, 83, formerly a noted shop-keeper in Boston—Mrs. Hannah Archer, 86; Mrs Dorcas Phillips, 30. At Beverly, Mr. William Gallop, 53. At Monmouth, Maine, Mr. Daniel Rand. He was accidentally killed by the discharge of a gun, by persons who were firing at marks.—At East-Sudbury, Mrs. Judith Adams, 34, consort of Mr. Seth Adams. At Milton, Mr. Stephen Bradley, 33. At Dorchester, Mrs. Elizabeth Baker, 55, wife of Mr. John Baker. At Port Antonio, (drowned) Mr. Wm. G. Southack, 23, of this town.

In this town, Maj. John Rice, 50; Capt. William Downe, 48; Mr. Daniel Calef, 53; Mrs. Hannah Breed, consort of Mr. William Breed; Mr. P. W. M. J. Bailey, 19, only son of Capt. Moses Bailey; Miss Hannah B. Sturgis, 10, daughter of Mr. Samuel Sturgis; Mr. James Neal; and 4 others. Total 11, for the week ending last evening.

POETRY.



For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

To * * *

THE blossoms on the locust tree,
Recall past pleasures to my mind;
For I have wander'd * with thee,
When they performed the evening wail.

When Cynthia in meridian light,
Had thrown aside her pearly horn;
And thence the full orb'd queen of night,
Nor disappeared till envious morn

Withdrew the curtains of the east,
With fingers of vermilion dye;
Display'd her gorgeous topaz veil,
And chas'd her down the western sky.

How blest the hour, how calm the scene,
When upward as we trod the slope;
My heart beat light, my thoughts serene,
Borne on the half spread wings of hope:

Who whisper'd I might often trace,
The path, the scene, again with thee;
Lift to thy voice, behold thy face,
Blest as mortality can be.

Pure were the pleasures I enjoy'd,
And pure thy source as living stream;
Oh! be those pleasures not destroy'd,
Hope! fleet not from me like a dream.

Dear were the scenes whose life I mourn,
Their substitute I ne'er shall find;
And I would purchase their return,
At any price, but peace of mind.

But peace resumes her placid reign,
For to my conscious soul 'tis known;
I could not thy esteem retain,
Should I unhappy love my own.

Come then * * *, and bid the hours,
As with unwearied wing they fly;
Drop on my path un fading flowers,
Of the rich amaranthine dye;

Which friendship plants and virtue rears,
And honor bids to flourish here;
Whose fragrance the sad bosom cheers,
And checks avulsive affliction's tear.

Haste then my friend, behold my home,
In nature's gayest haven dress'd;
Where pleasure waits, till friendship come,
To give domestic joy a zest.

Oh! come, the locusts bloom anew,
My vines are trim'd my cots is neat;
Come * * *, come, there wants but you,
To make my happiness complete.

Selected for the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

[From the Italian of LORENZO DE MEDICI, translated by ROSCOE.]

HOPE, AND HER ATTENDANTS.

IMMENSE of bulk, her towering head she flings,
Her floating tresses seem to touch the skies,
Dark mists her unfashion'd shape compose,
And on the mountain's top her dwelling lies.
As when the clouds fantastic shapes dwell on,
Forever varying to the gazer's eyes,
Till on the breeze the changeful hues escape,
Thus *vanæ her form, and mutabæ her face*.
Illusive beings round their sovereign wait,
Deceitful dreams, and anguishes, and lies,
Innumerable are the gaping crowd that cheat,
Predacious wild, and groundless prophecies;
With wondrous words, or written rolls of fate,
Foretelling—when 'tis past—what yet shall rise;
And alchymy, and astrological skill,
And fond conjecture—always form'd at will.

THE NOVELIST.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SINCERITY; A NOVEL
IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.

LETTER III—ANNE TO ELEANOR.

LONDON, Dec. 19, 1775.

YOU flatter me by the satisfaction you express at the receipt of my last, I am at once gratified by the praises bestowed on my friend, and the approbation you so delicately conveyed, of the style of the narrator; for I will frankly own I possess a good portion of that fellow, which occasions my heart to dilate with pleasure, when I am applauded by those whom I respect, and of whose discriminating judgment I have a high opinion.

Sarah having thus discharged those duties which the strong sense she entertained of moral rectitude imposed on her, she began to think of some method to enlarge her income by industry, and thus prevent her becoming troublesome to her friends; I earnestly entreated her to live with me, but in vain. "What is the reason?" said she, "that I must not be allowed to support myself? Why should I become a charge to you? It is kind of you to offer it, but what right have I to avail myself of your generosity? when I have health and abilities to render myself independent. You have a mother to support, and not the most plentiful fortune to do it with; you have also a brother who can always find employment for any little sums you have to spare; continue to me those sentiments of esteem which it has been my honour to excite, and my pride to endeavour to deserve, and I shall be happier in eating the bread of industry, than I could possibly be in dependant idleness." Her plan was to get recommended as a teacher in a boarding school. Her aunt strongly opposed it—"I wonder, Sarah," said she to her one day, "you have not more pride, than to be willing to live in a state of servitude, I am ashamed, I blush for your meanness of spirit!" "I should have more cause to blush for myself, aunt," she replied—"were I, with the education I have received, to become a useless burthen to my friends, that is poor pride indeed, which to avoid active employment, sinks into a servile being, and to purchase the necessaries of life, must cringe to a benefactor, take the lowest place in the room, never speak but when spoken to, and be required to perform fifty menial offices, which were that being in any other but a state of dependance, would be regarded with disdain." Mrs. Vernon, coloured deeply, and Sarah was allowed to follow her own plan. A young woman, whose mind was so highly cultivated as Sarah's, whose manners were so captivating, and who had abilities to be so eminently useful; was an acquisition to any school, and it proved that to the one in which she engaged, she was so in a superlative degree. The Governess was not possidit of many engaging qualities, she could speak French, and understood something of the fashionable French; and there were the vast flock of qualifications with which she presumed to take upon herself the care and instruction of young ladies. She had been brought up in rather a low walk in life; had married a respectable tradesman, and at the age of 45, was left a widow, with very little provision, but a house full of handsome furniture, for having been of an expensive turn, she had found means to dissipate moneys as fast, and sometimes faster, than her husband could accumulate it. She had one daughter rather more accomplished than her mother, for she could play on the harpsichord, and make filagree. Mrs. Harrop was advised to take a school; and as in seminaries of this kind, the teachers have all the care and labour while the Governess takes all the credit to herself; her want of abilities, either natural or acquired, was no obstacle to her following their counsel. They had been settled in a very fine situation about five miles from London, nearly three years, when having lost their head teacher by her accepting a more advantageous offer; Mrs. Harrop heard of Sarah's design, and having had her character very favourably represented by a gentleman who was intimate in her father's family, she made application to her to take the superintendance of the school. Her offers were liberal, and Sarah having consulted me, determined to wait on the lady, to settle preliminaries; and I fearing my young enthusiastic friend would engage to perform more than her strength would support, resolved to accompany her. This visit produced some singular circumstances, and indeed, as things have terminated, may be termed the great period which gave the colouring to my dear Sarah's future life. You have observed the dignity of Sarah's carriage, at that period it was more conspicuous than it is at present, at times when she supposed herself not treated with proper respect by those whose wealth or situation in life gave them a fancied superiority, it would rise into something

like *haut-cour*, but to here equals she was ever affable, and to her inferiors, her manners were so sweetly conciliating, that while they forgot the disparity custom and education made between them; the affectionate respect her conduct inspired, never permitted them to treat her with proper familiarity. Her dress was always the habit of a woman of fashion, without the smallest affectation of finery. As I knew to visit a school during the hours of study must be an interruption, I ordered it to be so to arrive at Mrs. Harrop's, about twelve o'clock. Miss Julia received us with a profusion of civility, we were conveyed thither in a handsome job coach, and I made my own foot boy mount behind, being aware how much finer appearances strike, so much so, that frequently the impressions made on a first interview, are never after entirely effaced. The young lady having ushered us into the drawing room, with many obsequious courtesies, requested to be honoured with our commands; I perceived her mistake, and simply replied we wished to speak with Mrs. Harrop on particular business. She immediately rose, and said she would inform her mamma, who would come to receive our orders, and left the room. I laughed, Sarah smiled, and observed, that she was wondrous polite. Yes, my dear, said I, a great deal more so, than she would have been, had she guessed the nature of our business. Here we were interrupted by the rustling of silk, and Madam La Gouvernante entered in all the consequence of rich padding, lace ruffles, and an enormous head, where gauze, wire, pompons and ribbon, flowed for pre-eminence. She was a tall, masculine figure, dark complexioned, her cheeks just lightly tinged with best vegetable rouge, large black eyes, and very strong brows of the same colour, which met over her nose, which was inclined to the aquiline. "May be seated, ladies," said she, seating herself at the same time. "I am extremely honoured by this visit, and I hope, upon the inspection of the work, &c. that has been executed in the school, you will be so far satisfied, as to give me the preference, in the placing any young lady from home for the purpose of education. To be sure, I have unfortunately lost my head teacher, but I have great hope of having her place supplied by a young person, who has been strongly recommended as a young woman of taste, genius, and respectability; for you know, ladies, we cannot be too cautious who we engage in such a situation." I perceived the vermilion of Sarah's complexion begin to heighten, so interrupted the loquacious governess with, "True, madam, and I flatter myself my friend, Miss Osborne here, will do honour to those who speak so favourably of her." The broad face of Mrs. Harrop, now resembled the tints of a full blown pioni. "Madam," said she, "did I understand you—this the young ——" "Yes, Madam," said Sarah, bowing with composure and dignity, "I am the young person to whom you addressed this letter; I feel myself competent to the business therein mentioned, and shall only add, that if I engage in the situation, I shall strive to discharge my duty conscientiously." "Upon my word, well to be sure, I thought," said the confuted lady, then rising hastily, she rung the bell, and then seating herself familiarly on the sofa, between Sarah and myself—"I dare say, my dear," she continued addressing Sarah—"you will do very well. Mr. Lewis said, you had a great deal of taste, was patient and good natured." "I am so, I trust," Madam, said Sarah, colouring, "when 'tun imposed on." "Certainly, no one likes to be imposed on," said Mrs. Harrop, a little disconcerted by the firmness of her reply; a servant just then entering, relieved her—"Bid Miss Julia send some of the work and painting into the back parlour; we'll go down, child, and you can judge if you think you can teach in the same manner." But before this proposal could be complied with, steps were heard ascending the stairs. The door opened, and George Darnley and his mother entered; Mrs. Darnley had a daughter at the school, whom they had come out to visit. I wished to converse with Sarah, before she made any positive engagement, made a motion to go. "We will see you again in the evening," Mrs. Harrop, said I. "Permit me, ladies," said Darnley, with a respectful bow, "to call up your carriage, and do me the honour," presenting his hand to Sarah! he accepted it, and with a slight courtesy to the Governess; and one more respectful to Mrs. Darnley tripped down stairs, and left Mrs. Harrop to explain to her visitor, who and what she was, at her leisure. Are you weary? No—you say! well, but really I am—so peace be with you, until next post.

ANNE.

LEAP TO FORTUNE!

THOSE who wish to leap into the arms of Fortune, for the trifling sum of six dollars, will please to apply at GILBERT and DEAN'S, for warranted undrawn whole, half and quarter tickets in HADLEY LOTTERY. Remember—2000 dollars and many other valuable prizes are now waiting for fortune's favourites. June 18, 1803.

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.]

SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 25, 1803.

[N° XXXV.]

BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE :

DEVOTED TO

*Morality, Literature, Biography, History,
The Fine Arts, Agriculture, &c. &c.*

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MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP—N° XXXI.

Deine periculis

Referre sermones Deorum, et

Magna modis tenuare parvis.

Non hoc jocosæ convenienti lyra.

THE sober minded CLARISSA, is certainly right in thinking that the praises of the Creator should not be uttered in a light manner by profane lips, or on trifling occasions; I have myself a strong objection to hearing a jumble of songs, dancing tunes, and sacred music, performed within a few seconds of each other, merely to amuse a company. It argues a mind but little impressed with a sense of the divine presence, and however the lips may utter hallelujahs to his name, who reigns in infinity; who called by his fiat multitudinous worlds into existence, and by his power supports and governs the amazing whole; the heart must be cold and insensible to the grateful enthusiasm which a contemplation would excite, that can make an instant transition from so elevated a theme, to a flippant jig, or an insipid love ditty. "There is a time for all things," says a wise monarch; and if the sentiment of the mind leads to sacred harmony; if the warm glow of the heart accompany the accents which flow from the lips, there cannot be a more worthy offering made to the Deity, nor one that in my opinion will be more likely to find acceptance. But there is a certain kind of music that is more particularly adapted to this service, cheerful yet solemn, that lifts the thoughts above all sublunary things, and bears it to the footstool of eternal grace. I should as soon think of addressing an earthly potentate in the unmeaning familiar language of a romantic girl, as to offer praises and thanksgivings to my God, accompanied by airs more suitable to the celebration of bacchanalian rites, than the adoration of the King of Kings.—There is no part of public worship so congenial to my feelings as that of the choral, but then I am no friend to those new methods of having it all performed by a set of persons who make a business of it, and are more intent about the time and tune, than the words they sing. I like the good old fashioned custom, when all the congregation arose from their seats as soon as the clergyman had finished reading the psalm, and joined the full toned organ; (which should always be played by a person of talent, and scientific musical knowledge) the solemn and universal peal rose in full chorus and seemed to lift the very souls of the congregation above earthly cares and anxieties.—But the present mode of having a few young people placed in a particular seat, who sing new fangled tunes which it is impossible for one tenth part of the congregation to understand, much less join in, is ridiculous, as well as disagreeable to those who really feel their minds elevated, and wish to offer their tribute of praise. I can fully comprehend the feelings of my interesting correspondent in respect to an evening singing school. It is one among the many things which is in my opinion, very prejudicial to the morals of society in general. Such meetings bring a great number of young persons together, and where there is a large society, it consequently follows, that there will be some rotten members; the ostensible reason alleged for these meetings being to improve the most delightful part of public worship. Few parents or heads of families, can have resolution to refuse their young people the benefit of learning, especially as it is attended with very little expence. But I greatly fear that many imprudent connections owe their origin to these

nightly conventions—and for my own part, I would rather not have quite such fine music, than run the risk of having one fair chorister led into indifcretion, or one promising youth drawn into an imprudent connection.—I am a great friend to good instrumental music in churches or meeting-houses; I think the organ particularly beautiful for sacred music; its grand and solemn sounds are finely adapted to awaken the most lively feelings of devotion; but where the finances of the parish will not allow the purchase of so costly an instrument, or to pay the salary of the organist, a band may supply its place, which may be formed by young men belonging to the parish, and who practice music as an amusement. These can meet for practice on an evening, or any other time, without profanity or impropriety, as there will in that case be no mixture of sexes—which, (whatever some philosophic writers may allege to the contrary) ever was, and ever will be, productive of evil. Nor are there any words used in the performance of the airs they wish to make themselves perfect in—and by confining themselves to simple airs, all the congregation would be enabled to join: for it should be remembered, that it is not the excellence of the harmony, but the sincerity of the heart which makes this part of devotion acceptable.—And to sing psalms or hymns, with an idea of displaying our knowledge of music, our taste or execution is mere lip service; or in fact, seeking the admiration of man, more than the approbation of God.

My young friend, EZRA LOVEGOOD, jun. seems also of a very serious disposition, and has very proper and laudable notions concerning sacred things. I hope neither time nor example, will have power to shake those well founded principles, nor weaken the attachment he now feels for religion. I most heartily join with him in regretting the very little regard paid to the Sabbath; and while the laws in this respect are so lightly, or more accurately speaking, are not enforced at all, it cannot be expected that much attention should be paid to them, while houses of public resort are kept open in all the environs of populous towns on the Sabbath; idle and unprincipled people will consequently resort to them. But it is not idle persons alone, nor the frequenters of taverns and public houses only, that break this command of their Maker, persons of respectability, in the opinion of the world; Masters and Parents of large families, not only neglect private worship in their own houses, but also set the dangerous example of totally omitting all public reverence to the day, spending it either in sloth or dissipation; each equally culpable, equally inimical to the cause of religion.

A father of a family, or a person whose rank and situation in life, occasion them to be looked up to as something superior, has much to answer for, when he sets such a bad example. If his children are undutiful and ungrateful, whom has he to thank for it but himself? For has he not taught them, that the greatest, most extensive benefits conferred, the tenderest paternal affection shown, demands neither gratitude nor respect, or he could not live so totally inattentive to the service required by the Creator, as the only return man can make, for the manifold blessings received at his hand. If his servants are indolent, is it not his own example corrupts them? Is he not equally neglectful of the commands of his divine master?—I am not so rigid as to wish to debar all social intercourse on a Sabbath; I think friends may meet, after having properly performed the duties of the day, pass an hour or two in rational conversation—may walk out, and enjoy the freshness of the evening, without offending either decorum or religion; but noisy mirth, idle prattle, singing, gaming, &c. are not only offences against moral rectitude, but a disgrace to any state or nation, where they are permitted to be practised.

What can be a more beautiful or interesting sight, than to see the principal of a family, surrounded by his children, and all the various persons of which his household is formed, from the humble domestic, to the valued friend or relative, seated on a sabbath evening, with the book of the holy law before him, reading and expounding to them its contents; deterring them from evil by its awful threatenings, encouraging to virtue and piety by its delightful promises. I have frequently been witness to such a scene, and as I looked with veneration on the charming group, methought the countenance of the principle object had something angelic about it, and it seemed that its benign aspect indicated that his soul felt the heavenly assurance that he

should in futurity, reap the reward of his faith and obedience.

It may be argued by the opposers of religion, that reading or preaching to our domestics, is seldom followed by any good consequences, that they attend family duty unwillingly, and set uneasily, counting the minutes with impatience until the wearisome task is finished; this is, I believe, too often the case, but if by perseverance only one person can be brought to love their duty, to practice it cheerfully, and seek and find the way to eternal peace, how infinitely great is the reward, how transcendently beyond any thing our weak and imperfect efforts can deserve.

Oh, ye pious, ye friends of religion and virtue, slack not your hands, tire not in the course;—lead by your equanimity of temper, your charity, and undeviating example, all with whom you are connected, to follow your steps, and be assured that peace will rest upon your soul in this world; and in that which is to come, your reward will be bliss unutterable.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

PLEASURES OF SOCIETY.

THE mind of man is eminently calculated for social life; he pants after a friend to whom he may communicate his sorrows, and who may partake his joys. Without a confidant who will feel his grief as his own, and by sympathizing with him, alleviate his distress, his bosom would almost burst, utterly unable to bear the sharpness of its pangs; and without a companion who will enjoy his happiness, his pleasures would lose half their relish.

Zimmerman and Petrarch, may write volumes to induce men to believe, that the life of an hermit, imparts the greatest possible bliss; but the testimony of our own hearts, which recoil at the thoughts of passing the whole of our lives without society, secluded from the world, in the horrid gloom of an hermitage, indubitably proves the contrary; what pleasure can books afford, and of what advantage can literature be, when we have no person near us, to whom we can communicate our ideas, and without whose enlivening conversation and remarks, even learning would lose all its charms.

Man is not naturally selfish, his mind is repugnant to the principle, of living solely for his own enjoyment, he is desirous of pleasing others, and contributing as much as he is able to their happiness; but the most selfish man that ever existed, if he were to consult only his own interest, independently of the advantages his company and conversation would afford to others, would find that the greatest felicity which he could possibly realize in this world, arose from society. The most cruel slavery, with companions, with whom I could lament my fate, and in whose sympathizing bosoms I could pour out all my sorrows; from whom I could be sure of obtaining pity, and from whose advice I might receive consolation, and acquire fortitude sufficient to bear my misfortunes, I should esteem infinitely preferable to an hermitage, surrounded with every other convenience and delight of life.—Such I am assured is the natural antipathy of man to solitude, he feels a vacuum in his breast, which all his other enjoyments cannot fill; he yearns after something more, he fearlessly knows what. This was the condition of our first parent, even in Paradise he felt the want of a companion.

In a word—Solitude may be pleasing to men of gloomy and morose tempers, whose contracted minds are unable to enjoy the delights of society, and who eagerly seek after solitude, that they may undisturbed gratify their selfish dispositions and live for themselves alone; but with the generality of men, friendship and happiness are so closely connected, that it is impossible for them to possess the one, and not the other. H.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

PICTURE OF MATRIMONIAL FELICITY.

CLEON and CALISTA, had lived together in all the harmony of married minds for the space of seventeen months, during which time they had shared together an infinite variety of changes in their fortune. But, as if they were originally designed for one another, every action of life afforded both of them some beneficial influence of the strength and tenderness of this attachment.

When Cleon was absent, the bosom of Calista felt some thing always wanting to compleat her happiness. When Calista was away, the heart of Cleon was destitute of its principal support, and like a bird which had lost its companion, forsook for her return.

It often happens, that, in human life the spirits will yield to unbidden dejection, and the breast throbs with oppression; it scarce knows why. In these moments, the balm of affection is of particular influence, and affords a comfort, which nothing in this world can so adequately bestow.

Whenever Cleon chanced to fall in a melancholy of this kind, the gentle Calista would yield up her entire attention to restore her lover to himself. Tranquility is wounded and cured sometimes by imperceptible causes. Calista would soothe her Cleon with a delicate persuasiveness, inspired by the generous passion that the bore him. Instead of complaining of his fretfulness, her only hope and endeavour was to remove it; and her endeavours were generally successful. For what is there so distressing in life, which the smiles and caresses of a loving and beloved woman cannot alleviate?

Behold poverty on the one hand, and distemper on the other; yet, if the kind partner of our fates is resolved to share the lot with us, and is smiling, like the angel of patience, on our sick pillows, we may then defy the utmost malice of ill-fortune, and receive from obligation afflictions of love, those blessings which are denied us abroad, in a building, malicious, and ungenerous world.

AMUSING.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

A RAMBLE IN THE MUSEUM.

Letter from a gentleman in town, to his friend in the country.

DEAR C****S,

I PRESUME from what has taken place between us, respecting a correspondence, I am at liberty to address you whenever time, and inclination permit. Perhaps I cannot devote a few moments in a more pleasing manner than in describing, (as well as my abilities will permit) the great variety contained in the COLUMBIAN MUSEUM, which is a noble building, its apartments spacious, and well adapted for the numerous variety of Paintings, Wax Figures, Natural and Artificial curiosities, with which they abound; and the Paintings of the Battles of Alexander the Great, are very large and valuable, and designate the unbounded faculties of the human mind, for the attainment of elegance in expression and design, in the various departments of the fine arts.

The Wax Figures are extremely well modelled, and in my opinion, are by far superior to those of the former Museum—the group of Figures, consisting of king Alfred, his family, and a poor pilgrim, is well calculated to excite ideas of the purest benevolent nature—he is represented as distributing a loaf among his family and the pilgrim; his countenance beams with benevolence and humanity; nor can any one behold the humble attitude of the pilgrim, whose eye beams with gratitude and astonishment without emotion; in a word, this representation is a true picture of that benevolence and humanity which ought to be exercised towards our fellow creatures in distress, and to every feeling and generous mind, is calculated to excite ideas, not very unlike those of the immortal DAWES, who delineates the beauties of genuine, unadulterated benevolence, in the following elegant lines:—

“Wide as the sun his bright dominions spread,
Heaven born Benevolence her bounty feed;
She, meek-eyed goddess, quits the angelic sphere,
To banish grief, and dry the human tear.”

Among the great variety of Natural and Artificial Curiosities, is an artificial skeleton of the Mammoth, a beautiful collection of Birds in a high state of preservation, and a great variety of Fossils. The skeleton of the Mammoth is extremely well made, and reflects great honor on the artist for his ingenuity. The strength of this animal must have been prodigious, and the circumstance of its extirpation from among the numerous variety of animals, both in America and Europe, must have freed them from a terrible scourge, as it is very obvious it was of the carnivorous species. Hence, the whole variety combined, will prove, I trust, a great source of amusement and instruction, to all lovers of the fine arts, who should now or hereafter visit it. Adieu, in haste, and believe me ever yours,

N****.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH,

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

CURIOUS ACCOUNT OF THE BANIAN HOSPITALS.

The Banians, a people subject to the Mogul, and inhabitants of the province of Guzarat, in India, support at

Surat, a Hospital for cows, horses, goats, and other animals that are sick, lame, or too old for service. They believe in the *metempsychosis*, or transmigration of souls; and as every one imagines he sees his parent in a dog or a horse, it is that which renders them so charitable to animals. Thus when a man can no longer derive any service from his cow or his ox, and in order to spare the expense of feeding it, and to feed himself with its flesh, he is about to take away its life, it is not difficult to find some pious Banian, who will buy the animal, sometimes at a high price, and endow a bed for it in this hospital, where it is well attended, and well treated during the natural term of its life.

They have also founded, in the same city, a hospital for fleas, lice, bugs, and all the other species of animals which are nourished by the blood of man. To regulate them from time to time, and give them the nourishment which allures them, a beggar is hired to pass a night upon a bed in this hospital, but in the fear that he will disturb their repair, by removing them with his hands, or that pain will oblige him to retire before the animals are satiated, they have the precaution to secure him in such a manner, that nothing can trouble them in their festivity.

The Banians dare not light a fire or a candle in the night, lest the flies and other winged insects should fly into it and be burned. They dare not even empty *stale* water upon the ground, for fear of annoying the fleas and other little animals it might encounter. Some cover their mouth with a thin cloth, to prevent flies from getting in; others carry a small broom in their hand, to sweep the chamber, or brush the seats, lest in walking, or in feasting themselves, they should unhappily crush some of these little insects.

CURIOUS EPITAPH ON A CHYMIST.

BENEATH THIS STONE

LIE THE REMAINS

OF

BOYLE GODFREY,

Chymist:

Who in his earthly labors strived hard

To gain the *arcanaan vita* :

But, alchymist like, all his various projections,

Like Mercurij in the fire,

Evaporated in

Fume,

Fell seventy years was his terrestrial effluence

Hermetically sealed in *350 Ferreræ matras* :

But, the radical moisture being exhaled,

And the *elixir vita* spent,

Could no longer contain in his vehicle ;

But *reverted* to a *cuticle*,

And precipitated per *campanam*

To his original dust.

May that light which shines brighter than the

Boulognozan phosphorus,

Preserve him from the *athanor cucurbit* of this

And the reverberating furnace of the

Other World !

Highly departed from the *storia* and *fœces*,

And place him in a chrysaline orb

Among the elect of the

Flovers of Benjamin,

Never more to be *generated* until the final

Resurrection, Conflagration,

Calcination and Resuscitation

Of all things !

: : : Brattleboro' Reporter.

THE CAMELEON.

MR. GOLBERRY, during his residence in Africa, ascertained the faculty attributed to the Camelon, of living upon air alone for a considerable time: he confined five camelions in separate cages, surrounded by a fine gauze, so as to exclude any insect or substance of any description floating the air. In a few days they became thin, and acquired a blackish grey color, a certain sign of their distress; but having arrived at a great degree of leanness, they remained in the same state for the space of a month, without any evident diminution of their strength. At the end of two months, they became so weak and languid, as to be unable to move from the bottom of their cages; their skins became almost black, their eyes heavy, and they could not inflate themselves to more than half their common size; they at length became nothing more than animated skeletons. The first that died existed 89 days without food; the second 91; the third 105; the 4th, 115 days. The 5th Camelon had been 116 days without food, when Mr. Golberry set it at liberty, and in a fortnight it recovered its color and strength; shortly after which it escaped from his farther observations.

ON PROMISES.

A LARGE promise without performance, is like a false fire to a great piece, which discubargeth a good expectation with a bad report. I will fore-think what I will promise, that I may promise but that I will do. Thus, whilst my words are led by my thoughts, and followed by my actions, I shall be careful in my promises, and just in their performance. I had rather do, and not promise, than promise and not to do. S. T.

ANECDOTES.

SERGEANT Fazakerly, being on a visit in the country, in the time of long vacation, was one day riding out with a rich squire, who happened at that time to be engaged in a law suit, and thought it a good opportunity to pump an opinion out of the Counsellor, gratis. The Sergeant gave his opinion in such a way, that the gentleman was encouraged to go on with his suit, which, however, he lost, after expending considerable sums. Irritated by his disappointment, he waited upon the Sergeant at his chambers, and cried out, “Zounds! Mr. Sergeant, I have lost three thousand pounds by your advice.” “By my advice,” said Fazakerly, “how can that be, I don't remember giving you my advice; but let me look over my book.” “Book,” says the other, “there is no occasion to look at your book, it was when we were riding together at such a place.” “Oh,” answered the Sergeant, “I remember something of it, but, neighbour, that was only my travelling opinion, and that is never to be relied on, except registered in my *fer-book*.” : : *London-P.*

CHARLES II. a few days before or after his concealment in the oak, happened to seek refuge in a farm-house, the mistress of which dressed him like a clown, and set him to turn the spit. His pursuers, having an idea of his being in the premises, examined them very closely, and in their search entered the kitchen. On their approach, Charles looked round; which the mistress observing, she seized the basting-ladle, and with it gave the king a severe blow on the back, saying to him very angrily, “and what do you stare at, you dog you; why dont you mind what you are about?” This reprimand furnished him with a pretext for keeping his eyes fixed downwards upon the spit; which attitude, together with the flogging hat, effectually concealed him from the recognizance of his enemies. : : *Ibid.*

Length of a Law Suit!—Bridonius, the great Juris Consult, says, that a Law-suit was carried on in Prague, in the 16th century, the written pleadings of which being measured, were found to extend 28 German leagues, about 140 English miles! : : *Ibid.*

MR. CHIFUL, in his Travels, relates it rather as a laughable circumstance, that a Taylor first discovered the Cabbage-tree on the coast of Africa! : : *Ibid.*

A GENTLEMAN having lately asked what employment he intended to put his son to? answered, “If *curricles* and *gigs* should continue in fashion, I think I'll bind him an apprentice to a Sargoon.” : : *Ibid.*

A DASHING highwayman being at the place of execution, in company with a chimney-sweeper, and anxious, whatever spots there might be on his reputation, to preserve his leather breeches unsoiled, desired his companion to stand at a greater distance.—“Why,” replied the sweep, “hav't I as much a right to be here as you have?”—*Id.*

SATURDAY EVENING'S MONITOR.

No. V.

GRANDRUR OF DEITY.

WHEN right conceptions of the Deity and his Providence prevail, when he is considered as the inexhausted source of light and love, and joy, as acting in the joint character of Father and Governor, imparting an endless variety of capacities to his creatures, and supplying them with every thing necessary to their full completion and happiness; what *veneration* and *gratitude*, must such conceptions, thoroughly believed, excite in the mind? How natural and delightful must it be to one whose heart is open to the perception of truth, and of every thing *fair, great and wonderful* in nature, to contemplate and adore him who is the first *fair*, the first *great*, the first *wonderful* : in whom wisdom, power and goodness dwell vitally, essentially, originally, and act in perfect concert? What grandeur is here to fill the most enlarged capacity; what beauty to engage the most ardent love; what a mass of wonders in such exuberance of perfection to astonish and delight the human mind, through an unfailling duration!

MORAL KNOWLEDGE.

THE knowledge of Morality and Christianity, is the absolutely indispensable part of education. For what avails

it, how knowing a person is in speculative science, if he knows not how to be useful and happy? If this work be neglected in the earlier part of life, it must be owing to some very favourable circumstances, if the person turns out well afterwards. For the human mind resembles a piece of ground which will by no means be wholly bare; it will either bring forth weeds or fruits, according as it is cultivated or neglected; and according to the habit of vice or irreligion, or the contrary, get the first possession of the mind—such is the future man like to be. We see that the gross superstitions and monstrous absurdities of Poperity, by the mere circumstance of their being early planted in the mind, are not to be eradicated afterwards, though it is certain, that, as reason opens, and the judgment matures, they must appear still more and more flocking. With how great advantage then may we establish in the minds of young ones, the principles of a religion, strictly rational, and that will appear the more so, the more it is examined?

APHORISMS AND MAXIMS.

PIETY and peace go hand in hand: But piety and discord have no connection: where the latter prevails, it destroys the former.

He who publishes the faults of others, to conceal his own, is like him who attempts to hide the wind by throwing dust into the air!

NATURE made us with too ears, and one mouth, that we might hear much and not talk too much.

As a lion lies in wait for his prey; so doth the devil for those who utter lies and work iniquity.

Few are so good as to have no enemies; few so bad that they have no friends.

THE worst have some who wish to uphold them: The best have some who wish to take them down.

THE best way to wipe off a slander, is to walk uprightly, and thereby to show yourself an honest man.

COMMON sense and common decency are inseparable companions; whoever disregards the latter, thereby shows himself destitute of the former.

THERE is no man more despicable, than a despicable wretch puffed up with a conceit of his own importance.

SHINING abilities, prostituted to vile purposes, excite at once both pity and contempt.

WHATSOEVER is just, is equal; but whatever is equal is not always just.

MANY are fond of a short way to knowledge; but that short way is generally the nearest way to ruin.

A PRIME part of wisdom is to keep a good conscience; the next part is to keep a good tongue. : : : Fed. Spv.

USEFUL.

CURE FOR THE BITE OF A MAD DOG, OR STING OF ANY POISONOUS SERPENT.

COVER the wound with fresh earth or snuff, to imbibed the saliva of the animal, and then wash it with water, at the same time warm half a pound of butter in four times as much vinegar, and when the wound is cleansed, apply a compress of linen steeped in the above mixture, and moisten it very often for nine days, after which you may remove the compress and cure the wound in the usual way. During the time the vinegar is used externally, it must also be used internally, by taking it in doses of an ounce and half, warmed with a little fresh butter four times each day. The patient's common drink must be water for at least fifteen days, or water with vinegar, or juice of citron. He must abstain from the use of ardent spirits or exercise, to prevent irritability.

SINGULAR PROPERTIES OF CHARCOAL.

Extract from the translation of *Crell's Chemical Journal*, published in 1793.

AMONGST other singular properties of Charcoal, it has lately been discovered at Peterburg, that all sorts of glass vessels and other utensils may be purified from long retained smells and taints of every kind, in the easiest and most perfect manner, by rinsing them out well with Charcoal reduced to a fine powder, after their grosser impurities have been scoured off with sand and pot-ashes. The persons whose breath smells strong from a scorbutic disposition of the gums, may at any time get perfectly rid of this bad smell, by rubbing them out, and washing out the mouth thoroughly with finely powdered Charcoal. This at the same time, renders the teeth beautifully white.—And that brown (or otherwise colored) putrid stinking water may be deprived of its offensive smell, and rendered transparent, by means of the same substance. Hence Mr. Crell thinks it would be of use for preserving water sweet during sea voyages, to mix about five pounds of coarsely powdered Charcoal in every cask of water; it being only necessary afterwards to strain the water off when wanted, thro' a linen bag.

CULTURE OF THE ENGLISH FIELD TURNIP.

IN the field culture of Turnips for Autumn and Winter use, either for the supply of markets or for feeding cattle, the proper season for sowing in the middle states, is any time from the middle of July to the middle of August.

The ground is to be prepared for seed by proper ploughing, and should be well harrowed to render the surface level and fine, that the seeds, when sown, may be more equally covered; the seed is then to be sown immediately while the surface of the ground is fresh, allowing not more than a pound and half, or two pound to an acre, sowing it by broad cast and directly harrow it in with a light harrow; if the ground be afterwards rolled with a large wooden horse-roller to smooth the surface, the seeds will thereby be more effectually covered, the plants will rise more regular, and it will be much easier to hoe them than if the surface is left rough.

When the plants have leaves an inch or two broad, they are to be hoed in dry weather to destroy weeds and thin the plants to about ten or twelve inches distance, but when it is designed the roots shall grow to their utmost size for feeding cattle, it is proper to hoe them to about fifteen inches distance at least.

The crops from the above times of sowing will come in for use in September, October, and November, and continue good all winter, either for the table or for feeding, at which time they are admirable for sheep, and excellent for milk-cows, for which purpose the cow farmers about London, use vast quantities, many of whom have several hundred cows; but as their land consists chiefly of grass, they buy whole fields of them of the ploughing farmers ten or fifteen miles round the city, bring them home in waggon, and give them to the cows clean and whole, which they eat greedily, to the great increase of the quantity of their milk.

EXPERIMENTS.

IT appears from some experiments made by Mr. E. Walker, that acoustic instruments may be constructed for conveying at a distance, without the assistance of tubes to convey the sound. "Ex. 1. I took a deal rod sixteen feet long, and about an inch square, and after having fixed one end of it into the small end of a speaking trumpet, I laid it upon two props, in an horizontal position. One of the props was placed under the trumpet, about three inches from its wide end, and the other prop was placed near the other end of the rod; another speaking trumpet was then laid across the rod, about three inches from the end. The wide part of this trumpet rested upon the rod, but the other end was suspended by a ribbon. The apparatus thus adjusted, I introduced a watch into the end of the trumpet, and applying my ear to this cross-trumpet, I heard beats much louder than if the watch had been at the distance of a few inches only. The sound appeared to come out of the cross-trumpet, although the distance was seventeen feet and a half—and when it was laid into the cross-trumpet, it was heard equally well at the end trumpet. Ex. 2. My assistant in these experiments being seated at one end of the trumpet, and myself at the other, a conversation took place through this apparatus, but in whispers too low to be heard through the air at that distance. When the ear was placed in a certain position, the words were heard as if they had been spoken by an invisible being within the trumpet—and the sound was more distinct, softer, and more musical, than if they had been spoken through the air." Mr. Walker infers from these experiments, that if a communication were made on this principle, between a shop or warehouse, and the dining room, &c. it might contribute to the dispatch of business—and instruments might be formed on the same principle, and introduced between the parlour and servant's hall, so that directions might be given to a domestic without his entering the room, and in whispers too low to disturb the company.

ELECTRICITY.

MR. Cuthbertson gives the following account of an experiment by which the two kinds of electricity are distinguished, and the direction of the fluid is ascertained:—Influte two wires, furnished at each end with a ball, three-fourths of an inch in diameter; connect one with the positive, and the other with the negative conductor of a machine; the balls should be four inches asunder, and between them, at equal distances from each place, a lighted candle, with the centre of its flame nearly on a level with the centres of the balls; if the machine be put into motion, the flame will waver very much, and seem to incline rather more to the negative ball, than to the positive one; after about fifty revolutions, the negative ball will grow warm, and the positive ball remain cold; if the revolution be continued to about 202, the negative ball will be too hot for the hand to touch, while the other remains as cold as at the beginning.

RECIPE, for preventing that treacherous pest, the FLU, by visiting persons, rooms, or beds.

TAKE a few branches of penny-royal, and hang it up in the room, lay it on, or near the bed, or carry a few sprigs in the pocket, and the Flu will never make its appearance. This simple preventative has never failed of the desired effect.

INTELLIGENCE.

HAIL STORM.

ON Friday, the 17th inst. a violent storm of rain and hail, attended with lightning, was experienced at Concord, in New-Hampshire, and its vicinity. The wind was exceedingly high, and in its course tore up many trees, and shattered and demolished some buildings. The hail was generally larger than musket balls, which fell with great rapidity, and broke many squares of glass. A number of grain-fields are entirely cut off, and many others greatly injured.—A large rock, near Mr. Joseph Baker's, in Bow, 30 feet long, and about 5 square, was rolled from its bed. A gentleman from Hanover, informs, "that though there was no hail in his neighbourhood, he could discern the swells of the land in the easterly parts of Lebanon, which appeared to be covered until two or three hours after the storm"—so that we fear its effects have been very extensive. [In these parts vegetation suffers greatly for the want of rain; and the weather has been uncommonly warm for two or three days past. Yesterday, (June 24) the mercury in the thermometer was up to 87.]

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received "A Fragment," and shall be happy to give it a place, when we have finished the Novel which at present fills that department.

Eugen's "Atheist Reclaimed," shall have an early insertion; the design is laudable, the execution above mediocrity.

"Fabula," shall appear.—Celebrated French Sonnet, is accepted.

The answer to an "Advertisement for a Lover," we beg leave to decline.

We thank a "Constant Reader," and shall make some use of his favour.

We would solicit the return of our valuable friend, "The Itinerant"—our readers miss his entertaining and instructive essays, and enquire, why he no longer fills a corner in our paper.

HYMENEAL REGISTER.



MARRIED]—At Salem, Mr. Benjamin Patterfen, to Miss Mary Carnes. At Providence, Capt. Amasa Delano, to Mrs. Hannah Appleton, both of Boston.

In this town, Mr. Moses Wilson, of Dedham, to Miss Jane Somes, of Wicasset; Mr. John F. Jenison, to Miss Betty Rand; Mr. William Cook, to Miss Susanna Woods.

OBITUARY.



DIED]—In this town, Mr. John Clapham, *Æt.* 63; Capt. Geo. Mead, of Portland. Two Women from the Alms House, and two others. Total, six for the week, ending last evening.

POETRY.



For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE PAINS OF IMAGINATION.

AN ORIGINAL POEM.

NATURE, all-bounteous in her proffer'd joys,
Pours forth her pleasures with a lavish hand;
Invites each traveller to regale his sense,
And smiles in varied beauties on her sons.
Seasons alternate, serve to heighten bliss;
The calm, the tempest and the low'ring cloud,
The distant thunder and the fighting breeze,
Vales, mountains, plains and dark'ning forests charm
In all their rich variety of dress.

Far as the eye can see or thought extend,
Or fancy stretch her visionary flights,
All animated beings echo praise
In strains harmonious. All but man / Man, stout
And breathing discontent, looks sad, and frowns
Upon the pleasing scene. Why this reverse?
Why is the noblest of Creator's works
Alone unhappy in the happy group?
On him alone does fortune frown? On him
Shed torments that can wreck his peace, and check
Each rising rapture! No! *Imagination*
Pict'ures black terrors in his coward brain,
That find existence there and there alone.
Form'd to participate creation's sweets,
Capacitated for refined enjoyments
His evil genius turns them all to pain.
Imagination flies from real bliss,
Blinds safer Reason and aloft the soars.
To call down curses on her vot'rie's head.

In life's bright dawn, her terrors take the root,
And spread and ripen in maturer years.
Soon as the infant learns its fears to lift,
Alone, it starts at every rustling leaf,
And fancied Demons sigh in every breeze;
Or in the gloom of night, conceal'd they stand
To dart upon the trembling victim's head
And crush to atoms innocence their foe!
Chill horror creeps through every vein! Each nerve
Is stiffen'd, and with agonizing throbs the heart
Beats quick and wild! "Till by a Parent's eye
All fears dispel, and hope once more revives
And conscious safety, every tumult calms.

In ripper years when Reason seeks to rule,
Imaginary pains pursue us still.
Some dire misfortunes o'er our prospects hang
And threaten ruin to our dearest hopes.
The trembling lover now in absence pines,
Broods in sad silence, on the distant fair,
With heart-felt anguish sighs along the grove,
Reclines alone upon the moss-grown bank,
And softly murmurs to responsive rocks.
Fears rise on fears to drown each log'ring hope
Of future bliss, till horror clad despair,
With sombre curtain overpreads the scene.

Now *Superstition*, with distorted brow,
Beholds a God as frightful as herself.
Beholds him frowning and in thunder cloth'd,
Darting his lightnings at each trembling wretch,
With pestilence imposing every breeze,
And scattering horrors at his awful nod.
She views *Him* as a tyrant, cruel, proud,
Ere taking in the tortures of mankind,
Hea'd to extort the agonizing groan!
The writhe convulsive and expiring pang!
From fancy, wild unreal phantasms spring;
She raises idols to them prostrate falls
And groans at terrors which herself has rais'd.
Enneath the cumbrous burthen "Reason rears,"
Reluctant, and is chained to silence! Sad,
But real picture of man's painful state!

Ye more! Behold the maniac's woo-worn brow!
The vacant stare, the wild and furious glance,
Distorted features and convulsive shrieks,
Must harrow every tender breast with pain,
Aod wring each fibre that has sense to feel.
Here we behold the human mind laid waste!
Of Reason here the scatter'd ruins lie,
And mao, degraded, fall'n below the brute,
Of worth, of virtue and of sense deprived,
Is buried in a mountain heap of woe!
Lost in the whirl of disconnected thought,
And brooding o'er her visionary scenes,
Here wild-eyed frenzy rears her lived form,
Here trembling flares unutterable grief,
While fury scintillates from either eye!
E'en cold misanthropy shrinks back aghast,
And turns with tears from the tremendous scene!
Say! can *Imagination* thus pervert,
Thus counteract the pure designs of Heav'n?
Can she the human intellect unhinge?
Enslave our reason? Bid mankind reject
The proffer'd joys of earth and cherish pain?
Bow half the world at *Superstition's* shrine
And frown triumphant on the mighty waste?

Alas! the can! Elfe why does Asia kneel
Submissive to her visionary Gods?
By what, except *Imagination's* force
Do Bramins wield their sceptre o'er the minds
Of all the Hindoo race? Why worship brutes
Of each fantastic form and aspect rude?
Why does the tender female there, in dread
Breathless and faint beneath a weight of woe,
Obedient there to superstitious law,
Drag forth her tott'ring limbs to view the pyre
And trembling with, and crisp beneath the flames?

Again, the fading visions of dull sleep
Increase the number of the pangs of life.
When night spreads o'er her robe with stars emblaz'd
And human faculties are lock'd in sleep,
Unwearied Fancy still her vigil keeps;
Calls up aerial spectres to our view
And murky phantoms round our pillows flit.
We start from sleep with terror, faint, and flit
The lingering vision hovers round the brain,
And hurls unwary Reason from her throne.

Or if we wander through the midnight shades,
And turn to Heav'n our scrutinizing eyes,
Imagination mounts on wings of fire
Through elms ethereal; There in some dim orb
Whose light penurious scarce illumines the sky
She views the Comets wild portentous blaze,
At whose approach the circling Planets reel,
Rush from their orbits to the blazing Sun,
Or flying wildly through unmeasured space,
The vast orbs mingle in chaotic strife,
And in one flaoie the Universe expire!

Oh thought tremendous! Awe-inspiring scene!—
But hold!—*Omniscience* guides the rapid course;
With Love diuice refrains their swift career,
Breathes o'er the Suns their life-enkindling flame,
And binds each wheeling system to its sphere.
Cease then to murmur at his just decrees,
With-much submission bow before his law.
With grateful hearts receive his proffer'd joys.
That smile around and with encreas'd delight,
Anticipate the purer bliss of Heav'n
Where circling Saints exalt the note of praise.

EVANDER.

THE NOVELIST.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SINCERITY; A NOVEL.

IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.

LETTER IV—ANNE TO ELENOR.

London, Jan. 4th, '76.

A PRETTY good period of time, you say, I have taken, before I bring Miss Osborne back to Mrs. Harrop's, though I only left that lady to take a few hours ride with my little friend. Well, I hate apologies when a person from either inclination or necessity, has been remiss in a correspondence; where indeed is the use of them? If inclination caused the silence, the excuses will appear forced and awkward; if necessity has occasioned it, we must have but a very poor opinion of the friend who would need an apology for what they must know is as painful to ourselves as to them; this, by way of preamble—and now to proceed with my narrative.

When young Darnley, had handed Sarah into the carriage, the bow of profound respect which accompanied the action; and the fixed attitude in which he remained on the steps of the door, until the carriage drove off, occasioned me to smile, and ask her if she knew the gentleman? and if she did not think him handsome? "I am sure I don't know," answered she gravely, "whether he is handsome or ugly; I never saw him before, and have no with ever to see him again." "I am much mistaken, Sarah," said I, "if he is quite so indifferent in regard to seeing you again."—"Do not let us talk like a couple of girls," said she, with a half smile, "who never received the smallest degree of polite attention from a man in their lives before."—She then turned the conversation upon Mrs. Harrop, Miss Julia, the work, &c. "I am much deceived," said she, "if I do not flatter them some work and painting, at the end of the next term, superior to the daubs she so ostentatiously displayed: the work is very well, but there is a want of taste in the arrangement of the colours, the flowers want that lightness which is the greatest beauty of needle-work."

Then gave her the necessary hints for not engaging to perform more than her strength would admit; she replied, "that if she was paid for her time, it would become a duty not to waste a moment, but to fill it up assiduously for the benefit of her employer." We dined with a friend, and in the evening returned to Mrs. Harrop's, made the necessary arrangements, and it was agreed that Sarah should take her own situation, on the Saturday following.

She had not long superintended the school, before Mrs. Harrop discovered what a treasure she had got: the scholars naturally attached themselves to her, especially those who had been accustomed to associate with well bred persons; her manners were so gentle, yet commanding; her language and appearance, were so superior to the Governess and her daughter, that they loved, while they dared not disobey her. But this, while it enhanced her value, created a kind of envy in the bosoms of both the mother and Miss Julia, which sometimes shewed itself unpleasantly; and when Sarah would give her opinion, which she often did, contrary to that of these ladies, a degree of fretfulness apparent to their answers, would evince their consciousness of her superiority: yet though they opposed her arguments, they generally adopted her plans. During her residence here, she was frequently seen by George Darnley; his sister was extremely attached to her; his mother was pleased with her attentions to her daughter, and George himself, fancied he was in love with her.

George Darnley had in early life, been remarkable for the heaviness of his intellect, and the extreme difficulty with which he attained even useful acquirements. As he advanced toward manhood, he shewed a propensity for expensive pleasures, mixed with an unwillingness to procure them for himself; for dearly as he loved pleasure, he loved money better; every scene of amusement was joined with eagerness, if at the expense of another. Such a disposition was by no means likely to please Sarah; her chief pleasures were retired; she shunned society, indeed, but did not often mix in it, because she could not often meet with such as afforded her satisfaction.

I have mentioned that she had no brother. There was a young man whom Mr. Osborne had educated, and got into the navy, by the name of Frederic Lewis; indeed, it was thought he was her natural brother, but of this her father never gave her any intimation. This young man felt all the fraternal love for her, which a man of sense might be supposed to feel for a sister like her; he thought her one of the most superior women of the world afforded, and when on returning from a three year's station in the West-Indies, he found the great change which had taken place in Mr. Osborne's family, saw his sister (for so he always called her) employed as a teacher in a boarding school—his sensations were poignant beyond description; but alas, Frederic was but a lieutenant, and what could he do? his pay was scarcely sufficient to support the appearance of a gentleman; and prize money was not to be obtained in the service he had been engaged in.—I am interrupted, adieu for the present. ANNE.

BE UP AND DOING!

TICKETS and parts, in Hadley Lottery, warranted undrawn, for sale by GIBERT & DEAN, at their Lottery and Magazine Office, No. 56, State-street, where a correct list of all the prizes and blanks may be seen; and prizes taken in payment.—The wheels still contain the following valuable prizes, viz. 1 prize of eight thousand dollars—1 of 2000—3 of 1000—1 of 750—1 of 550—6 of 500—55 of 100—and many smaller ones, worthy the attention of every person who wishes to obtain a fortune for a trifling sum. Those who miss this valuable opportunity, can blame no one, if the Gods of Fortune should "strew her golden sand on another's floor." June 25.

BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.]

SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 2, 1803.

[N^o XXXVI.]

BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE :

DEVOTED TO

*Morality, Literature, Biography, History,
The Fine Arts, Agriculture, &c. &c.*

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MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE DELIRIUM.

REASON is the distinguished mark between man and the bruté creation. It is the highest gift of Heaven, a divine emanation of the soul; like the oak, amidst the trees of the forest, it claims superiority; like that bears many a blast; and the hurricane must be vast that can overthrow it! From what quarter shall the storm proceed? It can bear the flaking of adversity; and bloom under the pressure of affliction. But there is a cold searching wind that pierces the vital part, and seizes irrevocably the powers of action!—For a while it lies in a state of stupefaction; then bursts forth in irregular starts, and exhibits the most dreadful view of human nature! Here we shall see the once carefired friend abandoned to all the horrors of a miserable room, where light is sparingly suffered to dawn through a little window! Those eyes, which once darted the language of filial and social tenderness, are bustling about from their sockets, or unmeaningly fixed on some trifles: perhaps the car catches his attention, and in a moment fired with the thought of Liberty! the sufferer striving to freee, adds pain to wretchedness, and becomes, if possible, more pitiable!—That tongue, from which persuasive eloquence was wont to flow, now utters only the language of some foul infernal demon: and calls aloud for perdition on all around! How dreadful the scene! to hear blasphemy from lips made to praise and bless!—To see the image of God transformed to the shape of a devil! Another view presents a scene equally affecting, although the external horrors are not so great. Behold the mourner!—Into what a reverie is the fallen! thought hath transfixed her to the seat; she moves not! insensibility seems her friend; she hath forgot all; even the occasion of her grief!—Happy indeed! incomparably happy! were such a state lasting, to what she must feel when roused from her waking slumber! she lifts her eyelids; and a deep thro' of anguish frowns the lives.—Alas! is the season of gaiety to be spent thus! Is there no means of alleviating the sorrows that prey upon her mind? None!—The consolatory discourse of the pining few, who touched by her sorrows, would fain administer comfort, does but add to her distress. For who are those that commiserate? Her friends? No! she hath none!—They are strangers!—See, the smiles! some gleam of joy hath burst upon her heart. Perhaps a distant hope. But hark! she speaks! “This just!—thy will be done!—I acquiesce. But where, where, where is peace!—will time bring it? No! it never will return! Alas! my head! but what is pain?—A trifle! Bind up my temples! Bring hither the sea-green willow!—He is faithless! and I am undone!” The last words seem to have set before the whole arrangement of her miseries. Wild sighs, convulsive starts, frowns the agitation of her mind. The calm was transient; and only renders the storm more terrible. She cast her eye to heaven, as if imploring mercy; but brings them hastily back; while a crimson glow speaks the sentiments of unworthiness. On the earth the bands her light; but as if that also reproached her, she stares without fixing, until a flood of tears drowns the tempest of her soul!

“Happy are those who are blessed with Reason!”

THE CONFIDANT.

OBSERVATIONS.

THE most certain indication of wisdom is an habitual serenity, as the tops of high mountains are above the region of clouds and mists.

I AM fainst whilst my legs bear me: a competence is most healthful for my body; I would desire neither to freeze nor to burn.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

THE subject of LOVE has engaged ancient and modern pens so frequently, that I fear the accusation of tenuity in offering a few spontaneous reflections, excited by reading a late number of “THE GOSPEL”—It does appear to me, that writer has firmly the object of communicating good to mankind, and were he far less happy in the execution than in his design, we must still respect him. It is not my intention to make any comments on “what love is;” I verily believe it would puzzle the best chymist in the world to analyze its qualities—My aim is simply to point out its effect. So general is its influence on society at large, that its merits and its faults cannot be too accurately defined. Even ye, whose cold bosoms have scarcely felt the genial influence of social affection, say, has not this one passion made the happiness or misery of thousands? Observe the ardent lover, whose very breath seems drawn in sympathy with his mistress—his eye is elevated, or depressed, as the smiles or frowns. Behold the pallid cheek of her who mourns the inconstancy of her lover; she checks the sigh which would call on her the fiercer of scorn; the illiberal language of the world would deem her a *rejected outcast*; ever the compassion of the good is humiliating; she dares not on the bosom of friendship pour out her wrongs; severely the scrutinizing her own conduct, and there finds no reproach; she has every virtue which she could ever boast—the desertion must then proceed from the fragile nature of his attachment: While we lament the evil, let us inspect the cause. The being who deserves the opprobrious name of WAVE-ER, is justly thought contemptible; yet I imagine we shall frequently find *his fancy* more in fault than his heart—he had not duly considered the importance of deliberation before his election was made. Some nameless quality had fascinated his imagination—if he had been, he forgot that greens which might adorn an assembly room, were insufficient to secure one joy in the marriage compact. There may be many reasons for the choice of man, and these varied by every character; the fondness of convenience deserve no rank in the scale, nor should those of mere exterior, be allowed a higher place—but even when beauty riveted the chain, does not every rational man in the first days of enthusiasm, look for a more solid basis? At least he decks his goddess with fancied excellence; to him her sparkling eye beams with intelligence, his angel smile is the very prototype of benevolence. Dispel this charm, and who would be so mad as to love a painted canvas? That passion is too base to deserve a name which is not founded on some quality of the mind; nor can I believe that love or friendship ever did exist, without mental aid. Solid sense, sound judgment, or brilliant wit, are perhaps the most prominent attractions; but how often do we see the grave scholastic man claimed by the light coquet! He plays with the blaze until his wings are scorched—then was reason suspended—he cannot love long—but will probably give for his *experience*, a hearty curse on the whole order of coquets. I feel the total inability of portraying the strange medley of characters who have sought association in love, which has eventually proved the bane of happiness. Contrast has been said to constitute the firmest bond in the strictest union; if applied to the manners only, the hypothesis may be just; under the roughest address is sometimes concealed the kindest heart. We may often behold two whose exertions present the strongest resemblance, while their souls are as uncongenial, and could no more assimilate, than the lily and thistle flourish on the same stalk! I can even imagine two beings equally amiable, yet so perfectly different in constitution and education, that the hand of the one, would be like the touch of the torpedo to the other. If fate had joined them together for life, how unharmonious must be their intercourse! These very beings might for a while deceive themselves, and fancy a similarity which was in fact produced by circumstance alone, when the origin had no power in union. This superficial veil would soon fall, and complaint, or silent reproach, fill up the residue of existence. Can we then too cautiously contemplate the character we wish to call by the sacred name of FRIEND? Not as the companion of an hour, should we view one; BUT FOR THAT LONG DAY, WHICH ETERNITY ALONE CAN DISSOLVE!

AN OLD BACHELOR.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. Editors,
GENTLEMEN,

I AM a man who pass much of my youth in literary recreations; and though nature has denied me the power of ever becoming a literary character myself—I am always delighted when I observe any blossoms of genius putting forth in this northern clime, giving promise of future fruit, ripe, rich, fit to gratify the taste of persons of sense and talent. I live at a considerable distance from the metropolis, which I visit but once a year; but I always leave word with my bookseller to send me all the new publications, especially if they are native productions. About a month ago he sent me, with a number of other pamphlets, “The speech of CANONICUS,” a poem, written by a young American, now resident in India. I read it with so much pleasure that I could not avoid talking of it, and recommended it to highly to a young man of some talent himself, that he took it home with him, and read it; but how great was my disappointment, when I saw him the next evening, to hear him, instead of approbation, vent nothing but abuse. “The language was purple, the verse lame, the imagery weak and incongruous”—In short, he said so much, that I began to doubt my own judgment; although I had been delighted with the whole, and especially with these lines in the 14th page, beginning with,

“Observe ye them: when summer heats are gone,”

and ending at the 16th page, with the creation of the Mammoth; and a little further, on the extirpation of the terrific animal by Almighty vengeance; and which, in my opinion, abound with natural imagery, and beautifully poetic language; but it seems I am mistaken. Now, gentlemen, it would gratify me very highly, if some of your agreeable and learned correspondents, would give a candid criticism upon the poem, marking both its merits and demerits, for, old as I am, I must confess I am very unwilling to think I can be so imbecile, as to be charmed with a rhapsody, containing neither rhyme nor reason. I am, Gentlemen—Yours, &c.

VERMONT, June 15th, 1803.

BIOGRAPHY.

ZOLLIKOFFER.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES of the late celebrated German Divine, GEORGE JOACHIM ZOLLIKOFFER, author of the Exercises of Piety, and Sermons on the Dignity of Man.

WHEN we take up a book we naturally wish to know something of the author, who he was, where he lived, and why he wrote. We would ascertain his pretensions to our notice, and whether we may expect any particular benefit, new information, or increased satisfaction from his writings.

Or if the perusal of a volume, by an author unknown to us, has served to instruct and improve us, to make us wiser and better, to elevate our piety and increase our happiness, we feel a real obligation, a sense of becoming gratitude, and are particularly desirous of knowing to whom we are indebted; we have even contracted an affection, a friendship, for our judicious instructor—and friends should be well acquainted. To gratify this laudable curiosity in those who have an inclination to purchase or encourage the above invaluable work, great pains have been taken to collect the following account of the worthy author.

George Joachim Zollikoffer, was born at St. Gall, in Switzerland, on the 5th of August, 1730. His father, David Anthony Zollikoffer, is still remembered there as an eminent practitioner in the law, and as a pious and upright man. That he omitted nothing in the literary education of his son may well be imagined; it is still more manifest, that by his own virtuous example he became his moral tutor, a tutor to whom posterity is under such infinite obligations through his pupil.

Young Zollikoffer, when arrived at the proper age, was put to the gymnasium of his native town; from whence, being intended for the church, he was sent to prosecute his studies, first at Bremen, and afterwards at the university at Utrecht, where the divinity professors are said to have been then in high repute.

Possiding native genius, a clear intellect, and an elevated fancy, with a close attachment to learning, and an ardent ambition to excel, as might be expected, he made great im-

MISCELLANEOUS.

EXTRACT FROM BISHOP NEWTON,

Particularly recommended to the attention of Merchants and Trademen, of all-ranks.

improvements, and became an accomplished scholar. He was well versed in History, Biography, Poetry, and all the branches of Polite Literature: He was fond of these pursuits, for they enlarged his mind, corrected his taste, and refined his native sensibilities. In Natural History and Natural Philosophy, also, he is said to have possessed uncommon knowledge. But Ethics and Divinity were his favorite studies, for they belonged to the profession to which he had devoted all his regards, all his exertions, and all his talents. In this profession he was unrivalled. His compositions, always judicious, correct, and pathetic, were delivered with all the advantages of a fine voice, a graceful figure, and an irrepressible eloquence.

His first establishment as a Preacher, which was soon after he had completed his academical course, was in his own country at Murren, in the Pays de Vaud. Here, however, he remained only a short time, having a call to a more considerable place at Montfion, in the Grisons. This congregation, likewise, had not the happiness to possess him for a much longer period, he being invited to Ischenburg, as a preacher there. Yet neither was this station the theatre which Providence had determined for his most extensive and permanent usefulness. In the year 1758, at the age of eight and twenty, he was appointed to the office of one of the German preachers at the reformed church at Leippick. This was a conspicuous station, and Mr. Zollikofer filled it with eminent advantage. That he was universally admired and celebrated, is his least praise; his ministerial labours, his instructions, and his example, diffused far around the knowledge and the beauties of holiness; while his most excellent publications will spread, through every country and age, fresh excitements and encouragements to virtue and piety.

Several volumes of his incomparable discourses have been for some years in the hands of the public, and are in high and deserved repute. Not only have they passed through many editions in their original language, but they have been translated into French, Italian, and English, and are continually reprinting.

Honored by the wife, beloved by the good, respected and venerated by all classes—delighted in by the young, as a candid, kind, and faithful adviser; resorted to by the poor as a bountiful helper and patron; sent for by the sick and afflicted as their best earthly comforter; wholly occupied with religious duties and with humane and pious exercises, he spent an useful and honorable life, and left behind him a reputation unblemished, and a fame immortal. He was twice married. His first wife, named Le Roy, was a lady of great understanding and considerable attainments. He was extremely fond of her, and his congregation witnessed the many tears he shed upon her grave. His second wife, of the family of Sechay, at Leippick, was an uncommon blessing to him during the last seven years of his life, and probably the world is indebted to her endearing attentions, that his life and labors were so far prolonged. Both marriages were childless; Providence, doubtless, for some wise purposes unknown to us, not dispensing to the man who had thought and read so much on the nurture and education of youth, and author of several pieces on the subject, the happiness of applying his wife and excellent lessons to practice.

For the space of a year before his death, feeling his faculties considerably on the decline, and thinking himself no longer able to fulfil the duties of his office to his own satisfaction, he formed the resolution to lay it down, and retire to the place of his nativity in Switzerland; but at the united request of his congregation, who assured him that they would willingly content themselves with a discourse from him every fortnight, he was induced to remain in his station. His health even seemed to improve during the summer, in consequence of his having passed the intervals of his time at the village of Gohlitz, not far from town. But in the following autumn, it too plainly appeared that his recovery was only apparent. He still, however, attended on the duties of his office, though with the utmost difficulty; until at length, a few weeks before his death, he was obliged to apply for assistance to a candidate for orders, who kindly took upon him the charge of preaching. His last illness was extremely painful, yet he bore his sufferings with the patience of a wife man, and the resignation of a Christian who looks beyond the grave and corruption, to a world of retribution. On the 22d of January, 1788, he gently sunk into the arms of death, and was interred on the 25th. The whole of this numerous congregation, together with some hundreds of students at the University, and numbers of his auditors of the Lutheran communion, attended his body to the grave, with every token of unfeigned sorrow.

OBSERVATION.—WE had better appear to be what we are, than to affect to appear what we are not.

TRADE is a flourishing thing; it passed from Tyre to Alexandria, from Alexandria to Venice, from Venice to Antwerp, from Antwerp to Amsterdam and London—the English rivalling the Dutch, as the French are now rivalling both. All nations almost are wisely applying themselves to trade; and it behoves those who are in possession of it to take care that they do not lose it. It is a plant of tender growth, and requires sun, and soil, and fine seasons to make it thrive and flourish; it will not grow like the palm tree, which, with the weight and pressure, rises the more. Liberty is a friend to that, as that is to liberty; but nothing will support and promote it more than virtue, and what virtue teacheth—sobriety, industry, frugality, modesty, honesty, punctuality, humanity, charity, the love of our country, and the fear of God!

OPEN THY MOUTH FOR THE DUMB.

LEMUEL.

IT is greatly to be lamented that there should be so much occasion to condemn the behaviour of many parents who neglect to instruct their children in the duty of mercy to brutes; and there is reason to believe that in many cases where the peace of families have been disturbed by the wantonness and obstinacy of children, the parents have contributed greatly to it, by not restraining their children, in time, from acts of wanton cruelty to birds and insects. Such indulgence roots out from their once tender hearts every feeling of pity and compassion; and by shutting their ears and hardening their hearts against the cries of suffering animals, renders them also deaf to the voice of nature; until at last, the unhappy parents find that their foolish indulgence has taught their wretched children to be insensible to a parent's pains and tears, as to the pain and misery of tormented brutes. So true it is that our treatment to brutes, has an influence on our moral character, and the gentleness of our manners.

AMUSING.

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF MEMORY.

HORTENSIVS, one of the most celebrated orators of ancient Rome, had so happy a memory, that after studying a discourse, though he had not written down a single word of it, he could repeat it exactly in the same manner in which he had composed it. His powers of mind in this respect were really astonishing; and we are told, that in consequence of a wager with one Sienna, he spent a whole day at auction, and when it was ended, he recapitulated every article that had been sold, together with the prices, and the names of the purchasers in their proper order, without erring in one point, as was proved by the clerk, who followed him with his book.

NEGRO METHOD OF TAMING A SHREW.

I DEPARTED from Kenjour, and slept at a village called Malla, or Mallaing, and soon after arrived at Kolor, a considerable town; near the entrance of which I observed, hanging upon a tree, a sort of masquerade habit, made of the bark of trees, which I was told, on inquiry, belonged to Mumbo Jumbo. This is a strange bugbear, common to all the Mandingo towns, and much employed by the Pagan natives in keeping the women in subjection; for as the Ruffians are not restricted in the number of their wives, every one marries as many as he can conveniently maintain; and, as it frequently happens that the ladies disagree among themselves, family quarrels sometimes rise to such a height, that the authority of the husband can no longer preserve peace in his household. In such cases, the interposition of Mumbo Jumbo is called in, and is always decisive.

This strange minister of justice, (who is supposed to be either the husband himself, or some person instructed by him) disguised in the dress that has been mentioned, and armed with the rod of public authority, announces his coming (wherever his services are required) by loud and dismal screams in the woods near the town. He begins the pantomime at the approach of night; and, as soon as it is dark, he enters the town, and proceeds to Bentang, where all the inhabitants instantly assemble.

It may easily be supposed that this exhibition is not much relished by the women; for as the person in disguise is entirely unknown to them, every married female suspects that the visit may possibly be intended for herself; but they dare not refuse to appear when they are summoned; and the ceremony commences with songs and dances, which continue until midnight, about which time, Mumbo fixes on

the offender. This unfortunate victim being thereupon immediately seized, is stripped naked, tied to a post, and severely scourged with Mumbo's rod, amidst the shouts and derision of the whole assembly; and it is remarkable, that the rest of the women are the loudest in their exclamations, on this occasion, against their unhappy sister. Day-light puts an end to this indecent and unmanly revel.

[PARK'S Travels.]

THE STORM.—A FRAGMENT.

*****IT is dark, and a silent gloom pervades the face of Heaven and Earth, that makes my soul expand to such a magnitude, as if it would burst the very bosom which contains it!—All is silent!—Fear takes possession of my mind; when, from an angry cloud, the liquid flames flash forth with terrible sublimity; darting from Heaven to Earth, and from Earth to Heaven, with such repeated swiftness, blazing expansive through the heaven's high vaults, then on a sudden vanishing. On rolls the distant thunder, solemnly sublime, and with the pelting rain and howling wind, approaches nearer; between each peal unflashes the sulphureous flame, illuminating the rushing cataract with its light; succeeded by a crash most horrible, which shakes the very earth to its centre! Once more a sombre gloom spreads over the face of nature—again all is terror and confusion!

INSCRIPTION ON THE SIGN BOARD OF A WATCH-MAKER, AT OXFORD.

"HERE are fabricated and renovated, trochilic horologes, portable and permanent, linguaculous or tactualis; whose circuminations are performed by internal spiral elastic or extensive pendulous Plumbeages; diminutives, simple or compound, invested with aurent or argenteo Integuments.

ANCIENT GALLANTRY.

IF I recollect right, it has been supposed that Solomon's Song was written, by him, as a piece of blandishment on one of his mistresses. If that is the case, I am not a little puzzled, that the wisest man that ever lived should be the most ungallant man to the female sex. Casting my eye on the seventh chapter of that song, I observe, he tells his mistress, that she is as high as a palm tree, (about 80 feet), that her head is as big as Mount Carmel, her nose like the fish pools in Hebbion!—Now, how would it strike one of the gay helles, of the present day, if her amorous gallant was to try to ingratiate himself by telling her, that she was as tall as a buttonwood tree, her head as large as Po hill, her nose like the powder house, and each of her eyes exactly like a frog pond?

STEPHEN PERPLEXITY.

ANECDOTES.

[Translated from the French, for the Magazine.]

THEODORIC, King of the Ostrogoths, in 493.—A widow complained to this prince, that having had a process for three years against a senator, she had not been able to obtain judgment. Theodoric immediately ordered the judges to be called. "If you do not terminate this affair to-morrow," said he to them, "you yourselves shall be tried by me." On the morrow the sentence was rendered. The widow having come to present her thanks to the prince, with a lighted wax taper in her hand, according to the custom of those times,—"Where are the judges?" said Theodoric. On their being called. "And why," continued he, with indignation, "have you prolonged for three years, an affair which has cost you but one day of discussion?" After this reproach, he caused them to be beheaded.

ONE of the Ambassadors from Morocco, having never seen Snow, until he came into England, and observing (when it snowed) that the boys gathered it up in their hands, said, "It is no wonder the English were so fair, since they washed themselves in white rain.

WHEN John, Duke of Anjou, advanced towards Naples, with a large army to invade that city, he placed upon his colours, these words of the Evangelist, "A man was sent, whose name was John." Alphonso, of Arragon, who defended the city, answered him by a similar device.—"He came, and they received him not." : Lond. P.

A BARBER, near Shore-ditch, who has lately added book-keeping to his former profession, has humourously attempted to make himself conspicuous, by the exhibition of a painted board in his window, on which is the following singular couplet:

"Two trades in one, as here, you'll seldom find,

"Wigs grace the head, and Books adorn the mind."—It.

IT appeared on a trial at Guildhall, that a man whose name was really Inch, had taken the name of Lynch. Mr. Garrick observed on the occasion, that the old proverb was verified in him, for being given an Inch, he had taken an L.

AN Irishman, in stating his evidence before a Judge, was suddenly interrupted by him, with "why man, you have

made a ball." "Arrah, your honor, you'll find it not even to be a *scow*, if you'll only listen to the conclusion of my tale." "Scoundrel! dare mention a *scow* and a *tail* to me! Get out of my presence."—"That cuts the affair short!" says Pat, and then retires. : : *Ibid.*

A PATIENT complained of a pain in his stomach.—"What haist thou been eating?" said the physician. "Bread that was burnt," replied the man. Upon this the Doctor gave him a collyrium for his eyes. "I told you I had the cholick," said the man! "True," answered the physician, "but had thy eye fight been good, thou wouldst have seen that thy bread was burnt." : : *P. Felto.*

ORIGIN OF LOTTERIES.

LOTTERIES, which are resorted to in most of the states of Europe as a measure of revenue, had their rise in Genoa, where it had long been customary to choose annually by ballot five members of the Senate, which was composed of 90 persons, in order to form a particular council.

Persons interested in these elections backed their anticipations of the return of different Senators by bets, and those speculations in a short time prevailed to such excess, and the people engaged in them with such eagerness, that the government conceived the idea of establishing a Lottery on the same principle. Such was the success of the project that all the cities of Italy felt large sums of money to Genoa to adventure in. Five tickets out of the 90 only were drawn: a person naming one of those fortunate numbers, received eighteen times the price of his ticket; naming two of them, he had 4003 times the price of the ticket; naming three of them, he had 11,748 times its price; naming four of them, \$11,038 times its price; and naming five numbers that would be drawn, he would receive nearly forty four millions of times the money which he laid out.

The Pope, with a view to increase the revenues of the church, was the next to adopt the expedient of a lottery, and the people of Rome became so fond of this species of gambling, that to indulge in it, they were wont to reduce their families to great distress, adopting at the same time every kind of foolery that credulity or superstition could inspire, in order to retain fortunate numbers.

In France, Germany, and the Netherlands, lotteries, on similar plans were drawn weekly, to the vast emolument of the State. In these, however, the beneficial chance to adventurers on naming one of the five numbers, was reduced to 15 times the amount of the stake; to 240 times on naming two of them; to 5000 times on naming three of them; and to 6000 times the amount of money wagered on naming four out of the five;—the fifth number was not played, as the Governments were unwilling to hazard so great a sum, as they would lose by the whole five numbers being named.

USEFUL.

METHOD OF TREATING THAT EXCRUCIATING COMPLAINT incident to MARRIED LADIES, SORE NIPPLES.
[From Dr. Willib's "Domestic Encyclopedia."]

THE nipples of females, when suckling their first child, are frequently so diminutive and deep within the breasts, as to render it difficult or impracticable for the infant to extract the milk. In such cases the young mother should frequently though cautiously, protrude the nipple between her fingers by depressing the projecting part of the breast; and afterwards covering the protuberances with an evacuated nutmeg, to be worn several weeks previous to her delivery. But if this expedient prove insufficient, it will be advisable to draw the breasts, either by presenting them to an healthy infant several months old, or by applying Mr. Savigny's small air-pump, contrived for that purpose; and which is far preferable to the common breast-glasses, as well as to the disgusting practice of employing quadrupeds.

Another inconvenience incident to nipples, frequently arises from chaps or excoriations. These are not only painful to the mother, but also prevent the infant from drawing the necessary supply of milk. In some instances, even part of the substance is destroyed by violent suction; so that the mother, from the intense pain thus occasioned, is obliged to refuse the breast; and a stagnation of the milk takes place, which is often accompanied with ulcerations and fever. To prevent such dangerous affections, the practice of raising the nipples, as before suggested, should be timely adopted; but, if the parts be already in a diseased state, it will then be useful to bathe them with lime-water, or diluted port-wine; after which the nipple should be dressed with a little spermaceti ointment. Before, however, such applications are resorted to, it will be preferable to anoint the fore part with a composition of white wax and olive oil,

and to cover it with a fine linen rag; by which simple means great relief may often be obtained.

These remedies will, in general, be found sufficient; but, if the nipple receive no benefit, it has been recommended to apply the neck, together with part of the body of a hog's bladder, (or cow's teat taken from a healthy animal), to the part affected. Either of these, if properly moistened, and fixed to the breast, will effectually protect it while the infant is suckling; and, when not in use, the bladder or teat may be preserved in a little spirit of wine, which will prevent it from putrefying.

ENGLISH MANNER OF MOWING WHEAT.

MR. De Lifle, introduced in England, the mowing of Wheat, after the following method:—The scythe is at least six inches shorter in the blade, than the common scythe; and instead of a cradle has two twigs of osier put femicircular wise into holes made in the handle of the scythe, near the blade, in such a manner that one femicircle intersects the other.—By this method of mowing wheat, the standing corn is always at the left hand. The mower mows it inward, bearing the corn he cuts on his scythe, until it comes to that which is standing, against which it gently leans.—After every mower follows a gatherer, who being provided with a hook or stick, about two feet long, gathers up the corn, makes it into a gavel, and lays it gently on the ground. This must be done with spirit, as another mower immediately follows.

CLOVER SEED.

MR. Timothy Kirk, who is well known for his skill in mechanism, has lately contrived a machine for threshing Clover Seed, that tends very much to lessen manual labour. With this machine, however, a man, a boy, and a horse, will thrash one hundred bushels of Clover Seed, in a month. The horse's draught will not be greater, than is required for stirring fallowed ground.—It is adjudged by those who have seen the operation, that it will save the labour of fifty-seven hands per day, for the common practice of threshing.—It is supposed that the machine will not cost more than 200 or 30 dollars, including the patent-right. Handmills on the same principle, will come lower. : : *Tork (P.) pap.*

FURNITURE POLISH.

MR. John Edmunds, of Charlestown, has lately invented a new Furniture Polish. After robbing the furniture over with the Ball, use a woolen cloth as a rubber, and polish with a piece of old silk or linen—"this Polish will give a gloss quicker, easier, ever, and infinitely handfomer, than any other ever before offered for sale in America; and at a moderate calculation, will save, in the United States, in one year, half a million of days labor, besides the great expense of brushes." MR. E. has it for sale, and in Boston, of S. Greene & Co. No. 63, Ann-street, and at No. 1, Cambridge-street.

IMPERMEABLE CLOTH.

A MANUFACTORY of cloth impermeable to water, has lately been established at Paris—Vessels are made of it capable of containing liquids, extremely light, and not liable to accidents. It is likewise used for covering sheds, for horse-cloths, water spouts, bags, and even great coats. It is not affected by dryness or humidity, or by boiling water; and it has already furnished many of the public as well as private establishments of Paris with buckets to be used in case of fire.

PARCHMENT.

METHOD of recovering the writing upon parchment decayed by time, and of making it legible.—Dip the parchment, obliterated by time, into a vessel of cold water, fresh drawn from the well: in about a minute take it out, and press it between two papers, to prevent its crumpling up in drying. As soon as it is moderately dry, if it be not legible, repeat the operation two or three times. The skin will then resume its praline color, and appear all alike.

DR. Bains has discovered that the strength of gunpowder can be considerably increased by the addition of about one fifth part in weight of pulverized quick lime. No preparation is necessary but to shake the whole together until the white color of the lime disappears.

IT has been ascertained by various experiments, made by M. Coulomb, that the best magnetic needles are those which are long and broad, but not thick.

MUSEUM.

Mr. Bowen's COLUMBIAN MUSEUM, in Milk-street, is opened every day and evening, Sundays and Saturday evenings excepted. The Museum is the most pleasing resort for rational amusement, ever offered.

INTELLIGENCE.

WHITESTOWN, N. Y. JUNE 16, 1803.

A remarkable phenomenon took place in this village, a few days since—a feather bed, lying in the garret of Messrs. T. and E. Williams, spontaneously took fire, and a considerable part of it was consumed before it was discovered. This very singular operation of nature, will appear more credible, though not less remarkable, if we take into view the following circumstances. Some time in the month of March last, a child of Mr. Williams had the misfortune to be badly burnt. During the progress of recovery, two or three gallons of oil were made use of, and a considerable part of it was absorbed by the bed. In the course of the day, the family were sensible of an unusual heat, which seemed like that of burning oil. This excited their apprehensions, and in searching for the cause, the family entered the garret, and found part of the above mentioned bed in a state of ignition; and as soon as it was exposed to a free circulation of air, it burst into a flame. The family are confident that the fire was not communicated by any of the usual means, as there had been no fire carried into the garret for a considerable time.

ORDAINED. At Marblehead, 22d ult. Mr. Hezekiah May.

HYMENEAL REGISTER.



MARRIED.—At Lancaster, Mr. John Wilder, of Wind-ford, (V.) to the amiable Miss Mary Night. At Newburyport, Mr. Robert Jenkins, mar. to Miss Maria Jane Fouquet. At Dorchester, Mr. James Howe, mer. of Boston, to Miss Elizabeth Cisp.

In this town, Mr. John S. H. Cox, to Miss Nancy Lewis —Mr. William Payne, to Miss Lucy Dobell—Capt. Job Jackson, to Miss Deborah Newell.

OBITUARY.



DIED.—At Wiscasset, Mrs. Abigail Cutter, 39, consort of Capt. Ezekiel Cutter. At Barnstable, Widow Elizabeth Chadwick, 101 & 3 mo. At Menotomy, Mr. Jos. Lock, 3d. 27. At Salem, Mrs. Mary Dodge, 36, formerly of Boston. At Newburyport, Hon. Matthew Thornton, of Merrimack, N. H. 88.

In this town, Mr. Nathaniel Blake, 33; Miss Eliza Poor, 21, daughter of E. Poor, Esq. of Candia, (N. H.) Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, 43, wife of capt. James Smith.

A GLORIOUS DAY!

YESTERDAY, HADLEY LOTTERY conveyed glad tidings to adventurers. No. 9119, drew the highest prize, (8000 dollars). It was sold in the country.—No. 1079, also drew a prize of 500 dollars. This ticket was sold at GILBERT and DEAN'S, Lottery Office, No. 56, State Street, on Wednesday last; a good speculation in a few hours! C. & D. have also sold in the present class, (although it is not yet half drawn) another prize of 500 dollars, against No. 216—3 prizes of 100 dollars each, No. 1386, 2928 and 2991, besides several of 50, of 30, 20, &c. Good Doings! Tea.

It is worthy of remark, that in all the classes of Hadley Lottery, the highest prizes have been drawn, before the Lottery had half completed drawing—and in the 2d class, it came out on the 8th day. July 2, 1803.

SATURDAY EVENING'S MONITOR.

No. VI.

CAUTIONS AGAINST SPIRITUAL DECLINE.

[Extracted from the Epistolary Writings of Mrs. E. BURY.]

A DECLINING state is incident to the best, and therefore to be feared by all. How shamefully have some of our acquaintance stained their families, and whither have their gradual declensions brought them at last! I know there are many who affect a total apology from true grace; but you and I have been taught better, and can comfortably conclude from God's unchangeable love, decree, and almighty power engaged for perseverance, and from our union with Christ, and his constant intercession for us, that the habits of true grace cannot be lost. But alas! what abatements may there be in the degrees and exercise, in the life and strength of it! And how sad and deplorable is such a case! Who can but pity a robust body reduced to a skeleton by a pining consumption? And is less pity due to souls declining in their graces, when ardent love, strong desires, humblest mournings, liveliest joys, are all withering, or choked with acquiescence of worldly cares, or pleasures? Ah! the sadness of this state! May I never weep over any of my dear relations in such a case! The best are apt to decline in duty, in their love and affection to it, and sometimes find a sad distance from God, an estrangement from him, and a shyness of him in prayer, which yet before has been the delight and relief of their souls. Surely, restraining prayer is a very bad mark; and when our hearts do not joyfully answer the call of God to seek his face.—And it is little better, when our wandering spirits are not watched, called in, and made to ply their work, but flies light upon the sacrifice that used to flame. Nay, if only our cheerfulness in duty should abate, how heavily shall we drive! If what was once our delight, becomes our task and burden; if after duty there is no advantage gained, no greater nearness to God, no fuller resolutions, no humbler resignations, how weary shall we quickly be of our choicest happiness, for the enjoyment of some inferior good, or what is worse, some foul corruption, which our treacherous hearts have secretly fallen in love with, while yet we profess to be entirely the Lord's. There are in the best, few remainders of sin, but even incline to apostasy; for none are so completely sanctified, but the flesh is still lusting against the spirit; and in-dwelling sin is an active principle, very important, and not easily to be denied.—The temptations, too, of Satan, are always assailing, and our own corruptions are ever ready to slide with them.—Yea, and God's just desertions often concur; for though he does not withdraw his love and care, yet for our neglects, he often may and does suspend his influence and assistance: and then what are we?—Let me entreat you not to lose these holy lulls until you have tried your present case, whether you are growing or declining. If grace withers, so, I am sure, must comfort. If this be your condition, remember whence you are fallen, and repent, and do your first works, and lay hold afresh on the great Redeemer.—If your case be better, bless God, and rejoice my soul by letting me know it.

THE NOVELIST.

SINCERITY; A NOVEL IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS. LETTER V.—ANNE TO ELEANOR.

London, Jan. 5th, '76.

EXACTLY what I apprehended, came to pass: Sarah, anxious to exert herself for the advantage of her employers, went beyond her strength, was constantly at her needle or pencil, when the cessation of school business might even have allowed her recreation. She uniformly declined visiting any where, except now and then spending a day with me—her aunt's family pretending offence at her entering into what they termed a servile employment, were whenever the chance to see them, cold and distant; it was not therefore likely that she could reap much satisfaction from visiting them; her other acquaintance had, some of them, chosen to forget her, and the rest treated her with a haughty familiarity, enquiring into the employments, and lamenting the fatigues of her new situation, sometimes mingling with these humiliating questions and observations, oblique sarcasms on her father! which her high sense of filial duty could ill brook. This being the case, she frequently undertook the duties of the other teacher, in order that she might reap the benefit of time, which to Sarah herself, was of no value; that is, of no value to be employed as persons in her situation usually employed. Such unwearied application, added to little air, and less exercise; at least proper exercise, weakened a constitution not naturally robust, and extreme languor, difficulty of breathing, and a

POETRY.



For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN, OBSERVING the inscription on your ornament over the Obituary; I am led to fend you the following lines on

"MEMENTO MORI."

THAT life is but short, and nature but frail,
We oft see exposed in story;—
For, when troubles, or sorrows, or sickness assail,
In our thoughts then pops—"Memento Mori."
The deep-skill'd physician, with powder and drops,
Assures that to health he'll restore ye—
Tho' whilst he's prescribing his jallaps and slops,
His presence says—"Memento Mori."
The cunning fraught lawyer, with parchment and quill,
In flattering speech will come o'er ye;
And, his purse to replenish, engrosses your will,
Whilst he tells you to—"Memento Mori."
When to convict condemn'd, the judge tells his fate,
He compassionate seems to deplore ye;
Tho' knowing that he, thro' your failings, is great,
Yet he bids you to—"Memento Mori."
The statesman, on power's high pinnacle plac'd,
Regardless of fed. dem. or tory,
Thinks he is so much esteem'd he can ne'er be dabas'd,
'Till forc'd to it, by—"Memento Mori."
And I wene there is many a pious divine,
That hard texts in the scripture 'll explore ye;—
Tho' at home, they'll regale on their ale, or their wine,
Sans thinking of—"Memento Mori."
E'en old Gripe, avaricious, and greedy of gold,
In age and deceitfulness hoary;
Will ne'er let a thought, altho' he's so old,
Perplex him with—"Memento Mori."
Possess of estate, the profligate heir
To spend it, for help will implore ye;
'Till so far in debt that he dares not appear,—
His sorrows say—"Memento Mori."
The rake as he revels, and ruins his health,
Will his wench, or his glass, place before ye;
And will swear by his gods that such pleasure's true
'Till disease bids him—"Memento Mori." [wealth,
The gay-fashion'd Miss, as she flaunts it away,
In the height of her pride and her glory,
Looks on naught but the present her cares to allay,
Nor once thinks on—"Memento Mori."
And the Atheist, who dares to deny there's a God,
A curst hell, and a heaven of glory,
Will feel proud at the paths of each vice he has trod,
'Till he's brought down, to—"Memento Mori."
Thus, 'tis plain to be seen, in every state,
Which here I've laid open before ye—
That they're all with the joys of this world so elate,
'They ne'er once look at—"Memento Mori."

MARIANO.

Selected for the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

[From the Italian of LORENZO DE MEDICI, translated by ROSCOE.]

JEALOUSY.

SAD in a neck obscure, and sighing deep,
A pale and laggard bedlam firrinks from view;
Her gloomy vigils there she loves to keep,
Wrapt in a robe of ever changing hue;
A hundred eyes she has, that ceaseless weep,
A hundred ears, that pay attention due,
Imagined evils aggravate her grief,
Headachs of sleep, and stubborn to relief.

hectic cough were symptoms too alarming to be beheld by me with indifference, but she herself treated them lightly, and would smiling say, "I am not sick, you want me to play the fine lady, which would be very unbecoming in a person in my station;" and when I have unconfronted, her reply would be, "Dear Ann, tell me where would be the loss of such an atom in creation as I am? Who would miss me, except Frederic and yourself? And to your affectionate hearts I am only a source of constant anxiety. Unconnected in the world as I am, my early prospects clouded, my future ones dreary and comfortless, what is there to make me with existence lengthened? Do not think me discontented, or quarrelling with life because the path I am to tread is not marked out exactly as I could wish it; no, I am very sensible that I enjoy many comforts, which thousands, more deserving than myself are deprived of; but feeling as I do, my delatate unprotected state, though God forbid that I should by wilful neglect of my health, or any other means, halt the moment of my release; yet I cannot form the smallest wish that its approach should be retarded." Miss Darnley had, at her mother's desire, invited Sarah to pass a few months with them at a small house they had at Turnham Green, and said her daughter should continue her Rudics at home under her inspection; but this, from the consideration of young Darnley's pointed affiduities, the positively, though politely, rejected; nor did I blame her.

Among the many who visited the school, to inspect the improvement of pupils, whom they had placed there, was Lady Bentley; she had two children sent from the West-Indies to her care, and having had some slight personal knowledge of Sarah Osborne, during her father's prosperity, hearing that she was the principal teacher at Mrs. Harrop's, gave that school the preference. This amiable and worthy woman, saw with regret the visible alteration in her interesting countenance. "My dear young lady," said she one day, when they were alone in the drawing room, "You are not well; I wish you had some situation that would be less fatiguing and more congenial to your nature; Sir James Bentley was well acquainted with your father, and regretted to me the other day, that the daughter of his old friend, was not placed in some family of rank, where she might meet associates, such as he has been accustomed to, and be useful to society, by imparting her fine talents to two or three pupils at most, without, by incessant application, endangering her health. Tell me, Miss Osborne, could such a situation be found, would it meet with your approbation?"

This was addressing Sarah, in the style which was to lead her to whatever was desired. Tears started in her eyes, she acknowledged Lady Bentley's goodness; the mention of her father's name, accompanied with expressions of respect, was so soothing to her heart, that she readily agreed to do whatever might be thought necessary for the establishment of her health. A Mrs. Beaumont, a widow lady, with two daughters, one 12, and the other 14 years of age, was going for the winter to Bath. Lady Bentley thought it would be the very thing for Sarah; the lady wanted a companion, who would ease her of the constant care she thought necessary to be paid to girls of the age of her daughters. To be with them at the hours when their readers attended them; walk with them, visit with them, read and work with them—all which Mrs. Beaumont found it inconvenient to do herself, as (though not a dissipated woman) she kept a good deal of company, and the late hours the preceding evening, often prevented her rising in time to superintend their morning studies, or accompany their morning gambles.

She was a woman of a lively disposition, conciliating in her manners, perfectly well bred, and not likely to make any person feel a state of dependence. She was introduced to Sarah, was charmed with her demeanor, and made her such offers, as were honourable to her own liberal nature, and highly advantageous to my friend. Mrs. Harrop was thunderstruck when she found Miss Osborne actually intended leaving her; yet, she could not but be sensible that her health required it. She strove to draw her into a promise to return to her in the spring, but this Sarah was too wise to accede to. Previous to her taking her journey, she spent three weeks with me, and Frederic being with us, the cheerful parties and excursions he was continually contriving, helped to restore a great portion of her health and cheerfulness. Mr. Lewishimself was much better pleased with his sister's situation; he had been with her on a morning visit to Mrs. Beaumont, and was satisfied, that she was a perfectly well bred woman; which to a person of a delicate mind, is one guarantee for happiness; for it is a certainty, no person accustomed to the forms of good breeding, and to that suavity of manners, which is dictated by a polished understanding, especially when accompanied by even the smallest portion of good nature, can be happy in the society of ill bred persons. Of her situation, during her stay at Bath, I refer you to her own letter, which I enclose. ANN.

BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.]

SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 9, 1803.

[N^o XXXVII.]

BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE:

DEVOTED TO

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The Fine Arts, Agriculture, &c. &c.

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MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP—N^o XXXII.

Ut matrona meretrici dispar erit atque
Discolor, infide secura distabit amicus.

"YOU do not know how much I esteem you, how often I think of, and with the generality of the world were more like you." This language, when coming from the lips of an inferior, or one who may hope to be benefited by the talents, wealth, or elevated situation of those whom they address, must be styled adulation. The same may be said of those professions of affiance, friendship, &c. which are frequently made by persons who are almost convinced that those whom they address, will never stand in need of their offers being called into action. Prosperity has numerous friends, but let Adversity take the stand where Prosperity once displayed her fascinations and behold how her haggard visage will petrify the hearts of all who approach—see how they start back appalled, and turn hastily from the threshold where of late they presided in throngs to enter. Of all the terms in use among mankind, there is no one so abused, so prostituted, as the word *Friendship*.—Friendship, sacred bond! pure flame! bliss unalloyed! where dwellest thou? who knoweth thee? where hast thou erected thy hallowed pavilion?

See that lovely nymph, how light she trips, how brightly her look, what pleasure dances in her eye. Behold a sister grace advancing to meet her; they rush eagerly towards each other, how fondly they embrace! "How glad I am to see you, how I have longed for this moment," breaks spontaneous from each pretty mouth—"What pleasure there is in meeting a true friend," cries one. "What is life without friendship," says the other. Then arm in arm, they seek the retired shade, interchanging expressions of reciprocal affection. Surely these know what Friendship is; alas, no! they are only eager to tell each other of their conquests, either real or imaginary; describe their new dresses, and ridicule the dresses, actions, want of taste or beauty, in their absent associates.—See, they have separated, let us follow one; she enters the abode of another dear friend—let us attend to the conversation, (if such it can be termed). "You made it so late before you came, I had given up the hope of seeing you this evening, where have you been?" "I called a few moments on Miss —." "Indeed, well I have not seen her for some time, pray did you observe —" But hold my pen, oblige not the rational part of your readers to peruse the animated versions, the caustic remarks, made by this votary of amity, on the conduct, &c. &c. of her beloved friends, whom she has just parted from. Nor let any one of those readers think the fair creature unjust. Her lovely friend having another friend call to pass the evening, is paying her in her own coin with interest.

Do you see that gentleman in the plain drab coat, who with sedate look, and steady pace, is just coming on the Exchange. Mark that gay spark, who advances with such rapid steps to meet him, stretches out his hand and enquires so anxiously after the welfare of his family—after the success of his late adventures abroad—and models his conversation so admirably, that you would imagine his very soul interested in his answers—that his friendship and esteem were so sincere, he would weep, or rejoice, as the person he is speaking has cause for either grief or joy.—So he would at present, he wants to borrow a thousand dollars of him. He has gained his point. Hear his expressions of everlasting gratitude.—Stop, he speaks to an intimate associate. "I've done him, Egad, he came down easier than I imagined he would. An old skinflint, rich

as a Jew; knows nothing of life; got a house like a palace, lives like a hermit, eats baked beans twice a week; with he'd pop off the hocks—curs't his old woman: no matter though she is sixty years old; what do we care how old the hulk is when she is not only gilded gaily, but richly laden."

Self love—self interest—thou hast nothing to do with friendship. *Emilia* was lovely, rich, amiable. *Emilia* had friends in abundance. She was liberal as Heaven's own delegate, Charity herself. She was thoughtless as volatility could make her. Amongst many friends, there were none to tell her the did wrong. Her lovers bowed the knee of adoration; her parasites flattered her follies until she thought them virtues. Her profusion wasted her wealth, her imprudence trifled away her good name. Yet she was innocent, and in her state of humiliation, a thousand times more to be esteemed, than when in the zenith of her glory. But where were her friends?—Gone!—Alas, sense, beauty, and purity of heart alone will not secure friends! *Emilia* had nothing else left. She was left to pine in obscurity. *Albert*, who never had spared her follies, who never had flattered her vanity, who in the days of prosperity stood aloof, or if ever he courted her attention, it was to tell her serious truths, to which she turned a deaf and disdainful ear. *Albert*, the cold, the unfeeling, cynical *Albert*, now stood forth her champion, and proved, true Friendship rests not on the tongue; its empire is the heart. He defended her aspersed reputation, and relieved her distressed circumstances, he blended reproof with comforts so artfully, that the tear of penitence was dried away by the glow of animating hope. He taught her to feel her own real value, raised her in her own esteem, chafed her errors which had led her to the brink of ruin—led her to seek a balm for her lacerated heart, in the comforts of religion, and taught her to find those comforts in the sacred volume of truth.

What is stronger than Love?—Friendship.—For when the friendship of *David* and *Jonathan* is meant to be most forcibly expressed, it is said to surpass the love of women. And women have ever been allowed to be more ardent in their tender attachments than the opposite sex. If therefore, Friendship surpasses the love of women, it must be the strongest, yet purest emotion of the soul. The female sex have ever been accused of levity in their friendships with each other; and in the male sex, interest, ambition, rivalry in love, often interfere to cool that Friendship, which was, perhaps, once thought, unalienable.—Where then shall we find this virtue of the soul, this amulet in the praise of whose virtues, poets and philosophers of all ages have been so profuse. It cannot subsist between the opposite sexes—passion will creep in before you are aware.—Great God! to what a height of depravity must the world be arrived, when this is the general received opinion. Is human nature so weak, so degraded, so little removed from those animals that act only from instinct, that every affectionate impulse of the mind, between the sexes, must be supposed to lead to sensual gratification? Forbid it honour! forbid it reason! forbid it every sacred dictate of religion! Yet my fair, my valued country women, let me not mislead you,—that Friendship between man and woman can exist, unfulfilled by the impurities of passion, and that Friendship is the highest, the most sublime elevation of sensibility, of which human nature is capable, I am fully convinced. But it is a rare plant, hard to find, difficult of cultivation, and seldom rising to maturity.—I would fain point out the certain signs by which the real plant may be discovered and known from the many counterfeits with which this wild, "where flowers and weeds promiscuous shoot," abounds.

If a man flatters your foibles, praises where your own heart tells you are not right, (for believe me conscience always speaks truth when we allow her to speak audibly,) bids you follow your own will and laugh at the censure of the world, he is not your friend—avoid his society, shut your ears to his voice, and your heart to his assurances.

If in your presence, he breath a syllable derogatory for chastity to hear, or religion to tolerate, banish him from your presence, he is the foe of virtue, and can be the friend of no one.

But, if he will speak truth to you, though almost certain that truth would make you dislike him; if he will reprove, though at the hazard of losing the place he held in your esteem; if he is sparing of praise, and never flatters your

vanity at the expense of your understanding; if his eye whilst beaming affection, is correctly cast in its glances, and his tongue utters not a word which virtue itself would not tolerate, that man is capable of Friendship—confide in him, esteem him, listen to his instruction, and submit to his reproofs. He will guide you from the maze of error to the abode of Peace and Honour.

But are there not female seducers, who, under the mask of Friendship, may lead unvarying youth to infamy and shame? Yes, many, I fear, very many; but there are certain signs by which they may be known; and when known, avoided.

Does a woman profess high regard, mark her eye; the leer from the half dropped lid betrays an ill regulated mind—make not that woman your friend, she knows not what Friendship is, except by name; she is a voluptuary; she is a Circe, avoid her.

Does she permit impure language, does she laugh at a double entendre, does she wilfully utter words of a double meaning herself; invite you as it were by undesigning arts, to take liberties with her person; does she treat sacred things with levity; is she careless in her religious and domestic duties—that woman, be she widow, wife, or maid, is undervaluing the respect of any man, and as far from being capable of feeling or inspiring true Friendship, as the temperature of the torrid zone is from that of the polar circles. But if a woman can be found, ardent in her attachments, yet in every look and action restricted by honor and religion, with sincerity enough to acknowledge her esteem of true merit, and fortitude sufficient to listen to the admonitions of a friend without a frown, candidly confessing by endeavouring to correct her errors;—if a man such as I have described, should meet the esteem of such a woman, the reciprocal sentiment may be indulged without danger. He will respect her for the good qualities she possesses, and she will venerate him for his regard of those virtues which her inmost soul adores, and by whose dictates she has regulated every action of her life.

Are not acts of kindness proofs of Friendship?—not always. But I am like all Gossips, when prating on a theme which interests me, growing tedious. Pardon my garrulity. I desist; some other time.—No, not next week—so pray don't be out of patience. I have some correspondents who no doubt are expecting to appear in print—well! well! all in good time.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE ITINERANT—N^o XVIII.

"Mine is no narrow creed;

And HE, who gave thee being, did not frame

The mystery of life to be the sport

Of merciful's man."

THE unequal and unaccountable distribution of happiness in this world, has perplexed philosophy from the earliest ages. Job, the perfect and upright, was far from being satisfied, when he inquired, "Wherefore do the wicked live, become old, yea, are mighty in power?"

It is a truth palpable to all, that while the upright and the good are bowing beneath the pressure of poverty and affliction, the impious and the unjust are furnished by every enjoyment which wealth and prosperity can bestow. It is plainly evident, that in this world success and affluence are not the reward of virtue, nor is adversity dispersed solely to the vicious. Reflection must therefore rest in the belief, that either we are under the government of a partial and unjust Being, or that there is another state of existence, in which the inequalities of this life will be made even, and in which every one will be rewarded according to his works.

Whatever may have been the opinion of some in the earlier ages, the idea of a partial and unjust God is now rejected with horror. Philosophy has therefore no other resource, than a belief in the soul's immortality. The Christian and Infidel are here united; and even those who erase from their creed the article of future punishments for crimes committed here, acknowledge their confidence in the opinion, that the unfortunate, and the poor, and the miserable, will be finally recompensed for all their sufferings.

The arguments in support of the immortality of the soul, which are founded on the unequal apportionment of good and evil in this life, have been applied only to MAN. He only, of terrestrial beings, has been declared possessed of

a principle, capable of surviving the dissolution of the body. Other animals, formed by the same Almighty hand, and subjected to the same disproportion of happiness and misery, have been excluded this privilege.

The laws of Providence appear to be the same with respect to *beasts* as to *men*. There is as much difference between the situation and enjoyment of a *truck-horse*, condemned to incessant toil and the most barbarous treatment, and the situation of another of that species, bred in idleness and plenty, and consecrated to pleasure,—as there is between the prince and the peasant; between the wealthy lord of millions, and the suffering son of penury and want.

Why then may not these arguments be extended with equal propriety to *all animals*? If they are of any force in one case, they are of equal force in the other. The *premises* are the same, whether applied to man or to beast, and consequently the *conclusion* must be the same.

Whether *man alone* is designed for immortality, or whether "there is another and a better world for all that live and breathe," cannot be satisfactorily determined by the powers of philosophy. It is certain, that in every grade of beings, happiness is *imperfect* and *unequal*;—it is equally certain, that God is unalterably *just* and *impartial*, and that *nothing which is made, is made in vain*. H.

FOR THE BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THOUGHTS ON NOVELTY.

OF all the affections implanted in the human breast, no one, perhaps, is more seductive in its agency, or more beneficial in its consequences, than the predominant passion for change and novelty; none which finds more abundant food for gratification, or more ample scope for exertion. The world, ever fluctuating in its events, and ever varying in its operations, seems peculiarly adapted to keep alive this inquisitive disposition of the mind, and to satisfy its most impetuous cravings. If we search the annals of the world, we may see empires emerging from the gloom of obscurity, exalted to the zenith of grandeur and refinement, and plunged again into the vortex of ignorance and barbarity; republics rising upon the ruins of monarchy, and depositing trampling upon the liberty of republics. If we avert to the natural and moral world, we shall find it subject to the same vicissitudes. The year is enlivened by the variation of the seasons, and the day by the contrasted shade of the evening. The face of heaven sometimes presents a concave of cheering azure, sometimes the frowning aspects of sombre clouds, or widely variegated tints in magnificent confusion. That of the earth affords a noble and pleasing irregularity; an intermingled assemblage of lowering mountains and fertile vales; of nodding forests and extensive campaigns; and every age has been characterized by the prevalence of particular vices or virtues, so as to strike an observer with the idea of a different species having been appropriated to each. It is owing to this active and invigorating principle, that we behold such stupendous productions of human art, and enjoy such inexhaustible stores of intellectual amusement. The soul, impelled by an irresistible curiosity, and stimulated by an ardent thirst after something yet unknown and unenjoyed, is continually making new inroads into the regions of science, and axioms deemed self-evident and incontrovertible, have frequently fallen before the repeated attacks of keen demonstration, and foaming sagacity.

To enjoy the delight of Novelty, man, insignificant man, has subjected the elements to his control; he has braced the winds and waves, and explored the remote extremities of the globe. The aeronaut, assuming the prerogative of the eagle, has soared aloft into the sky. The virtuoso has penetrated into the bowels of the earth, ransacked its subterranean repositories. In a word, nothing is proof against this insatiable avidity. Antiquity, as well as modern history, affords several instances of life being sacrificed to its fascinating impulse. It was under the operation of this power, that the immortal *Nevoton*, poised on imagination's wing, traversed the regions of ether, and unfolded the laws of the Universe.—The majesty of *Homer*, the sublimity of *Pindar*, and the sweet simplicity of *Schopstone*, may be traced to the same source. The philosopher, and the poet, the moralist, the historian, and the divine, if they aspire to eminence, can never obtain their wishes but by originality and variety. No human composition, however splendid or animated, no terrestrial object, however alluring, can long arrest the attention or repel the intrusions of languor and disgust. It is variety, which gives a zest to life. If we would know the value of health, we must feel the pangs of disease; if we would understand the blessings of fecundity and cheerfulness, we must feel the corrosions of uncleanliness, and the torpor of dependency. The habitation of royalty, when familiarized to the eye: is beheld with, as much indiffer-

ence as the 'cobwebbed cottage, and the walls of mouldering mud.' The gorgeous trappings of monarchy, the decorations of the levee, and all the frippery of courts, please no longer than they are novel, but at last sink into insipid dulness and uniformity. The Arab, as he traverses his wilds, and inhales the odours of his spicy groves, experiences no uncommon sensations of delight; nor do *Gilconda's* gems, or the lute of *Peruvian* ore, excite emotions of ecstacy in those who search for them in the mines.—We are enamoured of the person of a beautiful woman, but that beauty, unless it be accompanied with a cultivated understanding, soon loses its attractions. The graces of the person captivate for a time; and the charms of the mind improve a lasting chain. The former become vapid by their sameness, the latter charm by the unceasing novelty they afford. The most astonishing and momentous events, as they are divested of the glare of novelty, become proportionately tasteless and uninteresting. When liberty dawned upon, and its convulsive struggles first agitated this country, every tongue was suspended in astonishment, every heart thrilled with expectation. And now, when perhaps things of no less magnitude have taken place in the European world, curiosity has lost its stimulus, and they are beheld with cold indifference. Evanescent as the vernal dew, fleeting as the autumnal shadows, which sweep along the waving fields of corn, our fancy flies from object to object, and as each recedes, we pursue another with the same expectant avidity.

Youth is the season, when Novelty inspires with the most pleasing emotions; unfeigned by base passions, unbiassed by the idea of appearances being fallacious, the soul is tremblingly alive to external impulse. Our inexperience and credulity gild the objects as they rise, and it would be cruelty in mature age, to damp their illusive but agreeable effects. As age advances, curiosity subsides, the lute and novelty being darkened by the frequent detection of its incompetency to supply the satisfaction it promised. When visible objects lose their changeable hue, and can no longer awaken sensations of delight, it is then that futurity should particularly engage our attention, in order that we may secure an abode in those blissful regions, where never-ending progress from knowledge to knowledge, and novelty to novelty, will constitute a principal part of our felicity.

THE CONFIDANT.

BIOGRAPHY.

CHARACTER OF LORD CLARENDON, THE HISTORIAN.

FOR political sagacity, and genuine patriotism, lord chancellor Clarendon will bear a comparison with the most celebrated statesmen. He brought the vessel of state into port, after it had been tossed by one of the longest and most violent storms that this country had ever experienced; and on his fidelity the sovereign might repose unlimited confidence, while the people, under all the circumstances of his situation, could have little to accuse him of. Had he been more prone to a dereliction of their interests, he would have been more acceptable to the king; had he been less attached to his majesty, his popularity would have remained to the last. But by pursuing the line of duty and conscience, he was finally a favourite with neither; his temper was too grave for the volatile Charles; his integrity too inflexible for his debauched courtiers. It is said, that the duke of Buckingham, in particular, who possessed the talent for ridicule in a high degree, used to entertain the king, with the folienn pace, "the sententious wisdom at second hand, of his chancellor; and to render him ungracious, it was nothing unusual for the courtiers, who dared to take such liberties, to point out Clarendon to the king, with "there goes your schoolmaster." Charles had not gratitude enough to appreciate his services as they deserved, and he suffered himself to be prejudiced against a man who had stuck to him in the worst times, by the filly banter of worthless minions. Yet it must be allowed that Clarendon was little qualified to steer his way through the obliquities of a depraved court; he could not disguise his abhorrence of vice, he could not flatter follies which he thought might be dangerous. He was religious from conviction, and his attachment to the church of England was manifested in his whole conduct. When his daughter, consort to the duke of York, was induced to embrace the religion of the church of Rome, he wrote, in the most affectionate and earnest terms, to dissuade her from this resolution; and his arguments displayed no mean skill in polemical divinity. But she was blinded by her deluded husband and crafty priests, and died in that faith to the sincere and deep sorrow of her unhappy father.

As a writer, we leave the same of Clarendon in the hands of the public, which has highly estimated his labours. The history of the rebellion will be coeval with literature itself. Though not exempt from prejudice, and though

little graced by the ornaments of modern style and composition, it shews a depth of research, a masterly delineation of character, and a deduction of effects from their remote causes, that must charm the sensible, and amuse the idle, to the latest periods of time. From his works the politician may glean knowledge, and private men maxims for the regulation of their conduct, in almost every situation into which they can be thrown. : : : *Eng. Pub.*

AMUSING.

"A PENNY SAVED IS AS GOOD AS A PENNY EARNED."

BUT how shall I save my penny; they will go as fast as I can earn them? Reduce all your affairs to order. Observe order in your family, in your meals, in your amusements. Preferbe to yourself rules of conduct. Beware of contracting expensive habits; and subdue those which you have contracted. Be industrious in your calling. Never lay out your earnings for that, which in the long run can do you no good. Form no connection with spendthrifts. Waste nothing that can be applied to real use, for your own or your neighbour's benefit.

My neighbour Frugal orders his family to bed early, that they may rise with the sun the year round.—Thus he saves candles; for the sun lights him for nothing: And he reckons the sun affords a better light than a candle. Morning drams, and flip before dinner, has dissipated for many years. This is a considerable saving; and he now enjoys better health, and eats with a better appetite, than when he used them. He keeps plenty of wholesome food—good beer and cyder; and requires of his labourers no more work than they can do with the strength of their life. Ardent spirits he thinks, ought to be reserved for occasional use. And he says, his people do more work, and do it better, than they did four years ago, when he indulged them in the free use of rum; besides, they seldom quarrel with each other. When he sees a young fellow turn down two or three glasses of rum in succession, "there," says he, "is a fellow that will always be poor: he will be a drunkard before he is forty years old." As he was once on a visit to a friend's house, in a town at some distance, he saw a man in a poor habit, with a bottle in his hand, passing the streets before sun-down, on Saturday. He observed the man went into a retailer's shop, and soon returned, and went into a small house. "There," says Mr. Frugal to his friend, "is a miserable family soon to be maintained by the town. They waste the earnings of the week in rum. They cannot keep Sunday without a bottle. They never go to meeting. I dare say, the woman and children are as nasty and ragged as Hottentots, and almost as ignorant. They plead, I suppose, in excuse for not going to church, or sending their children to school, that they are so poor, and have so many rates to pay, that they cannot procure clothes. If one of the family happens to be sick, I presume the neighbourhood must be called upon, to supply them with the necessaries of life. And all this for rum."—"You have hit it exactly," says the gentleman of the house: "and this is the case with several other families among us. Rum is the ruin of them."

Frugal never goes to a tavern without business, nor carries longer than to finish the business that called him there. If he meets a friend, whom he is glad to see, instead of treating him at the tavern, he invites him to his house; for he says he can better give a friend a dinner or supper at home, than half a mug of flip at a tavern; and can enjoy more social chat. He observes, that some men invite their friends to the tavern because they like that place themselves; and then by tavern experience they are become so poor, that they cannot entertain a friend at their own houses. At the tavern they can go upon tick, and pay off by and by, in a *hamp*, with a cow or a piece of land.

Frugal is punctual to pay his debts; and never contracts more than he can pay in season. Thus he saves interest, the expense of suits and the vexation of contentions with his neighbours. I need not tell you, that Frugal is a thriving man; and there never was a better neighbour.

ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES OF NAVIGATION.

OF all the elements water is the most perfidious. As often, while it allures us by some short lived calm, it is preparing furious storms to overwhelm us. Cato repented of three things, viz. to have spent a day without doing something good; to have trusted his secret to a woman; and to have gone by sea to any place, when he thought he might have gone thither by land. Another Roman used to say, that a vessel was mad, being always in motion; the pilot a madman, for he altered his opinion with the wind; the sea mad, for it was never still; and the wind mad, for it runs continually. To this may be added, that it is very imprudent to join such a mad company. Certainly there is no

profession more rash than that of a seaman, for he is never separate from death but by a plank: oftentimes all the elements together conspire his ruin, and sometimes he sees himself in danger of perishing by fire in the midst of the waters.—His ultimate end is to come to land, and yet the only light of that element sometimes makes him despair: though he builds his hope on the wind, the wind itself is the cause of his ruin. In fine, he toils for riches, and finds nothing but uneasiness, misery, and even death. But for all that, we must acknowledge, that navigation is one of the most useful sciences invented by man: for, besides the immense riches acquired by it, has drawn us from our native ignorance, which made us unable to behold and admire the works of the creation and the infinite wisdom of our great Maker, for differently displayed in the religion, manners, animals, fruits, plants, and natural beauties of foreign nations. So that, after a mature consideration, we have great reason to thank and admire the bounty of Heaven, in sending forth men who could confine themselves to a little Rock-fish and a few biscuits, in order to bring home whatever the fruitful carth brings forth in divers regions, and risk their lives every moment, to furnish others with the most superfluous ornaments.

PHYSIOGNOTRACE.

AMONG the late additions to the extensive collection of the productions of nature and art, at the COLUMBIAN MUSEUM, Boston, is the *Patent Physiognotrace*, invented by Mr. Hawkins, and presented by him to the Museum—it is calculated to take likenesses in profile. Visitors to the Museum may have their likenesses taken gratis.

“He that by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.”

FRANLIN.

The thriving farmer attends to his business *personally*.—Instead of saying to his labourers, “Go to your work,” he says, “Let us go.”—Even though he should not labour himself, he is daily present and oversees his business.—His watchful eye is in every field, on every fence, and on all the work that is doing.

A HINDOO ANECDOTE.

NEAR the city of Smyrna, a Bramin lately died, and left a wife behind him.

In countries, subject to the authority and government of the Mahomedans, the custom of women committing themselves to the funeral pile with the bodies of their deceased husbands, is not abolished, at least under very great restrictions; as it is not allowed to be practised but by express permission.

The widow of the Bramin, therefore, waited in person on the Governor of the city, and in the most pathetic manner implored his permission for the high honor of burning with the body of her deceased husband, which the Governor peremptorily refused to grant her. “Nothing discouraged thereby, she continued her entreaties—prostrating herself on the ground before him, and mingling her tears with the dust.

All entreaties were vain: the Governor remained inflexible. Rage and despair then filled the breast of the beautiful victim—and they broke out in these, and such like exclamations.—“Ah miserable me! Why was my mother burnt? my aunt? my two sisters?—Ah miserable me! Why am I alone refused the honors of my sex?”

A priest, or bonze, of the same cast of Hindoos, happened to be present at this interesting scene. He gazed ardently on the young woman; and now and then turning his eyes towards the Governor, silently reproached him for refusing the prayer of the widow’s petition. When the Governor took notice of the priest, he exclaimed, “Wretch, is it you who have administered intoxicating herbs, to excite frenzy—is it owing to your pernicious doctrines, that a custom so shocking to humanity is still in practice?—Go, depart hence and be no more seen.”

The bonze undaunted stood his ground. He assured the Governor that he had never spoken to the woman before him; yet confessed he had prepared many others to undergo the same sacrifice; that it was an act agreeable to their god Brama; and for this reason he begged the Governor in the most respectful manner, to grant his consent; on which the widow redoubled her tears, prayers and entreaties. The bonze, thus encouraged to go on, added, “Sir, great, great will be her reward, great her recompense for it in the other world! there she will be re-joined to her husband, by a sacred marriage, and live with him to all eternity.”

The widow’s fine black eyes instantly received new lustre. She started a piercing look at the bonze, expressive of satisfaction, mingled with a portion of terror. “What,” exclaimed she, “shall I indeed find my husband in heaven?

How have I been deceived by two old bonzes!—They never told me this. They knew my husband well.—They knew too how he treated me!—“Then, Sir,” said she, turning round to the governor, “since the god Brama will reunite me to my husband, I renounce him and his religion forever, and embrace yours.” Then looking at the bonze, “You may, if you please, when you see my husband, tell him what I have done, and say that I hope to find myself extremely well without him.”

ANECDOTES.

A YOUNG apprentice to the shoe-making business, lately asked his master, what answer he should make to the often repeated question, “does your master warrant his shoes?” “Answer Tom?” says the master, “Tell them that I warrant them to prove good; and if they do not, that I will make them good for nothing.” I. A.

A VIRGINIA farmer, happening to be at Norfolk, soon after the arrival of a vessel from Ireland, and observing that some Irish potatoes, which she had brought over, were sold at a good price, resolved to take advantage of this circumstance. Accordingly, on his return-home, he collected all the eggs that could be found within ten miles of his plantation, and brought them to Norfolk on the next market day, strongly recommending them to his customers, as *fine fresh eggs, just imported from Ireland!*

USEFUL.

THE TYRIAN DYE.

ANCIENT-writers have greatly celebrated this peculiar kind of dye for its excellence in dyeing scarlet crimson, and purple; but unfortunately for the world, the knowledge of procuring materials for this dye has been lost, perhaps for near two thousand years. Yet writers on the subject have mentioned several circumstances respecting it, that may lead to a re-discovery of the method of procuring it, to wit. That it was procured from the sea, and from some kind of fish; and that it was attended by this peculiar quality or property, that the ocean any stuff dyed with it was washed, the more bright and beautiful the colour grew. Directed by these circumstances, and reflecting on them when I often visited the sea shore for the benefit of the air, when I was in a bad state of health, I tried some experiments on the sea-nettle, which were cast on the shore by the fisherman, and the nettle lay on the beach in the sun, exhibited some appearances of being the same with that excellent and celebrated dye; by dyeing several small pieces of wollen, cotton, silk and linen cloth, in a liquid which abounds in those creatures. The liquid dyed all these articles a bright, and beautiful purple; and upon having them frequently washed afterwards, I found the colour grew more bright and beautiful every time they were washed, so that I was thereby induced to believe these creatures to be the true source of the Tyrian dye, and if so, there is little doubt but our country will afford an ample supply of it for all the manufacturing world, as these nettles abound in many of our bays along the sea coast. And I hope that these hints will induce some person, skilled in dyeing and dye stuffs, to examine and fully ascertain, whether those large sea-nettles are or not the true and genuine source of the Tyrian dye.—The importance of this article to the manufacturing nations, and particularly to our own country, renders it worthy of a full investigation, which perhaps no one could so well do as a person skilled in dyeing and dye stuffs.—Dye stuffs are so necessary in manufactures, and manufactures are so necessary in promoting agriculture, which supplies most of the materials used, by the manufacturer, that I may still adhere with propriety to my signature of

AGRICULTUS.

THE MEDICINAL VIRTUES OF TOBACCO, BY DR. BARTON, OF PHILADELPHIA.

“Common Tobacco.—There is a peculiar mode of employing the leaves of the tobacco in cases of worms, which I cannot avoid mentioning in this place, especially as it has in many instances, produced very happy effects. The leaves are pounded with vinegar, and applied, in the shape of a poultice, to the region of the stomach, or other part of the abdomen. In consequence of this application, worms are often discharged, after powerful antelmintics have been exhibited internally in vain. We ought not to be surprized at this effect of the tobacco, since we know, that the same vegetable, applied externally, is often very efficacious in inducing vomiting.—Accordingly, I have, for some years, been in the habit of applying tobacco-leaves to the region of the stomach of persons who have swallowed large quantities of opium, and other similar articles, with the view to destroy themselves. It is well known, that in these cases the stomach is often extremely irritable, inasmuch that the most powerful emetics have little effect in rousing that organ

into action. Here, is an auxiliary at least, the tobacco, used in the manner I have mentioned, is, certainly, very useful, and, in many instances, ought not to be neglected.”

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We are extremely happy our valuable friend, “The Itinerant,” has renewed his interesting and classical essays.—The correctness of his ideas, and the strength and beauty of his arguments, must please every reader. Essay on Happiness, from our respected correspondent “H.” is received.

“Truth,” is ever acceptable, we welcome her to our Miscellany, and will give her an early place therein.

“Epitaph on a Blacksmith,” excellent.

“Nefegay,”—selected.—shall one day grace our Magazine.

We return it’s favour, as we do not think we are at liberty to expose private letters which chance only throw into our hands.

“Idmon,” is on file for consideration.

We beg leave to decline the “Twister of Twine,” for in plain truth we do not understand it.

HYMENAL REGISTER.



MARRIED]—At Methuen, Mr. William Blazer aged sixteen, to Miss Catharine Hayden, aged eleven 11!—At Gloucester, Mr. Samuel Stacy, to Miss Sally Parsons At Roxbury, Mr. George Jackson, to Miss Susannah Wildard.

In this town, the Rev. Joseph Tuckerman, of Chelsea, to Miss Abigail Parkman, 3d daughter of Samuel Parkman, Esq.—Mr. William Dehon, merchant, to Miss Betty Bicker, youngest daughter of Mr. Martin Bicker—Mr. Jacob Stearos, merchant, to Miss Sally Cull, youngest daughter of Mr. Nathaniel Call—Mr. Nathaniel Eaton, to Miss Betty McIntire.

OBITUARY.



DEED]—In London, May 4, two days after the death of her infant son, Mrs. Catharine Parker, *Æt.* 24, consort of Mr. John Rowe Parker, of this town. At Cambridge, Dea. Gideon Frost, *Æt.* 79. At Charlestown, Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, *Æt.* 43, wife of Capt. James Smith. At Cohasset, Mrs. Abigail Beal, wife of Mr. David Beal.

In this town, Capt. David Spear, *Æt.* 77, a worthy respected citizen; William Harris, Esq.; Mrs. Susannah Wheeler, *Æt.* 62, wife of Mr. Thomas Wheeler; Mrs. Mary Turner, *Æt.* 61, widow of the late Capt. Peleg T. Mils. Catherine Hutchinson, wife of Mr. Ebenezer Hutchinson, *Æt.* 23.

Yesterday, very suddenly, Mr. Robert Allen, printer, *Æt.* 23. A young man of respectable character. His friends and relations are requested to attend his funeral, which will be this afternoon, at 6 o’clock, from Mrs. Clark’s boarding-house, Magner’s Row.

MR. SULLIVAN’S ORATION.

ON Monday next, will be published by GILBERT & DEAN, the second Edition of Mr. Sullivan’s Oration, delivered in this town, July 4. The very rapid sale of a large edition, in so short a time, is a decisive proof of its merits.

POETRY.



For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

LINES

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF
P. WILLIAM M. J. BAILEY.

NO vernal zephyr for these dear youth,
With strains of counterfeited woe,
Shall mock the ear of flighted truth,
Or urge the pitying stream to flow.

The sacred tear from virtue's eye
In holy silence falls unseem;
But empty sorrow's clan's rons sigh,
Proclaims the hollowness within.

Age may with heavy hand efface
The sculptur'd monuments of art;
But nothing ever can efface
Thy name, and mem'ry from the heart.

Had Time confirm'd with ripper years,
The promise Hope, and Reason gave;
Unworthy were the purest tears,
To nurse the flowers upon thy grave.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

A CELEBRATED FRENCH SONNET,

[IMITATED.]

"Le silence reignoit," &c.

SOFT silence hush'd the humming world;
The air serene, and red the skies:
ZEPHYR his airy wings unfurl'd,
And bade the drooping flow'rs arise.

AURORA, blushing in the east,
With sparkling rubies spread the way;
At length, in all his glory drest,
AROLLO came, and gave the day.

But PHILLIS gay, and debonaire,
Her all-surpassing charms displays;
The dazzling beauties of the fair
Eclipse the splendor of bis rays.

Let not the virgin's charms divine
Wake envy in the god of light:
Her eyes as fair thy fires outshine,
As thou outshin'st the fires of night.

E.

Selected for the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

A REFLECTION AT SEA.

SEE how, beneath the moon-beam's smile,
Yon little billow heaves its breast,
And foams and sparkles for awhile,
And murmuring, then subsides to rest.
Thou'st man, the sport of bliss and care,
Rises on Time's eventful sea,
And, having swell'd a moment there,
Thus melts into eternity!

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ANAGRAM.

"If you transpose what ladies wear,	VILL.
"Twill plainly shew what Harlot's are—	VILL.
Again, if you transpose the fame,	
"Twill shew an ancient Hebrew name;	LEVI.
Change it again, and it will shew,	
What all on earth desire to do;	LIVE.
Transpose these letters yet once more,	
What bad men do you'll then explore."	EVI.

D. S.***.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,
WILL oblige a customer, by publishing the following
PROPOSITION for SOLUTION, in their Weekly Mag-
azine:

AS I chanced t'other night with a Tinker to fet,
Whose tongue ran, methought, quite too fast for his wit;
He talk'd of his art with abundance of mettle,
So I ask'd him to make me a flat-bottom'd Kettle,
To hold me, ale gallons, seven less than a score;
Twelve inches in depth, I propos'd it, no more,
Let the top and the bottom diameter be,
In just such proportion a five is to three.
He said he would do it, and, straight to work went;
But when he had done it, he found it too scant;
He alter'd it, then, so large he had made it
That, tho' it held right, the diameter's fall'd it;
He said he would bring his said promise to pass,
Or else he would spoil every ounce of his brass—
So to save him from ruin, I pray find it out,
The diameter's length will give it no doubt.
N. B. An answer is expected. Your's with esteem,

Z. Q. FABULA.

THE NOVELIST.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SINCERITY; A NOVEL.

IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.

LETTER VI.—SARAH TO ANNE.

Bath, December, 1775.

YOU are dissatisfied with my first letter, what can I say to fill a long one? I am in better health than when I left London; Mrs. Beaumont is attentively polite, her daughters are pleasant children, and could I spend my time wholly with them, I should be extremely happy; yet, even as it is, I am far from being unhappy. I love company, but it must be the company of my equals; you will say, are not those with whom you associate so? Yes, but the generality of them, think themselves so vastly my superior, and when they pay me any civility, let me know in such a pointed manner, that I owe their attentions entirely to my connection with Mrs. Beaumont, that I sometimes feel inclined, almost to reject their supercilious kindness. I have been to the rooms, I would gladly have been excused, but no apologies would be admitted. I was particularly careful that my dress should be as simple as possible; I never loved fancy, and in many present circumstances the smallest appearance of it, would be highly ridiculous, yet, simple as my appearance was, I was unfortunate enough to attract attention. Now, could I find it in my heart to play the romantic girl, and write you the whole occurrences of the evening, tell you how elegantly I drest, and how finely I was complimented; describe the dresses of half the company, some from memory, and supply the rest by invention; tell you of the handsome men, and affected women; but I do despise the general style of giddy letters, and hear them so often, and do deservedly ridiculed by men of understanding, that the very fear of having a letter of mine meet the eye of a man of discernment, will ever keep me from writing nonsense. Observe the compliment I pay myself, in supposing I can at any time write sense. Anne, last post brought me another letter besides your valued favour—that Darnley—what does he write for? I wish he would not trouble himself about me. Have you seen Frederick lately? When does he fall? dear worthy Frederick, how anxious he is about my health and ease, how gladly would he sacrifice all his little earnings, to place me in what he calls independence, but his ideas and mine, on that subject, are different; while by any laudable exertion of my own, I avoided being a burthen to my friends, or a tax upon society in general—I am, in my opinion, perfectly independent. Last week, Mrs. Beaumont went with a party to Clifton, and left me with my little companions, to pass the time as I pleas'd, and a delightful time I had. As soon as the morning lessons were over, I rallied out to the library, provided myself with a good quantity of books, in the intrusive yet amusing style, and ordering a fire in my own apartment, took out my drawing apparatus and sat down to copy a beautiful landscape which I had transported from the drawing-room for that purpose, while Eliza, and Lucy, read to me alternately. The day past charmingly, we never left the room but to dine, and take tea, after which, music filled up the time till nine o'clock, when my companions retired to rest, and after an hour's indulgence with Spencer's "Fairy Queen," I followed their example. The next day, and the following, we took long walks on the parade and the crescent, and I will own, agreeable as Mrs. Beaumont is, I almost regretted when Saturday brought her home; for now we are

going on as usual, dressing, visiting, and turning night into day; for though the public rooms are not allowed to keep open later than twelve o'clock, yet there are constantly large private parties. I have some suspicion that the gay and amiable widow will ere long again enter the Hymeneal pale, and that with a person much younger than herself. Her kind friends sneer at the attentions he pays her, but for my own part I do not wonder at the preference given her by the men in general; her person still retains much fascination, her face is handsome, her manners engaging, her understanding highly cultivated, and her temper uncommonly good. This is not the only professed admirer who dangles after us to the theatre, dances attendance at the tea-table, and lounges with us at the libraries and pump-room. A Sir Watkin Alden, a baronet, young, rich, handsome, and a libertine; I can see the title has no charms with Mrs. Beaumont; the native unadorned merit of Mr. Frankly has made a serious impression on her mind, and without being what is called in love, I believe she is very sincerely attached to him.—And now I am on this subject; I feel myself impelled to mention a circumstance which has given me some pain, because it has humbled me. This Sir Watkin has dared, shall I confess it, even to you, dear Anne? whilst openly addressing Mrs. Beaumont, to make professions of love to your humiliated friend, and when my replies were such, as affronted delicacy and wounded honor dictated, he laughed in my face, and asked me what I meant to do with my pretty person, high breeding, and splendid accomplishments. The men are not in haste to marry, except interest impels. "Oh that I were a man," said I, and my indignant passion so choked me that I could not utter another syllable, and could with difficulty restrain my tears. "Why, what would you do?" said he, catching my hands as I was rising to quit the room—"Strike you to the earth for your base, your unmanly conduct." "Would you go, fair tyrant," cried he insultingly—"But my dear, if you were a man, recollect, I should not give you this cause for anger."—"Wretch!" cried I, in a lifted voice, and wrenching my hands from his grasp; in the exertion I made to disengage them, my right hand suddenly burst his hold and struck his face; the blow was not intentional, but it was not a light one; his nose gushed with blood—I darted out of the room and left him to make what excuses he could to Mrs. Beaumont, whose footstep I heard ascending the first flight of stairs as I hastily ran up the second. This man's insolence has given such a wound to my sensibility, to my pride, and self-love, that the remembrance embitters all my moments of retirement and reflection. What can I have done or said, what action of my life can have given him leave to hope he might succeed in his unworthy attempts upon my honor? Heaven be praised, my heart is not made of inflammable matter; it is a quiet rational kind of heart, and has never yet fluttered at the fine speeches of a handsome man, or bounded at the pressure of a hand, sending its vital fluid to kiss the fingers which enveloped mine. Yet, these are sensations I have heard described by others; have read of in romances and novels. Perhaps you will say he succeeded in awakening their emotions had he proceeded cautiously.—I do not think he would; I believe I am a very pure guard against imbibing any foolish passion—I am poor, Anne, but I am proud, very proud.—Oh, my full heart!—Pardon my troubling you with this silly affair, but it gave me pain, and I know you ever sympathize in the pains and pleasures of your honored and obliged

SARAH.

MISCELLANEOUS.

OBSERVATIONS.

TRUE pleasures are alone enjoyed by the man of sensibility and charity. Every thing around him speaks to his heart; the joys of others become his own; and the relief he endeavours to afford to the sufferers of those in distress, affects his soul with the most lively sensations of happiness; but all nature is cold and barren to the man of a frigid heart.

How unhappy is the unjust man, even on the throne; he remains alone amid the crowd by which he is surrounded.—The man of integrity is never alone; he is ever with brethren whom he loves, and by whom he is beloved.

Abundance is a trouble, want a misery, honour a burthen, baseness a scorn, advancement dangerous, disgrace odious; a competent estate alone yields the quiet of content. I will not climb, least I fall; nor lie on the ground, least I be trodden upon.

The reason that many men want their desires, is, because their desires want reason. He may do what he will that will do but what he may.

S. T.

Boston, July 4, 1803.

BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.]

SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 16, 1803.

[N^o XXXVIII.]

BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE :

DEVOTED TO

Morality, Literature, Biography, History,
The Fine Arts, Agriculture, &c. &c.

PUBLISHED BY GILBERT & DEAN,

At their Printing Office, N^o 56, STATE-STREET, at Two Dollars per annum, one half paid in advance. Subscriptions received by the EDITORS, and by the Post-Masters in New-England.

A copious Index will accompany the first volume. Complete files, from No. 1, may be had on application. * * * Printing elegantly and promptly executed at this Office. ORDERS SOLICITED.

MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP—N^o XXXIII.

Hæc magnam alterius frustra spectabitis acervam.

TO THE GOSSIP.

SIR,

I HAVE taken the liberty you have given to all, to lay before you the unhappy situation into which my imprudent conduct has brought me, and the circumstances attending my loss of happiness. It is not, however, with the hope of receiving from you, that balm of consolation, which those who are undeservingly unfortunate, merit; nor do I expect to hear you say, the world will forgive my misconduct; but by laying open to the public, through the medium of your numbers, the errors of my past behaviour and the consequence thereof, I hope, in some degree, to be the means of turning many, who are running into the same dissipation, into the path of virtue, before they have arrived to that height of misery which conduct has carried me.

You must know Sir, that I am the son of a respectable gentleman in the vicinity of Boston; my father is neither rich nor poor, but lives well, and keeps good company. After receiving an education, suitable to commence my apprenticeship, I was placed in a respectable store in town, where, had I conducted myself by the rules of honesty and uprightness, I might have now been esteemed as a worthy young man; and in a few years, no doubt, become a respectable merchant. But no—my mind, ungoverned by reason, caught the contagion, so prevalent in the town, which has reduced it to a state, I fear almost past recovery.—Surrounded by young men of dissipated characters, and being often in their company, I soon imbibed their manners and vices. To support such conduct, a considerable sum was necessary; my father found me a sufficiency to spend with prudence—but prudence was soon left behind, and prodigality took her place. To find resources in times of necessity, I found very difficult. I enjoyed many privileges in the store, and often went adventures to sea, which most generally proved fortunate. These were of great use to me; but at last I carried my profligacy so high, that all my means were not sufficient to answer all my ends. To keep up the character of a high blade, which I already sustained, (and then it thought it was the first of all characters) I took to the last resort of borrowing; most of my acquaintance lent me money very willingly, supposing from the appearance I made, that I was rich; but few knew my real circumstances. With these recruits, I now carried on a still greater degree of extravagance. Every Sunday, in the summer season, I rode out of town, and generally took some of my acquaintance with me. I often invited parties to suppers at my own expense, which cost fifteen, twenty, or twenty-five dollars at a time. In the winter season, the Theatre was a resort to which I constantly attended every night, unless balls or sleigh-rides, called my attention other ways.—Thus, Sir, my whole time was spent in a continual round of dissipated pleasures. My attention to my father's business declined, as that increased; and at last I got so as to neglect many important things that he had strictly enjoined on me to perform. I had a natural ability to do business quick, which was a reason, I suppose, that his resentment did not break out sooner. At last it came, and I was ordered to quit the store. You may judge of my sensations at this time, but I cannot express them. Conscious of my guilt, I could not

look my master in his face. I left the store, and went to my father—to a father, whom I have injured by ruining the character of myself—to a father, whose greatest hope centred in an undutiful son—too indulgent has been to me, but I cannot blame him.—Though I feel, as you see, conscious of my errors, yet I have as yet endeavoured to keep up my character in my father's neighbourhood, by saying that I left my master on my own account, because I did not like him. I know however, that the cat must jump out of the bag soon; but I dread to let it out myself. I must now go to sea, to hide myself from the derisions of all who know me.

As you have great influence on those who read your numbers, and as they are read by most young men in town, I wish you would give them a little advice on this subject. So doing, you will much oblige Your most ob'dt serv't.
MOSES BACKSLIDER.

Boston, June 20, 1803.

TO THE GOSSIP.

DEAR SIR,

I TAKE patiently waited for some time, expecting you would take it into your head to give us a lecture upon the following subject.—Many people, and indeed the greater part, take more satisfaction in prying into others' business than minding their own, meddling and making where they ought to have the least concern. This vice, (detrimental to society, to ambition, and the peace and happiness of the community at large, tends in a very great degree to damp the spirits of the enterprising part of mankind,) prevails in a much greater degree in the country, than in large towns. It is not an uncommon thing, for the most of people, if without their knowledge, any young man be in what situation in life he will, happens to fare beyond the bounds of the commonality of people, whose ideas, for the most part, do not extend beyond what their grandmothers have taught them, immediately to begin their inquiries, without the least provocation.

"I suppose Mr. ———, thinks he has, or intends to do, something smart; he had better look out; if he don't have an Irish hoit, I'll lose my guess—he need not be so very smart; I could tell of something that he would not like; Mr. ———, can tell you all about it."—Happening to fall into a company of young people the other evening, the whole conversation, during a great part of the time, turned upon a friend of mine, who was most unmercifully handled—my blood almost boiled with resentment, but was silent, until I could no longer hold my peace. The person alluded to, is a young man who has resided only a few years in the place; an entire stranger on his entrance, and without property—but by his own industry and good fortune, has not only acquired considerable property, but many respectable and substantial friends, and has risen to a station in life, which few have reached at his age.—I requested to know what my friend had done, deserving thus to be censured—no one made any answer for some time, at length one of them observed, that he had no opinion of a person who thought so very much of himself, and spent half his time in fumbling over old books, and strolling about alone, like a ghost, with his head down.—This, Sir, was all they had to say in support of what they had said so much upon—let the candid reader judge of the cause. Envy, thou canker of the mind, and tormentor of mankind, where is thy poisoning venom!—One thing is more singular, that people of information should hearken for a moment to busy bodies in other men's matters, which tends to encourage such proceedings.—Do give a lecture that will make us fear you, and teach us our duty to ourselves, our Maker, and our Neighbour. JUNIUS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ON RESOLUTION.

SOME people make no account of that which is truly a sacred obligation, yet make a great scruple in what is nothing so obligatory; and do not those who are so punctual in their reputation, concerning all moral accomplishments, and so unconcerned in the opinion of their Christian performances, seem to practise the same impudence? The ear of Resolution is stopped against dissipation, her eye aims only at honour, her hand takes the sword of valour, and her heart thinks of nothing but victory. She makes Wit-

dom her guide, and Will her servant; Reason her companion, and Honour her Mistress. She is the towness of the heart, the strength of the mind, a gift of God, and the glory of the world. Without this, we are but skeins of ruffled silk, every thing that offers to even us, entangles us the more. Resolutions may often change for the better, and the last ever stands firmest, but vows will made should know no variance.—Actions once resolved, like fixed stars, should hold ore and the same station of firmness, and not be subjected to irregular and retrograde motions: for the vacillation and irresolution of a man whose thoughts are whirled about the voluble sphere of several persuasions, and never fixed in one centre of resolved constancy, redounds to his dishonour and prejudice.

Resolution is the only mother of security; he cannot be good that is not resolute. A. Z.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE ITINERANT—N^o XIX.

"But all men want amusement, and what crime

In such a paradise to fool their time?"

None;—but why proud of this?—to fame they soar;

We grant they're idle, if they'll eke no more.

YOUNG.

EVERY human breast is actuated, in a greater or less degree, by the love of fame. Different classes take different methods to obtain its gratification; and it is amusing to observe how far this passion will lead even men of common sense into the ridiculous and absurd.—From ways and pursuits, which excite only the ribbidity and contempt of the world, we expect the meed of fame.—We even practise the same arts, which, in others, we regard as emblems of weakness; and fancy ourselves admired for qualities, which, except in ourselves, we universally ridicule and despise.

Some, in the pursuit of fame, enlist under the banners of fashion. Their hopes rest on the cut of a garment, or the situation of a curl. Some are perfectly satisfied with the importance conferred by a pair of spectacles, and put up with the trifling inconveniences of running against a house or a post, which sometimes will happen, notwithstanding the greatest care and attention. Some find sufficient employment in keeping their teeth white, and direct their studies to the art of exhibiting them to the best advantage. Others, who laugh at fops, spectacles, and white teeth, think no one famous until he can empty his six bottles at a sitting, or, as the phrase is, drink all his companions under the table. Thus every one adopts some method, by which this universal passion may be gratified.

This hankering after fame is very conspicuous in the numerous fugitive pieces, which are contained in every periodical work. From the ethereal heights of *Rebus* and *Acrostic*, down to the humble, homely *Gossips* and *Itinerants* of the age, all are engaged in the pursuit of praise. The various pretexts of their being "written for their own amusement," or "to pass away a vacant hour," with which they are speciously introduced, are mere flourishes, and mean nothing. All the amusement consists in the anticipated applause of their readers, or the expected compliments of their friends. Few indeed would be the sheets blotted by this class of writers, were they intended for the inspection of none but themselves. The pain of thinking and the labour of composition, would induce most to lay down the pen, were they not stimulated by the potent spur of vanity. A vacant hour might be much more agreeably employed in reading or conversation, or perhaps in sleep; for many of these vacant and leisure hours are doubtless stolen from those which were designed for rest.

That these lubrications are anonymous, is no proof that fame is not their object. Particular friends are seldom kept in ignorance with respect to their authors; and perhaps a compliment bestowed on the unknown author, is not heard by him with less pleasure than if it were spoken personally to himself.

Of the many who are indefatigable in the pursuit, few obtain the prize. The fop, the rake, and the scribbler, press on with equal ardor, and are equally distant from the object. They appear for a moment, and then give place to others, "born and forgot, ten thousand in an hour."—Like the little ants in constructing their feeble pile, each in succession presents his mite to the general flock; the

POETRY.



For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE ATHEIST RECLAIMED.

BENEATH a tree, shelter'd from summer's heat,
Wrapt in amaze, a haughty Atheist sat,
On summer's herbage, now he turns his eyes,
Now views the sea, and now the ethereal skies,
With foliage thick, the distant hills abound,
And animated beauty bloom'd around.

Here a pure stream a beautiful cascade yields
In murmuring accents trickling through the fields;
The weary traveller with heated blood,
Drinks, is refresh'd, and lifts his soul to God.
Beats, Birds, and insects here their tribute pay,
All join their praises each a different way,
To their Creator is their homage given,
And the sweet incense reaches unto heav'n.
Adolphus views it with a fullen mien,
And thus remarks on the stupendous scene:
"What folly and what discord reigns around!
"Here a small fountain issues from the ground,
"Which still increases as by others fed,
"Till it is lost in yonder wat'ry bed;
"Could I but order, I should fix this brook,
"In the firm fissures of the flinty rock."

In vain rich prospects open to his view,
For calm delight, Adolphus never knew;
Distant he sees the traveller again,
And thus continues in his usual strain:
"How vain! how blind! I oppos'd to common sense,
"To think that there's a ruling Providence;
"Yet that poor fool just going from my view,
"Drank of the stream, then bless'd he knows not who;
"But such a Being I will ne'er adore,
"I dread him not, and I defy his pow'r."

Now a black cloud extends along the west,
The wind arises, and the sighted beast
To shelter flies; home to his little farm
The ploughman runs to shun th' impending storm.
Unmov'd Adolphus sat whilst others fled,
And mock'd the thunder rattling o'er his head;
But soon the mighty scene o'er him prevails,
Curdles his blood, and his stout heart appals.

The vivid lightnings flash along the sky,
The feather'd tribes send forth a piteous cry;
The clat'ring hail with the fierce wind is driv'n,
And loudly roars the artillery of heav'n.

The largest trees are from their stations torn,
And on the wings of raging boreas borne!
Ling'ring he stands still fearing to depart,
Till the black cloud fends forth a forky dart,
Which to the centre cleaves the knotty wood,
Beneath whose fell'ring limbs Adolphus stood.
Great heav'n! he sees the earth now op'ning wide,
And from each gulph, pours in the foaming tide;
The sterile rocks forc'd from the earth's embrace,
And rugged mountains totter to their base;
Rocks after rocks, from their high summits dash,
And join the tumult with a gen'ral crash.
In vain he attempts his passions to control,
A dreadful horror seizes on his soul;
Prostrate he falls; he groans, then cries aloud,
"All nature speaks; there is! there is! a God!"
EUGENE.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

I DOUBT not you will admit the following fanciful production in your agreeable Magazine, when I inform you, that its author is a young Lady residing in the country, whose intercourse with society has never extended but to a few villages beyond her own; and whose education, genius and taste, have been improved, cultured and refined

only by herself.—The votaries of the muses certainly cannot read it without lamenting that,

Such a flower is born to bluish unseen,
And wafts its sweetests on the desert air.

H. G. W.

SOLILOQUY.

WHY do my spirits droop and die?
What dreams disturb my rest!
Why flow these tears? Why heaves the sigh
Incessant from my breast?
Why do I feel the mournful bower,
To lift the owlets scream?
Why smile to see the tempest low'r,
The lightnings awful gleam?
Why do I wander from my home
'Cross rude and barren hills?
Why haunt the caves, in forests roam,
And 'long the murm'ring rills?

Why do I see domestic love
To tread the pathless waste?
Why feel the solitary grove
In such disorder'd haste?

Why do I linger on the shore,
Lash'd by the founding surge;
Where torrents from the mountain pour,
And tow'rds the sea converge?

Why trace the windings of the dale,
And love the rustic scene?
Why do I hic me to the vale,
And wish not to be seen?

Why so fantastic my array,
So varied my drest?
Why fill delighted to display
The emblems of distress?

Oh whence, my soul, this change severe?
No one hath prov'd untrue;
No friend, relation, kind and dear,
Have bid their last adieu!

Once hope, the dear delusive maid,
Did all my prospects bless;
But now she leaves me in the shade,
Nor does one tear respect.

And still the crowd gay pleasure leads,
Joy sparkles in each eye;
But ah, poor me, the world recedes,
And I just live,—to sigh.

Can Love, that pure celestial flame,
Cause nought but tears to shower,
Instead of pleasure, down to pain,
The victim of its power?

Oh yes, 'tis love, as holy, pure,
As that which warm'd a Rowe,*
And yet 'tis doomed to endure
In silence, all its woe.

Ah, me, my feeble frame can bear
These cruel pangs no more;
Ascend my soul, and through the air
Sail for another shore. ARDELLA.

* Mrs. Rowe.

THE NOVELIST.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SINCERITY; A NOVEL
IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.

LETTER VII.—ANNE TO ELINOR.

London, January, 1776.

YOU perceive by the letter I enclosed in my last, that my young friend's situation was not entirely congenial to her feelings, though she would not complain. She says she is proud, it is true, she is so, but it is that kind of proper pride, which is the safeguard of female virtue. I heard from an acquaintance, who was at Bath at the period she was there, that she was an object of admiration, all nature and envy. This you will say is a strange assertion, yet it was actually so. The simplicity and frankness of her manner, the brilliancy of her understanding, and high cultivation of her talents, made her society courted by the men and rendered her an object of general dislike to the women, for it is a humiliating circumstance to confess, that beauty, wit and talents, are by no means sufficient to secure a friend in our own sex. Why is this? Why do women suffer that degrading quality envy, to predominate in their bosoms? Men naturally esteem those who are most worthy of them; to be brave, generous, learned, magnanimous, will

gain a man the respect, the veneration of all; his society is courted, his friendship thought an honour, even though his person should be a perfect model of the *Apelles Belvedere*. But no, I beg your pardon, I recollect a celebrated wit and satiric modern poet, avers that,

*Superior virtues, or superior senses,
To knaves, and fools, will always give offence.*

And here is no particular sex aimed at, it is then the wicked, the weak and the vain of both, who envy merits they strive not themselves to acquire. But I am running from my subject. Sarah so far from being flattered by the attentions of the men, was, as she herself forcibly expresses it, humbled; the situation of her mind, together with the irregular hours Mrs. Beaumont kept, rendered the medicinal virtues of the Bath waters of no effect. You may ask perhaps why did she not decline parties so prejudicial to her health? She did on her first entering the family make an effort to that purpose, but Mrs. Beaumont who thought society necessary to amend the spirits of her young companion, pressed so earnestly, that there was no opposing her desires without rudeness, and let her have been up ever so late at night, she always arose in time to attend the young ladies at their lessons. In March they returned to London. But I was shocked at the appearance of Sarah, every bad symptom was evidently increased, and I was assured by a Physician whom I had requested to call as by accident to see her, that nothing but quiet and regular living would have any chance of restoring her. Mrs. Beaumont was unwilling to part with her, said she should not be plagued with the children, she would send them to school. Sarah smiled; The dear children, madam, said she, are my comforts; I could not have remained with you so long, had not my heart been strongly drawn towards those interesting young ladies. I am honoured by your friendship, venerate and respect your virtues, am grateful for the many favours you have conferred on me, but neither my health, spirits, nor situation in life, render it proper for me to be continually mixing in scenes to which your rank in life make you familiar, and of which you are an ornament. And this fine flattering speech, replied Mrs. Beaumont, is to gild over the positive rejection of my proposal, and let me know as politely as possible, you are determined to leave me; well, I must submit, only believe me, should you ever want a friend, you will be sure to find one in me. When Sarah left this amiable woman, she presented her with an elegant pocket book, which on opening, was found to contain a note of fifty guineas, together with a most affectionate letter, recommending her to a widow lady, who resided at *Islington*, who would be glad to take her as a boarder, where she might enjoy pure air, quiet, and the exercise of walking, whenever she felt inclined, in a large garden. I should have insisted on her going with me on some tour of pleasure, but business of an important nature, obliged me to visit Paris, and the speed with which I was obliged to travel, as well as the length of the journey, made it impossible she should accompany me thither. The evening before my departure, I passed a few hours with her at her new habitation, and discovered that the old lady with whom she had taken up her abode, was a distant relation of the Darnley family. This was an unpleasant circumstance to Sarah, but she was every way else so comfortably accommodated, and reflecting wherever she was, Mrs. Darnley would claim a right of visiting her, she made no attempt to remove. Whilst I was sitting with her, we were greatly surprised by the entrance of Frederic Lewis, who had returned unexpectedly from a cruise, and I left her in better spirits, than I otherwise should, from the idea that she had in him a proper and affectionate protector. His ship was coming up to *Dartford*, to undergo a thorough repair, he would therefore be enabled to visit her every two or three days, and would, I was certain, in case of increasing ill health, suffer her to want neither medical, nor other assistance, which she had the power of procuring for her. She had a prospect should she be restored to health of being placed in a family of rank, as governors to the children, and to reside entirely with them, at the family seat in *Merionethshire*. I remained on the continent six months, and added to the satisfaction of having completed the business for which I took the journey, I had the felicity of forming an acquaintance with you, dear madam, an acquaintance which time has ripened into a tender esteem, and has laid the foundation of a friendly intercourse, which I flatter myself is equally pleasurable to both.

I received several letters from Sarah, during my residence abroad; the last I received previous to my leaving Paris, shocked me by announcing her marriage to George Darnley. I enclose the letter,* as it will tell inform you, of her motives, her prospects, her feelings, and anxieties, at this eventful period. Yours, with esteem, ANNE.

* The reader is referred to letter vi.

BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

[Vol. I.]

SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 23, 1853.

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For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP.—N° XXXIV.

*Hee fonsie deservata cloas
In patriam populandus floas.*

I PROPHESED what would follow my publicly announcing myself a general GOSSIP, and my prophecy has been fulfilled; my society has been courted, my advice asked; every party have made their complaint to me.—As a proof of this assertion, though my last number was filled with letters complaining of errors, and requesting reproofs of those who are guilty of them, yet I have now two more which I am strongly tempted to present to my readers, because I think both the writers have real cause of complaint, and because the subjects are such as I have not touched upon. As to my correspondents *Moses Backslider*, and *Janus*, they will, I believe, find every thing said already, which I have the power of saying upon the subjects of *diffusion and meddling* with what does not immediately concern ourselves, in my 11th and 27th numbers. I still must add, that I think the root of the evils both of dissipation and tattling, lies in the method of bringing children up;—if we let them examples of extravagance, indolence, and folly, or if by allowing them an exuberance of pocket money, we tacitly countenance them in idleness and unprincipled pursuits, what can be expected, but that the youth of the present age should every year grow more and more depraved, and therefore and there one feels a stiff repugnance to joining the dissuasive career, heis presently laughed or sneered out of his ideas of rehdite. He cannot bear the epithets of feasting puppy, mean spirited dog, shabby fellow, &c. And rather than fear them, however unforwadly applied to himself, he will be content to be in reality, a dishonest knave. As to meddlers and busy bodies, they abound in every rank, in every sex, in every profession; so much so, that to attempt to correct, or stop the growing evil, appears an Herculean labour. Let a stranger come into a neighbourhood, the inquisitive fiend is immediately let loose, and goes prowling about in search of anecdotes to satisfy its insatiable curiosity. Is the appearance of the stranger good, has he plenty of money, then the query is, how does he get it? is he independent? Is he in trade? or does he exercise his wits?—Is the apparent situation of this object of general inquiry poor, then where does he come from? Who knows him, who will enquire his? Should he have a family, innumerable are the queries, is his wife a good manager? Is the good tempered? Does she take care of her children? Does she not dars beyond their income, keep more company than her husband can afford? Is the not extravagant in her table expenses, or niggardly to her servants? I have been in company where four or five persons have employed a whole afternoon, in canvassing the actions of one, who perhaps never gave a moment's thought of them, or cared what they did, or said, or imagined. Children, who are in the constant habit of hearing such remarks, will, in time, come to make them themselves, and from the mere want of better employment for their mental faculties as they grow up, will be continually prying into the affairs of their neighbours, prating about what they do not understand, passing judgment upon what does not concern them, and drawing conclusions from actions of which, they not knowing the motive, those conclusions are generally erroneous. I acknowledge that much tattling and meddling proceeds from envy, ill-humour, and real malevolence of heart, but at the same time I verily believe a great deal, comes from a vacancy of mind, from a love of talking, and many a person when by their idle chatter they have made a family, an individual, or perhaps

a whole community uncomfortable, possibly miserable, they will ask with a vacant stare, like MARRIOTT in the Baby-Body, "What have I done now? Some mischief I suppose, but I'll be hang'd if I can tell what."

TO THE GOSSIP.

SIR,
I AM acquainted with a young man who is in a genteel situation in life, whose father is a man of fortune, and has brought up his son in a more religious manner than many are now a days. The young man, whom I shall call *Leon*, is but very indifferent in his person, but no ways deformed; is of an amiable temper, and has a great regard for the rules of christianity—but concerning marriage, which he seems to be desirous of entering into, has unfortunately imbibed strange erroneous opinions. He thinks if he pays his addresses to a lady, and she receives him, it must arise not from real esteem, but because she wants either to be her own mistress, to get from under the government of her parents, or thinks to better herself by marrying a person of a larger fortune than she has. From these accounts, he is very cautious how he behaves in the company of the ladies. I knew him not long ago, after offering his hand and heart to a young lady of real worth and numerous mental endowments, but rather ordinary in her features, upon being accepted, on a sudden break off the acquaintance, and drop all pretensions to her, merely from a weak notion of the lady's being fearful of dying an old maid, and therefore received his addresses, as he supposed, to prevent it, she thought if she refused him, she should not have any more offers, being so ordinary and unlikely; whereas to my certain knowledge, she has had two or three before him, and refused them; was as sensible and desirous a young lady as ever I met with—her inward merit more than compensated for her want of beauty. She had a real regard for him, was upon an equality in point of fortune, age, person, situation, and disposition; but all these considerations were overlooked by him, who was taken up with the above thoughts of her.—Is he not, Sir, a singular and original oddity? I forgot to tell you he is apprehensive that no woman can be true to him or like him alone for a month, because he is not so agreeable as many of his sex, and says the fair sex are too fond of variety to be able to withstand temptation when offered by a genteel man, of good address, either before or after marriage. Yet would you believe it, this young fellow is no fool, but one of natural good abilities, and real ingenuity. Pray what method do you think would be best for him to resolve on, to marry with such thoughts, or remain single for life? Though if he was to alter his condition, I really think his wife might live very happy with him, as he has a great deal of good nature, and is of an easy disposition.
I am yours,
MIRANDA.

Boston, July, 1853.

TO THE GOSSIP.

GOOD SIR,
AS you seem the friend of human nature, I trouble you with a complaint that is really very painful to my heart; and the source from whence it arises appearing almost irremediable, embitters many a moment of my life which would otherwise be spent in tranquillity. I write in the hope that the young woman alluded to in the following narrative, may see and know herself, become ashamed of her conduct, and endeavour to amend; and that you, good Mr. Gossip, will feel the usefulness of my situation, in regard to her, and give your advice to both parties, that we may regain that happiness which her folly is wishfully throwing away, before it is gone beyond all possibility of recall.

I am a woman who owe my support to the exertions of industry, and though by making those exertions uniformly and unceasingly, I maintain a respectable rank in life, I have, should ill health overtake me, no other source from whence to draw support. I have no children of my own, but several years ago took into my family a girl, whom I shall call *EMILY*. I took her, because I thought the child had abilities which I might cultivate in such a manner, as to render her a valuable member of society; and which I knew could not be done by her mother, who is a widow, and has two more children, and is in very low circumstances. *EMILY* was nearly eleven years old when I took her; her mind and manners totally unformed. During the first year and a half, I was so pleased with her affiduities about the family, and my own person, and delighted, as I contemplated the gradual expansion of her mental powers,

that I used, in the fondness of my heart, to call her my little daughter; and looked forward to the time when she would relieve me of much care and anxiety. Witnessing her appearance to be genteel, I permitted her to learn to dance. I had a piano-forte, on which I amused myself sometimes; she expressed a wish to learn, I thought the desire an innocent one, and as I could procure her an instructor upon very easy terms, I yielded to her solicitations. But these indulgences were only meant to make her a pleasant companion, or enable her to employ her leisure hours in a manner agreeable to herself, without looking abroad for amusement. It was my duty at the same time to instruct her in every useful branch of domestic management, to make her a good needle-woman, a good grammarian, an arithmetician, and pen-woman. I ever allowed her clothes sufficient to appear neat and respectable, and provided her to visit the young people in the neighbourhood, at proper intervals. Alas! Mr. Gossip, before she was fifteen, I discovered I had made dreadfully erroneous calculations, in supposing I should reap the reward of my care, in finding her as she grew up, an affectionate companion, a tender nurse in sickness, and an able assistant in my family concerns.—So far from being either, she is quite the fine lady, would, of her own free will, never do anything but play on the piano, read, and visit; she is so affected, that she puts me in pain at every movement. When she has occasion to laugh, she will extend her mouth, and open her lips, as wide as possible, in order to display her fine teeth, hanging her head on one side, with such an appearance of languishment, that you would suppose she had not strength to keep it upright. Then she is so afraid of spoiling her hands, that she wraps them up in the hottest weather in leather gloves, with just the tips of the fingers bare, and when she attempts to touch a glass or tea-cup, to wash it, or to perform any useful domestic business, she touches them with the very extremity of her thumb and finger, sticking the others off at such a distance, as if she was afraid of disfiguring them. Nay, even her knife and fork she holds as if they were made of something offensive. In making or mending her own clothes, (for she never attempts to do any thing of the kind for me or any of the family) she executes the work so ill, that it sometimes blurs for her, when even the people who wash them, examine them. In domestic concerns, she is as ignorant as a baby, and if she were cast out into the world to get her own bread, would be the most forlorn, helpless being, the universe ever produced. She is now in her seventeenth year, and as it is sorrow to say, more of a child, than when she was at eleven. To the virtue of self-denial, she is a total stranger, and she can no more resist cake, fruit, sweetmeats, or any delicacy, that falls in her way, than a girl of five years old could; I have seen children of five years old, with more thought and greater strength of mind. She has no ambition; and paradoxical as the assertion may seem, has too much pride to wish to make herself useful in the family. She never expresses a desire to learn the art of house-keeping, and the thousand little occupations so necessary to be understood, in order to her becoming a good house wife, and mistress of a family, and a valuable member of society; and which every woman, however independent her fortune is, ought to know. How much more than is it necessary for one who has no dependence whatever, except the exertion of her own talents. Mr. Gossip, my heart bleeds often, when I look at her. I have nothing to leave her when I quit this sublunary scene, and should that event shortly take place, what would become of her?—Those who now flatter her, and tell her what a sweet girl she is, how charmingly she plays and sings, how elegantly she dances, and that I am ungenerous in wishing her to employ her time usefully, that if she was my own daughter, I should treat her differently, would then turn their backs upon her, and where she had expected support, she perhaps would meet this kind of advice, and that probably given not in the most delicate language. "You had better do something to support yourself." They say right, Mr. Gossip, when they tell her, was my own daughter, I should treat her differently; for most certainly I should; before I would let her rush a lump of indolence, selfishness, vanity, and affectation, I would make her perform the most menial offices in the family, and thus let her up entirely from society.—Do, Sir, tell me what I must do.—Pray give a little of your good advice, to my poor

thoughtless EMILY, for certain I am, from my knowledge of the world, should any unforeseen event deprive her of my protection, she would find, in losing her maternal friend, she had lost all. Do, Sir, hint to her how happy she might make me, if she would but try; and in so doing, she would find herself ten thousand times happier, than self-indulgence or gratified vanity, can ever make her. Pardon my prolixity; it is the overflowing of an ill-treated, but affectionate heart.

LUCY BERNARD.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE ITINERANT—No XX.

"O philosophy! thou guide of life! thou discoverer of virtue!"
CICERO.

THERE are several little stories, which I have always read with peculiar pleasure. Those of LA ROCHE, in the *Mirror*, and LE FEVRE, in *Triptram Shandy*, with a few others, are compositions which never tire, and in which every re-peated discovery new beauties. The beautiful, unaffected simplicity both of the narration and the sentiments, and those delicate and refined touches which evince the master, possess irresistible charms. But of all the little histories of this kind, which have ever been given to the world, none contains so many real beauties, or comes so near to the pure simplicity of nature itself, as the account of JOSEPH, related in the *Book of Genesis*.

The unwarranted aversion to the sacred volume, which is so common in the youth of the present age, has doubtless prevented many from pursuing this interesting little story, who would have discovered and relished all its excellencies, had they found it in any profane author. A hope of inducing some of my readers to open this sacred repository of elegance and truth, and to continue the perusal merely for their own amusement, is the occasion of these few hasty remarks on the *HISTORY OF JOSEPH*.—I shall proceed to notice a few passages, which strike me as expressive of peculiar tenderness, force, and beauty.

In describing the confidence placed in Joseph, by Potiphar his master, this strong expression is used:—"And he left all he had in Joseph's hand; and he knew not ought he had, save the bread which he did eat."

The remorse awakened in his brethren by the difficulties and distresses which they had to encounter, is very naturally represented:—"And they said one to another, we are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul when he besought us, and we would not hear: therefore is this distress come upon us."

It is moving to observe the tender feelings of Joseph, which he endeavoured in vain to suppress, while talking with a forced roughness to his brethren. "And he turned himself about from them, and wept; and returned to them again, and commended with them."—"And he lift up his eyes, and saw his brother Benjamin, his mother's son, and said, is this your younger brother, of whom ye speak unto me? And he said, God be gracious unto thee, my son. And Joseph made haste; for his bowels did yearn upon his brother: and he sought where to weep; and he entered into his chamber, and wept there."

The extreme reluctance of Jacob to part with his beloved Benjamin; and the bickering between affection and hunger; between a fond anxiety for the safety of the child of his old age, and a solicitude for the preservation of his own life, and the lives of his numerous family—is expressed with peculiar beauty:—"And he said, My son shall not go down with you; for his brother is dead, and he is left alone: if mischief befall him by the way in which ye go, then shall ye bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave," &c.

When he discovers himself to his brethren, instead of shewing any resentment, or reproaching them with their criminal and unnatural conduct towards him, he endeavours to soothe them, telling them not to be grieved, or angry with themselves, for God ordered the event for the preservation of life:—"And there stood no man with him while Joseph made himself known unto his brethren: and he wept aloud; and the Egyptians and the house of Pharaoh heard. And Joseph said unto his brethren, I am Joseph; doth my father yet live?—And his brethren could not answer him; for they were troubled at his presence.—

And Joseph said unto his brethren, come near to me, I pray you; and they came near; and he said, I am Joseph your brother, whom ye sold into the land of Egypt: Now therefore be not grieved, or angry with yourselves, that ye sold me hither; for God did send me before you, to preserve life."—"And he fell upon his brother Benjamin's neck, and wept; and Benjamin wept upon his neck. Moreover, he kissed all his brethren, and wept over them; and after that, his brethren talked with him."

This hasty selection of a few unconnected passages, can

give but a very imperfect idea of the excellence of the whole. I must therefore request my young friends to employ a leisure half-hour, to-morrow, in reading the whole of this interesting piece of ancient history. They will find it contained in the *Book of Genesis*, from the thirty-seventh chapter, inclusive, to the end. If, after the perusal, they do not find the pleasure more than equivalent to the time and labour, I must pronounce them without discernment, and devoid of true taste.

The better acquainted anyone is with the sacred volume—the *guide of life, and discoverer of virtue*—the more will he admire it, and the oftener recur to its instructive pages. The false prepossession, which many have imbibed, respecting its being dull and tedious, will be readily removed, by examining its contents; and the remarkableness of its history, the sublimity of its poetry, and the purity of its precepts, will always afford an inexhaustible fund of entertainment and instruction.

H.

BIOGRAPHY.

ACCOUNT OF JAMES WOODHOUSE,
THE POETICAL SHOEMAKER.

THIS extraordinary person is about twenty-eight years of age, and has a wife and several small children, whom he endeavours to maintain by great application to business, and by teaching children to read and write, which is all the learning he ever received himself, being taken from school at seven years old.

He lived at the village of Rowley, near Hales Owen, about seven miles from Birmingham in Staffordshire, and two miles from an estate of the late Mr. William Shenton, called the Leafowes.

After he was taken from school he had no means of gratifying his insatiable thirst after reading and knowledge, but by procuring the magazines with such little perquisites as he could pick up, until about five years ago, when an accident brought him acquainted with Mr. Shenton.

That gentleman, who by improving nature with a true taste of her beauties, has rendered the Leafowes the admiration of all who have seen the place, used to suffer his delightful walks to be open to every body, until the mischief that was done by the thoughtless or malicious, obliged him to exclude all but such as should have his special permission, on a proper application for that purpose. Woodhouse, who, more than a year since, applied to Mr. Shenton for leave to indulge his imagination among the scenes which had so often delighted him before, by a copy of verses. This immediately procured him the liberty he solicited, and introduced him to Mr. Shenton himself. The poem appeared to be so extraordinary for a person in so obscure a station, who had been taken from a school at seven years old, and had since read nothing but magazines, that he offered him the use of not only his garden, but his library.

Woodhouse, however did not suffer his love of poetry, or his desire of knowledge to intrude upon the duties of his station; as his work employed only his hands, and left his mind at liberty, he used to place his pen and ink at his side, while the last was in his lap, and when he had made a couplet he wrote it down on his knee; his seasons for reading he borrowed not from those which others of his rank usually devote to tipping, or skittles, but from the hours which otherwise would have been lost in sleep.

The verification of this extraordinary writer is remarkably harmonious, his language is pure, his images poetical, and his sentiments uncommonly tender and elegant.

His poem to Mr. Shenton was written when he was about twenty-three; and though in the character of a suitor, and with a proper sense of the inferiority of his station, yet there is a consciousness of that equality of nature, which petitioners and dedicators too often prostitute or forget.

After an address to Mr. Shenton, in which he encourages himself by considering the general kindness of his character, he says;

*Shall he, benevolent as wife, disdain
The muse's fitter, though a female's haven?
Tho' no suspicious row-ralls grace my line,
I loast the same original divine
Tho' nigard fate withheld her fervid ore,
Yet lib'ral nature gave her better store;
Whose influence early did my mind inspire
To read her works, and praise her mighty Store.*

A copy of this poem, and of another addressed to the same gentleman, were sent by Mr. Shenton's direction, and with some manuscript poems of his own, to a friend in London; this friend shewed them to some of his acquaintances, and a small collection was made for the author which

produced an ode on benevolence: by this ode he appears to have profited by Mr. Shenton's library; for he talks of Palladian skill, Sappho's art, Phidias's chisel, and the pencil of Titian. But his force of thought, and skill in poetical expression, appear to greater advantage in a poem of fifty stanzas, each consisting of four verses, entitled Spring; this contains a striking picture of the infelicities of his situation, and the keenness and delicacy of his sensations.

After regretting the vacant cheerfulness of his earlier days, before domestic concerns condemned him to inefficient labour, and absorbed him in care and solicitude, he exhibits this picture of the pain and pleasure that are mingled in his conjugal and paternal character.

*But now domestic cares employ
And busy ev'ry sense,
Nor leave one hour of grief or joy,
But's furnish'd out from thence,
Scarc' e'er but my little babes afford,
Whom I behold with glee,
When smiling at my lambic board,
Or prattling on my knee,
Not that my Daphne's charms are flown,
These still new pleasures bring;
'Tis these inspire content alone;
'Tis all I've left of Spring.*

There is something extremely pathetic in the last verse; and the first of the next stanza, where he mentions his wife endeared to him by her sensibility and distress, is still more striking.

*The dew-drop sparkling in her eye,
The lily on her breast;
The rose-buds on her lips supply
My rick, my sweetest rest.*

He that can feel the following will need no assistance to discover their beauty, and to him, who cannot, no assistance will be effectual.

*I wish not, dear cannibal state,
To bread thy fillet buds;
I only value: cleave thy fate,
That every bear demands.
Nor wou'd I meet my taste averse,
Which endless wants impose;
But O! wounds my soul to bear,
My Daphne's melting woes!
For oft she sighs, and oft she weeps,
And hangs her pensive head;
While blood her furrow'd finger flows,
And joins the passing food.
When orient bills the sun behold,
Our labours are begun;
And when the streaks the east with gold,
The lark is still awning.*

AMUSED.

FILIAL OBEDIENCE.

Strong sense entertained by Dr. JOHNSON, of the virtue of Filial Obedience, exemplified in his doing penance at his father's Book Stall.

DURING the last visit which the Doctor made to Litchfield, the friend's with whom he was staying mistook him one morning at the breakfast table; on enquiring after him of the servants, they understood he had set off from Litchfield at a very early hour, without mentioning to any of the family whither he was going. The day passed without the return of the illustrious guest, and the party began to be very uneasy on his account, when, just before the supper hour, the door opened, and the Doctor stalked into the room. A solemn silence of a few minutes ensued, nobody daring to enquire the cause of his absence, which was at length relieved by Johnson addressing the lady of the house in the following manner:—"Madam, I beg your pardon for the abruptness of my departure from your house this morning, but I was constrained to do it by my conscience. Fifty years ago, Madam, on this day, I committed a breach of filial piety, which has ever since lain heavy on my mind, and has not until this day been expiated. My father, you recollect, was a book-eller, and had long been in the habit of attending — market, and opening a stall for the sale of his books during that day. Confin'd to his bed by disposition, he requested me, this time fifty years ago, to visit the market, and attend the stall in his place. But, Madam, my pride prevented me from doing my duty, and I gave my father a refusal. To do away the sin of this disobedience, I this day went in a post-chaise to —, and going into the market at the time of high business, uncovered my head, and stood with it bare an hour before the stall which my father had formerly used, expos'd to the eyes

of the flanders by, and the inclemency of the weather—a penance by which, I trust, I have propitiated Heaven for this only instance, I believe, of contumacy towards my father."

ANECDOTE OF GOLDSMITH.

DR. Goldsmith officiated for some time as an assistant in an Academy at Peckham, under the care of Dr. Milner, who published a Greek and Latin grammar, which have been much esteemed by the literary world. He was a dissenting minister of eminence; and his funeral sermon was preached by Dr. Samuel Chandler, well known for his able writings in behalf of Christianity. Dr. Milner died about the year 1760, and Dr. Goldsmith was employed by him as an usher near three years. He was not indeed with him at the time of his death; but so much was he respected by the widow and the family, that he was invited to return and take care of the seminary, which was continued some little time longer, with which respect he complied. Dr. Goldsmith came to Peckham from Richardson, the celebrated novel writer, at that period a printer near Blackfriars. Here he was occupied in correcting the press; and of Richardson and his family he always spoke in terms of respect and gratitude. He had also at that time some acquaintance with Dr. Griffiths, the venerable proprietor and editor of the Monthly Review, to which respectable publication he even then contributed articles of criticism. From this gentleman he received considerable patronage, and therefore to his kindness he often professed himself much indebted. Previous to his engagement at the academy, he had travelled through many parts of Europe, and was tolerably well acquainted with the Latin and French languages. There he taught, and the latter he spoke with facility. As to his person, he was of middle stature, fair complexion, wore a large wig, slovenly in his dress, but possessing a benevolent countenance and a cheerful demeanor. If he thought any one slighted him, or used him ill, it occasioned a great dejection; but otherwise he was a most charming companion. He played frequently, but indifferently, on the German flute. In his conversation he discovered a very general acquaintance with books, and had a thorough knowledge of mankind. In his diet he was very temperate—in his behaviour, unassuming; and the young gentlemen were never so happy as when they could get him on a winter's evening to tell them anecdotes, with which his mind was well stored. But, alas! he never was an economist. Out of his scanty salary of twenty pounds a year, he frequently gave to persons in distress—making a point of never sending a poor author away without half a crown! He had not a few of these latter applications; hence it was that he generally applied for his salary before it came due; and one day, upon an application of the kind to Mrs. Milner, the smiling said—"You had better, Mr. Goldsmith, let me keep your money for you, as I do for some of the young gentlemen;" to which he replied, with great good humour, "In truth, Madam, there is equal need," and pleasantly walked away. Upon his leaving Peckham, he submitted on what his talents brought him as a writer; and once a relation of Dr. Milner being in company with him, he told him that Lord Bute had solicited the aid of his pen; but his reply was—"I will prostitute my talents to no man!" The lady to whom I am indebted for these particulars, also informed me, that her brother the late Dr. Milner, for many years a respectable physician at Middletown, once called on Goldsmith at the Temple, where he had very genteel lodgings, and a considerable library. But he was afterwards obliged to part with them on account of pecuniary embarrassments. Indeed he was like too many other literary characters, often straitened in circumstances, through an entire want of that humble but most essential virtue, ECONOMY.

ANECDOTES.

PUBLIUS PISO, the Roman Rhetorician, being unwilling to be disturbed with much talk, gave orders to his servants to answer such questions as he should ask them, and say no more. Having a design to give an entertainment to Claudius (at that time the chief magistrate of Rome) he ordered him to be invited, and provided a splendid banquet for him, as in all probability he could do no less. At the time appointed, several other guests appeared, and they only waited for Claudius's coming, who tarried much longer than was expected, so that Piso sent his servant several times to him, to know whether he would be pleased to come to supper or not. At length it grew late, and Piso despaired of his coming. "What!" said he to his servant, "did you call him?"—"Yes," replied the servant. "Why, then, does he not come?"—"Because," he told me he would not come—"Why did you not tell me so before?"—"Because, Sir, you never asked me the question."

A GENTLEMAN having gone a few days since to a public building in Chester, to see the embellishments which are making there, the master painter took an opportunity of whispering his man to kick the stranger as he went out.—The painter accordingly followed the gentleman down stairs; but instead of asking for something to drink (which the canon word *kick* implies), he literally took his master's advice, and rather urgently projected the unsuspecting visitant into the street hand foremost! The latter turned round to retaliate; but the painter had coolly locked the door, and returned up stairs to his employment.

USEFUL.

HINTS TO HUSBANDMEN.

A VERY slothful, slovenly farmer seems in some degree, to be in amity with the old serpent: seeing he takes no pains to destroy the evil seed, which that wicked one had sown. By suffering the growth of "thorns and thistles," or pernicious weeds, within his enclosures, he, in a manner encourages the works of the devil. His ground lies under the curse, and in the end, he will bring upon himself and entail upon his posterity the curse of poverty. Solomon, who never failed to speak to the purpose, has made the following pertinent remarks, concerning such a slothful farmer. "I went, (said he) by the field of the foolish—and lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down." What a disgusting sight! A field planted but never hoed—the languishing sickly corn overtopped, sperged and choked with weeds, while the cattle had free ingress through the chafins and breaches in the fences. It must have been rare to find such a field in the country of Palestine, where the ground was so well tilled, that several millions of people were nourished and supported from the produce of a very feanty territory. Accordingly, it seems that the sight forcibly engaged the attention of the royal philosopher. He stopped his chariot to look at this field. "Then I saw, (said he) and considered it well." He soon divined the cause that the field was overrun with weeds; and that the fences were out of repair. The owner was not sick, but lazy. "Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep."

Here lies the seed of the mischief. The man and his boys were snoring in bed till 9 o'clock, when they should have been up at four, and busied themselves at hoeing up the weeds in the country the morning. While they were sleeping, the weeds were, every moment, multiplying and gathering strength, until at last they become invincible.—The morning is the prime of the day for business. A good farmer will never lie late a-bed, especially during the seasons of contest with weeds, and of harvesting. By hoeing your plants, early in the morning, while you kill the weeds you at the same time, turn under the enriching dews, and prevent their being exhale by the sun: And your grass and grain are cut much easier while the dew is on them.

Finally, Solomon wisely concluded, that poor husbandman was closely allied to poverty. Speaking of the sleepy fellow whose weedy field he was viewing, he remarked, "So shall thy poverty come as one that travellest, and thy want as an armed man."

Indeed, what squiggies owning land, unless it be cultivated? A little well tilled, is better than large fields, or large farms neglected; for ground that is planted, and is either utterly neglected, or but half hoed, yields no clear profit to the owner, but tends to eat him up. : Balance.

NEW METHOD OF MAKING PAINT.

PERMIT me, through the channel of your useful paper to communicate to the public, a new and cheap method of painting, which has been lately discovered and much practised both in France and England, the experiment has also been made in New-Jersey, and succeeded to the utmost expectations. One of the properties of this paint, (called milk paint) is, that it will keep for whole months, and in a few minutes we can prepare enough of it to paint a whole house. A person may sleep in a chamber the night after it has been painted, for milk paint will dry in the space of an hour, and the disagreeable smell of the oil will be destroyed by its combination with the lime; the dangerous effects of the effluvia of oil paint are frequent and well known.—A single coat is sufficient for places that have already been painted, unless where greasy spots repel the first covering, but these may be removed by washing them with soap and water, or may be scraped off; new wood will require two coats, which will last for many years. This method of painting is the most economical that can be used, the expense will not be more than a tenth part of painting with oil, and the colour will not rub off; it resists friction like varnish, and will not soil a coarse

cloth. As a very little expense for laborations, cut-houses and fences, may be rendered not only beautiful, but greatly preserved from injury by the weather.

The Method of Milk Painting.—For inside work in the following proportion: 1. The skimmed milk one quart; fresh flacked lime one pound—oil of carraway, linseed or neat, eight ounces.—Spanish white ten pounds. For outside work add to the above—fresh flacked lime four ounces—oil four do.—white burgundy pitch four do.

Put the lime into a vessel of stone ware and pour upon it a sufficient quantity of milk to make a smooth mixture—then add the oil by degrees, stirring the mixture with a stick—then add the remainder of the milk, and finally, the Spanish white. Skimmed milk in summer is often curdled, but this is of no consequence, as its fluidity is soon restored by its contact with the lime—it is, however, absolutely necessary it should not be four.

The lime is flacked by plunging it in water, drawing it out, and leaving it to fall to pieces in the air.

The oil when mixed with the milk and lime, disappears, being dissolved by the lime.

The Spanish white must be crumbled and gently spread upon the surface of the liquid, which it gradually imbeds and at last sinks, it must then be stirred with a stick.

This paint may be coloured with the ochres, and the commonest lamp oil may be used.

Should it be necessary to preserve the milk or to procure it from a distance, let it be mixed with half the above proportion of lime, it may then be kept or transported without turning sour or curdling; when the paint becomes too thick, milk is to be added to reduce it to a proper consistency.

: : Elizabethtown Vtd. Rep.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We have not, for a long time, received any thing from the instructive pen of "Honorata Martesia"—we are certain would be condescend to renew her favours, our readers in general would be much gratified.

Several Communications have been lately received, which shall be noticed in our next.

HYMNICAL REGISTER.



MARRIED—At Providence, Mr. Francis Wright, jun. of Boston, to Miss Susan Lewis, of New-York. At Charlestown, Mr. Joseph Payton, to Miss Betty Gray; Mr. Jabez Frothingham, to Mrs. Elizabeth Davis.

In this town, by the Rev. Dr. Eliot, Mr. Nathaniel Willis, jun. printer, to Miss Hannah Parker.

Mr. Timothy Fletcher, to Mrs. Agnes B. Pachard.

OBITUARY.



DIED—At Newburyport, Mr. John Rogers, formerly of Boston.—At Marblehead, Isaac Storp, Esq. of Rutland *Æt.* 24. At Stoughton, Mr. Joseph Porter. At Salem, Mr. Jer. Lee; Miss Phebe Nichols, *Æt.* 16, daughter of Mr. John N.; Mrs. Margaret Barton, *Æt.* 59. At Havana, Mr. Edward Jones, jun. of this town, an amiable and worthy young gentleman. At Worcester, Mrs. Rebecca Fowle, *Æt.* 75. At Sea, Mr. John Coffin, *Æt.* 18.

In this town, Mrs. Elizabeth Morgan, *Æt.* 27, consort of Mr. Nicholas Morgan.—Master Wm. Piercy, *Æt.* 10;—Mr. Michael Cary, *Æt.* 68; Capt. Wm. Smith, of Providence, *Æt.* 33; Miss Mary Park, *Æt.* 6.

POETRY.



For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

WELCOME to me's the morning ray,
Which calls me to my daily task;
I grateful hail returning day,
For Heaven gives all I dare to ask.
The hours glide on contentment's wing,
But one is to my soul most dear;
'Tis eve, when undisturbed I sing
The song, which ***** loves to hear.

All nature's charms with joy I view,
The wood crown'd hills, the blooming vale;
Sol's golden ray, the concave blue,
Through which bright clouds majestic fall.
But when the moon assumes her reign,
Oft will a mild, a precious tear
Suffuse my eyes, while the soft strain
I sing, which ***** loves to hear.

Pleasure steals o'er my placid heart,
When those around me cheerful smile;
In others' joys I bear a part,
Their sorrows gladly would beguile.
These joys are pure, but there is one,
Which seldom will return I fear;
It is to sing when day is done,
***** the song he loves to hear.

Oh! let me then explore the height,
Where Honor with fair Truth is found;
Strive to excel in all that's right,
So be the arduous effort crown'd.
With his esteem, this ardent breath
Must ever honor and revere;
And may I oft at his request,
Repeat the strains he loves to hear.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE STARLING.

A BEAUTIFUL STARLING late I spy'd,
In lovely Sylvia's hand;
To check his flight, around his leg
She t'w'd a silken band.
In vain he flutter'd to be gone,
Confinement was his lot;
In vain he strove to break the band
But could not untie the knot.

Cease, cease, the cry'd, here you shall feed
And in my bosom rest;
No bird that ever wing'd the air,
Was half so much caress'd.
If from my hands you now should fly,
Perhaps you may be shot;
I here cease to peck, it's all in vain,
You can't untie the knot.

'The bird at length contented grew,
While Sylvia strook'd his plumes,
Ereft his little crest, and he
His former notes resumed:
From what he heard the fair one say,
The words by rote he got,
And then repeated every day,
"You can't untie the knot."

One day as youthful Damen sat,
His Sylvia by his side,
Reward my love, at length thou'rt free,
To-morrow be my bride;
Her blushes in his favour rose,
But still the answer'd not;
And ere she spoke, the Starling cry'd,
"You can't untie the knot."

VERSES ON A FAVOURITE CAT.

SOME verses on your CAT you ask,
Were I but equal to the task—
With pleasure I'd obey;—
An abler pen her beauties claim,
Her merit—more exalted fame,
Than this my humble lay.

Her mute, expressive *dignity*,
Returns a pleasing recompense,
For all your tender care;
By ev'ry fond endearment shews,
Her heart with ardent love o'erflows,
And gratitude sincere.

With more than common beauty blest,
The darling whiteness of her breast,
Excels the new fall'n snow;
Contrait the yellow and the black,
Which on her lovely tortoisè back,
In richest colours glow.

The toil of catching mice and rats,
She leaves to vulgar kitchen Cats,
For she's a Cat of Fashion;
She imitates the modern Fair,
Makes drefs and pleasure all her care,
And sighs for admiration.

Long, happiest of the *Tobly* race,
May you enjoy your envied place—
Long with your mistress live;
Unriv'd I'd in her window sit,
And you alone—each choicest bit,
From her fair hand receive.

the same voice,—“No,” she replied, “but my mistress is,” “Your mistress, what Mr. Darnley’s mother?” “No, his wife,”—His wife,” she exclaimed furiously, and seemed choak’d with an hysterical affection,—then pausing a moment or two, she said,—“I am to blame—I have business of importance, young woman, to transact with your master, pray give him this letter, and request him not to fail coming early in the morning, to the place I have mentioned, for I am come off a long journey, fatigued, ill, distressed, and can only look to him for comfort and repose.”—At every sentence the agitated female uttered, I had drawn nearer and nearer the head of the stairs, and when she had finished the last, was actually half way down, but before I could speak, she was gone, having left the letter in Betty’s hands. The girl met me on the stairs, and offered to give me the folded paper,—that almost irresistible propensity which undid madam Eve, had nearly con-pell’d me to take it; but before I had touched it I recalled my better reason. “Ge,” said I, “put it in the card racks in your master’s counting house. I will go to bed,”—and I actually did go to bed, lest I might be tempted to pry into a letter which might be only on business, and in no way whatever concern me. There was something strange in the woman’s coming at that hour of the night, for it was past ten o’clock; her voice, too, feared the voice of wounded sensibility. These reflections kept me waking, and when Darnley came home, I told him of the letter, and bade the maid bring it to him. I am interrupted,

Adieu until next post,

SARAH.

SATURDAY EVENING’S MONITOR.

No. VII.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

RELIGION.

HE who possesses pure religion can meet with compo-
sure the greatest misfortune, and stand undaunted in the
midst of the most imminent danger—if blest with a being of
congenial affections, how happy! how enviable his lot! his
years roll almost imperceptibly away with the kind
fosterer of his cares; hand in hand with mutual pleasure
they tread the path of life, and when the unerring dart of
death is hurled, the heavenly influence of religion averts
the agonizing horrors of despair, and excites hope and confi-
dence in that Being, who looks with an eye of pity on the
sufferings of humanity. But what a dreadful contrast pre-
sents itself to our view, on revering this beautiful picture;
uncontrolled passions proceeding from unlimited youthful
indulgence, mark with disgusting ways; seduction and extra-
vagance mark with a stamp of the darkest hue, the charac-
ter of the libertine, and tend to loosen (if married) the frail
remains of affection lurking about his heart, for his amia-
ble wife and children; but repeated and frequent intercourse
with vicious companions and dissipation, would annihilate
every generous emotion of his soul, and forever deprive
him of that affection and all conjugal felicity.—His career
of vice, madness, and folly, seldom leaves the wretched be-
ing, until he is thoroughly polluted—then, chat! when the
reflexion of futurity, and thoughts of his abandoned and
shameless life, rush with redoubled force on his agonized
mind, and present to his imagination a deep, dark and
dreadful abyss, which (unless he obtains forgiveness for his
crimes) he must explore with horrid dread.

Parents and instructors of the youthful mind, incul-
cate the principles of genuine unprejudiced religion in
the minds of your children and pupils; train them up to
deeds of virtue and benevolence; observe *his*, and happiness
of the most exquisite kind, will be yours, you will secure
it to your children, unfulfilled as the snow of heaven.

“TRUTH.”

AFFLICTION.

INTEREST and vanity are the usual sources of our af-
flictions, however specious may be our pretences to the
contrary.

We sometimes love friends whom we regret more than we
grieve for; and others for whom we grieve, yet do not regret.

VALUABLE LOTTERY.

TICKETS, halves, and quarters, in the 4th class of South
Hadley Canal Lottery, price only five dollars, and the
capital sum of 10,000 dollars the highest prize, for sale
by GILBERT & DEAN. The prizes fold by them in
the 3d class, amount to *Five Thousand Nine Hundred and
Fifty Dollars!*—this, without any other addition, carries
its own comment.—A complete list of the prizes in the
3d class may be seen—prize tickets taken in pay.

An Apprentice to the Printing Business wanted as above
—he will receive good treatment. July 23, 1823.

THE NOVELIST.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SINCERITY; A NOVEL
IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.
LETTER VIII. SARAH TO ANNE.

London, July, 1777.

WHY do you tarry so long from town, dear Ann? yet
I need not enquire; you find health and pleasure in the re-
tired shades of *Waltham*, do not let your fancy wander to
the smoke, noise, and confusion of London; not once,
do I say, pardon me Ann, you sometimes think on me,
mentally enquire how I do, what I am about, and whether
I am happy.

I want you in town, I want your advice—yet cannot
wait to receive it. I will tell you what has happened,
what I have heard, and what I am about to do; and though
before you receive this, I shall have done it past recall, I
pray you do not spare me if you think I have erred, speak
to me in the language of sincerity, correct my faults, severely
last and ridicule my follies, for it is my firm opinion
Ann, that more than half the vices and follies with which
this sublunary sphere so plentifully abounds, owe their ori-
gin to the want of truth, in the intercourse between the
animated atoms with which it is peopled; every vice that
can disgrace humanity, is dignified with some specious
name, and decorated with such tinsel finery, that it almost
assumes the appearance of a virtue. Why can we not
speak plain, openly avow the detestation we feel toward a
deviation from rectitude, and treat prodigality of all kinds,
with the contempt it deserves. But this is not proceeding
in a direct line with the story I was about to commence;
no matter, mariners say there is more pleasure in traverse
sailing, when by dexterous management they reach in safety
the intended port, than in proceeding in a straight
course with the wind upon the beam.

Last Monday evening, Darnley was gone to his club.—
Ann, I don't like these clubs, they smoke, drink and dis-
pute, until they fancy themselves statesmen, heroes and
demagoges, and go home to their wives in a state little re-
moved from brutality; preach about the prerogative and
dignity of man, the great lord of creation, and expect their
simply rational companions to bow with submission, and
acknowledge their supremacy.—Well, Darnley was at his
club. Mary Milbourn, had past the evening with me;
she is on a visit of two or three months to Darnley's moth-
er, and having a bad head ache, had retired early. I had
played until I was weary, and was sitting in a kind of list-
less half sleep and awake manner, when a single rap at the
street door made me start; the servant who was sitting up
in the kitchen, ran to the door, but had the precaution to
put the chain across before she opened it. “Does not Mr.
George Darnley live here?” said a faint female voice.
Betty replied in the affirmative. “Is he at home?” asked

BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.]

SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 30, 1803.

[N^o XL.

BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE :

DEVOTED TO

*Morality, Literature, Biography, History,
The Fine Arts, Agriculture, &c. &c.*

PUBLISHED BY GILBERT B. DEAN,

At their Printing Office, No 36, STATE-STREET, at Two Dollars per annum, one half paid in advance. 35 Subscribers received by the EDITORS, and by the Post-Masters in New-England.

MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP—N^o XXXV.

Invenies aliam, si te bis fidit, Alexia.

Exerce imperia, et ramos confesse fluent.

MIRANDA complains, and I think with justice, of the caprice of LEON, whom, in spite of her railing, I more than half suspect, she is ready to pardon, and receive again into favour; and if he is not blind and infensible, he will seize on so fair an opportunity to make his peace, return to his allegiance, banish from his mind the unworthy thoughts he at present entertains of the female sex, and lead to the altar of Hy-men, the woman who candidly owns, with all his faults, *"he could be happy with him."* I say, banish his unworthy thoughts of the sex, for until he does this, he must not expect happiness, or even cold content, in the married state.

That women, from the situation in which custom, nature, and the laws of nations, have placed them, must naturally look forward with cheerful, perhaps in some degree, anxious hope, to the period, when reason, sanctioned by Religion, gives to their persons legal protectors; and to their affections, hearty, rational, faithful, and virtuous friends. But does it follow from hence, that a sensible woman, in accepting a man who offers himself, is actuated by selfish motives? Let Leon's person be ever so plain, with the other requisites which the partial Miranda has attributed to him, he might hope, even with confidence, that real affection, prompted the acceptance of his offered hand. And the ill-treated female, whom he has, by his unjustifiable desertion, expelled to the doors of an envious, misjudging world, might wit' justice make this spirited remark,

*"The charms which have seduced my heart
Another may possess."*

Among the many cruelties of which depraved humanity is capable, perhaps there is no one more wantonly barbarous, than to win the heart of an innocent young creature, by open and pretended honorable professions of attachment, and having wrong from her modest inobtrusive nature, confessions of affection, leaving her to repent in silence and solitude, her ill placed confidence.—By expressing myself thus, I do not mean to take the part of those foolish girls who fancy every attention which politeness extorts, as a proof of attachment, and every compliment which custom or the whim of the moment dictates, as an offer of love and marriage; to the contrary, I fear many a worthy young man has been led, from a mistaken point of honour to sacrifice to such misconceptions, (especially where the friends of the young lady have taken her side of the question,) every hope of domestic joy in this world, and it may be his prospects of felicity in that which is to come.—But these unhappy men are objects of compassion.—I speak not of them, but to lament the fatality which forced upon them such uneasy fetters.—I would turn my animadversions on those raptures, those amusements, who really come under the class of non-descripts in creation, who exist, move, speak, laugh, dance, and pay fine compliments, for no other purpose but to excite admiration; that point gained, the only passion they are capable of feeling is gratified, and heedless of what misery they may cause, they prance off upon some new plan, practise the same lures, and having ensnared the unsuspecting object of their pursuit, boast of their power, and laugh at the weakness of the poor creature, who could for a moment believe, that in praising her they meant any thing more than to amuse themselves. But let the insects pass. It were the height of folly for a giant to display his strength, by dislocating the limbs of an ephemeron; for the very movement of his finger would annihilate the insignificant

being, and he would cease to exist, before he began to feel.—Miranda, ingenious, lovely maid, may no such insect annoy thy peace. May thou never enter the holy pale of wedlock, with any man, but one who shall be sensible of thy worth, and love and respect the whole sex for thy sake. Let Leon, with his therapies, enjoy the comforts of "single blessedness," and believe may be the man who would woo thee with fervour, esteem thee for thy candour, and thank the lips which uttered "I love thee" were thine sacred lips of truth, never to be doubted, ever to be adored.

Mrs. BERNARD's complaint is of a peculiarly delicate nature. She appears to me to stand somewhat in the situation of a Rep-mother, than which I do not know of a more trying one. For let the woman be ever so amiable, confidante, and mild, there will ever be busy meddling people, who will lead the children thus thrown immediately upon her care, to think, whenever her better judgment refuses their requests; her anxious solicitude for their well doing, reproves their folly; or her desire to make them respectable members of society, endeavours to rouse them from the lethargy of indolence, she is exerting an undue authority, and treating them with harshness. Youth is so prone to error, that no one entrusted with the formation of their minds and manners, can do their duty, without exercising a great degree of resolution and restraining that volatility which would otherwise, not only hurry them into irreparable faults, but continually plunge them into danger and difficulty. Every person of reflection must fully comprehend the pain and mortification Mrs. Bernard must daily endure, from the foolish conduct of Emily, not to give it a harsher name, though, in my opinion, it partakes strongly of the nature of ingratitude: The conduct of her *Maternal Friend*, (for so Mrs. Bernard styles herself,) towards her, has been truly disinterested; there cannot one selfish motive be ascribed to a person, who voluntarily takes upon herself the cares and expens of a parent, to one who could not be expected, at least for some years, to make any other return for repeated acts of kindness—than cheerful obedience to her commands, and affectionate unremitting attention to her wishes. My advice and opinion has been asked, and I shall give it impartially to both parties. The good lady appears to me not to have studied the disposition of her protegee sufficiently, before she commenced the plan of her education; content with making her an useful member of the community, the shewy, and in reality, useless accomplishments of dancing and music, ought, if introduced at all, to have been given very sparingly; what necessity was there for a young woman, who had no dependence but her industry, with an accomplishment, which must cost so much waste of time to acquire? She often been out of patience to see the daughters of trade men idle away hours at the piano forte, which might have been so much better employed, in making their father's shirts, or mending their own stockings, or else assisting in domestic affairs, and studying both the theory and the practice of pickling, preserving, making pastry, and all the necessary culinary arts; for it is absolutely proper for every woman to understand these matters, even should her future fortune place her above the necessity of executing them herself; her knowing how they should be performed, and the quality and quantity of the articles which are requisite for such and such things, may save many a dollar in the annual family expens. Mrs. Bernard should, on the first appearance of vanity, affectation and idleness, in Emily, have stopped her music and dancing; have kept her tight at her needle, restrained her from the society of those, who, by their flattery, tended to encrease her vanity; have debarred her from books, except those which might have given her amore rational turn of mind; she should have been regularly and daily employed, for some hours, in domestic affairs; she should have made her superintend the cookery, and perform the most delicate parts of it herself. This conduct, not merely adopted for a week or two, but resolutely persevered in for twelve or eighteen months, would, I have no doubt, brought the young lady to a proper sense of what she ought to do; respectively to fulfil the duties of her station, and become estimable in the rank, in which it has pleased God to place her.

I shall now say a few words to Emily herself; it will be but few, for if she desires or entreaties of a person, to whom she ought to feel herself bound by every moral tie, are of no avail, I greatly fear all that I could say, would

be either totally overlooked, or treated with ridicule and contempt. But, however she may have been misled to think affectation, engaging and interesting; I do assure her, to all rational people, it is disgusting and contemptible: However fine her form, however lovely her face, still affectation takes from every charm, and must be honestly enough to confess, that I think an inactive indolent young person, a monster in nature; of this I am certain, they can never excel in any thing; they can never be good wives, mothers, or mistresses of families; and it is a moral certainty, that those who are inattentive to their duties in early life, will, as they advance, become less and more inert, until they sink into listless, helpless burthens upon society, without friends, without joy, or pleasure; wearisome to themselves, and despised by others. From such a deplorable state, may the misjudging Emily be rescued by being awakened to a sense of moral propriety, and by daily remembering, that no person can be idle without being wicked. To this desirable end, I would advise Mrs. Bernard to insist on her being constantly and usefully employed; let her rise early, and make every hour turn to advantage; and as a kind of monitor, let her oblige her to deliver in every Saturday Evening, an account of all that she has done, useful to herself or others, and as a counterpoise, Mrs. Bernard should keep a memorandum of every time she has neglected to do what was required of her, or has performed it in a slovenly, careless manner. Then let the indulgencies of the ensuing week, depend on the regular statement of these two accounts; when the balance is in Emily's favor, let some mark of kindness, particularly express the approbation of her tender friend. If again she let, let the proofs of displeasure be as pointedly evinced. I could almost venture to prophecy, if Emily is a girl of good principles, and the least real feeling, six months of constant perseverance in this conduct, will flame her out of her affectation, childishness, and idleness—if it does not, she is incorrigible.

VARIOUS DUTIES CONNECTED WITH SOCIAL LIFE.

*Me let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of declining age,
Explore the thought, explain the aching eye,
And keep awhile a parent from the sky.*

SO sung POPE, with a filial enthusiasm, for which I honor him; and his actions corresponded with his words, for it has been said of him that one of the greatest pleasures of his life was promoting the happiness of his aged mother. There can indeed be no greater proof given of goodness of heart and tenderness of disposition than what is evinced in the conduct he describes in the lines just quoted. What can be more amiable and endearing than a child performing for an aged and suffering parent all the tender offices which their situation require, thus repaying, as far as they are able, the tenderness and affection which they had received in the differing periods of infancy and childhood. As the practice of these duties raise us in the estimation of the good and the discerning part of mankind, so the neglect of them never fails to operate to our disadvantage; besides, we have the command of God himself for the practice of this important duty.—*"Honor thy father and thy mother,"* and cold indeed must their hearts be who are so lost to gratitude, and feeling as to need any further repetitions on this impressive subject.

The union formed by marriage can neither slacken nor dissolve those ties which bind us to our parents; they were fixed long before we ourselves were sensible of their strength; they were the first objects which awakened in us the ideas of kindness and affection; it was to them we looked up, during our early years, for support and protection; and these recollections in a good mind instinctively call forth our gratitude, reverence, and love. I should hope there is not a human being dignified with the name of *husband*, who could even form a wish to snap with tyrannic violence the tender chords of filial and parental affections. "No mother, no child," says the eccentric but kind-hearted Rousseau; and I am inclined to think his observation is founded on truth. Should it be so, where are the gay mothers of the present day to seek for tenderness and affection in their declining years? Not those beings whom they left in the helpless stages of infancy (when they most wanted the fostering bosom of maternal love) to the care of fordid and merc-

cenary hirings— to people no way interested in their welfare; they are incapable of feeling for them that tenderness, however they may feign it, which their mothers would have felt, had they not crossed the designs of nature, and, to avoid a little trouble and confinement, suffered their hearts to become insensible to the sweet transports of maternal love. I do not say that those mothers have no love for their children who resign them to the care of others: nature is imperious—the will sometimes be heard even in the midst of dissipation; but of this I am certain, that their affection for their offspring is not so lively, nor their sensibility of heart so called into action, as it would be if they pursued the dictates of nature, and nourished their innocent infants with that food which the hand of Providence prepared for them. In truth, that woman is but *half a mother* who does not suckle her own children; nor do I think there can be any excuse made for the omission of this duty, provided a woman has strength to fulfil it, nor would any one that knew its importance willingly omit it.

It certainly must be a sight highly gratifying to an affectionate husband to see his wife cheerfully performing the duties of a mother, for it must imperceptibly attach him more towards her, and cement their affections beyond the power of time or chance to alter. Besides, a woman so employed will not fly eagerly after every light and trifling pursuit which fashion may offer—her mind will be too much engaged to heed the call of folly; her whole heart will be absorbed in the interesting scenes of her nursery, and if she looks beyond it, it will only be to lessen the cares of her husband, and to gladden their domestic circle with the smiles of contented tranquillity.

I shall next slightly touch on the practice of economy, and then close this imperfect sketch of female duties.

Economy varies much in its principles when applied to different stations in society. What would be extravagance in a country gentleman, might be thought economy in a lady of fashion; yet there is no station, however exalted, beyond the reach of its influence; as if the practice of it be neglected, the most splendid fortunes would soon fall into confusion and decay: it is of course, highly important that it should be studied by those whose incomes are more confined. It is incumbent on the mistress of every family to be particularly careful that her expenses do not exceed the sums allotted for the different branches of domestic expenditure. The practice of frugality and economy are duties which she owes to her husband, to her children, and to herself—for without a strict attention to these regulations all must be confusion. Nor should the appearance of a married woman ever exceed the circumstances of her husband; there can be no stronger proof of weakness and folly in a woman than when she attempts, at the expense of her husband's peace and property, to vie in appearance with those whose rank and fortune permit them to indulge in all the vagaries of fashion. There is, however, an easy simplicity and neatness of appearance to which all ranks of women are entitled, and which most may obtain without injuring the circumstances of their husbands or disturbing their repose.

These cautions may to some readers appear superfluous, and so they might be if this little work were addressed only to such as were opulent, and who were not under the necessity of confining themselves to its rules; but as it is presumed this essay will be found to convey sentiments generally instructive to the great mass of society, the above rules, therefore, may be rendered useful to some description of readers.

Transient indeed is our abode here, and it is much to be regretted that to lake a portion of our time should be devoted to useless bargains and unnecessary complaints. A little attention to our own conduct and mode of behaviour, regulated by the principles of religion and the practice of mutual forbearance, would infallibly lead us to the possession of peace here, and happiness hereafter.

I cannot conclude this Essay better than in introducing a beautiful passage on the subject of matrimonial felicity, by the admired author of the *Scots*.

*Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells
With many a proof of recollection love,
Together down they sink in social sleep,
Together freed, their social spirits fly
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign!*

SATURDAY EVENING'S MONITOR.
No. VIII.

RULES FOR THE PRACTICE OF CHRISTIANS.

1. LET love and charity be universal; for no pretence whatever, nor act of religion and zeal for God, can justify your not loving every person in the world. Treat all men with kindness, and with them well. Do to men good ac-

ording to their necessity, and your power and opportunity. If persons be above you, express your love by paying them the honor their place and authority call for. If they be in worldly respects beneath you, manifest your love by kindness, affability, and granting them an easy access to you. If they excel in natural or acquired endowments of mind, express your love by a due esteem. If they be rather wanting than excelling, show your love by pitying them, and despise not their weakness. If any be in misery, compassionate them, pray for them, comfort them with your presence if you can reach them, and relieve them according to your power. If any be defamed, show your love by stopping and rebuking the defamation.

2. Be careful not to harbor an evil affection in your heart against any person whatever; for though you are far from intending any actual mischief, yet you tempt God to let loose your corruption, and his providence to permit an opportunity, and so, ere you are aware, you may be drawn to an act you never before thought of. Besides, by an evil affection harbored, in your mind, you will prevent the blessed influences of the Spirit of God, and open a wide door for the entrance of the devil into your soul. And indeed an unkind disposition towards any man is so much akin to Satan, that if you admit the one, you cannot exclude the other.

3. Despise none; for love never rides in triumph over inferiors.

4. Look upon all unavoidable temptations as opportunities for a high exercise of grace. Are you injured? Be sorry for him who has done the wrong, and bless God for the opportunity of shewing yourself a Christian by patient bearing, forgiving, doing good against evil, treating your adversary with meekness, and breaking his heart with love. Every provocation is a *price in your hand*. Get a heart to improve it.

5. Put a due value upon your name and reputation; but be not over solicitous about it; for that discovers some unmortified lust at the bottom.

6. Pursue piety as an imitation of God; and then to great a pleasure will result from it, that neither men nor devils shall be able to make you question his being and attributes. This notion will raise an esteem of piety, will render it lovely, make the duties of religion more easy, and gradually wear out the remains of unbelief, and unkind jealousy of God.

7. Let holiness be the constant covering of your soul, and let repentance follow all your performances. This will demonstrate that your religion is inward; for if religion enter deep into the heart, it will always find work for repentance, while we are in a state of imperfection.

8. Love nothing above God and Christ: for to love any thing more than God or Christ is the way either never to enjoy it, or soon to be deprived of it, or to find yourself deceived in it.

AMUSING.

SPECIMEN OF ALLITERATION,

Being an Elaborate Epistle, from PEREGRINE PIPKIN, Esq. to his friend at Lancy.

PERCEIVING your desire to know how I passed my time in Pembrokehire, I here present you with an account of my proceedings, in a progress I lately made to a gentleman's house purely to procure a plan of it.

I proceeded in a party of pleasure with Mr. Pratt of Picketoncastle, Mr. Powell, of Penally, and Mr. Pugh, of Purley, to go and dine with Mr. Pritchard, of Potmain, which was readily agreed to, and soon put in practice. However, I thought it a proper precaution to post away a person privately to Mr. Pritchard's that he might provide for us, and we proceeded after him. The town where Mr. Pritchard lives is a poor, pitiful, paltry place, though his house is in the prettiest part of it, and is a prince's palace to the rest. His parlour is of a lofty pitch, and full of pictures of the *prime* pencils; he had a pompous portico, or pavilion, prettily paved, leading to the parterre; from hence you have a prodigious prospect, particularly pointing towards Percilly hill, where he propagates a parcel of Portuguese and Polish poultry. The name of his house is Pawsfenden, which puzzled me most pluggily to pronounce properly. He received us very politely, and presented us with a plentiful dinner. At the upper end of the table was a pike, with fried perch and plaice; at the lower end pickled pork, pease, and parsnips; in the middle a pigeon pie, with puff paste; on the one side a potatoe pudding, and on the other side, pig's pettytoes. The second course was a dish of pheasants, with poult, and plover, and a plate of preserved pine and pippins; another with pickled podd pepper; another with prawns; another with pargmon, for a provocation, with a pyramid of pears, peaches,

plums, pine-apples, and pistachies. After dinner there was a profusion of port and punch, which proved too powerful for poor Mr. Peter, the parson of the parish; for it pleased his palate, and he poured it down by pints, which made him prate in a pedantic, pragmatical manner. This displeas'd Mr. Price, the parliament-man, a profound politician; but he persifed, and made a prolix preamble, which proved his principles prejudic'd and partial against the present people in power. Mr. Price who is a potent prayed man, called him a popish parson, and said he prayed privately in his heart for popery; and that he was a presumptuous priest for preaching such stuff publicly. The parson puff'd his pipe passively for some time, because Mr. Price was his patron; but at length losing all patience, he pluck'd off Mr. Price's perriwig, and was preparing to puff it with the point of a poker, into the fire; upon which Mr. Price, perceiving a pewter-pot in the passage, prevented the parson with the contents in his phiz, and gave him a pat on the pate, the percussion of which prostrated him plump on the pavement, and rais'd a perturbation in his persicarium. This put a period to our proceedings, and he pitched up a peace; for the parson was in a piteous plight, and had prudence enough to be prevailed upon to cry *peccavi*, with a *parres, precor*, and in a plaintive posture to petition for pardon. Mr. Price, who was proud of his performance, pulled him out of the puddle, and protested he was sorry for what had pass'd in his passion, which was partly owing to the provocation given him from some of his preposterous propositions, which he pray'd him never to presume to advance again in his presence. Mr. Pugh, who practis'd physic, prescribed phibotomy and a poultice to the parson, but he preferred wetted brown paper to any plaster, and then placed himself in a proper position, that the power of the fire might penetrate his posterior, and dry his purple plumb breeches. This pother was succeeded by politics,—as Mr. Pulteney, the patriot's patent for the peerage, the *hogs* of Poland, Prussia, Prague, and the Palatine, pandars, and partizans, Portsmouth parades, and the presumption of the privateers, who pick up prizes almost in our very ports, and places and pensions, pains and penalties. Next came on plays and poetry, the picture of Mr. Pope perched on a prostitute, the price of the pit, pantomimes, prudes, the small-pox, the primate of Ireland, and printers and preferments, pick-pockets, and pointers, and the pranks of that prig the poet laureat's progeny, though his papa is the perfect pattern of paternal piety. To be brief, I prophesy you think I am prolix. We parted at last, but had great difficulty in procuring a passage from Mr. Pritchard, for he had placed a padlock on the flable door, on purpose to prevent us, and pretended his servant was gone out with the key; but finding us perseverant, the key was produced, and we were permitted to go. We prick'd our passys a good pace, although it was as dark as pitch, which put me in pain, because I was pur-blind, lest we should ride plumb against the posts which are prefixed to keep horse passengers from going the path that is pitched with pebbles.

Mr. Price, who was our pilot, had a very providential escape, for his pad fell a prancing, and would not pass one step farther, which provoked him much, for he piques himself on his horsemanship. I propos'd to him to dismount, which he did, and peeping and peering about, found he was on the point of a perpendicular precipice, from which he might probably have fallen, had not his horse plunged in that particular manner. This put us all into a palpitation, and we plodded on the rest of the progress *jian jiano*, as the Italians say, or *passé à passé* as the French phrase has it. I shall postpone several other particulars, until I have the pleasure of passing a day with you at Putney, which shall be as soon as possible. *I am, Sir, your most humble Servant,*

PEREGRINE PIPKIN.

CARDINAL DE VIVIERS,

WAS a hog-dinner in his infancy. Some monks passing by as he was busied in that employment, and noticing his wit and vivacity, offer'd to take him to Rome, and bring him up to study. John accepted their offer, and went to a shoe-maker to procure a pair of shoes for his journey. He had not money sufficient to pay for his purchase; and the shoe-maker trusted him with part, and told him, smiling, that he must pay him when he was made a cardinal. He became a cardinal in reality, and was not unmindful of his former low condition, but took pains to perpetuate it. He built a chapel at Geneva, and caus'd this adventure to be carved on the stone wall of the chapel; in the sculpture he is represented as young, and without shoes, keeping hogs under a tree; and all around the walls are the figures of shoes. Rollin says this monument was existing at Geneva, in his life time.

PEACE AND WAR.

THE Columbian Museum, (Nills-Street, near Liberty-Square) will be opened on **TUESDAY EVENING**, Aug. 2d, with a great Variety of *New Additions*, among which are elegant **WAX FIGURES OF PEACE AND WAR**. Peace is represented by a beautiful female Figure, (the likeness of a young lady in this town,) holding the Olive Branch extended towards a large and elegant Painting of the late **GEN. WASHINGTON**.—War is represented by a figure of Mars, which is covered with a Coat of Mail, &c.—The striking contrast of these figures, and the importance of their subjects, together with the great Collection of Paintings, Wax Figures, natural and artificial **CURIOSITIES**, renders the *Columbian Museum* a fashionable and pleasing place of resort for citizens and strangers. Mr. BOWEN expresses his grateful thanks to his Friends and the public for the encouragement afforded him since his new establishment, and hopes for a continuance of their Patronage.

The *Physiognomy* is much admired and attracts great attention.

LOVE AND AFFECT.

THE dazzling rays of beauty may affect us like a charm—but if they have nothing to support them, their effects, like those of a fairy tale, will soon vanish. And when this delusive fascination slips from before our eyes, we shall find that we have been caught by a thing as light as air, without one single quality to fill the capacities of a sensible and liberal mind: for as beauty always, the image it impresses, wears out. True love is always disinterested, always constant. Those whose fortunes are nearly equal have the best chance for happiness. But, unfortunately, in this age, few pursue it in matrimonial connections; and Plutus carries more to Hymen's temple than Cupid.

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

THE Duchess of Devonshire, had an elegant compliment paid to her lately at Chatworth, by a gentleman, who, after viewing the garden and the library, applied to her the words of **COWLEY**.

*The fairest garden in her looks,
And in her mind, the choicest books.*

ANECDOTE OF THE SWISS.

THE Swiss were once more famous for copious libations to Bacchus, than any other nation. We are told in the convivial annals of that country of a French Ambassador, who, being recalled by his court, took leave of the deputies of the Cantons. "Sir," said one of them, "you will not quit us without taking a *firrup drink*." "A *firrup drink*," replied the ambassador, "ought always to be drank out of a boot;" and taking off one of his, which he filled, drank it off at a draught, put it on, and mounting his horse, he left the people transported at the sight of such an action.

ANECDOTES.

A CERTAIN man, says Cicero, dreaming there was an egg hid under his bed, confesses a cunning man to know the interpretation of his dream, who having pored a while upon the scheme, very gravely told him, "there was treasure hid in the same place where he saw the egg;" and the man digging, found a parcel of silver, with a quantity of gold in the middle of it; and in gratitude to the interpreter, presented him with some pieces of the silver, which he thankfully received, but told him withal, "That, for luck sake, he ought not to divide the egg, but as he had given him a share of the white, so he hoped he would give him some of the yolk too."

A TAYLOR having a quarrel with a fellow in the street, was observed to express himself in the following terms:—"I'll trim him a dog; I'll pick a hole in his coat, a scoundrel; gentlemen, I don't value him a button, not a shired I'll bring it to a suit, he shall have a stone doublet. Does the rascal think I am a goafe? He has cut out work for himself. What, though my fortune is a little overcast, I am not fine drawn, as he is, a cabbage fed blackguard; I've a good bottom. Nobody can say I'm without a stitch to my back. He may be as sharp as a needle, if he will, but he shan't break the thread of my discourse. It is well he threared off, or I would have baited the scoundrel."

INTELLIGENCE.

FRANKFORT, (Kent.) July 6, 1803.—A shocking murder was committed on Monday last, near Shelbyville, on the body of a young lady by the name of Bean, by a negro fellow belonging to Mr. S. Smith. The unfortunate girl was returning early in the morning to her father's, from a neighbour's house, where she had tarried all night, when she was met by the unfeeling monster, who speedily put an end to her existence. Her cries were heard by some per-

sons at work in a corn-field, who, we are sorry to learn, were not sufficiently alarmed, instantly to desist from their labour and fly to her assistance, until roused by the noise of a number of hogs contending for the carcase! The feelings of her unhappy parents must be execrating indeed. The unprincipled villain is in custody, and will meet with proper punishment. Revenge for some offence given him by her father, is the cause he alleges for committing this atrocious crime.

USEFUL.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ANSWER TO THE QUESTION IN PAGE 152.

DATA—Required the top and bottom diameters of a vessel in the form of a truncated cone, 12 inches deep, to contain 13 Ale Gallons; the diameters to be to each other in the proportion of 5 to 3.

Cubic inches in one Ale gall. = $282 \times 13 = 3666 =$
[contents in cubic inches.]

$3666 \div 12 = 305.5 =$ Area of the mean diameter in Square Inches.

$305.5 \times 1.2732 = 388.97 =$ Square of mean diameter.

And $\sqrt{388.97} = 19.7221$ inches = mean diameter.
Again, $3 \times 3 + 1.3333 \times .7854 \times 1.2732 \sqrt{=}$
mean of 5 and 3.

Then, as $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} 4.04 : 5 :: 19.7221 : 24.4085 \text{ inches} \\ \text{greater diameter,} \\ 4.04 : 3 :: 19.7221 : 14.6451 \text{ inches} \\ \text{less diameter.} \end{array} \right.$

VALUABLE DISCOVERY.

A DISCOVERY of considerable importance has been announced, with regard to the preservation of corn. To preserve rye, and secure it from insects and rats, nothing more is necessary than not to winnow it after it is threshed, and to flow it in the granaries mixed with the chaff. In this state it has been kept for more than three years, without experiencing the smallest alteration, and even without the necessity of being turned, to preserve it from humidity and fermentation. Rats and mice may be prevented from entering the barn by putting some wild vine or hedge plants upon the beams, the smell of this wood is so offensive to these animals, that they will not approach it. The experiment has been made with wheat and other kind of grain, but we may probably be preferred in the chaff with equal advantage. : : *L. F. May 28, 1803.*

HINTS TO MARKET WOMEN.

THERE is a mighty difference between a good reputation and a bad reputation. How is that? Why, the prudent, discreet dairy woman, keeps her cream clean and cool, and her churn as sweet as a rose—her butter is well worked, and freed from every drop of butter milk—it is well packed in a clean firkin, so as to exclude all air—her butter goes to market, and brings sixteen or eighteen cents the pound. She does the same year after year, until the reputation of her butter gives it six, eight, ten cents, extra value! This is a good reputation!

The lazy house-wife! ah, how shall she be described—and her butter too! A streak of white, and a streak of yellow! a little butter and a little milk, curdled, peppered with a variety of darker substances—sent to market in an open vessel; sprinkled on the top with dust, chips, feathers, hair, &c. Such butter brings four cents, six cents, and possibly, seven! This is the effect of a bad reputation—it is a trifle, to be sure, in one firkin of butter; but in one's life—it is—a little estate! Yes, a great estate! Think of that, ye butter-makers—and ye cheese-makers, take the hint! : : *N. T. Spectator.*

LAUDABLE PROPOSITION.

IT is with pleasure (says the Alexandria Exportor) we notice an advertisement of Mr. Cuffis's, for the encouragement of an American breed of sheep. This gentleman offers a premium of 40 dollars for the finest ram lamb that can be produced in the month of March, 1805, then a year old. The lambs are to be inspected by four gentlemen of judgment and respectability, two to be chosen by the breeder and two by Mr. Cuffis, the four gentlemen to be chosen, to have the power of choosing a fifth. In addition to the premium the breeder of the fortunate ram will be entitled to demand a ram of the improved breed, at any time within ten years after the day of producing gratis. The place of stewing to be any where within the territory of Columbia. It is by such measures as the above, that the American nation can alone expect to escape the ignominy of depending upon foreign countries for the necessary arti-

cles of wearing apparel; it is by them alone we can expect to bring to perfection our agricultural interests, and we earnestly hope this example so honorable to the gentleman who adopts it, will be imitated by all who love their country.

TO DESTROY APPLE TREE WORMS.

MAKE a strong soap-suds—break the nest of worms, and pour these suds quick hot upon them; or force it into the nest with a common squirt-gun.

CAUTIONS BY THE HUMANE SOCIETY.

THE following public caution is given by the Royal Humane Society:—"In great sinking of strength, especially in the end of fevers, and other acute diseases, patients frequently lie in a state resembling death. If the bed clothes be removed, the heat of the body will be dissipated, and the spark of life deflected. By not attending to this important circumstance, the lives of thousands of our fellow-creatures have been sacrificed, and their bodies committed to the grave, who, by a more humane conduct, would have been restored to life."

TRUE REMARK ON MEDICINE.

A MAN who has lately written a book on the inexperience of medicine, begins by what he calls an axiom. If your constitution is *bad*, it is not worth repairing; if *good*, it does not want repair.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

H's third favour is received with pleasure. "Clara's" pretty lines On Sleep, shall soon appear. The life of "A Blood," by G. A. Stevens, has often appeared in print—we therefore beg leave to decline it. "Helvetius," is of a political tendency—inadmissible. "Edwin's" lines are not excellent of their kind—we must beg him to excuse a non-inferction. "Guilley's" to Old Bachelors—not very delicate, as such rejected.

HYMENÆAL REGISTER.



MARRIED—At Canterbury, (Ver.) Mr. Jacob Hyoc, *Æt.* 74, to Miss Mary Syms, *Æt.* 24.—At Charlestown, Capt. Samuel Stoddard, to the amiable Miss Mary Davidson. At Plymouth, Dr. Benjamin Shurtleff, of this town, to Miss Sally Shaw. At Tiverton, Mr. Robert Dean, mer. to Miss Sufannah L. Paddleford, both of Taunton.

In this town, Capt. David Ockington, to Miss Nancy Phillips, eldest daughter of Mr. Samuel Phillips—Mr. John Bull, to Miss Nancy Fowler—Mr. Ralph Gore, to Miss Sally Pierce—Mr. John Doak, to Miss Mary Barrett—Mr. Jesse Farmer, to the amiable Miss Margaret Trull.

OBITUARY.



DIED—At New-Bedford, William Greenleaf, Esq. late of this town, *Æt.* 80. At Nantucket, Hon. Josiah Barker, *Æt.* 75. At Marblehead, Mr. Wm. Hayden, *Æt.* 82. At Lynn, Mrs. Abigail Oliver, wife of Mr. Henry O. jun.; 6 funerals occurred in that town on Sunday last. At Salem, Capt. Edward Allen, *Æt.* 68; Mr. Benjamin Moses, *Æt.* 66. At Waltham, Miss Priscilla Lawrence, *Æt.* 23. In this town, Mr. Samuel Pratt, of Providence, *Æt.* 53; Christopher Lynch Dennis, *Æt.* 5, youngest son of Capt. Thomas Dennis—Mr. Benjamin Tucker, *Æt.* 19; Mr. David Curus, *Æt.* 47; one from the alms house—two children. Total 7.

POETRY.



MESSRS. EDITORS,
 MY feelings were very powerfully awakened, by a perusal of the enclosed MONODY. If you think it worthy a place in your entertaining Miscellany, I have no doubt but it will excite both admiration and sympathy, in many a heart of sensibility. S. R.

MONODY.

On the death of a lovely little girl about two years old, who, travelling with its mother between Durham and York, played with the handle of the coach door until it unwittingly opened the latch, when, dreadful to relate! the door opened, and the child fell out. The agonized mother, endeavouring to save it, caught at its petticoats; but failing in the attempt, it was, by that means, drawn back, so as to fall near the wheel, which went over it, and fractured its skull, and occasioned its death a few hours afterwards. This accident happened September 15, 1796; and the unfortunate infant is buried in Easingwold church-yard. Eng. Pub.

O'er the new mound that warrants this thy grave,
 A stranger muse, sweet babe! thy fate shall wail—
 Shall add her tribute to the passing gale,
 That, plaintive, whistles as the yew trees wave;
 And, whilst the moon-beam plays
 Upon the glossy stream,
 Or glistens thro' the haze,
 Thy artless, fondling ways
 Shall be my theme.
 Nurs'd in the bosom of parental love,
 Ah! well I know the joy thy smiles would bring;
 Joy, such as watchful seraphs must approve,
 Joy, which to forfeit, who would be a king?
 And when thy little feet,
 To nature promptly true,
 First ran thy fire to meet,
 Oh! how his heart would beat
 With rapture at the view.

Oft had thy tender mother, as the preft
 Thy scuple form in her yet feeble arms,
 To soothe thine infant murmurings to rest,
 Oft had she quieted her fond alarms,
 And hush'd the fears prevailing in her breast,
 By hoping days would come, when the flood she
 Her every care repaid, by grace bestow'd on thee.
 Not such the will of heaven, and who shall dare
 Arraign the justice of the power divine?
 Man mud of evil many a burthen bear!
 And, hapless mother! great indeed was thine—
 Soon as the promis'd bliss began to dawn,
 Thy hop'd for joy is o'er,
 Soon as thy babe began to lip and fawn
 It breathes no more!

Methinks I see its sweetly eager eye,
 Methinks I see its pretty playful hand,
 The one intent some gew-gaw to defery,
 The other stretch'd that gew-gaw to command:
 Around the candle she the insect plays
 With wild surprize,
 Till buzzing near the blaze,
 'Tis caught and dies.
 And oh! sweet babe, methinks I see thee fall,
 And almost what thy mother felt, I feel;
 Yet no! that cannot be,
 She bore and nurs'd thee,
 Thine infant arms did round her neck entwine,
 Therefore her sorrow mine would mock'ry call;
 But that I anguish know,
 Witness this sigh of woe,
 Witness these tears that flow,
 Witness the ardent prayer I send to heaven for mine.

* *Allusive to the mists that sometimes appear and receive several times successively, in autumnal evenings, near rivers, or on flat marshy grounds.* † *The latch of the coach door.*
 ‡ *The Monody is written by a mother.*

Full oft shall mem'ry paint the fatal scene,
 And mournful fancy rest upon thy bier,
 And many a father's sigh, and mother's tear;
 And many a pitying child shall linger here
 Each sultry noon,
 And lift its hands, and shake its head,
 And bid its comrades softly tread
 Upon the beauteous baby's bed,
 Who dy'd for noon.

ON A VIOLET.

FAIR emblem of modesty, beautiful flower,
 That bashfully hid'st thy sweet head;
 I pluck'd, and have kept thee but one little hour,
 And now all thy beauties have fled.

'Tis the fate of too many who leave their retreat,
 To embark upon life's ruffled sea—
 The charms of their minds if they're ever so sweet,
 Too often, alas, fade away.

HARRIET.

THE NOVELLIST.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SINCERITY; A NOVEL
 IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.

LETTER VIII.—SARAH TO ANNE.

[In continuation.]

London, June 1777.

I WAS unable to refrain the inclination I felt to watch the countenance of Darnley, whilst he perused the letter; he appeared considerably agitated; he crumpled it up, and turning hastily to me, asked, "who brought this letter?" "A woman." "Did you see her?" "No, I did not, but if I could judge from the tone of her voice, she was in great distress." "She is in great distress," he replied. "I hope then, you will do what you can to serve her." "You hope, Sarah?" "Yes, Mr. Darnley, are you surpris'd at my expressing an interest for an afflicted woman?" "No, but she is an entire stranger to you, and why should you wish or care about her?" "Only as a distressed fellow creature." "Well, I shall think about her in the morning." "And visit her, would you? She seem'd very anxious to see you." "Yes, and visit her, if you desire it." I perceived he was in one of those kind of humours which only wait the opportunity of saying ill natured things, and is ready to catch and repeat every word, in order to cavil at it, so imagined I should show most prudence in remaining silent. You have never been married, Ann, so cannot inform me whether it is for or not, but if every married man is so captious, and petulant, so angry at their wives only expressing a difference in opinions in the mildest words: I wonder how any woman can be so passionately attached to them. But, perhaps, that passionate attachment, prevents their seeing any fault in them, and they supposing all the men thus idealized, says, does, or thinks, is right, never take the trouble of contradicting him; assent implicitly to his opinions, however absurd, and will not exert their own mental powers to think or decide for themselves. Happy beings! but this is a kind of felicity in which I shall never be a partaker. Yet Darnley is not what the world calls an ill tempered man, nor of the lowest order in point of understanding; and heaven is my judge, I try to view every action every word in the fairest point of view, and I really think if he was to take a different method from what he does, I should in time, teach my heart to feel for him every sentiment, which it is necessary to form a complete system of permanent happiness, at least, as far as that depends on a mutual interchange of kind offices, and that solicitude to promote each other's peace of mind, which ought to be constantly kept in view, by persons residing continually under the same roof, and destined to pass their lives together. But, to return, I have reason to think that neither of us part a very pleasant night. Darnley was restless, and slept little, sigh'd frequently, and seem'd anxiously watching for day light, as he arose several times, and undressed the shutter to look out; this being the case, it cannot be supposed I rested very well; however, about four o'clock, I fell into a sound sleep, and on awaking at half past eight, found he was risen and gone out. I dressed hastily, that I might be ready for breakfast when he returned; it was near ten o'clock, when he came in. "Well," said he, throwing his hat into a chair, "why have you waited breakfast? I have been to see Mrs. Romain, and have breakfasted with her." "Been to see who, cousin George?" said Miss Milbourn, looking hastily up from a book, which she had been reading. "Mrs. Romain, my pretty Polly," said he, facetiously chucking her under the chin, you know she was formerly a flame of mine." "So

the world said," replied Mary, her face in a glow, and her large black eyes speaking a vast deal more, than she permitted her tongue to utter. "Well, cousin Mary, dont you be jealous, if my wife gives me leave to visit an old sweetheart, surely you will not forbid me, and upon my honor, the last words she said to me last night, was to desire me to visit Mrs. Romain early." "And I am very glad my dear," said I, "you obeyed my commands, and though you have breakfasted with her, seeing you are in such an obedient humour, I command you now to sit down and breakfast again with me." He sat down, and took up the newspaper. I did not intend to have said a word more concerning the letter or lady, I felt no uneasiness; if he had once been a favourite, he had given a positive proof that I had been preferred, and why should I tease him with an affectation of jealousy, when proceeding from affection, however it may be thought a proof of the wife's love, pays the husband's integrity a very ill compliment. But Mary Milbourn could not let the matter rest. "How long has Mrs. Romain been in town?" said she, addressing Darnley. "She arriv'd late last night from Dover." "I heard she was gone to be a boarder in the convent of St. Omers." "So she was, but her husband is lately dead, she has therefore no longer a tyrant to immure her in a prison the detest'd." "I heard Romain was dead, but think the had better have remain'd where he was; I never saw her but once in my life, I was so then pleas'd with her, and from what the world has said, I think the more I had known her the less I should have liked her." "I do believe, Sarah," said he, turning laughing towards me, "our cousin Mary here, is in love with me, she seems so uneasy at the return of Jellay. But what will she say, when she knows I have offered her and her child an apartment in my family, until she can get some business settled, which a friend of mine at Calais, has written to me to transact for her concerning her late husband's effects." "I have nothing to say to it," said she, "if Mrs. Darnley has no objection to such a companion; it can be no business of mine; besides, I return to your mother's to day, and leave town on Saturday." "So soon?" said he, carelessly. "Yes," was the reply, and the subject was dropped. When she had finished her breakfast, I told Mr. Darnley, that I hoped he had not from my silence, imagin'd I should not be glad to receive any person he should think proper to invite to his house; and would, if he thought it necessary, wait on the lady in question, and second his invitation, as without that, he might be unwilling to avail herself of it. "Will you be so very good! my kind hearted Sarah," said he; "it will indeed gratify me very much; she is a distressed woman, has been calumniated by the world, and ill treated by her husband's relations, who are endeavouring to wrest the little property her husband left, from her and her infant daughter, in order to secure it to her son, whom they have taken from her. Your countenance her, will give her an air of respectability, and restore her to that rank in society, which she has unjustly been driven by the ill nature and jealousy of a brutal husband."

"I think, Mr. Darnley," said I; "that the respect due to your own honour, will prevent your wishing to associate your wife with a person whose good name had been tarnish'd by any willful act of guilt; in that confidence I shall cheerfully do what seems to be so agreeable to your wishes; if you will accompany me at twelve o'clock, I will say the proposed visit, and while I see no cause to think Mrs. Romain guilty or imprudent, every mark, every office of kindness, in my power, I shall be happy to show her."

When I went up stairs to arrange my dress, Mary tapped at the dressing-room door; when she enter'd, I perceived her eyes were red with weeping. "What is the matter, Mary?" "Matter, nothing, only I dont like George's design of bringing that woman here, the world has been very loud in their censures of her." "The world often censures the innocent; but even supposing she has been imprudent, may she not have seen her error, and may she not, if countenanced by women of character, return to rectitude?" "Did you never hear of her before you were married?" "No." "Well the world said she was very liberal of her favours to cousin George." "Again I repeat, the world often says more than is true; but were that even the case, as it is now situated, she had better be under my protection, than thrown entirely on his." Mr. Darnley at that moment called me; I went to him, gave the requested invitation, it was accepted, and last evening she became an inmate of my family. Her person is fine, though she is past thirty; her manners are graceful, and her mind highly accomplished—I hope and trust the world have censured her unjustly.—I shall be anxious to hear from you; write soon, for your approbation is next to that of my own heart, of the utmost importance to

SARAH.

REMARKABLE.

SINGULAR DISCOVERY OF MURDER.

to the situation of the enlightened inhabitants of the interior of Africa, the noble minded Hottentots, which may easily be effected by the exertion of our energies. In this manner do the maintainers of the new philosophy argue; and into a coincidence with these doctrines do they vainly attempt to delude mankind; with some few they have unhappily succeeded—but thanks be to God, that number is very small, and the most of them are men of weak understanding and no education; who never having had principles of piety instilled into their breasts, seduced by the glowing language of Godwin and the other friends of infidelity, have become their victims. The rest are men who desirous of being distinguished in some way, and on account of their vile characters or low stations in life, dare not hope to succeed among the virtuous and respectable part of the community, have entered the lists of atheism; they despair of becoming famous, they are therefore resolved to render themselves infamous.

Gratitude is one of the noblest feelings, that are implanted in the breast of man, and the person who gives up the satisfaction resulting from the performance of its dictates, neglects what would afford him the most poignant pleasure imaginable. What can be more disagreeable than ingratitude? It can only inhabit the breast depraved by sensuality or hardened by pride. In sacred and profane history, we read of ingratitude, unexpectably punished by contempt of man, and the vengeance of Jehovah. Too often, alas! uninterrupted prosperity renders us subject to this disagreeable vice, causes us to forget our benefactors, to whose kindness, when in adverse circumstances, we owe all the conveniences we now enjoy; but confidence, which holds empire in the breast of every one, will not long suffer us to pursue our course, without some bitter feelings of remorse, occasioning unutterable anguish; those awful monitors of the supremacy of a God, will present to us in proper colours, the picture of our baseness.

Youths of this metropolis, let Gratitude have its due influence on your hearts, be not corrupted by the false reasoning of infidels; do not madly throw away the advantages accruing from virtue, or erase from your minds the excellent principles inculcated therein, by the unceasing pains of your parents, ever anxious for your good. Let not the infamous plots of these abandoned men, who have assumed the polite name of Philosophers, undermine your piety, and lead you astray from the paths of filial duty, by neglecting which, you break a principal link in the chain of universal order, and that is "Heaven's first Law."

Boston, July, 1803.

H.

BIOGRAPHY.

ANECDOTES OF GREAT MEN, WISE MEN, AND WITTY MEN.

SIR WILLIAM GOUCH.—Nothing is unworthy of publication which may convey an useful lesson to mankind.—When Sir William Gouch was Governor of Virginia, being in conversation with a gentleman in a street of the city of Williamsburg, he returned the salute of a poor negro, who was passing by about his master's business. "Sir," said the gentleman, "does your honor defend so far as to salute a slave?"—"Why," replied the Governor, "yes. I cannot suffer a man of his condition to exceed me in good manners."

DUKE DE ROQUELAURE.—One finds less union amongst women than men; because they have all the same object; that of pleasing. Contempt shown to their charms is an offence never pardoned. It was one day told to the Duke de Roqueleure that two ladies of the court had quarrelled, and very much abused each other. "Have they called one another ugly?" asked the Duke. "No." "Very well," answered he, "then I will undertake to reconcile them."

LAUCHLIN MACLEAN, Esq. was bred up in the medical line, though he was afterwards so much distinguished in the East Indian line of politics. He practised early in life as a surgeon in New-York; and another practitioner in the same medical line, jealous of him, took every possible occasion to do him the greatest injuries. It happened that the favourite son of his rival fell dangerously ill. Mr. Maclean immediately attended him; he sat up with him many nights, and, by his great skill in medicine, and indefatigable attentions, restored the son to the distracted father; refusing any emolument, and saying to his friends, "New I am revenged!"

MASON, THE POET.—This gentleman was asked to subscribe to the poems of Mrs. Yearley, the Bath milk woman. These poems, said the person applying, "are of an heaven-born genius in distress." Mr. Mason gave five guineas, with this reply: "There's five pounds for her distress, and five shillings for her heaven-born genius."

A WOMAN living at St. Neots, (in the year 1740) returning from Ellsworth, where she had been to receive a legacy of seventeen pounds that was left her; and for fear of being robbed, tied it up in her hair. As she was going home, she overtook her next-door neighbour, a butcher by trade, but who kept an inn, and lived in good repute. The woman was glad to see him, and told him what she had been about. He asked her where she had concealed her money? She told him in her hair. The butcher finding a convenient opportunity, took her off her horse, and cut her head off, put it into his pack, and rode off. A gentleman and his servant coming directly by, and seeing the body moving on the ground, ordered his servant to ride full speed forward, and the first man he overtook, to follow him whither he went. The servant overtook the butcher not a mile off the place, and asked him what town that was before them? He told him St. Neots. Says he, "my master is just behind, and sent me forward to inquire for a good inn, for a gentleman and his servant." The murderer made answer that he kept a good inn, where they should be well used. The gentleman overtook them, and went in with them, and dismounted, bidding his servant take care of the horse, whilst he would take a walk in the town, and be back presently. He went to a confiable, and told him the whole affair, who said that the butcher was a very honest man, and had lived there many years in great reputation; but, going back with the gentleman, and searching the pack, the confiable, to his great surprize, found it was the head of his own wife! The murderer was sent to Huntingdon gaol, and shortly after executed.

FORCE OF IMAGINATION.

FATHER Malebranch relates, that there was a young man, an idiot from his birth, in the hospital of incurables at Paris, whose limbs were broke, in all places where it is customary to break those of malefactors who suffer on the wheel: his misfortune was caused by his mother's seeing an execution; every stroke the criminal received, vehemently struck the mother's imagination; and the infant's bones were broken at his birth, exactly in the corresponding parts. It lived 16 years, and was continually visited by the curious; and, among others, by the queen.

MISCELLANEOUS.

REFLECTIONS ON NATURE.

THE study of nature has been universally esteemed, and is certainly a delightful theme—a theme which unfeels the soul from low pursuits and grovelling actions, and raises it to the contemplation of Him who spake it into being, and at whose nod it will again sink into chaos. Who can view the animating, the all-cheering-fun, and not behold a God? Who can see the planets revolve in beauteous order and harmony, and not observe the finger of the Deity? Who can behold the wonderful structure of the human frame, and believe it the effect of chance? Who can observe the taste and delicacy displayed in the varied clothing of the brute creation, the beautiful plumage of the feathered tribes—and the unvaried hues which adorn some of the most minute insects, without feeling his mind insensibly drawn forth in admiration of the Great Author! But great as he appears in the work of creation, he is much more so in that of redemption. Stupendous thought! That Being, at whose almighty fiat the sun darted his resplendent rays, the moon unveiled her peerless light, clothed in humanity, struggling in the womb of a virgin; passing through life not with pomp and splendour, in luxury and ease—but with penurious misery, exposed to hardships and fatigue, he went about doing good! Here is a glorious example, a powerful inducement to sweeten the cup of grief, to take the bitter draught of misery from the trembling hand, and transmit the benign rays of benevolence into the hut of cheerless poverty. : : *Amberst Cabinet.*

ON MODESTY—BY A LADY.

AN easy unaffected modesty, is a virtue not only graceful and excellent, but may be reckoned among the most durable beauties: it improves every look and feature, and gives a becoming dignity to a person's air: it atones for a mean dress, and sets off the richest with an additional lustre. The standard of beauty varies in proportion to the various opinions of mankind in different countries; but modesty like light, is the same to all. Beauty, like a flower, is slow in its growth, short in its bloom, and its decay raises in us a sort of an ill-natured compassion: but modesty in its dawn has its charms; and when it has flood all attacks, is entitled to our admiration. Beauty may please the eye,

but modesty and delicacy engage the heart. To be possessed of those inestimable virtues, is almost an invariable proof of good sense, and a refined understanding, and is the strongest security a fine woman can give of making her admirer happy for life.

MORALIST.

THIS world by some is considered as a place destitute of every kind of real pleasure, and where nothing but sorrow awaits the unfortunate children of men. Life by them is reckoned a season in which we experience little else than vexation, where happiness can never be found, and where every hope or expectation will be inevitably blasted by disappointment. Yet, if when the mind is calm and peaceful we impartially examine our situation, we shall find that our present fate is far from being so unhappy as is imagined; and that whether we enjoy life or not, depends for the most part on our conduct and disposition. To the heart which is calm and cheerful, Nature constantly appears agreeable; on every side new beauties will spring up to delight it, and every pleasure, however trifling, will at least afford it some gratification. But if the disposition is sullen and impatient, it will ever find some cause for discontent and ill-humor; to it every joy will be incapable of affording any satisfaction; and each object, though ever so inviting, will appear enveloped in darkness and gloom.

ORIENTAL APOLOGUE.

GOD, in his divine mercy, says Sadi, the philosopher, introduced a certain vicious man into a society of religious, whose manners were pure and holy. Struck with their virtues, he quickly began to imitate them, to shake off his former habits; in a word, to be a model of justice, of sobriety, of patience, of industry, and of benevolence. His good works were undeniable, but people imputed them to unworthy motives. They were always for judging of him by what he had been; and not by what he was. Overwhelmed with sorrow, he poured forth his tears into the bosom of an ancient Solitary, who was more just, as well as more humane, than the rest.

"O, my son," said the old man to him, "return thanks to the Almighty, that thou art superior to thy reputation. Happy he, who can say, my enemies and my rivals stigmatize me for vices of which I am not guilty.—If thou art good, what matters it to thee, that men persecute, and even punish thee, as being one of the wicked?—Halt thou not, for thy comfort, two unerring testimonies of thy actions, God and thy conscience?"

INHUMANITY.

ST. POINT, governor of Macon, used to make a sport of causing the Huguenots, who were prisoners in his hands, to leap from the bridges into the Saone. This was principally when he gave an entertainment to the ladies of the city and its environs; which happened very often. When they were about rising from the table, he would give the word for bringing from prison some of these unhappy people, who were to serve for the cruel pastime of his company. When all was ready, he took the ladies to walk out on the border of the Saone, and ordered his men to throw into the river from the bridge, one or two of these miserable victims, according as he was in humour. He at the same time desired his guests to decide, which was the most alert, and had leaped the most lightly!

AMUSING.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.

A STUDENT in a neighbouring University, not many years since, carried a manuscript poem, of his own composition, to the Professor of Languages, for his inspection. The Professor, after looking it over, demanded the author's reason for beginning every line with a capital? "Because it is poetry," replied the student. "It is!" says the Professor;—"I declare I should not have thought it."

[Translated from the French for the MAGAZINE.]

AMURAT IV. Emperor of the Turks, having one day ordered his favourite HUSEIN, by way of pleasantry to elipose an old woman of the seraglio, twenty years of age, with the prohibition from keeping any concubine, he took gaily this remedy for love, and passed a fortnight, as well as he could, with his venerable spouse, without seeing any other woman. After this, the Sultan having taken him with him in disguise, into the suburb Eyo-Enari, in which are the ice-houses, and snow magazines for the summer, and having defended with him into a cave, they began to drink wine together without reserve. During their conversation, the Sultan asked him, if it were possible to find, in the month of July, a place cooler than that cave?—"Yes, my faith," replied HUSEIN. "And where the

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MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP—N° XXXVII.

Arboribus: crescent illa; crescit amoris.

SOME few years since, being on a journey of pleasure through the northern parts of Europe, I determined to pass some time in Edinburgh. There is a romantic appearance about this celebrated city, which made it very interesting to me, who, from a child, delighted in descriptions of antique castles, ruined towers, huge masses of rock, deep glens, lofty mountains, and impenetrable forests; to which, if there was added, a distressed damsel, a valorous knight, a giant, a fairy, or a magician, the tale became irresistibly fascinating. As my judgment matured, I became as much delighted with historical narrative, especially when it contained the Biography of any extraordinary personage, and such a child of fancy am I even to this day, that when reading any remarkable event in the life of a good, a great, or a peculiarly unfortunate person, I am left to every thing around me; I follow them through every interesting scene, am elevated by their success, and I melted even to tears by their sorrows and persecutions. This being the case, it will readily be imagined that Edinburgh Castle, Holy Rood House, the Kirk o' Fields, and several other places, which were the scene of the actions of that lovely, unfortunate, though guilty Queen, Mary of Scotland, were objects of my peculiar attention. The sublime and beautiful appearance of the Frith of Forth, from the towering Cauton Hill, or the more majestic Arthur's Seat, often led me to climb their nearly perpendicular sides, in order to enjoy the extensive prospect, and gaze at the just rising, or gradually retiring orb of day. My way to the latter of these hills, lay by Holy Rood House; nay, frequently, I passed under an arch of that palace—and often have I painted to trace in imagination, the scenes that had been there transacted. One evening as I was returning from my usual ramble, musing on the beauty, sensibility, and weakness of Mary; lamenting that folly and precipitancy, which led her to unite herself with a man so little capable of appreciating her merit as lord Darnley was; for it ever appeared to me, had she been married to a man of discernment, tender, delicate, yet of unshaken resolution; firm, not obstinate; slow to resolve, but when resolved, immovable—Mary would, under the guidance of such a man, have transmitted her name to posterity as a pattern and honour to her sex. Women, however strong their mental powers, and however liberally those powers may have been cultivated, have a quickness, or if may be allowed the expression, an irritability of system, which often occasions them to make rash decisions, and does not allow them properly to consider the consequences of actions to which the impulse of the moment impels them; and they, in general, require the more sedate judgment of the opposite sex, to direct the ardor, and moderate the impetuosity of their feelings. But what woman of sense will submit to the dictatorial mandates of a fool, who tells her she shall, or she shall not do this or that, because he does or does not like it, without confiding to advance any reason for his likes or dislikes; or, what woman of delicacy can feel an attachment for a man, who is one moment loading her with caresses, and the next, humiliates her to the earth, by suspecting her honour, and treats her occasionally with fullness or pectulence, in consequence of those suspicions? But it was Mary's fate, to meet a man of this disposition in her second husband: her youthful fancy had been caught by his graceful exterior; but their minds did not assimilate. Mary's soul was en-

pacious, and eagerly sought knowledge; Darnley's was narrow, and content to dwell in ignorance. As I wandered on, buried in these reflections, the sun had withdrawn his light, and the shade of evening had thrown that tint over the face of nature, which seems to lull the spirits to repose, and awakens all the most delightful sensations of the mind. My thoughts wandered from Mary, to subjects more nearly connected with present times and late occurrences; ranged from the court to the city, from the city to the village hamlet, and at last centered in self. There is a row of small neat dwellings on the right hand, as you turn from Holy Rood House to go towards Arthur's Seat, built more in the English style than the houses in Scotland generally are: one of these, that had a garden inclosed by a high thick set hedge, had often attracted my notice, on account of its peculiar neatness, and perhaps more from my having frequently observed a very elegant young woman, who, of a morning, busied herself in tying up the plants, arranging the pots, and directing the branches of those shrubs and vines, which were inclined to luxuriance. As I passed under this hedge, against which stood an arbour, rendered impervious to the eye by the thick foliage of the tendrils which climbed round it, my ear was caught by a deep drawn sigh, and presently a female voice broken by sobs, exclaimed, "I should not have cared half so much if he had torn up every other shrub in the garden; but my laurestinus, my beautiful laurestinus, to break that!"—Another female voice, attempted to soothe her, by saying, she could get another laurestinus, perhaps a handfomer. "Ah!" replied the mourner, "but Harry is not here to plant it. You do not know the value his having placed it in the earth, gave to this shrub; it was the last time I saw him, he brought me a small plant, and placing it in the pot I had prepared, said, 'I have a gift for you, Grace, and then when you look at it, you shall remember Henry.' From that hour it has been my daily talk to water, prune, loosen the earth round it, and tend it with the utmost care; in the morning I visited it, and its fragrance refreshed me; at night, I passed my hand over its flowers, and taking a leaf from it, would lay it to my heart; its coolness would calm its perturbation, and lull me to repose." Here was a pause of a few moments, when the again continued. "I used to look at it with pleasure and say, how fast it grows, how its branches extend, how its foliage thickens, and then the thought would arise, that it was emblematical of Henry's love for me, and mine for him. For, I am sure he loved me, though he never told me so: The passion began in early youth, and by degrees expanded, flourished, and put forth the sweet blossoms of hope; but the same hand which crushed these blossoms in the bud, has now destroyed my laurestinus." Her companion pressed her to leave the garden. "I will," said she, "if you will promise me I shall not see him again; if he comes near me, I shall be had again, and then you will be obliged to shut me up in the dark room; but it is no matter, shut me up where you will, in a dungeon, in a cavern, in the deepest subterranean vault, you cannot shut from me the image of Henry. Tell me, do you not think he loved me?—Oh! yes! yes! I am sure he did, for when we have been walking or conversing together, he would sometimes fix his eyes on mine, in such a manner as would seem to say, 'I love you, Grace, but I dare not tell you so.'" This thought seemed to calm the afflicted female; who from the quickness of her voice, and wildness of her discourse, I apprehended to be deranged in her intellects; and presently after the accompanied her companion into the house. There was something peculiarly affecting, in what I had heard; I could easily conceive how a person even in full possession of their reason might become attached to a plant, a shrub, or a flower, which had been the gift of a beloved object; and when that object, as seemed to be the case here, was separated, perhaps forever, from the affectionate heart, which seemed to retain no idea but of him, and who had transferred to this parting gift all the tenderness, which it felt for the giver, I did not wonder at the tears and regret of the poor sufferer. I will confess, my eyes were suffused with tears as I walked towards my lodgings, I wished to enquire who, and what the persons were, who inhabited the mansion; but it appeared to my better reason, that I had no right to pry into the affairs of strangers, or expose an affliction which might be carefully hid from the world by those immediately connected with the fair

maiae, and which accident alone had revealed to me. I therefore repressed my curiosity, and though the subject frequently occurred to my mind, I never mentioned it. I passed the dwelling every morning, but I no longer saw the interesting female who had often before drawn my attention; I therefore concluded, that what she had feared, had taken place, and that an increase of her unfortunate malady, had obliged her to be confined.

About three weeks after, I was visiting a family in the neighbourhood of the Cauton, when just as we were going to tea, a sort of confused murmur in the street, called us to the window. It was a funeral procession which had attracted the attention of the passengers, who were pressing in crowds to see it—six young girls bearing baskets of flowers, preceded the corpse. The pall was supported by six more, in long white veils; and immediately following, were two youths; who, though they seemed striving to support each other, seemed to need support themselves; a long train of mourners followed, and so strikingly solemn was the scene, that the populace appeared impressed with respect and awe, and scarce a word was heard louder than a whisper. The family I was visiting, were profoundly silent; when the procession had passed, I beheld marks of regret on every countenance, and particularly my friend's eldest daughter; who, with her fine blue eyes swimming in tears, exclaimed, poor Grace, her sorrows are at an end. The name of Grace, struck me. I could not resist, but enquired, if the knew whose funeral it was, that had just passed? Yes, she replied, it was poor Grace Campbell; have you never heard of her? I replied in the negative. "She was a peculiarly unfortunate girl," said my friend, "and I presume it is owing to your being a stranger here, that you have not heard her story." He then gave me an affecting account of the fair deceased, who, as he proceeded, I discovered to be no other than the person, whose figure first, and then her lamentations for the loss of her laurestinus, had awakened my curiosity.—If the reader feels as I did upon the subject, he will not be displeased to learn more of her—but I must tell the story my own way, and it is too interesting to begin at the conclusion of my paper.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

THE very neat and tasty manner in which your Stage Coach is fitted up, and the agreeable company that are constantly riding in it, offer a temptation so great, that I take the liberty to ask of you, the pleasure of taking a passage, occasionally, in the delightful vehicle. If you think I have abilities, that promise any considerable benefit to those for whom your carriage runs, or will add any to the enjoyment that your numerous passengers so abundantly give them, I trust you will give me a seat. If, on the contrary, you think my conversation will be disagreeable to those within, and disgusting to the spectators without, you will, no doubt, reject me as undeserving such a place. My numerous avocations will deny me the pleasure of taking a passage every time it passes. I expect, however, your correspondents, the GOSSIP and ITINERANT, who have so long rode in your carriage, will give, as usual, so much pleasure to all on the road, that neither my presence or absence will be little noticed.

My figure, you will observe to be, CONTEMPLATOR, and whatever intercourse there may be between us, I trust you will find my habits, manners, and discourses, to correspond with my figure. My disposition inclines much to contemplation, and little to eloquence. Nature and art, both afford an inexhaustible source of employment for the most contemplative mind. In the former, it can range unrestrained, and find new enjoyment in every new object it meets; and the more it expands, the more beauties are constantly striking in, and with their resplendent light, discover the unbounded power and wisdom of the great Creator.—In the latter, the mind is restrained to a more narrow scale—though it may often meet with surprising efforts of human skill, yet when compared with the sublimity and harmony in the works of nature—their lustre fades like the burning taper before the orb of day. But though the great Governor of the World, has created man so far below himself, yet he has created him far above all other creatures that surround him. By the gift of his senses, he partakes of all animal pleasures; by the gift of reason, he modulates them as his own good requires; and by the

gift of a feeling heart, in union with an approving conscience, he looks round with a sympathizing complacency on his fellow creatures, and up with reverence and adoration to that Being, who gave the whole. This is the character of a perfect man—but alas, where is that man to be found? How much oftener will he, who contemplates the character of mankind in all ages, find objects of censure, than of praise—he will find vice counted in all her hideous forms, and virtue rejected in all her various adornments. That such has been the character of man, history too certainly proves—what is to be his future character, time must develop.—How beautiful would be the change in the character of our species, would each one begin at home, and reform and amend himself.—This, as you will perceive, is an introduction to what I intend to offer in some future numbers.

CONTEMPULATOR.

Boston, Aug. 1803.

SATURDAY EVENING'S MONITOR.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

[H]AVING been favoured with the following excellent piece on Revelation, from a respected correspondent, we imagined that we could not present our readers with any thing better adapted to prepare their minds for the solemnities of the ensuing day.]

ON REVELATION.

“Jesus our triumphant head,
Rise vict'rous from the dead,
To the realms of glory gone,
To ascend his rightful throne.
Angels, songs of vict'ry bring,
All the blissful regions ring,
Sinners join the heavenly pow'rs,
For redemption all is ours;
None but burden'd sinners prove,
Blood-bought pardon, dying love;
Hail, thou dear, thou worthy lamb;
Holy Lamb, incarnate word!
Hail, thou suffering son of God!
Take the trophies of thy blood.”

HART'S HYMNS.

INNUMERABLE are the pleasures and advantages we derive from an attentive observation of the beauties of nature, and many are the sublime or refined satisfactions arising from the contemplation of rural scenes, the structure of animals, the diversity of leaves, and the fragrant of the flowers, the warblings and plumage of birds, the bleatings of flocks, and sportive innocence of the lamb. Who can behold all these charming objects without complacency? And do not these characteristic qualities, as well as shape and beauty of all animated nature, amply present to the contemplative mind of man, the most pleasing reflections, and the sweetest pleasures; and irresistibly lead the heart which is yet unimpeded, to adore the all-wise and omniscient Creator, with the purest and most grateful emotions of devout sincerity? But notwithstanding these grand considerations, and however we may delight and improve ourselves with such pleasurable and philosophical meditations, there is yet another theme of far greater magnitude, which powerfully claims from us, in a more immediate point of view, the humble tribute of adoration, love and gratitude, expressly insured from the clearer manifestation of divine mercy, in the glorious gifts of revelation, resulting from the gospel dispensation, and the mediation of the Saviour of the world, for which we have every prevailing cause to acknowledge, with unbounded thankfulness, those sacred and inestimable mercies vouchsafed for the redemption of every true believer. Sceptics, indeed, are wont to misrepresent, explode, or overturn, that gracious and favourable system, to which they are themselves indebted for those fertile topics of ridicule and wit, with which their unacid and impious performances generally abound; which are no less calculated to poison the well-spring of happiness, than to violate every important duty, and dissipate every comfort of life. Possessing no relish for a generous and virtuous conduct, they endeavour to inculcate with all possible industry, the most absurd tenets of false philosophy, indirectly aiming to establish unlimited libertinism, and diffusing through a dark and disputatious style, sceptical ideas, and metaphysical subtilities. Raising implicit conviction, blind to the demonstrations of experience, and deaf to the voice of reason and humility, they are prone to oppose unanswerable refutation, and thus evidently pervert the most sacred precepts of christianity, and the purest sources of rational and salutary consolation.

But when we reflect on the arrogance of man, in presuming to throw out oblique insinuations against the most interesting and sublime precepts of christianity, we cannot

forbear expressing our total disapprobation of such sophistical disputations, because they are peculiarly dangerous to the morals and happiness of every individual. Before the establishment of the blessed gospel, and the propagation of those sublime and exalted truths which it contains, and which are found to be so efficacious in moralizing the mind, sweetening the disposition, and improving the heart, the errors and prejudices must have been manifold, and the heathen world was obviously over-clouded with noxious vapours, until they were dispelled by the clearest manifestation of divine goodness, and the all-powerful atonement of the Redeemer of mankind; thereby, in an eminent manner, redounding “Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, and good-will towards men.”

[To be concluded next week.]

BIOGRAPHY.

SHORT ACCOUNT OF BUFFON, THE NATURAL HISTORIAN.

THE greatest natural historian that ever appeared in any age or country, was born at Monthard, in Burgundy, France, on the 17th of September, 1707. He prosecuted his youthful studies at Dijon; and his indefatigable activity, his acuteness, penetration, and robust constitution, fitted him to pursue business and pleasure with equal ardour. His first application was to mathematics and astronomy; but he did not neglect the cultivation of other sciences. At the age of twenty, he went with an English nobleman and his governor to Italy; but he overlooked the choicest remains of art, and amidst the ruins of an elegant and luxurious people, he first felt the charms of natural history, whose zealous and successful admirer, he afterwards proved. On his return to France, he fought, on some occasional quarrel, with an Englishman, whom he wounded, and was obliged to retire into Paris, where he translated Newton's Fluxions from the Latin, and Dr Hale's Statics, from the English, into the French language. At the age of twenty five, he visited England, and his residence there, which was only three months, terminated his travels.

At the age of twenty one, Count de Buffon lost his mother, by whose death he was left an estate of three hundred thousand livres, (38,275 dollars) per annum; and he was fortunately one of those whose early circumstances urged him on to literary pursuits, and cleared the path of some of its thorns. In 1739, M. de Buffon was appointed intendant of the king's garden, and cabinet of natural history alone; at least, the other sciences were only so far attended to, as they had any relation to the grand object of his attachment. The first volume of his “Natural History,” the result of the most arduous researches, did not appear until 1749; the other volumes, to the number of thirty-three, followed at successive periods.

Whilst he was engaged in this great and important undertaking, his mind, notwithstanding his retirement, at Monthard, where his leisure was little interrupted. He devoted fourteen hours every day to study; and when we examine the extent of his knowledge, and the number of his works, we wonder at his having executed so much, even in this time. Early in the morning, he regularly retired to a pavilion in his vast gardens, and he was then inaccessible. This, as Prince Henry of Prussia called it, was the cradle of natural history; but he was indifferently accommodated. The walls were naked; an old writing table, with pen, ink, and paper, and an elbow chair of black leather, were the only furniture of his study. His books and other manuscripts were in another apartment. When he had finished any one of his works, it was laid aside, that he might forget it, and he then returned to it with the severity of a critic. He was anxious that his writings should be perspicuous, and if those to whom he read them hesitated for a moment, he changed the passage.

In 1757, he married a young lady, whose birth, as well as personal and intellectual charms, amply compensated for her want of fortune. Notwithstanding the disparity of their years, this lady evinced on all occasions, the most tender affection for her husband, and, like Calpurnia, the wife of Pliny, the most earnest solicitude for his fame. Each new work of her husband, every fresh laurel added to his renown, was to her a source of the most exquisite enjoyment. M. de Buffon lived long exempt from the infirmities of age, enjoying all the senses and faculties in perfection. At last, however, he was attacked by the stone, and refusing to submit to the operation of cutting, he fell a victim to that disorder, April 16th, 1789, in the eighty first year of his age. He was in perfect senses until within a few hours of his dissolution, and on the very morning preceding, gave directions concerning some work, which was to be done in the botanic garden.

The fame of this illustrious philosopher, was, by no

means, confined to his own country; wherever literature was held in esteem, there he was loaded with academic honors. He was accordingly not only elected perpetual treasurer of the Academy of Sciences, and the French Academy; but also Fellow of the Royal Society of London, and of the Literary Societies of Berlin, Peterburg, Bologna, Florence, Edinburgh, Dijon, Philadelphia, &c. In point of style, he was one of the most elegant writers in France; and the most astonishing interpreter of nature that ever existed. His funeral was attended with pomp rarely bestowed on dignity, opulence or power. A numerous concourse of academicians, and persons distinguished by rank and polite literature, met in order to pay the sincere homage due to so great a philosopher. In short, the streets were crowded by immense multitudes, who expressed the same curiosity, as if the ceremony had been for a monarch. This abundantly shews the reverence, which we generally pay to men, pre-eminent for their virtue and learning; nor ought we to omit the following anecdote, which abundantly evinces the truth of this assertion. During the war, which established the independence of the United States, the captains of English privateers, whenever they found in their prizes any boxes addressed to the Count de Buffon, (and many were addressed to him from every part of the world) forwarded them immediately to Paris, without opening them, whereas those directed to the King of Spain, were generally seized; and thus did the commanders of cruising vessels, shew more respect to genius than to sovereignty.

Le Comte de la Cuperie, in his description of the four lamps suspended in the temple of genius, erected in the bosom of France, has given a pompous eulogium, of Montaigne, Voltaire, Rousseau and Buffon. How far he may be correct, in what he has advanced with respect to the three first, we do not pretend to say, but there is something so sublime in the last, that we cannot forbear to transcribe it: “It was no longer night, a star created by nature, to illuminate the universe, shone with majesty. His countenance was marked with dignity, his motion by harmony, and his repose by serenity; every eye, even the weakest was eager to contemplate it. From his ear, resplendent over the universe, he spreads his magnificence. As God enclosed in the ark all the works of creation, he collected on the bank of the Seine, the animals, vegetables and minerals, dispersed in the four quarters of the globe. Every form, every colour, all the riches and infinites of the world were offered to our eyes, and to our understandings. Every thing was revealed, every thing ennobled, every thing rendered interesting, brilliant or graceful. But a funeral groan was heard—nature grieved in silence. With Buffon the last lamp was extinguished.”

AMUSING.

GOLDEN RULES,

FOR A MAN TO LIVE ALL THE DAYS OF HIS LIFE.

THE present pleasures produced by a large expence of money by no means balance the future miseries of a waisted patrimony, dissipated fortunes, and a decayed constitution.

There is great reason for us to make a reserve of property against the day of decrepitude; because in old age, we want chiefly those comforts which only money can procure; a comfortable house, delicate living, and a little share of authority, which in the last stage of life, are exceedingly soothing and acceptable.

Perhaps society cannot shew a more pitiable figure, than either a very old man or woman, who having spent their substance in the flattering gaieties of youth, are reduced, in the most helpless situation, to live upon accidental strokes of generosity, and to be at once ridiculed and relieved.

If an old person expects to receive the least degree of attention from the world in general, or even from his relations in particular, it must be by the force of happy circumstances in his favor; such for instance, as arise out of a fortune accumulated by the industry or ingenuity of youth. This will render the veteran respectable amongst his domestics, and make even his utmost infirmities supportable. Whereas if an old man has no testimonies of his economy to shew, he will crawl contemptibly about the world, be upbraided for his former prodigality; even by his own children, who having no hopes, will consider him as an incumbrance; and wanting the various attentions which are necessary to the accommodation of the last scene, his continuance in the family will be irksome—his life must be supported by the contribution of the charitable, and he must die unmournd. Keep a competent share of the staff in thine hand.

The same principle of prudence which makes it necessary for a man to provide against the wants and infirmities

BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.]

SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 20, 1803.

[N° XLIII.]

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REVISED TO

*Morality, Literature, Biography, History,
The Fine Arts, Agriculture, &c. &c.*

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MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP—N° XXXVIII.

*—off mollis flamma medullis
Intera, et tactum sibi sub pectore volnus.*

THE pride of ancestry, the fancied superiority of being descended from ancient and honourable families, is a foible which exists more or less, in almost every nation; and among the Scottish nobility or chieftains, as they are styled, it is so predominant, that it is almost proverbial; and amongst the noble clans, who inhabited the Highlands, none thought themselves more honourable, than that of Cambell. Donald Cambell was the youngest son of a distant branch descending from the first chieftain of his clan; but for pride, he was equal to the chieftain himself; he held the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, in a Highland regiment, and had seen much service in the American war. In a battle, where the Colonel was dangerously wounded, a young American, whose name was Neville, and who was a royalist, bore him from the field of battle, at the hazard of his own life; for in so doing, he received a musquet ball in his right arm, which occasioned him the loss of it. Unintimidated by his own wounds, he still supported the bleeding Colonel, until getting beyond the reach of the contending armies, he entreated a peasant to admit them both into a cart he was driving, and to convey them to a very solitary hut which Neville inhabited in a neighbouring wood, and from which he had ventured that morning, to learn the termination of a battle, which the discharge of musquetry, and cannon, at the earliest dawn of day, assured him was begun. In this cottage, though it feared deserved the name, Cambell was nursed with the utmost tenderness, by the wife of his host; he, himself, underwent something of surgery, and by their united care, Cambell was in about three months able to join his regiment, greatly to the surprise of the commanding officer, who had returned his name to England in the list of the slain. Neville, who wished to join the royal army, accompanied him, taking with him his wife, an interesting, amiable woman, and a son, about six months old. Colonel Cambell's health being very much impaired by the effects of his wound, he obtained leave to return to his native air, as the most probable means of strengthening his debilitated frame, and Neville being from his political principles an alien to his friends and country, was easily persuaded to try his fortune in Scotland. They embarked about the latter end of November, and after a very tempestuous voyage, passing through St. George's channel, in order to make Glasgow, where they intended landing, they met with a tremendous gale, which drove them on the coast of Wales, where they struck on a reef of bold rocks; and were informed, that the only hope of saving their lives, was, by taking to the boat. When this was hoisted out, so many pressed into it, that Cambell thought it most advisable to stay by the wreck, recommending it to Neville and his wife, to do the same; several of the mariners followed their example. They passed a night of horror; at day-break, found the shattered bark must soon divide; hope then seemed entirely to abandon them, but despair urged them to make one more effort, to preserve life. The boat which had attempted to gain the shore, was dashed to pieces on the surrounding rocks, and whether any escaped, they could not determine. Cambell took young Henry and bound him to a spar. Mrs. Neville was bound to a plank. Two sailors took the charge of her.—The Colonel took the child under his own care, and poor Neville, was left to drift as well as he could

(with his one arm) for himself; thus arranged, they threw themselves into the boiling waves. After great, and almost incredible fatigue, Cambell, with his precious charge, reached the shore; and even then mult have perished on the beach, had it not been for the humanity of some Welch peasants, who rendered every assistance to restore suspended animation in the child, and recal the spirits of the Colonel, which fled instantly on his touching the shore. It was three days after this miraculous preservation, before it was fully ascertained that Neville had perished; his unhappy wife had been saved by the exertions of the worthy sailors; but what was life, to a woman, robbed of the society of that dear person, for whose sake alone life had any value? Cast unprotected on a strange land, without the smallest means of support, her dependancy was so great, that when the sailors, who were earnest in their enquiries for the Colonel and child, discovered, and bore the little Henry in triumph to her, she clasped him in her arms and exclaimed, "Oh! my child! my child! why are we saved? Why do we not rest in the bosom of the deep with your lost father? For who is there in the world who cares for us? How shall I support you? my child! my child!" Cambell was not forgetful of the favours he had received from Neville. When he returned to Scotland, he took the solitary widow with him, placed her under the protection of his sister, and calmed the anxiety of her maternal bosom, by assuring her will be lived, Henry should never feel the loss of a father and protector. But Mrs. Neville had received too great a shock for her delicate constitution, and exquisitely susceptible mind to sustain; she gradually sunk under the pressure of irremediable affliction, and in less than a year after his arrival in Scotland, Henry Neville became an orphan, dependant on the bounty of Cambell for support, education and future advancement in life. During this period, the Colonel married, and in the course of four succeeding years, became the father of one son, and two daughters; Isabella and Grace. In the earliest days of childhood, Henry resided entirely in the family of his benefactor, Donald Cambell and Harry Neville, were considered as brothers, and no brothers could love sisters more ardently than they loved Isabella and Grace. Had they always been associated thus together, perhaps the event would never have taken place which plunged the younger part of the family into the deepest sorrow. But when Grace was five years old, she was taken by her aunt to London, and Henry attended young Donald in his academical pursuits, where he reaped equal advantages with the son of his generous friend. Thus disposed of, they saw each other no more, until Henry was twenty-one years old, and Grace fifteen; each in mind and person, perfectly amiable; the term *brother and sister*, which in childhood they had used with each other, being lost in the more distant terms of respect, *sir*, and *madam*. What wonder that whilst they felt they were not related by blood, they experienced the more tender attraction which springs from an union of heart. Henry Neville was the son of honour, he loved with all the fervour of youthful enthusiasm; but he would have suffered martyrdom, rather than have seduced the affection of Grace Cambell; for well he knew the haughty spirit of a Scottish noblemen would spurn at a union between his offspring, and the humble dependant orphan Neville.—But Henry needed not the use of words; his eyes were intelligent, and it seems poor Grace but too truly interpreted their language. For two years, the uninterrupted intercourse which their situation sanctioned, fanned the passion which had mutually arisen between them; and when young Donald was ordered to the East-Indies, with the regiment, to which he belonged, (for he had like his father made arms his profession,) Henry who wished to go with him, had an Ensigny procured for him, and it was on the eve previous to their departure, that he had presented the lovely Grace with the laurestins, which he had so carefully nursed, so tenderly watched, and whose loss he had so acutely felt. Soon after their departure, Colonel Cambell took his daughters, (their mother had been some time dead,) on a tour to the Highlands, and being on a visit in the family of a noble Duke, the eldest son who was then with them, became enamoured of the lovely Grace. This nobleman was nearly forty years old, impetuous in his passions, libertine in his principles, and broken in his constitution. Yet this wretch, because dignified by a title, and heir to one still higher, did Colonel Cambell present to the

tender, innocent Grace, as the man he wished to see become his husband; and the old Duke, anxious to have his son married, waved the want of fortune in consideration of the noble blood which flowed in the veins of Grace, through whom he hoped his posterity would defend, uncontaminated by plebeian or foreign connections. Grace, unaccustomed to dignify her thoughts, told her father with all the simplicity of unaffected innocence, that she could not marry her noble lover, for it was impossible she could love him. "Why?" Barely interrogated the astonished father. "Because," said the blushing, trembling girl, "I can never love any man but Henry Neville." Words would but ill express the anger which burst on poor Grace; several months severe persecution followed, at the end of which time, she was dragged by her unfeeling father to the altar, and compelled to give her hand to the man her inmost soul abhorred—the did give her hand, but that was all. She fainted before the ceremony was quite finished; a long and lingering illness followed, from which, though she at length recovered, her reason seemed to have been greatly impaired; sometimes she sunk into fits of deep melancholy; at other times, her vivacity was equally distressing, as it more evidently discovered the derangement of her mental faculties. At length, change of scene, and being removed from the presence of her husband, in a great degree restored her. Her father, who was agonized beyond expression by the fatal consequences of his cruelly exerted authority,—pleaded to observe returning health and reason; journeyed to the one of the marquis's seats on the borders of England; the journey pleased her; she was unconscious whether she was going. Her husband was apprized of their coming, his tenacious came out to meet and welcome their new mistress. She shuddered involuntarily, when she heard herself addressed by the title of marchioness.—"Where am I," said she, turning fearfully to her sister—just then the carriage entered the avenue, at the head of which, on the slight of steps leading to the house, she saw the man she most dreaded on earth. "Oh save me! save me!" she exclaimed. There was time for no more. It stopped; the Marquis presented his hand; trembling, and with averted eyes, she permitted him to hand her from the carriage. Alas, it was the last day of rationality that poor Grace ever knew. They remained ten days at the castle—but her unhappy malady increasing, it was thought proper to put her under the care of a skillful medical person. She was removed to Edinburgh, to a small house of her father's; but medicine was of no avail.—Two years had been in this deplorable state; every visit from the persecuting friend, who had usurped the title of husband, brought on dreadful paroxysms of raving; yet still he persisted in tormenting her. Colonel Cambell had paid the debt of nature within the year after this fatal marriage; and as he was never rich, his family estate devolving to his son, loaded with debt, his helpless daughters were left to the mercy of the Marquis—who was become almost brutal in his manners, from the profligacy of his life and habitual intoxication. In one of his fits of temporary madness, he went to visit his unhappy wife—the law from the window that she was in the garden; that she was kneeling before a plant which she encircled with her arms, and bent her head over it with looks of affection. "What is the about?" said he, to an attendant who was in the room. "She is smelling the flowers of her favourite plant, which Mr. Henry gave her the night before he went away." "Henry, what Henry," said he, "Henry Neville?" "Yes, my Lord," said the afflicted girl, who knew not the mischief she had done, "my lady loved him like a brother." This was enough; the cause of her recognition was now developed; flung to the earth with rage and jealousy, he darted into the garden, and pushing her rudely from the plant, tore it from the ground and scattered its leaves and branches on the earth. The shrieks of the distracted Grace, brought her sister into the garden; she, too, she pitied, and it was the end of their affecting conversation. It was a witness to.—On their return to the house, the savage renewed his ill-treatment, nor left her, until fits of an alarming nature threatened the life of the wretched victim of ambition. A raging fever was the consequence, and on the tenth day, when every gleam of hope had fled, Donald Cambell, and Henry Neville returned. With caution they were informed of the unhappy state of their beloved Grace; they were led into the room; Donald execrated the wretch who had cropped to fair a

flower Henry sunk on his knees by the bed side:—"My sister," said Donald, leaning over her pillow, "my lovely sister, do you not know me?" She raised her head, looking steadily on her brother for a moment, and faintly articulated, "Yes!" Her eye glanced from her brother and caught the form of Henry.—She extended her languid head, raised herself in the bed, and taking a few withered leaves from under the pillow, which, during her illness, even when her malady was at the worst, she had carefully preserved, she put them in Henry's hand, and sighing deeply, said, "He tore it up by the root, but I planted it in my heart, and see how fresh it has kept." The feelings of the two young men can better be imagined, than described. Death had laid his iron sceptre on the object of fraternal love to one, and adoration to the other, all efforts were in vain—about day-break the next morning, she sunk to eternal rest—having previous to her departure, had a lucid interval, in which she knew and blessed her brother, recommending his sister to his care, and strictly charging him never to leave her. She evinced her tenderness for Henry in the most affecting language, and expired while breathing a prayer that her merciless persecutor might be pardoned.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE ITINERANT—No XXII.

"Le pauvre ne voit point les tourmens et les inquiétudes des riches; il ne sent point les difficultés et les angoisses du pouvoir; il ne connaît point le cruel casui du loisir;—voilà pourquoi il n'est pas content de son sort."

THEY who have attempted to reconcile us to our several allotments in life, and to persuade us that happiness is not so unequally distributed as we are apt to imagine, tell us that we form our judgments with too much precipitation; that we derive our ideas of good and evil from superficial appearance, and not from thorough examination; and that peace, content, and enjoyment, are often concealed under the cottage of the peasant and the rags of the beggar, while the lustre of wealth and the trappings of greatness excite grief, remorse, anxiety, and discontent. The richest fruits are sometimes covered by a rough and thorny coat, and deadly poison is often contained in the most beautiful flowers.

It must be confessed, that every state has its peculiar pleasures and vexations; that circumstances, which would create unhappiness in some persons, are unnoticed or viewed with indifference by others; and that no one can ascertain, from his own feelings, what another, of different education, habits, and disposition, would feel in the same situation. Yet none, but those whose reason and senses have become the slaves of system, can possibly admit that good or evil is equally distributed, or that the enjoyment of the solitary, starving prisoner is not inferior to that of him, who is in possession of society, of plenty, and of independence.

A habit of labouring under difficulties will render them light. Greater afflictions annihilate the self; and the mind and body become gradually hard and impenetrable, and receive little or no impression from external circumstances. Those, on the contrary, who have been bred in luxury and pleasure, and enervated by ease and indolence, possess feelings exquisitely fine; are susceptible to the slightest inconvenience, and vulnerable by the gentlest touch. The fruit which is softened to a pulp by the summer's sun, is rendered by the frost of winter firm and unyielding as marble.

They who set it as, to move in the lower spheres of life, look up with envy and desire to those who are placed in a higher station; who are surrounded by affluence, and familiar with the beautiful and the great. They are viewed as placed in an Elysian region, overpread with the luxuriance of plenty, and fanned by the breezes of felicity.—They consider them as enjoying perfect happiness, and laugh at their petty grievances and insignificant complaints, as being of no real importance, and unworthy of regard. It is impossible for them to conceive, how any one can be rendered completely miserable by the cut of a coat or a gown, or the dislike of a new lead-dress or a new pair of *Savonnans*.

To be untrivalled in beauty or dress, to engross the greatest share of attention and respect, and to meet with no misfortunes and no disappointments, is not the lot of mortal beauties. Trifling as these vexations may appear, those who are not fine ladies cannot possibly imagine the unhappiness which they occasion. It is impossible to gratify desires so fast as they may be generated, or always to avoid the numerous occurrences by which extremity of resentment may be wounded. The weather will sometimes

be foul; a chicken will sometimes be ill roasted; a new suit will sometimes be soiled.

Such is our situation in this life. Every age, and sex, and condition, have each their peculiar cares and perplexities; and we ought to consider, when we feel envious of the condition of others, that if by a change we could divest ourselves of our present inconveniences, we should nevertheless find new ones arise in their place;—and that the station in life to which we have been long habituated, is generally that in which we may enjoy the greatest portion of happiness. H.

FEMALE BIOGRAPHY.

ARRIA, THE WIFE OF PÆTUS.

THOSE writers who have attempted to exalt the virtues of their *own sex*, by depreciating the merits of *ours*, have frequently asserted, that the female mind is as incapable of fortitude as it is of *compassion*. To prove that this opinion is both unjust and ungenerous, I shall take the liberty of presenting my readers with two historical instances of female constancy and resolution, which are not to be surpassed in the annals of manly fortitude.

Amongst the number of those who have espoused the cause of Camillus, was a noble Roman of the name of Pætus who, upon the failure of their scheme, had fled for safety to a distance from Rome, attended by the object both of his love and tenderness.

As the crime, of which Pætus had been guilty, was considered treasonable, the pains which were taken to discover his retreat, were such as it was not possible to elude, and at length his enemies found out his concealment.

The amiable Arria had long expected this misfortune, and had prepared her mind to support it with resignation; but when she heard the officers of justice inhumanly refuse to permit her to attend him, the horror of a separation was greater than she could sustain, and she endeavoured, by tears, to move their compassion; finding, however, that all persuasions were ineffectual, she offered a large reward to the owners of a fishing boat, if they would follow the ship which conveyed her husband. The hopes of *profit* subdued the impression of *fear*, and the little vessel put to sea: happily no storm impeded its progress, and the courageous pair one arrived in safety at Rome.

The Senate were no less astonished at the strength of her resolution, than they were struck with the force of her attachment; and though they were unable to grant the life she held so dear, for *she* they resolved to protract it, and allow her the privilege of attending him in his confinement.

During that period, instead of disarming his resolution, by describing his *own miseries*, she constantly endeavoured to inspire him with fortitude; and when she found that the faint hopes she had entertained that his life would be spared, could no longer with prudence be indulged, she conjured him to avoid the ignominy of a public execution, by a voluntary termination of his own existence.

Whether it was a natural fear of death, or a dread of parting with so dear an object, that rendered Pætus deaf to her persuasions, cannot be ascertained; but, finding that all her arguments were ineffectual, she drew a dagger from her robe, and burying it in her bosom, drew it recking from it, and presenting it to her husband, with a smile, said, tenderly, "It is not painful, my Pætus!"

SABINUS AND EPONINA.

IN the reign of Vespasian, the Roman Emperor, Sabinus, one of his generals, revolted from his allegiance; and being of a bold aspiring temper, attempted to become master of the throne. At first he was aided in the presumptuous undertaking both by his soldiers and his friends, but finding himself suddenly deserted by the very men who had sworn to support his cause, he soon relinquished the bold design, and thought only of his *personal safety*. Flying hastily to his country-villa, he intrusted a slave, whose fidelity he had tried, with the plan he had formed for the preservation of his life, and requested his assistance to enable him to accomplish it. The slave, faithful to the trust reposed, instantly avowed eternal fealty; and attending his master to a remote cavern, and supplying him with necessaries for his existence there, set the house in a general conflagration, and loudly lamented his master's death.

The fabulous tale was universally believed, and too soon extended to the ears of his wife. The affection which subsisted between Sabinus and Eponina, was of the most refined and tender nature; and she lamented his loss with an excess of sorrow, which the sympathizing slave was anxious to allunge, and in excess of tenderness revealed the secret.

Joy, tenderness, and exultation, by turns, agitated Eponina's breast; with fond solicitude she waited the approach

of night and then privately flew to the object of her affection. It was in vain he enquired her to quit the cavern, and endeavour to forget he was still in confinement! Her tenderness converted his dungeon into a palace, and in his society she forgot all sorrow! What *interest* could not accomplish, *fear* obtained; and Eponina consented to quit the cavern, from an apprehension that her absence would create suspicion, on condition that she should pay him nightly visits.

As time obliterated the remembrance of his crime, she began to act with less precaution, and was absent from her house whole months together, under the pretence of visiting her relations; and whilst she was endeavouring to mitigate the severity of her husband's misfortunes, she entirely lost the remembrance of *her own*. The apprehension of his discovery was no longer feared, and she had the happiness of beholding him reconciled to confinement. Two lovely children had been born within the recesses of the gloomy cavern, and nine years elapsed since Sabinus had been prisoner. Her dream of happiness was then terminated; and misery, unlooked for, soon appeared.

The frequent absence of Eponina from her family, created suspicion in the minds of her husband's enemies; who, watching her footsteps, easily discovered the fact secret, and Sabinus was drawn forth from his long concealment.

The wretched Eponina, frantic with terror and agonized with fear, tremblingly followed her husband's footsteps, attended by the pledges of their mutual love. All that tenderness could dictate, or affection plead, she offered in mitigation of her husband's crime, whilst the children joined in the affecting supplication; but Vespasian's heart was steeled against intreaty!

Finding that all that she could say was ineffectual, and that justice was doomed to conquer mercy, she accused Vespasian both of cruelty and inhumanity; and declared, that though he had the power of taking away a life far dearer than *her own*, she possessed no right over *her existence*; and that the moment which separated them from death, should re-unite them in the realms of happiness. She was resolved to die with Sabinus.

AMUSING.

AN EXTRAORDINARY STORY.

IN the country, last year, says Madame de Montier, I was in company with a good friar, eighty years of age, from whom I had the following story:

"About sixty years ago he was sent for to a highwayman, to prepare him for death. They flung him up in a small chapel, with the malefactor, and while he was making every effort to excite him to repentance, he perceived the man was absorbed in thought, and hardly attended to his discourse. My dear friend, said he, do you reflect that in a few hours you must appear before Almighty judge? what can divert your attention from an affair of such importance?—True, father, returned the malefactor, but I cannot divest myself of an idea that you have it in your power to save my life.—How can I possibly effect that, rejoined the friar; and even supposing I could, should I venture to do it, and thereby give you an opportunity of accumulating your crime? If that be all that prevents you, replied the malefactor, you may rely on my word; I have beheld the rack too near, to again expose myself to its torments. The friar asked as I and you should have done in a similar situation, he yielded to the impulse of compassion, and it only remained to contrive the means of escape. The chapel where they were, was lighted by one small window near the top, fifteen feet from the ground. You have only, said the friar, to set your chair on the altar, which will enable you to reach the foot of the wall, and if you will get upon it, I can reach the top by the help of your shoulders. The friar consented to this manoeuvre, and having replaced the altar, which was portable, he seated himself quietly in his chair. About three hours after, the executioner, who began to grow impatient, knocked at the door, and asked the friar what had become of the criminal. He must have been an angel, replied he, for by the faith of a priest, he went out through that window. The executioner, who found himself a loser by this account, inquired if he was laughing at him, and ran to inform the judges. They repaired to the chapel where our good man was sitting, who, pointing to the window, assured them, upon his conscience, that the malefactor flew out at it; and that, supposing him an angel, he was going to recommend himself to his protection; and that moreover if he was a criminal, which he could not suspect, after what he had done, he was not obliged to be his guardian. The magistrates could not preserve their gravity at this good man's *long frolic*, and after wishing a pleasant journey to the culprit, went away. Twenty years after, this friar travelling over the Ardennes, lost

his way, just as the day was closing: a kind of peasant recoiled him, and, after examining very attentively, asked him whether he was going? and told him the road he was travelling was a very dangerous one; if you will follow me, he added, I will conduct you to a farm at no great distance, where you may pass the night in safety. The friar was much embarrassed; and the curiosity visible in the man's countenance excited his suspicions; but considering that if he had a bad design towards him, it was impossible to escape, he followed him with trembling steps. His fear was not of long duration, he perceived the farm which the peasant had mentioned, and as they entered, the man, who was the proprietor of it, told his wife to kill a capon, with some of the finest chickens in the poultry-yard, and to welcome his guests with the best cheer. While supper was preparing, the countryman re-entered, followed by eight children, whom he thus addressed: My children, pour forth your grateful thanks to this good friar; had it not been for him, you would not have been here, nor I either; he saved my life. The friar instantly recollected the features of the speaker, and recognized the thief, whose escape he had favoured. The whole family loaded him with carresses and kindness; and when he was alone with the man, he enquired how his came so well provided for. I kept my word with you, said the thief, and resolved to lead a good life in future. I begged my way higher, which is my native country, and engaged in the service of the master of this farm; gaining his favour by my fidelity and attachment to his interest, he gave me his only daughter in marriage. God has blessed my endeavours; I have amassed a little wealth, and I beg you will dispose of me and all that belongs to me; I shall now die content, since I have seen and been able to testify my gratitude towards my deliverer. The friar told him he was well repaid for the service he had rendered him, by the use to which he had devoted his life he had preserved. He would not accept of any thing as a recompense, but could not refuse to stay some days with the countryman, who treated him like a prince. This good man then obliged him to make use of at least of one of his horses to finish his journey, and never quitted him until he had traversed the dangerous roads that abound in those parts.

THE FASHIONS.

In a London paper of June 6, 1803, we notice a very lengthy account of the celebration of His Majesty's Birth-Day; at which we present, all the Ladies of the first rank. As it may amuse our Fair Patrons, and acquaint them with the latest Fashions, we here have to present the following extracts of the various LADIES DRESSES worn on the above occasion.

HER MAJESTY.—A petticoat of amber colour and silver tulle, with draperies of black British lace, trimmed with fine broad black lace, and richly ornamented with diamonds in a variety of forms, in chains, roses, bows, and tassels, which had a most magnificent appearance; the mantle and body of the same kind of tulle, trimmed with fine lace; a diamond stomacher and bouquet.

PRINCESS OF WALES.—Her Royal Highness's dress was magnificent beyond description; the petticoat and train of rich silver tulle, with drapery all round, embroidered in a most elegant and tasteful manner, with high polished steel wreaths of flowers, intermixed with stars, roses, and crescents; also large spangles and pearls; the pocket-holes fancied with silver ribbon and lace; high polished steel embroidered band round the waist; head-dress, diamonds and feathers. In the evening her Royal Highness's dress was extremely elegant, train and drapery of white crape, spangled bugles embroidered at bottom with fame, beautifully ornamented with diamonds and province roses tastefully displayed, diamond wreaths and armlets; turban to correspond with magnificent diamonds.

PRINCESS AUGUSTA.—A most superb dress of white crape, and lilac crape draperies, with large Vandykes, embroidered; with convolvulus flowers, and branches of silver flowers; cord and tassels of an entire new and elegant pattern, and fine blond pockets. The body and train of rich lilac and silver wove silk.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH.—A white crape petticoat, richly spangled with silver, with full draperies of rich silver tulle gauze, formed in divisions by broad Vandyke, silver foil and brilliant relief; drawn to a centre, and fastened with handsome large silver bunches of oak and corns; a broad foil bottom; the whole elegantly displayed and highly finished, with rich silver cords and tassels; train white and silver tulle; head-dress and elegant display of feathers and diamonds, tastefully disposed. The *entire ensemble* of her Royal Highness, as usual, bore a splendid appearance.

PRINCESS MARY.—A white crape petticoat superbly embroidered in silver; a superb large drapery of small sil-

ver rings, with a rich border of silver foil, fludded with large white beads, and intermixed with spangles joining broad sheaves, joined to bunches of lilies of the valley; small pointed drapery thrown over, with a border of foil cover, drawn up with wreaths of lilies of the valley; rich silver cords and tassels; this petticoat merits much notice, as it was particularly admired for the light and elegant display of taste. White and silver tulle train.

MADAM LA D'ANDUAGA, the Spanish Ambassador's Lady.—A pink and silver tulle petticoat, with white crape draperies trimmed with superb Brussels point and silver relief; rich silver cords and tassels; train pink and silver tulle.

COUNTESS OF GROSENBOK.—An elegant white crape and silver dress; the upper drapery in a rich Mosaic pattern, with a deep handsome embroidered border, rich tassels and cords, and broad blond pockets.

LADY WAREINGHAM.—A blue crape petticoat with blue crape draperies, embroidered with white bugles and elegant borders of beads and bugles, joining conspicuous sprays; cord and tassels of crape and bugles, train blue crape; cap, blue crape and bugles, with large stars of diamonds and white feathers.

LADY MARY PERRY.—A lilac crape petticoat, trimmed with beads and feery; the body and train of lilac crape trimmed with blond.

MRS. FORDYCE.—A petticoat of white crape, with turbans of blue, and looped up with bunches of white flowers and silk rope; body and train of lilac crape.

COUNTESS TEMPLE.—A petticoat of white crape and Brussels lace, with bands of white crape and satin, looped up with rich white silk cord and tassels; body and train of white crape, bordered with point lace; the head dress white feathers and diamonds.

[We might insert many others equally brilliant as the above, but our limits will not permit.]

COMPARISON.

THE mind is a garden where all manner of seeds are sown. Prosperities are fine painted tulips; innocency, white lilies; the virtues, sweet gilliflowers, violets and primroses; learning, favory herbs; affliction, rue, wormwood, and rheubarb; pride, ambition, exhortation, nig-hacc and helleboce; stupidity, poppy; sloth and ignorance, briars and thistles.

We cannot be quiet, or act, or rest, with dignity or grace, but in our own minds.

AN EXTRAORDINARY FACT.

IN the summer of 1803, Lieut. Wylie, in the Sparrow Cutter, during a cruise in the South Sea of Hispaniola, detained an American brig from Baltimore, and sent her down to Jamaica for adjudication. Her papers being totally wanting, afforded no evidence against her, but while the cause was pending, and the vessel on the point of being given up as neutral property, Lieut. Fidden of the Active schooner, entered the Court, and turned the scale by evidence of a very singular nature.—Having cruized on the same station, he had caught a shark, and on opening him had found a pocket book containing the very papers in question perfectly legible! The American captain confessed he had thrown them overboard, which decided the trial in favour of the captors. The jaw bone of the shark, remarkable for its size, now hangs in the Admiralty Court of Jamaica. : : Lond. Paper.

ANECDOTES.

A WOMAN was walking, and a man looked at her, and followed her. The woman said, "why do you follow me?" He answered, "because I have fallen in love with you." The woman said, "why are you in love with me?" My sister is much handsomer—she is coming after me—go and make love to her." The man turned back, and saw a woman with an ugly face; being greatly displeas'd, he went away to the first woman, and said, "Why do you tell a story?" The woman answered, "Neither did you speak the truth: for, if you are in love with me, why did you go after another woman?" The man was confounded. [Oriental.]

A YELLOW well known in the district, lame, having also but one arm, and dressed in the habit of a sailor, was the other day with much vociferation begging near Tower-hill. A tar who had just came out of a house where he had probably paid his reckoning and received returns for a note, was as he walked, counting his money with more attention than is usual to persons of his description. While he was thus busily engaged, the beggar set him, and threatening his hat before him exclaimed, "bless your noble heart! worthy mistress, spare a few pence for poor Jack, stamped in the starboard arm, his knee-braces thro' away, and turned out of the service without a smart ticket." The sailor still intent upon his calculations, which in-

deed seemed to require the utmost stretch of his intellectual abilities, threw a shilling into his hat and was walking away. The lame fellow rushed afterwards, humped after him, hawling out, "bless you my noble master! have you a more small change for poor Jack? My bread room's quite empty indeed!"

"Avast, brother, avast!" said the sailor, as the beggar was pressing upon him, "Dett veer fo much jaw-rope, but fier off while you are well. If I had given you the log and cargo, you'd still have begged for the long-bout." L. P.

LITERARY.

Mrs. MURPHY & FRANCIS have published the *Second* book of SHAKESPEARE—containing the Tragedies of King John, Richard II. and the First Part of Henry IV. Dr. JOHNSON observes, "None of SHAKESPEARE's plays are more read than the First and Second Parts of Henry the Fourth. Perhaps no author has ever in two plays afforded so much delight. The great events are interesting, for the fate of kingdoms depends upon them; the lighter occurrences are diverting, and except one or two sufficiently probable; the incidents are multiplied with wonderful fertility of invention, and the characters diversified with the utmost nicety of description, and the profound skill in the nature of man. But FALSTAFF, unamiable, unimitable FALSTAFF, how shall I describe thee? Thou compound of sine and vice; of sense which may be admired, but not esteemed, of vice which may be despised, but hardly detested. FALSTAFF is a character loaded with faults, and with those faults which naturally produce contempt. Yet the man thus corrupt, thus despicable, makes himself necessary to the Prince that despises him, by the most pleasing of all qualities, perpetual gaiety, by an unfeeling power of exciting laughter, which is the more freely indulged, as his wit is not of the splendid or ambitious kind, but consists in easy escapes and fallacies of levity, which make sport but raise no envy."

HYMENEAL REGISTER.



MARRIED.—At New-York, on Saturday evening last, 13th inst. Maj. BENJAMIN RUSSELL, of this town, Editor of the *Columbian Centinel*, to Mrs. SARAH CAMPBELL, of the former place.

At Salem, Capt. David Patten, to Miss Sarah Silbee; Mr. Benjamin Patterson, to Miss Sally Morah. At Bridge-water, Maj. Daniel Dickerman, to Miss Rebecca Smith.

OBITUARY.



DIED.—At New York, for the week, ending the 23d inst. 63—16 of which, "malignant fever."—At Lynn, (M.) Mrs. E. Hallwell; Mr. John Kingery; Mrs. Oliver; Widow Susannah Williams; Mr. Joseph Ramsdell, Mr. Jonathan Howard; Mr. B. Boardman; Mr. John Wilson; Mrs. Rebecca Hawkes; Widow Richards—and nine children, besides three other people that lay dead on Sunday last—in all 22! A very large and affecting instance of mortality for the population of that town. At Claremont, William Shaw, Esq. of Quincy, on his return from the Genesee country.

In this town, Mr. Thomas Low, *Æt.* 56, Mr. Joseph Williston, *Æt.* 60; Mr. Walter M'Farlane, *Æt.* 29; Mrs. Joanna Hopkins, *Æt.* 38, comfort of Capt. Michael Hopkins.—By return, seven deaths only have occurred in this town for the week ending last evening. *Lous. Dec.*

POETRY.



For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

If the following lines, which were the pure language of a heart, agonized by contending emotions, are worthy a place in your Magazine, they are at your service. They were written at a period the author feared having forfeited the esteem of a valued friend. L. N.

I ASK my heart, why in my breast,
It anxious flutters, throbs and glows?
Lie still poor trembler, still and rest,
Let reason lull thee to repose.

I strive to call my thoughts away,
To tune the lyric, or turn the page;
The effort's vain, for they will stray—
One subject only can engage.

I strike the strings, and strive in vain,
To breathe some light and cheerful lay;
The music only will complain,
The voice in murmurs dies away.

At midnight oft, forsook by rest,
Abroad I madd'ning thought pursue;
On the cold earth repose my breast,
Wet with the chill nocturnal dew.

Thou parent earth, from whose rich bed
Hill, dale and valley take their charms;
Oh! let thy wretched offspring's head,
Repose within thy clay cold arms.

And Thou! first, last, eternal cause,
Who form'd and doth the whole sustain;
If my weak heart transgress thy laws,
Forgive, and wash away the stain.

Yet if that treacherous heart I know,
It would not wilful guilt pursue;
Or suffer with from it to flow,
But might stand forth to public view.

If 'tis a crime to be unblest,
If 'tis a fault to feel life's woes;
Then guilt is harbour'd in my breast,
Then flame this aching bosom knows.

But from that lacerated breast,
Its tortur'd, bleeding inmate tear;
If passion is a cherish'd guest,
If wilful guilt is harbour'd there:

Oh! search and try its inmost part,
Cleanse it from each unhallow'd stain;
And make it pure as is the heart
To whose esteem I most aspire.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

DEFINITION OF LOVE.

MY love is of a birth as rare
As 'tis for object strange and high;
It was begotten by despair,
Upon impossibility.

Magnanimous despair alone,
Could fiew me so divine a thing
Where feeble hope would ne'er have flown,
But only flap'd its tintle wings,

And yet I quickly might arrive
Where my extended soul is fix'd;
But fate dees iron wedges drive,
And always crowds itself betwixt.

For fate with jealous eye dees see
Two perfect loves—nor lets them close;
Their union would her ruin be,
And her tyrannic power dispose.

And therefore her decrees of steel,
Us, as the distant poles have plac'd
(Though love's whole world on its both wheel)
Not by themselves to be embrac'd.

Unless the giddy heaven fall
And earth some new convulsion tear,
And, us to join, the world should all
Be cramp'd into a planisphere.
As lines, so loves, oblique may well
Themselves in every angle greet;
But ours too truly parallel,
Though infinite can never meet.

Therefore the loves which us do bind,
But fate so enviously debars,
Is the conjunction of the mind,
And opposition of the stars.

Boston, July 25th, 1803.

EPI TAPH,

Written by EDWARD THOMPSON, Esq. late Captain in the British Navy, previous to his death on the Coast of Guinea, in January, 1786.

NED THOMPSON at last is fall'd out of the world,
His throats are cast off and his topkails are surld;
He lies snug in death's boat without any concern,
And is moored for a full day a head and a stern:
O'er the compass of life, he has merrily run—
His reckoning is out and his voyage is done;
When his journals are search'd by their lordship's above,
Then his leeway in life will be damn'd or approv'd.

THE NOVELIST.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SINCERITY; A NOVEL.

IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.

LETTER XI—ANNE TO ELINOR.

London, July, 1777.

I PURSUE my subject. Suppose Mr. Romain again speaking. "Last night madam, I was fatally convinced, all my suspicions were just; suffer me to remain silent concerning the scene to which I was an execrating witness. I rushed into the room, with a horsewhip in my hand, (for I had rode from town,) and made the dishonorable reptile feel its lash pretty severely. It is my firm resolution never to live with my lost Jeffrey again; but I will not expose her to the world. I will not drive her from me, and by so doing, plunge her into the abyss of shame and infamy; I am resolv'd to protect her against her will. I have fear'd, and I am now convinced, that a living witness of her defection will prevail. But my friends, in France, will know nothing of what has pass'd, and I will place her in the convent at St. Omer's, where my sister has been from choice many years a boarder; here she may remain until the unfortunate little being sees the light: I will then consider what is best to be done. I shall leave this place, and if possible, England, this very day; and must request you to see to the packing of the plate, linen, &c. in order to their being sent after us. I shall employ a person to sell the furniture, and remit me the proceeds. I think it will be best not to take any of our present domestics, as they are but too well acquainted with Jeffrey's frailty; I have sent to the inn for a post chaise, and must beg you to go and prepare the unhappy woman for her removal."

My aunt returned to Mrs. Romain; she found her awake and rising: It was an awkward task to inform her of her husband's resolution. She stood with her face from my aunt while she was speaking; but when she found she was silent, she turned and thus address'd: "I am oblig'd to you, Madam, for the trouble you have taken; I understand you have been in the house all night; and I have no doubt but it is to your advice I owe this hasty determination of Mr. Romain. I must confess I think you have been unnecessary officious, and must beg the few moments I have to tarry in my own house, I may remain unmolested." As she was speaking, the chaise drove up to the door, and Mr. Romain enter'd the room. "Come, Madam," said he to his wife in a solemn voice, "give orders to your servant to pack up a change of cloaths, and do you prepare yourself for a journey; breakfast is ready in the parlour; take from your drawers what you want, and then deliver your keys to this lady, who will take care that every thing is sent after you." "Sir," said she in a haughty tone, "I do not choose that any stranger should have the liberty of examining my drawers." "If, Madam," he replied, in a firm and pointed manner, "you have any thing in them you are afraid or ashamed of having seen, it were best you removed or destroyed it before you went away; but I'd fire you to be quick, as I must depart within the hour." She colour'd; a few tears forced themselves down her cheeks; while in an unsteady voice, she begged to be left alone ten minutes; her request was complied with; she then came down stairs, with a forced appearance of composure, habited ready for her journey. She drank a cup of chocolate with difficulty; and,

when her husband enquir'd if she was ready to go, arose from her seat, saying, "no—neither ready nor willing; but it is your pleasure, and I must obey." She trembled so, she could scarcely stand; the colour left her cheeks, and it was with unequal steps, and a bosom that throbb'd almost to suffocation, that she seated herself in the chaise. "Mr. Romain drew up the glasses; and a few hours took her out of England; to which, had she been prudent, had never returned. These circumstances, being made known to me, when it was too late to prevent Sarah from forming a connection, which I greatly fear, will prove the ruin of her peace, I thought best not to mention them; nor have I, since my return, permitted her to think I am in the least acquainted with any circumstance concerning Mrs. Romain. But I am determin'd to keep a strict eye upon her, and if I see her laying any plans to regain her ascendancy over Darnley, I shall speak my mind both to him and her, in a manner that will not be very pleasing.

Mrs. Darnley, at present, seems inclin'd to think all the reports which she has heard, were groundless.—Jeffrey (as I shall henceforth call her) is a specious woman; very insinuating in her manner; and my dear Sarah, with all her good sense, is very credulous, and open to deception; but I do earnestly hope that the film will not fall from her eyes in this respect; for what situation in life is more mortifying, than that of a neglected wife? A knowledge of treachery on the part of her husband, would awaken all her resentment. I know her, she would never reproach him; she would never consider his breach of duty as an apology for any failure of her own. She would continue immovable in the path of rectitude; but such an exertion would cause her many bitter tears; and her suffering would be more poignant, because she would conceal them in her own bosom, and wear the mask of serenity over a lacerated heart. I shall let you know what discoveries I make; I shall not be inquisitively prying, but I shall observe and draw conclusions from those observations, not to gratify any impertinent curiosity, but in order to guard the peace of the invaluable Sarah.

London, at this period, is not very pleasant; Darnley talks of taking a lodging at Ilfington; I think I see through his plans; his wife acquiesces in all that he proposes; she is pleas'd with the idea of being in the country—I hope it will in the end, contribute to her felicity; but I greatly fear it will not. One remark I have made since my return is, that Darnley lives very freely, and has a number of men always after him, who look like professed gamblers; they are ill bred, and by no means society, fit for his delicate wife. Adieu, I am in truth, Yours,

Affectionately, ANNE.

USEFUL.

ON THE GROWTH AND CULTURE OF FOREST TREES.

AS wood is among the necessaries of life, a forest is a necessary appendage to every farm. Forest-trees have the power of re-producing themselves as well from their seeds, and but for shamefully bad management, they would be found growing in sufficient numbers in almost every part of this country. A farmer's wood-lot should be nearly as much the object of his care as his orchard. Wood-lots should remain untouched, during the seasons of spring and summer; because, the wood being then full of sap, is less durable for timber, and less valuable for fuel; and because the trees, being nearly exhausted of sap, have not strength to shoot forth again. Wood should be felled or cut down, between the months of November and March. This circumstance renders it more durable in timber; and causes it when used in fuel, to yield more heat, with less smoke: at the same time, the roots being abundantly replenish'd with sap, which is the blood of plants, are able to shoot forth a new progeny.

In applying the axe to a wood-lot, which the owner would wish to perpetuate by a series of productions, the best method is to cut down every tree, as far as the axe-man goes. This will give the young and tender progeny the necessary advantages of a free circulation of the air, and of the unobstructed rays of the sun; whereas if some of the large trees be left, the shoots, which spring up from the stumps of others, will languish beneath their shade. The part of a wood-lot, that is felled by the axe, should be kept as carefully fenced as a corn-field; or other wise the browsing of cattle, especially in the spring of the year, will poison and destroy the rising tendrils. Care should also be used to pluck off a part of the tendrils or shoots around the stumps; leaving only, by the sides of each stump, two or three of the most large and thrifty.

By such a prudent management, a wood-lot might be rendered a perpetual fund of timber and fuel.

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MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP—No XXXIX.

fatid est potuisse videri

aut quem tum vocat Cassandra movebat.

HAVING adapted my motto to the subjects of the following letters, I shall, without further preface, present them to my readers; only adding, that I most sincerely sympathize with the "BASHFUL MAN," and perfectly understand the extreme painfulness of his situation. At the same time I have laughed heartily, at the whimsical complaint of "HEPSIBAH FAITHFUL."

TO THE GOSSIP.

MR. GOSSIP,

SIR,

LABOUR under a species of distress, which I fear will at length drive me utterly from that company in which I am most ambitious to appear; but I will give you a short sketch of my original and present character, by which you will be enabled to judge of my situation. My father was a farmer of no great property, and with no other learning, than what he acquired at a common country school, but my mother being dead, and I an only child, he determined to give me what he fancied would make him happy, namely, a liberal education.—I was accordingly sent to the University at Cambridge, with a view of qualifying for holy orders. Here, having but a small allowance from my father, and being naturally of a timid and bashful disposition, I had no opportunity of rubbing off that native awkwardness, which is the fatal cause of my unhappiness, and which I now begin to fear can never be amended. You must know that in my person, I am tall and thin; with a fair complexion and light flaxen hair; but of such extreme susceptibility of shame, that on the smallest subject of confusion, my blood all rushes into my cheeks, and I appear a perfect full blown rose. The consciousness of this unhappy failing made me avoid society, and I became enamoured of a College life; I had therefore determined to live at the university in some capacity or other, when two unexpected events greatly altered the posture of my affairs, viz. the death of my father, and the arrival of an uncle from the Indies. This uncle I had but seldom heard my father mention, and it was generally believed he had been dead; when he arrived in this country only a week after my father's death. I am ashamed to confess, what I believe has been often experienced by those whose education has been better than their parents, that my poor father's ignorance and vulgar language had often made me blush to think I was his son; and at his death I was not overmuch grieved, for the loss of that which I had often been ashamed to own. While my uncle was planning schemes of greatness and delight, whether from change of climate or what other cause I know not, but he was snatched from all his dreams of greatness, by a short illness, of which he died; and I was left heir to all his property. And now, Sir, behold me at the age of twenty-five, well stocked with Latin, Greek, &c. possessed of an ample fortune, but so awkward, in every genteel accomplishment, that I am pointed at by all who know me, as a wealthy, learned clown. I have lately purchased an estate in the country, which abounds in (what is called) a genteel neighbourhood. My company is much courted by the surrounding families, (especially by such as have marriageable daughters,) from these gentlemen I have received pressing invi-

tations, and though I wished to accept their offered friendship, I have repeatedly excused myself under some pretence or other. However, I at length determined to conquer my timidity, and three days ago, accepted of an invitation to dine this day with one, whose open, easy manner, left me no room to doubt of a cordial welcome. Colonel Friendly, who lives about a mile distant, is a gentleman with about two thousand dollars year, estate; he has two sons and five daughters, all grown up, and living with their mother, and a maiden sister of the Colonel's, at Army Hall, dependent on their father. Conscious of my unpolished gait I have for some time past, taken private lessons of a tutor, who teaches "grown people to dance," and though I at first found wonderful difficulty in the art he taught, yet my knowledge of mathematics was of prodigious use, in teaching me the true equilibrium of my body, and the adjustment of the centre of gravity to the five positions. Having now learned to walk without tottering, and learned to make a bow, I boldly ventured to obey the Colonel's invitation, to a family dinner, not doubting but my new acquisitions would enable me to see the ladies with tolerable intrepidity; but alas! how vain are all the hopes of theory, when unsupported by habitual practice! As I approached the house, a bell alarmed my fears, lest I had spoiled the dinner by a want of punctuality: impressed with this idea, I blushed the deepest crimson, as my name was repeatedly announced by the several servants who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing whom or what I saw; by a first entrance, I summoned all my courage, and made my new learned bow to Mrs. Friendly; but unfortunately, in bringing my left foot back to the third position, I trod upon the gouty toe of the poor Colonel, who had followed close behind, to be the nominator of the family. The confusion this occasioned in me, is hardly to be conceived, since none but bashful men can judge of my distress, and of that description the number I believe is very small. The Colonel's politeness degrees dissipated my confusion; I was astonished to see how far good breeding could enable him to suppress his feelings, and to appear with perfect ease, after so painful an accident. The cheerfulness of her ladyship, and the familiar chat of the young ladies, insensibly led me to throw off my bashfulness; until at length, I took a principal part in the conversation, and even to start new subjects. The library being richly furnished with books in elegant bindings, I conceived the Colonel to be a man of literature. I observed among others an edition of Xenophon, in sixteen volumes, which, as I had never seen before, greatly excited my curiosity; I rose up to examine it; the Colonel saw what I was about, (I suppose,) and willing to save me the trouble, rose to take the book down, which made me more eager to prevent him, and hastily laying my hand on the first volume, I pulled it forcibly; but lo! instead of books, a board which by leather and gilding had been made to look like sixteen volumes, came tumbling down, and unluckily pitched upon a wedge wood inkstand, on the table under it. In vain did Colonel Friendly assure me there was no harm done; I saw the ink streaming from an inlaid table, on the Turkey carpet, and scarcely knowing what I did, attempted to stop its progress with my cambric handkerchief. In the height of this confusion we were informed, dinner was served up. In walking through the hall, and suite of apartments to the dining room, I had time to collect my scattered senses, and was desirous to take my seat between Mrs. Friendly and her eldest daughter. Since the fall of the wooden Xenophon, my face had been continually burning like a fire brand, and I was just beginning to recover myself and feel comfortably cool, when an unlooked for accident rekindled all my blushes and heat. Having set my plate of soup too near the edge of the table, in bowing to Miss Dinah, who politely complimented the pattern of my waistcoat, it tumbled the whole scalding contents into my lap. In spite of an immediate supply of napkins to wipe the surface of my clothes, my black silk-breeches, were not stout enough to save me from the effects of this sudden fomentation, and for some minutes my legs and thighs seemed as though they were stewing in a boiling caldron; but recollecting how Colonel Friendly had disguised his pain when I trod upon his toe, I firmly bore my torture in silence, and sat with my lower extremities parboiled amidst the stifled giggles of the young ladies and servants. I will not relate the several blunders which I made during the first course, or distress I

was thrown into by being desired to carve a fowl, or help to various dishes that were near me, spilling a sauce boat, and knocking down a salt feller; rather let me hasten to the second course, "where fresh distillers overwhelmed me quite." I had a piece of rich sweet pudding on the end of my fork, when Miss Louisa Friendly begged to trouble me to help her to a pigeon that stood near; in haste I whipped the pudding into my mouth so hot as to burn it; it was impossible to conceal my agony, my eyes burning out of their sockets. At last, in spite of shame and resolution, I was obliged to drop the cause of my torment on my plate. Colonel Friendly and the ladies all compassionated my misfortune, and each advised a different application; one recommended oil, another water, but all agreed that wine was best for drawing out the fire, and a glass of sherry was accordingly brought me from the side board, which I sipped up with eagerness: but oh! how shall I tell the sequel! whether the servant mistook, or purposely designed to help me mad, he gave me the strongest brandy, with which I filled my mouth, already flamed and blistered! totally unable to every kind of ardent spirits, with my tongue, throat and palate as raw as beef, what could I do? I could not swallow; and clapping my hands to my mouth, the cursed-liquor squirted through my nose and fingers, like a fountain, over every dish on the table. And I was crucified by bursts of laughter from all quarters. In vain did the Colonel reprimand the servants, and his lady chastise her daughters, for the measure of my shame & their diversion was not yet complete. To relieve me from this intolerable state of peripetition which this accident had caused, without considering what I did, I wiped my face with that ill-fated handkerchief which was still wet, from the consequences of the fall of Xenophon, and covered all my features with streaks of ink in every direction. The Colonel himself could not support this shock, but joined with his lady in the general laugh, while I sprang from the table in despair, rushed from the house, and ran home in an agony of confusion and disgrace, which the most poignant guilt could have excited. Thus, without having deviated from the path of moral rectitude, I am suffering torments like a "goblin damned." The lower half of me has been almost boiled, my tongue and mouth grinded, and I bear the mark of Cain upon my forehead; yet these are trifling things to the everlasting shame which I must feel, whenever this adventure shall be mentioned, unless by your assistance: for when my neighbours know how much I suffer on this occasion, they will spare their reviling, and have some feeling for

A BASHFUL MAN.

Dorset, August, 1803.

TO THE GOSSIP.

MANAM,

IT was not until yesterday that I heard of your general invitation to have all complaints made known to you; immediately upon hearing of this invitation, I determined to open my mind to you. In a life of sixty-four years, alas! alas! what changes have taken place! When I was young, what dread and reverence were paid to omens, dreams, visions, blue burning candles, knives and forks across the front, salt spilt by awkwardness, and every kind of prognostic, that led into the avenues of fate! The present times, or rather the last twenty years of my life, treat those important points as trifles. Owls screech unheard; I myself dream and repeat my dreams unregarded. Thieves appear in the watch lights, and we lose a marrow spoon next day, no matter, nothing foretold our loss: my sifter, bed rid, and very old I confess, assures me, that her bed curtains have been drawn aside, three times within this three weeks; by something in the shape of a dog without a head; but the poor woman, is looked upon as doating. Jett, my little spaniel, often fees something that comes from the other world; but Jett's but a dog, and can only bark at it.

What a pity it is, madam, that when we abhor the superstitions of popery, we cannot, at the same time, have that veneration, I had almost said duty, to celestial warnings, which formerly had a very great influence over every action of our lives. It was then, madam, that a winding sheet in the candle, or a cinder coffin jumping out of the fire, sent many a wicked girl to her prayers for a week together. It was then, madam, that Doctor *What do you call him; the fat glaring haberdasher—Doctor You know who, the deaf and dumb conjurer*, were followed and revered with as true devotion as the Methodists are in the

wicked days. My mother has often informed me of many strange noises, apparitions, and visions that have been heard in our family. My honoured parent was not only a pious matron, but a great believer; and shall I denigrate? All good fears forbid! Yet I forget that for me, and for my two grand daughters are incoherently oblate and careless; they give each other knives and scissors, without considering the consequence, that such kind of instruments invariably cut love adoration. Sucky the eldest, never fails to quit the room as soon as I begin to read my fate in coffee grounds, and her sister, Nancy, seems not to pay the least regard to Childemas's day. What can I do? Pray Madam assist me in correcting these girls, and in teaching them to stand in awe of spirits, hobgoblins, will of the wisps, &c.

I am yours,
Dover, July 17th, 1803.
HEPSIBAH FAITHFUL.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.
ESSAYS—No IV.

A RESTLESSNESS of temper, an invincible desire of novelty, has ever been observed to be predominant in the human breast. New publications are read with avidity, new inventions are applauded, though cool judgement allow to be vastly inferior to the efforts of prior genius.

This passion is not confined to the *beaux* who vegetate in *Cornhill*, who having no laudable employment to occupy their time, frequent *BLAKE's*, to gaze at new faces, and criticise upon new publications, who put modest women to exquisite pain, by their indecent flattery, for the pleasure of seeing a lovely blush tinge their countenances; but the wisest of men have sometimes entered upon the chase of universally attractive novelty. A discontented mind is natural; we very rarely find a man perfectly at ease in the situation which Providence has allotted him; even, after spending years in striving to obtain some favourite object, in the pursuit of which, his whole soul seems interested, thinking no labour too great, considering the sacrifice of time and wealth of little importance, provided his endeavours are crowned with success: yet he scarcely possesses what he so ardently longed after, ere satiety interrupts his happiness, and destroys his pleasure. He envies his neighbours fortune, and by this means makes his own almost intolerably uncomfortable: unhappy indeed is his condition! miserable is his state, who disregarding the comforts of his own, envies the felicity he imagines he perceives in another's situation. He is unable to enjoy the pleasures which are in his power, because he is incapable of obtaining those which belong to his rival. The rich turn in the garden of Eden, was tasteless to Adam and Eve, because one tree was forbidden. We have all inherited in some degree the spirit which brought ruin on our guilty progenitors; our rambling appetites know no bounds. To gratify our longing after novelty, the air and sea are pillaged; the fruitless inventions of our species are racked to supply means of obtaining new luxuries.

From this natural impatience, the privation of liberty is considered by all men, as the greatest calamity which can befall them: delighting in independence, man cannot brook having his actions controlled by any terrestrial being; haughty and overbearing, leaping all bounds of prudence and discretion, piety and morality, he sometimes even presumes to murmur at the dispensations of an all-wise PROVIDENCE. Such is man, the chief of all terrestrial beings. H.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.
EDUCATION.

Instructions from a PARENT to the TUTOR of his SON.

“ I VALUE the instilling of a single principle of Goodness or Honour into the mind of my dear child, beyond all the *vanities* which the Indies can remit.

“ I would not have you through any zeal or attachment to me, think of pushing my boy into learning of the *Languages*, beyond his own pleasure; neither would I have you oppress or perplex his infant mind, with the deep or mysterious parts of our HOLY RELIGION.

“ I think, be it your care to instruct him in MORALITY; and let the *Law* precede the *Gospel*—for such was the Education which God appointed for the world. Give him, by familiar and historical instances, an early impression of the *formings* of human life, and of the nature of the world in which he is placed. Let him learn from this day forward, to distinguish between Natural and Imaginary wants; and that nothing is estimable, or ought to be desirable, but so far as it is necessary or useful to man. Instruct him daily and hourly if possible, in a preference of manners and things, which bear an intrinsic value to those

which receive their value and currency from the arbitrary and fickle stamp of FASHION. Shew him, also, that the same toils and sufferings, the same poverty and pain, from which people now fly from as from a plague, were once the desire of heroes, and the fashion of nations; and that thousands of patriots, of captains, of philosophers, through love of their country, of glory, of applause during life, or disinclination after death, have rejected wealth and pleasure, embraced want and hardships, and suffered more from a voluntary mortification and self denial, than our church seems to require in these days, for the conquest of a sensual world into which we are fallen, and for entitling us to a crown in the KINGDOM of ETERNITY.

ALFRED THEODORE.

SATURDAY EVENING'S MONITOR.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.
ON REVELATION.

[Concluded from page 170.]

PRIDE I fear is the foundation of scepticism. Humility and faith are essential requisites, to form the basis of our belief and which under divine grace, might render us serviceable to our fellow-creatures, happy in ourselves, and hereafter gain us a glory and felicity in paradise. Let man then ever reject the vain and foolish cavils of pretended disputants, who pride themselves in acquisitions of profound erudition and philosophical abstractions, than which nothing can be more deceitfully erroneous, more incompatible with the principles of genuine piety, or repugnant to sound reason, rational religion, and the opinions of the wisest and the most learned of mortals. Besides, let it be remembered, also, that there is no one particular point in which the reverential awe, the gratitude and admiration, or the enraptured mind of man is so commendably and so profitably employed, as in the overflowings of adoration for that stupendous instance of Almighty love, in sending forth the balmy gift from heaven, which teaches the human race how to live and die in the favour of the Divine Being; which affords us all a relief of the most sovereign efficacy in the hour of afflictive visitation and mournful vicissitude. Surely man is bound to be thankful for such unmerited benefits; surely he ought to be grateful, when he reflects, that all the blessings he enjoys, are the gifts of heaven; surely then, where his happiness and duty are so intimately interwoven, it is “ a pleasant and joyful thing to be *thankful*.” Nor can it be less pleasurable to extend the limits of virtue, and train his mind to the important duties of Charity, Candour, Truth, Justice, and Benevolence. But to speak more immediately of the magnificent works of creation, in which the glory and power of the creator, is so wonderfully conspicuous. “ The Sun, that fountain of life, light, and heat of the world, that bright leader of the armies of heaven, enthroned in glorious majesty; the Moon shining with a lustre borrowed from his beams; the stars glittering by night in the clear firmament, the air giving breath to all things that live and move; the interchanges of light and darkness; the course of the year, and the sweet vicissitudes of the seasons; the rains and the dew descending from above, and the fruitfulness of the earth caused thereby, the bow bent by the most high, which compasseth the heavens with a glorious circle; the awful majestic voice of the thunder, and the piercing power of the lightning; the instinct animals, and varieties of vegetable and mineral productions; the great and wide sea, with its numerous inhabitants; all these, it is true, are ready to intrude us in the mysteries of faith, and the duties of morality.”

“ When uprear cedars, and wild confusion shod,
And new-born Nature calls'd her benignant head,
She sung the frame of this terrestrial pile,
The Hills, the Rocks, the Rivers and the Soil.”

BLACKMORE.

But, I ask, whether the perfections, the mercy, and goodness of the most powerful and best of kings, is not more transcendantly copious and admirable in the superaddition of the revelation of the Gospel, and the incarnation of the blessed Saviour of mankind, which us far surpasses every other blessing and all the works of creation, as real gold surpasses the false splendour of tinsel. Man must look to the Duty for support, without which we are assured he is a wretched being. And let it be observed here, that every solid comfort, every amiable virtue and every generous emotion must be derived from the christian religion. Such satisfaction and delight cannot possibly flow from any other source.

From the same source of genuine consolation and useful knowledge, the sentiments may at all times be ennobled, the unwholy passions may be checked, and the more benevo-

lent affections heightened and improved. Let the exercise therefore, of the noble powers incessantly call forth the most grateful emotions of the mind! and let us never neglect the offerings of thanksgiving and praise to the Divine Majesty. The benefits of Revelation, the attributes of the most high, and the works of creation, cannot be sufficiently extolled, or too frequently contemplated, and admired. O, that the gratitude of men bore some proportion to the goodness of the creator and redeemer of the universe! But indeed, on any of these exalted subjects it should be presumed, the mind cannot be long employed, without breaking forth into wonder, gratitude and praise. And let it never be forgotten, that the goodness of the Universal Father of mankind, is equal to his wisdom, his mercy is equal to his power, and his love is equal to his perfections.

*Degenerate minds in mazy error lost,
May combat heav'n and impious triumph boast!
But while my veins feel animating fires,
And vital air this breathing breast inspires,
Grateful to heav'n I'll stretch a pious wing,
And sing his praise, who gave me power to sing.*
BLACKMORE'S CREATION.

THE CONFIDANT.

THE SEDUCER PUNISHED.

LAW REPORT.

[We publish the following, to show the trouble and difficulties mankind bring on themselves, by their acts of wickedness & folly.]

COURT OF KING'S BENCH—LONDON, July 7, 1803.
Crim. Con.—SMITH v. SMITH.

MR. Scarlet opened the pleadings, from which it appeared, that the action was brought against the Defendant for the seduction of the Plaintiff's wife. The damages were laid at £.6000.

MR. Erskine stated, that this was one of the most profligate and iniquitous cases that ever occurred. He lamented that it fell to his share to lay it before a Jury. When topics of the same kind were frequently dwelt upon, they ceased to excite much interest in the mind, and were rather apt to be viewed with some degree of disgust. He thus might not be able to describe the wrongs of the Plaintiff, with all the feeling and energy of those who were called upon for the first time to express their indignation against vice, and their sympathy with abused generosity. It seemed enough, to be sure, simply to say, that the Plaintiff sued the Defendant for having seduced his wife, a woman who had borne him four children, and with whom he had lived happy upwards of ten years. But though Juries, from such a statement, must at once conceive the idea of an injury, which no words could delineate, clients might not be satisfied without some exertion on the part of their Counsel. The parties, it shocked him to say, were *brothers sons*! In the course of his practice he recollected of but one case attended with such aggravation. Whether from instinct or from intuition, happily for the purity of domestic life, between persons nearly allied in blood or by affinity, who lived under the same roof in open familiarity and unfeigned intercourse, the criminal passions very rarely arose. The attachments which there prevailed were tender and endearing, but unmix'd with desire, and never hurrying on to unhalloved gratification, and a disregard of all the laws of morality. It was not merely the sacred tie of consanguinity which the Defendant had violated. Gratitude required that he should rather have died than inflicted upon the Plaintiff one moment's uneasiness. When but a few months old he was left an helpless orphan. The Plaintiff took him into his house, and reared him with the most affectionate care. Having received a suitable education, he was put out as an apprentice to a lucrative branch of business. When his apprenticeship had expired, he was placed under the care of a clergyman, until means should be found out, for his establishment in the world. The Plaintiff afterwards fitted up a part of his own house, as a ware-room for him, and set him up as a Birmingham manufacturer. The Plaintiff's house continued as before, to be his home. The return that he had made for such unexampled kindness, was to ruin the peace of his benefactor. Mrs. Smith had continued for years after her marriage, a virtuous and affectionate wife. She began, however, by degrees, to shew symptoms of alienation and estrangement, which at last grew to such a height, that she called for a separation from her husband. To the Defendant was all this to be ascribed. Little doubt could now be entertained that a criminal intercourse had long subsisted between them, and on the 17th of March she openly cohabited with him. The misery which the Plaintiff had since suffered, could only be conceived by advertising to the quarter from whence the blow was directed, and

POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SIMILE.

PASSION is like the base narcotic flower,
That flaunts its scarlet bosom to the day;
And when exerting its nefarious power,
Benumbs the sense, and steals the strength away.
In the gay morn attractive to the eye,
Its thin leaves flutter in the wanton wind;
But ere the sun declines, will fade and die,
While still its baleful poison lurks behind.
But Love! pure Love! the human soul pervading,
Is like the mull rose, scenting summer's breath;
Its charms when budding, in its prime; and fading,
Will even yield a rich perfume in death.

S. R.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

TO *.*

YES! you may read my heart in every line,
Nor would I ***** hide it from thy view;
Every pulsation vibrates still with thine,
It glows as ardent, and it beats as true.
Hast thou a sorrow it would not partake?
Hast thou a pleasure it would not increase?
Say, could it hear thy coldness and not break?
No! 'tis thy friendship sooths it into peace.
If e'er my soul in prayer approaches heav'n,
It asks not for myself nor pow'r, nor wealth;
It ardent prays, that unto thee be giv'n,
Content of mind, a competence, and health.
Health! heaven's choicest gift! defend! defend!
With healing wing from thy own native sky;
Waft thy salubrious airs around my friend,
And bid each threatening malady to fly.
So joy once more shall make her mansion here,
So peace shall visit this fond anxious breast;
I'll breathe no sigh, shed no repining tear,
Be ***** well, and prosperous and blest.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

PRUDENCE TO BEAUTY—ON HER OUTSET IN LIFE.

ALAS! my child, since born so fair,
Possess'd of every charm,
Thou stand'st in need of double care,
The tempter to disarm.
Oh! for a moment then attend,
Nor spurn me tho' I'm old;
For trust me—thou an honest friend
In Prudence dost behold.
Life to the view's a pleasant way,
But dangerous to youth;
Beauty is apt to go astray,
From innocence and truth.
Be virtue, then, thy greatest pride,
She'll add to ev'ry charm,
And while possess'd of such a guide,
No vice can do thee harm.

E***

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

COME, penive muse, attune thy plaintive lyre,
Ah! chaunt a solemn, deeply soothing strain;
And all ye sisters of th' Aonian choir,
Come weep with me on yonder dreary plain.
How lonely seem the lawns, the fields, the groves,
Whose beauties recently appear'd to bloom;
Ah me! rude Boreas through the woodland roves,
And thrushes around an universal gloom.
Where now that fair, whose smile could glad the heart,
Whose sympathetic soul could give relief—
Where the dear form, which pleasure could impart,
To pallid misery immers'd in grief?
Alas! no more thy voice the heart can cheer—
Nor can we more with purity be blest!
Then oh!—away the tender parting tear—
And be her virtues on my mind imprest.
View you expand and heav'n's ethereal ray
With bright, translucent, glittering beam it shines!
There her blest sacred spirit sought comforts,
But lives forever in ETERNAL DAY!

ANNA.

Selected for the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

INDIFFERENCE EXCUSSED.

LOVE, when 'tis true, needs not the aid
Of sighs, nor oaths, to make it known:
And to convince the cruel!st maid
Lovers should use their love alone.
Into their very looks 'twill steal,
And he that most would hide his flame,
Docs in that case his pain reveal;
Silence itself can love proclaim.
This, my Aurelia, made me thun
The paths that common lovers tread,
Whole guilty passions are begun
Not in their hearts, but in their heads.
I could not sigh and with cross'd arms,
Accuse your rigour, and my fate;
Nor tax your beauty with such charms
As *Men* adore and *Women* hate;—
But careless liv'd, and without art
Knowing my love you must have spied;
And thinking it a foolish part
To let to shew, what none can hide.

THE NOVELIST.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SINCERITY; A NOVEL
IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.
LETTER XII—ANNE TO ELINOR.

London, October, 1777.

THIS Jeffrey is more artful than I believed her to be; she has gained such an ascendancy over Sarah, that she leads her into all manner of dissipation and extravagance. She is ever on the wing, always in a crowd; a good way, you will say, of making her inattentive to her own particular conduct. The autumnal amusements have commenced, and the play, the opera, or some fashionable party occupies every evening; this leads to great expenses, constantly appearing in public, requiring numerous changes of dress. Sarah, indulg'd from infancy in elegant habiliments, though her own taste prevents her dressing fine, is thoughtlessly extravagant in elegant laces, rich satins, with gloves, caps, shoes, &c. furbles are not procur'd for a trifling sum in the course of a year; and Sarah is, perhaps, not so careful of her cloaths, or attentive to the expenditures of her house-keeping as she ought to be; her heart is naturally liberal; she has no idea of being imposed on by her servants, and when sometimes a slight suspicion will cross her mind, that her provisions are wasted, or her cloaths wilfully lost, any plausible excuse will quiet her, and from a native love of peace, she will cease to enquire concerning her domestic concerns, or appear satisfied, when in fact she is not convinced; the exerts but little authority in the management of her family: dressing, making and receiving visits, late hours at night, and consequently late mornings, have in appearance, totally altered the character of the late interesting Sarah. She gives dinners and suppers, in very high style, and is herself, the very soul of the parties she draws around her; while Jeffrey, satisfied with having persuaded or flattered her into these follies, with an assumed humility, declines joining the parties, and I am well convinced, has more than once instigated Darnley to blame Sarah for a conduct, which though I acknowledge very reprehensible, she should be remonstrated with mildly, and not vulgarly reproached, and taunted with having all the extravagant propensities of a fine lady, without having brought any fortune to support them. Yet this unmanly reproach was made to the humiliated Sarah, in my presence, a few days since. To which she replied, with more sincerity than prudence: "You knew my poverty, and wilfully burthened yourself with a woman who can neither feel nor think as you do. Yet Mr. Darnley, let me add, if you had treated me with the confidence due to a wife, you would have always found me conformable in my dress and pursuits, to the circumstances of a husband, whom it is my duty, and would be my pride to honour, if he would let me."—This occasioned a violent altercation; he told her, it was not because he could not afford it, but because he did not *choose*, that she should lead to gay a life, that he found fault: "the flew out of the room, and gave vent to her full heart by tears, (which she ever endeavours to restrain in his presence) in her own apartments; thither the officious intrusive Jeffrey followed her, and I was astonished when we met at dinner, for I was passing the day with her, to find her dressed, and hear her declare, she meant to join a party going to the play, from whence she was going to a card party, and that she meant to sup out. She entertained me to accompany her; but I very good naturedly

felt at that moment, a strong propensity to stay and keep Mrs. Romain company. And stay I did, much to the mortification of that *amiable* lady, and her more *amiable* *cherami*. I found a new novel in Sarah's dressing room, and bidding the maid fetch Mrs. Romain's work, told Darnley we did not want him, and that he might as well follow his wife to the play; and having partly laughed, and partly fazed him into some sense of shame, had the pleasure to see him depart, and very complacently begun and finished the novel before twelve o'clock; at which hour, Jeffrey being no longer able to command her impatience, and pretend pleasure, when in truth she was bursting with vexation, said she was sleepy, rang for candles, and with a profusion of civility, bade me a good night.

About two o'clock Sarah returned, Darnley with her; he was very petulant, and taking a candle, went immediately to his room. Sarah threw herself on the sofa and burst into tears. What is the matter, my dear? I asked.—"Nothing of consequence," said she, I am ashamed of myself, but, "I am afraid, my dear Sarah," said I, in a softened almost hesitating voice, "that you are somewhat to blame in the little disagreement of to-day; you must not be offended, you have ever given me leave to be sincere with you—why, when Mr. Darnley expressed a dislike to your leading so dissipated a life, why did you immediately dress and go out to my dear friend, you must submit a little." "Anne," said she, wiping away her tears, "I feel you are right, but I cannot command my temper at all times. I know it is wrong to complain, the die is cast, and I must be silent and unresisting—but, my dear Ann, why does he not treat me with confidence? why am I kept a stranger to all his concerns? I know not whether he can afford the style in which we live, or whether he is worth a single guinea; sometimes he will give me money unasked, sometimes buy me finery in profusion; at other times he grudges every thing, and will rail at me for wearing his presents, though it was solely to do him honour that I put them on; it is the last time, Ann, I will ever speak on the subject;—but my lot is not a very happy one, even at the best; and had I entertained the smallest idea of the misery, the certain misery that must attend a woman, married to a man from whom her nature shrinks repugnant; whose every word, opinion and action, is an outrage to her sensibility, I would have gone out to the most menial day labour, before I would have taken upon myself, duties I have not the patience and fortitude to fulfil as I ought. Heaven knows," continued she, and her lips began to work, and her voice to falter, "Heaven knows I strive to consider him with respect; to behold him with affection; but how can I compel my heart to love a man, who one hour treats me with rudeness and contempt, and the next with a disgusting fondness, even more repulsive to my nature, than his illnature?—Anne, I have spoken with sincerity, I ever considered you as a second-self, and must now entreat you to bury what I have said in your bosom. When you see me act wrong, as I know I have to-day, do not hesitate to reprove me; but in regard to him, I pray you be silent; he is apparently good natured, liberal and cheerful; the world believes me happy; I would not undecieve them."—"I will implicitly regard your prudent injunction," I replied, struck with the magnanimity of her resolution, "but will you allow me to mention one thing more, which I really think it my duty to point out to you, as I believe much of your happiness in future will depend on your attending to my advice on this subject. Be upon your guard against Mrs. Romain; do not let her persuade you to act in opposition to your husband's will; and grieve such a conduct over with the name of spirit, resolution, and proper independence." "Ann," said she, "do you apprehend that Jeffrey has any interred views in sowing dissension between us? do you think?"—"I perceived her drift, and rising, said, "I think nothing, only that Mrs. Romain is not a woman whom I could wish to see the friend of Sarah Darnley. She has a strong tincture of foreign manners, and what is dignified with the appellation of a masculine mind; but she has no one quality which should give her an ascendancy over such a mind as yours. Good night," said, I kissing her cheek, "let me see you good friends with that unaccountable being your husband, to-morrow; and while you have yourself every disposition to make your fetters easy, do not suffer officious meddlers to render them galling—act always from the impulse of your own heart, and I am sure you will act right."

The next morning I had the pleasure to see them quite composed and civil to each other; and to prevent any interposition that might again stir up discontent, I insisted on Mrs. Romain's going to spend a few days with me. She went home yesterday, and I have not heard from Sarah since.

Yours, in sincerity, ANNE.

TICKETS in Hadley Lottery, for sale by GILBERT & DEAN. Excellent chance for a fortune. Aug. 27.

BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.]

SATURDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 3, 1803.

[N^o XLV.

BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE :

DEVOTED TO

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MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP.—N^o XL.

Tu, quid ego et populus mecum desiderat, anti.

PERSONS who prepare an entertainment for the public, and enter themselves upon the list of literary adventures, whether the fare offered to their patrons be composed of materials drawn from their own immediate possessions, or selected from the better furnished stores of their predecessors or contemporaries, should ever candidly acknowledge when their poverty has obliged them to borrow of their neighbours—for if the treat be ill supplied, they avoid the censure they might otherwise incur—and if well, they will at least obtain the applause due to their candour. I am led to this remark, by the mortification I have experienced during the last week, from being told the letter signed "A Baffled Man," which I presented to my readers in my last number, thinking it to be original, was not so; but had appeared very lately in an American Miscellaneous publication.—When I commenced the GOSSIP, it was my wish to present nothing to the public that was not original; and though in the course of my own trifling lucubrations, a bold idea may now and then unknown to myself steal in; (for what is there new under the sun) I do assure my readers it is not intentionally done; and I now inform my correspondents, that I myself, and the public also, do expect originality. If the assertion concerning the letter in question is a fact, I feel that it is necessary to request the patron of the paper to pardon it—at the same time, I inform the person who sent it, that no other communication in the same hand writing, will ever be received. If the public are to be imposed on, let it be through some other medium. I am well aware how far superior judicious selections from approved authors, may be, to any production of my pen; but then they should be acknowledged as such; and I must entreat, that all future complaints, communications, &c. addressed to the GOSSIP, may, when sent, be marked whether original or selected; if the latter, from whence selected.

I have beside me at present, letters with the following dates and signatures:—*Junius*, 19th July—*Dash Tippy*, no date—*A. no date*—*Alonzo*, 19th—*Matthew Mole*, July 28th.—The two last of which, I this week lay before my readers; and shall, at some future period, take up their complaints.—I have only now to add, that the letters from the same hand as the "Baffled Man," are left with the printers of the paper, to be returned to any one, who shall bring a line in the same hand writing, entitling him to receive them. I am an eccentric being, my pen is my comfort, solace and amusement, and on every subject gives utterance to the genuine feelings of my heart, leaving it to the learned to defame with philosophical precision, and dress their thoughts in the splendid decorations of genius—yet soaring above the servile tribe whose foppish minds, like a vane, veers ever to the gale most prevalent, I will keep on a middle course, and though without hope ever to be exalted to the altitude of the former, will never sink to a level with the latter.

I seize my pen, and while rapt Fancy glides
With heavy wing over misfortune past;
Gratefully catching from the present hour
Sweet balm to heal the wounds past forrow gave;
Or lightly flitting on to future joy,
Lulls into ease the present moment's care;
I write, and muse, and leave the world behind,
And even now, when science reigns around,

And up the blue expanse the orb opaque
Sheds by refracted beams a mimic day,
Fancy has caught me, in her silver net;
And Solitude, her sombre veil thrown off,
Leads to the presence of the wife, the great,
The learn'd and good, of past and present times;
And if amongst the illustrious group but one,
Cue eminently good applaud the lay,
I have my great reward. Ye venal tribe,
Whole pens move lightly, while beside ye sits
Plutus with golden god, to spur ye on;
Confute me not, ye cannot feel like me—
Applaud me not—your praise is pointed satire.

TO THE GOSSIP.

SIR,

AS the numbers of the GOSSIP sometimes fall in my way, I have discovered that you are a sort of redresser of wrongs; or rather, that complaints are made to you on subjects, and questions proposed on others. I therefore take the same liberty of addressing you on a matter of my concern.

Know then, Sir, that I am near-sighted. I have never made any use of Spectacles, because I had rather be ignorant that the friend for whom I am looking, is on the other side of the street, than pass for a fop. But I sometimes make use of a glass to assist my sight on particular occasions. Now as you are a GOSSIP, and consequently are perfectly aware of whatever is said or done by every body in town, I wish to be informed, what there is laughable in this? For my part, I cannot see any thing ridiculous in making use of proper means to enjoy, in a greater degree, one of the dearest pleasures of earthly existence. I am so much a friend to laughter that I am always ready to join in it, although it be made at my expense. Therefore, if earnestness of fight be a thing to laugh at, I should like to be told why and wherefore, in due season, you should be much disposed as STERNE, was, to lengthen out in that way. Whenever this misfortune is ascertained, I shall be glad to see you, and shall take occasion to return you a number of very valuable acquisitions which will be made to the scanty stock of materials with which our facetious and caustic wits of both sexes, keep their talents in exercise. I make no doubt, but that a broken arm might become a very pleasant exhilarating topic of conversation, during the present scarcity of duels, and abundance of rain. And a wooden leg must certainly form an inexhaustible fund of merriment. Your opinion on this head will be read with much attention, by
July 28, 1803. MATTHEW MOLE.

TO THE GOSSIP.

SIR,

HAVING almost completed an apprenticeship, and finding it very inconvenient at present in procuring a feat in a Meeting-house, on the Sabbath, (notwithstanding my matter has a pew almost entirely empty.) I am determin'd to ask your advice, whether it will be against my respectability to allow my apprentices a feat in my pew, when I have commenced business? Or give them the same liberty on the Sabbath, which most apprentices enjoy in strolling about the streets, holding up corner-polls, and sneering at every one that passes? I am entirely at a loss what steps to take. I find it is not fashionable for lads to appear at meeting with their masters; on the other hand, if I do not permit mine, they will be in danger of forming bad connections in their idle marches, to the disadvantage of their morals and my interest; in the measure to be taken, I shall have *Fashion* to contend with my *Duty* and *Interf.*

Whenever my time allows me to enter upon the stage of action, I shall endeavour to make a proper beginning; therefore, I take the liberty of laying this case before you.
Boston, July, 1803. ALONZO.

CONTEMPT, THE NATURAL CONSEQUENCE OF MISFORTUNE.

THAT contempt is the natural consequence of misfortune must be evident, from the many examples afforded us every day in the common course of things, to a man of every slight observation; nay, such is the frailty of human nature, that sometimes we are driven on to hatred, and this for no other reason but what the fickleness of fortune affords.

Slight as this reason for avoiding the unfortunate is, yet

nothing is more common. The man who yesterday lived in affluence, whose house afforded an asylum, and table sustenance to a number of apparent friends, is to day avoided by them, as if he was afflicted with some malignant distemper, which is commensurable to those who are near the afflicted person, because by some unforeseen accident, he is brought to ruin and poverty; nay, so far do men sometimes carry themselves, that they will point out the unfortunate to the world, that they may be subjected to the ridicule of it.

Let us but reflect on the fate of Alcibiades, Cimon, Themistocles, and thousands more of equal fame and merit, and we can never be at loss for examples of the influence fortune has over the soul of man. These great and able men, when in the midst of their power and grandeur, were esteemed, nay even deified, were styled by all, the defenders and fathers of their countries; but when Fortune, changing goddess! was tired of heaping conquests and rewards upon them, when she once deserted them, applause and popularity took wing; then it was they in the people's eyes, became the very reverse of what they were esteemed before; then was the cry as much against them as before for them.

How mean, then, are the motives of man's regard! Whilst we have it in our power to support pomp and grandeur, we have crowds of friends; but, when once the nipping frost of poverty approaches, they are gone, like swallows at the end of summer, to seek a more friendly climate.

S. T. F. B.

MORAL DEPARTMENT.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

MORAL BENEFITS ARISE FROM AFFLICTING DISPENSATIONS OF PROVIDENCE.

NOTHING is more conspicuous in the character of man, and at the same time discovers his want of judgment more, than his propensity to consider as the most unnecessary, those afflictive, but salutary dispensations of Heaven, which operate eventually, though he does not perceive it, to the promotion of his happiness. He cannot, for instance, conceive the benefits of affliction, and wonders for what purpose man is so eminently subjected to them. He is not aware, that without them we could not be happy, that one continual round of the same pleasures fatiates the appetite, and renders him more unfit for enjoyment, than do his severest afflictions. Without any reference to future events, he judges solely from present impressions, of a system which he thinks Heaven might have adopted; and which, in the plenitude of his wisdom, he supposes would be more conducive to the happiness of man. Without remarking on the fallacy and impiety of such sentiments, let us for a moment consider the benefits of affliction.

Afflictions are not only very salutary, but almost indispensable in the opening of life. They circumscribe the falacious expectations of happiness which we naturally anticipate when the morning of our day shines with uninterrupted serenity, and by forcing us to feel, at an early period, the influence of such ills as every one must be subjected to in the course of life, prepare us to enter on the stage of action, experimentally qualified to support its tragic, as well as comic scenes. By afflictions, the course of our thoughts is impelled to a proper reservoir; we are convinced that we must not too fondly seek for happiness within the confines of this world, and are thereby forced to take refuge in God alone.

Afflictions are also necessary, not only as they check our vanity,—the frivolity of our pursuits,—as they give to the heart a more consistent temperance, and to the mind a just equipage; but as they infuse that friendship, tenderness and sympathy for others, which are the sweetest and most durable ties of society. Besides, those who have been early initiated in the school of affliction, and who are duly impressed with religious sentiments, have no unhappy forebodings of events to come; for afflictions having strengthened their natural powers of fortitude and patience, and rendered them capable of supporting any thing that mortals can, and Religion giving them that sweet submission to the dispensations of Deity, which constitutes in the trying hour, their only source of consolation, they are at all times prepared, as far as mortals can prepare, to meet the wave of fate which may dash against them. On Heaven they re-

by, and are rewarded for it; for at the very moment when he seems to afflict them most, the rays of his mercy shine through the clouds of adversity in beams of love and grace, and give to the soul, that peace and serenity, of which those who have not felt a storm before the sunshine, can have no idea.

Afflictions also, by raising our views above the sphere of earthly action, give a dignity and elevation to the soul, which enables us from our empyreal height to look down on the world, its cares, its troubles, and its pleasures, not with the apathy of a stoic, but only with that mixed degree of affection and indifference, which to its possessor, is certainly an enviable state of mind. With regard to the degree of affliction we should entertain for the world, the philanthropist and the enthusiast are both equally remote from the right point. Afflictions force us from both these extremes, and seem to be the means by which Heaven adjusts, proportions and regulates, the affection we should entertain for life.

Finally, afflictions, from their repetition, enable us to oppose an undaunted front to the forms of life, and bear such of its ills as those who are not proficients in sorrow would flink under, not only with fortitude, but frequently with composure and serenity. The clouds may look angry—we have seen them go before. Their lightnings may enshroud us in a flame—the train of thunder may be fired, and earth shaken to its foundation—death may shake his sharpened lance, and say, “ere another week, thy bones must moulder in the dust.” These we have anticipated from what we have already experienced, and can meet them with a serenity felt only by those, who by long, but gradual succession of evil, have been thoroughly prepared to witness them.

On the other hand, those who have passed a tranquil morning, and whose prospects have scarcely ever been shaded even in the transitory veil of a fleeting cloud, will form their opinion of the world by what they have already so happily experienced in it. Experience, though in most cases a correct standard, operates in this only as the means of delusion; for as in the natural world many a stormy day has succeeded to a beautiful morning—so in the life of man, early sun-shines which create fond prefaces of a brilliant meridian, only inflame the poison in which are to be dipped the arrows of future disappointment. It will therefore be discerned, that those whose youth is passed in ease and happiness, free from the afflictions incident to that period, and who in consequence thereof, anticipate equal ease and happiness during the remainder of their days, only habituate themselves to expectations which it would be rare indeed to have realized, and which terminate in different degrees of disappointment.

Let us, therefore, admire the hand of Deity alike when it dispenses affliction, as when it confers happiness; without the one, we should not know how to appreciate the other, and a due mixture of both, is what constitutes our most regular and tranquil hours—Viewed in eventual and remote consequences, and not judged of from momentary impressions, afflictions appear, as do all the works of Deity, in the most useful and salutary light. Indeed, without them, the earth, instead of being peopled with men of *virtue and sobriety*, would abound with none but bloated and offensive *epheures*; every age would be an age of licentiousness, and the world become one dismal theatre of intoxicated pleasures, of indolence and degeneracy, and of causes operating to the extinction of the human race.—Therefore, frail mortal, submit to the dispensations of Heaven, believe them right—“and as thou art of dust, be humble and be wise.” H. C. W.

AMUSING.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ADVERTISING EPISTLE FOR A WIFE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

AS your Magazine is generally perused by the Ladies, I have chosen it as the vehicle of conveyance for the subsequent communication:

My pretensions, as well as my feelings, induce me to wish for a partner for life. I shall, therefore, honestly describe my own personal qualifications, as well as situation in the world, that those to whom they may be acceptable, may depend upon not being deceived. My figure is of the middle kind, neither large nor small; and the *tant ensemble* will not, I expect, be found disagreeable. My age is rather more than half way between twenty and thirty; my temper something haughty, but not violent or lasting; my property in life tolerably good, considering I have just begun business; and I have reason to suppose it will be better, so much so, as with prudence, to afford all the necessities and many of the comforts of life. I am calculated by nature

to enjoy society, and am never happier, than when reaping the advantages resulting from the conversation and company of those, who I have reason to think, may be entitled to the name of friends.

The person who may apply this, must not however, expect to begin life in the present fashionable and prevailing mode, furniture of the highest price, and most elegant appearance; large and handsome houses, with other appendages to conform to them, his finances will not allow of; but every thing neat and convenient as his situation will admit, will not be refused.

Beauty of person in the Lady, is not his first or principal object; he rather gives the preference to an open countenance, in union with a generous and liberal heart, manners free from reserve, but governed by the strict laws of modesty. In the business of the world, he expects to be his own master; in that of the family, the will be her own mistress. He however hopes they will be disposed to listen to the arguments of each other, for their mutual benefit. As respects age, there will be no objection made, if between twenty and twenty-six; this will give him the preference of years, which he thinks the man should always have.

As he calculates upon domestic happiness, he shall be pleased to have for the partner of his cares and sorrows, a person who has improved her mind by reading and observation; who will make an agreeable companion in a long winter evening, and esteem that time best spent, which is spent in the company of her husband.—It may be inferred, perhaps, from his description of happiness, that the writer of the above is of a sour, morose disposition, and not disposed to accommodate himself in any degree to the feelings incident to humanity—this is by no means the state of his feelings; he assures those who may encourage such an opinion, that no exertions on his part shall be wanting to make their situation as happy as possible—he only wishes to enforce the principle, that their surest felicity must result from themselves.

Should his situation and principles, as now expressed, meet the ideas of any of the female sex, they will, in return, please to state theirs. S. G.

ANECDOTE OF PROFESSOR JUNKER,

of the University of HALLE.

MANY who were personally acquainted with this celebrated character, have frequently heard him relate the following anecdote.

Being professor of anatomy, he once procured, for dissection, the bodies of two criminals who had been hanged. The key of the dissecting-room not being immediately at hand when they were carried home to him, he ordered them to be laid down in a closet which opened in his own apartment. The evening came, and Junker, according to custom, proceeded to resume his literary labours before he retired to rest. It was now near midnight, and all his family were fast asleep, when he heard a rumbling noise in his closet. Thinking that, by some mistake, the cat had been shut up with the dead bodies, he rose, and taking the candle, went to see what had happened. But what must have been his astonishment, or rather his panic, on perceiving that the sack which contained the two bodies was rent through the middle! He approached, and found that one of them was gone.

The doors and windows were well secured, and he thought it impossible the body could have been stolen. He tremblingly looked round the closet, and observed the dead man seated in a corner.

Junker stood for a moment motionless; the dead man seemed to look towards him: he moved both to the right and left; but the dead man still kept his eyes upon him.

The professor then retired, step by step, with his eye still fixed upon the object of his alarm, and holding the candle in his hand until he reached the door. The dead man instantly started up and followed him. A figure of so hideous an appearance, naked, and in motion—the lateness of the hour—the deep silence which prevailed—everything conspired to overwhelm him with confusion. He let fall the only candle which he had burning, and all was darkness. He made his escape to his bed-chamber, and threw himself on the bed; thither, however, he was pursued; and he soon felt the dead man embracing his legs, and loudly sobbing.

Repeated cries of “Leave me! leave me!” released Junker from the grasp of the dead man, who now exclaimed, “Ah! good executioner! good executioner! have mercy upon me!”

Junker soon perceived the cause of what had happened, and resumed his fortitude. He informed the re-animated sufferer who he really was, and made a motion in order to call up some of the family. “You wish then to destroy

me!” exclaimed the criminal. “If you call any one, my adventure will become public, and I shall be taken and executed a second time. In the name of humanity, I implore you to save my life.”

The physician struck a light, decorated his guest with an old night gown, and, having made him take off a cordial, requested to know what had brought him to the gibbet. “It would have been a truly singular exhibition,” observed Junker, “to have seen me, at that late hour, engaged in a *lêve-à-lêve* with a dead man, decked out in a night-gown.”

The poor wretch informed him that he had enlisted as a soldier; but that, having no great attachment to the profession, he had determined to desert; that he had unfortunately entrusted his secret to a kind of crimp, a fellow of no principle, who recommended him to a woman in whose house he was to remain concealed; that this woman had discovered his retreat to the officers of police, &c.

Junker was extremely perplexed how to save the poor man. It was impossible to retain him in his own house, and keep the affair a secret; and to turn him out of doors was to expose him to certain destruction. He resolved to conduct him out of the city, in order that he might get into a foreign jurisdiction; but it was necessary to pass the gates of the city, which were strictly guarded. To accomplish this point, he dressed the man in some of his old clothes, covered him with a cloak, and, in an early hour, set out for the country with his *protégé* behind him. On arriving at the city gate, where he was well known, he laid in a hurried tone, that he had been sent for to visit a sick person who was dying in the suburbs. He was permitted to pass. Having both got into the open fields, the deserter threw himself at the feet of his deliverer, to whom he vowed eternal gratitude; and, after receiving some pecuniary assistance, departed, offering up prayers for his happiness.

Twelve years after, Junker, having occasion to go to Amterdam; was accosted on the Exchange by a man well dressed and of the best appearance, who, he had been informed, was one of the most respectable merchants in that city. The merchant, in a polite tone, inquired whether he was not Professor Junker, of Halle; and on being answered in the affirmative, he requested, in an earnest manner, his company to dinner. The professor consented. Having reached the merchant's house, he was shown into an elegant apartment, where he found a beautiful wife and two fine healthy children; but he could scarcely suppress his astonishment at meeting so cordial a reception from a family with whom, he thought, he was entirely unacquainted.

After dinner, the merchant taking him into his counting-room, said, “You do not recollect me?”—“N t at all.”—“But I well recollect you, and never shall your features be effaced from my remembrance. You are my benefactor. I am the person who came to life in your closet, and to whom you paid so much attention. On parting from you, I took the road to Holland. I wrote a good hand, was tolerably expert at accounts; my figure was somewhat interesting, and I soon obtained employment as a merchant's clerk. My good conduct, and my zeal for the interests of my patron, procured me his confidence and his daughter's love. On his retiring from business, I soon succeeded him, and became his son-in-law. But for you, however, I should not have lived to experience all these enjoyments.—Henceforth look upon my house, my fortune, and myself, as at your disposal.”

Those who possess the smallest portion of sensibility, can easily represent to themselves the feelings of Junker.

EXTRACT.

The following is an excellent example of smiling satire. It can acknowledge no other author than Addison.

“Remember a young man of very lively parts, and of a sprightly turn in conversation, who had only one fault, which was an inordinate desire of appearing fashionable. This ran him into many amours, and consequently into many dilettos. He never went to bed until two o'clock in the morning, because he would not be a queer fellow, and was every now and then knocked down by a confidante to signalize his vivacity. He was initiated into half a dozen clubs before he was one and twenty, and so improved in them, his natural gaiety of temper, that you might frequently trace him to his lodgings by a range of broken windows, and other like monuments of wit and gallantry. To be short, after having fully established his reputation, of being a very agreeable rake, he died of old age at five and twenty.” : : : : *Post Folio.*

ON GAMING.

TO how many bad passions, to how many base arts does it give rise? what violent agitations of the mind, sometimes

bursting into a rage and frenzy, does it occasion? What a shameful traffic of gain does it form among persons, whom their rank in life, and their connection in society, ought to have raised above the thoughts of enriching themselves by such dishonorable means? How many friendships has it broken? How many families has it ruined? In what deadly catastrophes has it often terminated? The gambler sits down at the fatal table with eager spirits and mighty hopes—behold him when he rises—a wretch, haggard and forlorn, cursing his fate, and, from despair of retrieving his ruined fortune, driven perhaps to entertain the horrid thought of ending his own existence.

LOVE.

THE following animated picture of love, and its tendency, is drawn by Dr. Fordyce, in his "Sermons to young women." "Honorable love! that great preservative of purity, that powerful softener of the fierce spirit, that mighty improver of the rudest carriage, that all subduing yet all exalting principle of the human breast, which humbles the proud, and bends the stubborn, yet fills with lofty conceptions, and animates with a fortitude that nothing can conquer—what shall I say more? which converts the savage into a man, and lifts the man into a hero!"

CURIOUS METHOD OF DEFENCE.

THE servant of a Mr. Stapleton, at a village, near Sittingbourne, in Kent (England), being left alone in the house, the family having gone on a visit to a friend's house in the Isle of Sheepy, was waked about twelve o'clock at night by the noise of thieves breaking into the house. She immediately arose, and going to the window, discovered two men endeavouring to force the window-shutters of the ground floor: she called out to them and asked what they wanted, they replied "they knew the family was from home, and insisting upon having whatever plate and valuables her master was possessed of," adding, "that if she made a noise they would blow her brains out." She told them there was no occasion to threaten her, for she had long determined on revenging herself on her master, and that if they would wait, she would throw the plate out of the window to them. In a few minutes she appeared at the window with a silver tankard which she had in the interval nearly filled with aqua fortis belonging to her master; she desired them both to stand directly underneath the window, and endeavour to catch it, as it was full of dollars and curious pieces her master had collected. The thieves put themselves in the attitude to receive the prize, when she emptied the contents full in their faces. The agony the poor wretches were instantly thrown into can only be conceived by those who are acquainted with the effects of this burning liquid. They hellowed out revenge, swearing with dreadful imprecations as they went away, they would return and set fire to the house. The girl however followed up the stratagem by alarming her neighbors, some of whom kept watch during the remainder of the night, but saw no more of the robbers or their companions.

USEFUL.

[Boston, Saturday Evening, Sept. 3, 1833.]

COMMENCEMENT.

ON WEDNESDAY last, was the Annual Commencement, at Cambridge—when the Candidates for A. B. and A. M. were admitted to their respective degrees. The exercises were few, owing to the indisposition of many of the candidates who were expected to have spoken. The company who attended, were not so numerous as we have seen it; and though there was certainly an assemblage of beauty and elegance in the galleries, we have witnessed upon former occasions, a more extensive and brilliant circle. Among the Orations, &c. delivered on the occasion, KIRKLAND, FARRAR, SAVAGE and BATES, stand superior in point of excellence. FARRAR humourously lashed the prevailing taste among the fair, for tales of horror, ghosts, goblins, and haunted caverns—and BATES stood forth the firm, yet modest champion of religion—not was SAVAGE wanting in elegance of language, or energy of manner, though evidently labouring under a severe cold, in his Oration on the Patronage of Genius. A damp was thrown over the hilarity of the day, by the recent death of that ornament to literature and honour to mankind, Dr. TAPPAN—many were the eulogiums paid to his memory; many the tears of affection and regret that fell upon his grave.

ON THURSDAY, the Phi Beta Kappa Society, held their anniversary. An elegant and impressive Poem, was delivered by the Rev. Mr. JENKINS, and an excellent Oration, by the Rev. Mr. PAPOON, of Taunton. The Chapel was crowded with company, and much beauty and fashion honoured the society with their attendance. Every person of

taste was highly gratified, and unanimously join in the hope of seeing Mr. JENKINS'S Poem in print.

LITERARY.

MR. E. M. BLUNT, has in the press, the second edition of *Walsh's Mercantile Arithmetic*. The above work has received the sanction of the principal Merchants of Boston, Salem, and Newburyport. [A few copies of the first edition for sale at this Office.]

TO FARMERS, ON CUTTING BUSHES.

THE best times, says the curious and learned Dr. Elliot, in his fifth essay on Field Husbandry, are, in the months of June, July and August, in the old of the moon, and on the day the sign is in the heart. He says, on one of these days he sent a man to make trial: in going to the place, some of his neighbors saw him, and learning the reason, went to their land and cut bushes also on that day; their bushes were tall and had never been cut, his were short, such as had been often cut, but to no purpose, without it was to increase their numbers; and the consequence of this trial was, that in every place it killed to universality, that there is not left alive scarce one in a hundred. The trial has been made in several places on the same day with the same success, &c. This author seems to think it may incur the imputation of ignorance or superstition to show such a regard to the signs; but he says it is well known by the learned that the moon's attraction has great influence on all fluids.

If farmers attend to the time, and cut their bushes at such a time, he says they will universally die. If cutting bushes only once in either of the aforesaid days will kill them it might be worth the trial; for it would save many days labor.

CURE FOR THE DYSENTERY.

THE following Recipe for the Cure of the Dysentery, were handed us for publication by a person who says he has seen many cures effected by them the present season.—We fear the publication of them will do more injury than good, as some people are apt to place so much confidence in simple remedies recommended, as to neglect applying to a physician until too late. We however submit them to the public inspection, hoping that they may produce the desired effect.

Northampton "Hive."

RECIPE I.

Make a strong Tea of *Cassia Foot*, (by some called *Muscle-Ear*) add one half pint Brandy to a quart of this Tea, and Molasses sufficient to make it sip—Drink of it freely as often as the pain of griping come on.—This when taken at the commencement of the disorder, was never known to fail of effecting a cure.

RECIPE II.

Steep one ounce of Cinamon in a quart of water, add thereto the crusts of Rye and Indian Bread, mix the liquor with an equal quantity of sweet Wine, and let the patient drink freely of it.—This will soon give relief at any stage of the disorder.

RECIPE FOR A COLD.

By the late Dr. JAMES MALONE, of London.
TAKE a large tea-spoonful of linseed, with two pennyworth of stick liquorice, and a quarter of a pound of sun raisins. Put them into two quarts of soft water; and then add to it a quarter of a pound of brown sugar candy powder, a table spoonful of white wine vinegar, or lemon juice. Note, the vinegar is to be added only to that quantity you are going immediately to take; for if it be put into the whole, it is liable in a little time to grow flat. Drink half a pint at going to bed, and take a little when the cough is troublesome. This medicine generally cures the worst colds in one or two days, and if taken in time may be said to be almost an infallible remedy. It is a sovereign balsamic cordial for the lungs, without the opening qualities which endanger fresh colds in going abroad. It has been known to cure colds, which have been almost settled into consumptions, in less than three weeks.

TO PICKLE SMALL CUCUMBERS.

TAKE them first from the garden, and put them into a brans pan, with vine leaves under and over, and a little bay salt; let them scald very slow, drain them off, and dry them in a cloth. Then boil fresh vinegar, some mace, and a little allspice, and pour it boiling hot over them; repeat it twice, leaving a day between: then cover them up for use.

A COMPOSITION FOR GIVING A BEAUTIFUL POLISH TO MAHOGANY FURNITURE.

DISSOLVE bees-wax (equal parts) in oil of turpentine, until the mixture attains the consistency of paste. After the wood intended to be polished is well cleaned, let it be freely covered with the above composition, and well rubbed with a piece of old carpet, until the wood attain a fine polish, and until no dirt will adhere to its surface.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE EDITORS perfectly agree with the sentiments of the GOSSET, as expressed in the number prefaced to their readers this week, concerning pieces sent for publication as original, when in fact, they are not. With these impressions, they beg leave to return all the pieces received from the person who sent the letter signed "A Disfraid Man."—They are thankful for Communications, but wish them to be marked whether original or selected. They consider themselves like the masters of an Inn, who would not present a customer with even the finest capon twice dressed, if with the same ease they could procure him a fresh though common chicken.

We assure our friend "P." we have not received the Communication mentioned in his late note.

HYMENEAL REGISTER.



MARRIED]—At Dorchester, Mr. Josiah Bryant, of Lexington, to Miss Sally Willington, of the former place.—At Waldoboro', Mr. Simon Hardy, Aet. 69, to Miss Polly Belknap, Aet. 19, and 3 mo.—a difference in their ages of only 49 years, and 3 months!

In this town, Mr. Jacob Endicott, to Miss Ruthy Hawkes; Mr. Wm. Webb, to Mrs. Martha Godfrey;—Mr. Ebenezer Holmes, to Miss Mary Marshall.

OBITUARY.



DIED]—At Natick, Rev. Stephen Badger, Aet. 71. At Weymouth, Miss Deliverance Bates, Aet. 97. At Medford, Miss Harriet M. Green, Aet. 17, daughter of Francis Green, Esq. At Chelsea, Miss Ann Payton, daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Payton. At Cambridge, universally lamented, the Rev. David Tappan, D. D. Hollis Professor of Divinity in Harvard College, Aet. 51.

The deaths in New-York, for the week ending the 27th Aug. was 109, including 45 persons of the fever.

In this town, Mr. James Blake, (Huntery) Aet. 64; Mr. Nathan Warren—Mr. Jeremiah Hunt, Aet. 19—Mrs. Mary Howe, Aet. 29—and 7 others. Total 11.

"GOOD FORTUNE THAT COMES SELDOM, COMES MORE WELCOME."

WE are credibly informed, that the blanks and prizes are already preparing for the drawing of the 4th class of *South-Hadley Canal Lottery*; and that the Managers will, in a few days, announce the time of drawing. The tickets have already sold very rapid; and those who wish to purchase at the original price, must apply before they go into the hands of a Company, of which the Managers will duly acquaint the public.—MEMO. highest prize 10,000 dollars—so much money don't grow in every field—whenever gets it, can say,

"Fortune, the great commandress of the world, Hath divers ways to enrich her followers."

Those who are lucky enough to draw blanks, ought still to persevere, with this remark:—

"Fate's dark recesses we can never find, But Fortune at some hours to all is kind."

Blanks and Prizes, either in wholes, halves or quarters, in the above Lottery, for sale by GILBERT & DEAN, at No. 56, State-street, over the Store of Mr. PEIRCE.

Red and Black- Writing INK, (the former in bottles of 25 cents each) for sale as above. Sept. 3.

POETRY.

For the Boston Weekly Magazine.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

THE following, (altho' I say it myself) is, in my opinion, as good as some of your Poetry, and therefore I venture to offer it. If you desire a quantity of it, either by wholesale or retail, I can, as Pope says, "Spin you a thousand such a day."

SONNET TO DAY-BREAK.

AURORA, goddess of the morn,
Parent of health, and nurse of wit,
Eye not, with unforgiving scorn,
Who falls repentant at thy feet.

'Tis long, by *Sonnus* led astray,
Since he beheld thy blushing charms;
As oft he strove to take the day,
As oft was held in *Sonnus*' arms.
Henceforth let others take delight
To waste in bed the youthful day;
For me, I'll wake at eve of night,
And brush the pearly dews away.

They bloom with health, who oft thy charms behold;
Thy potent touch turns every thing to gold.

MARCIA.

For the Boston Weekly Magazine.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

If you think the following quotations, worthy a place in your useful paper, you may insert them, and thereby oblige a customer. P.

A POEM ON DEATH.

"DEEP in a murky cave's recess,
Lay'd by oblivion's lifeless stream, and fenced
By shelving rocks and intermingled horrors
Of yew and cyprus shade, from all intrusion
Of busy noon-tide beam, the monarch lies
In unobtrusant majesty enthron'd!
At his right hand, nearest himself in place
And frightfulness of form, his parent, fir,
With fatal industry and cruel care,
Buries himself in pointing all his stings,
And tipping every shaft with venom, drawn
From her infernal store: around him rang'd,
In terrible array, and mixture strange,
Of uncouth shapes, stand his dread ministers.
Foremost Old Age, his natural ally
And firmest friend; next him, Discafes thick,
A morley train; Fever, with Cheek of fire,
Consumption, with; Palsy, half warm with life,
And half a clay-cold lump; joint-torturing Gout
And ever-gravating Rheum; Convulsion wild,
Swoln Dropsy, paining Asthma, Apoplexy
Full gorg'd. There too the Pestilence that walks
In darkness, and the sickness that destroys
At broad noon-day. These, and a thousand more,
Horrid to tell, attentive wait; and when,
By heaven's command Death waves his ebony wand;
Sudden rush forth to execute his purpose,
And fester dissolution o'er the earth!

From this horrible picture of human misery, let us turn our attention to a scene of an opposite description; it is that of the Patriarch before the flood, when the span of life was not dwindled into three score years and ten.

Not thus, as since, the short-liv'd sons of men
Flock'd to his realms in countless multitudes;
Scarce in the course of twice five hundred years
One solitary ghost went shivering down
To his unpeopled shore. In sober state,
Through the sequestered vale of rural life,
'The venerable Patriarch guideless held
The tenor of his way; labour prepar'd
His simple fare, and temperance rul'd his board.
Tir'd with his daily toil, at early eve
He sunk to fudden rest; gentle and pure
As breath of evening zephyr, and as sweet
Were all his slumbers; with the sun he rose,
Alert and vigorous as He to run
His destin'd course. Thus serv'd with giant strength,
He remain'd the ride of time and flood the flock
Of ages, rolling harmless o'er his head!
At life's meridian point arriv'd, he stood,
And looking round, saw all the valleys fill'd
With nations from his loins; full well content
To leave his race thus scattered o'er the earth,
Along the gentle slope of life's decline,
He bow'd his gradual way, till, full of years,
He dropt like mellow fruit into his grave!

A CLEAR EXPLANATION OF THE DOCTRINE OF FREE WILL AND NECESSITY.

I GRANT that whatsoever may,
That also can, for can doth may obey;
But he that may and can is more than man,
For can may may, but may can never can. E.

TO A YOUNG LADY, WHO WORE A PATCH UPON HER FACE.

THAT little patch upon your face,
Would seem a foil on one less fair;
On you it hides a killing grace,
And you in pity plac'd it there.

THE NOVELIST.

For the Boston Weekly Magazine.

SINCERITY; A NOVEL IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.

LETTER XIII.—ANNE TO ELINOR.

London, March 20, 1778.

IT is some time since I wrote to you; my time has been variously occupied, and that not in the most agreeable manner. Mrs. Darnley has suffered much during the period in which my pen has lain dormant, and I have given myself up to her comfort. Darnley has lost his mother; she was an amiable woman, and in her society Sarah often found solace for her afflicted heart. I look upon this bereavement as peculiarly unfortunate for her, as the respectability of his mother's character, her steady though unassuming love of virtue, made George anxious to preserve some respect to decency; but that slight restraint removed, he will no longer regard appearances. He is going, I fear, the high road to ruin—the sums he lavishes on Jeffrey, are astonishing, while a tradesman is allowed to call repeatedly for his money to no purpose. Sarah's thoughtlessness and folly (for I must give it that harsh term) increases, the more agonized her heart, (and agonized it is I am certain in a very high degree) the more dissipated her conduct; and to see her in company, you would suppose her the happiest of the happy. When alone, she either sits pensive and unemployed, except in reading some work of fancy, or applies to her music, playing and fingering the most plaintive airs, while tears roll down her cheeks, and the tears are left to all but exquisite sensibility. Set from such a state of depression, she will start suddenly up, and be in some scene of pleasure, and often loses very considerable sums at cards—and seldom or ever returning until very late at night; sometimes she is favoured with her husband's company, but oftener she is left to herself. I am almost continually with her, for I do not think a young and prepossessing woman, can be placed in a more perilous situation, than to be neglected by her husband, and yet constantly mixing in that kind of society which abounds with libertines and flatterers, who think such a woman ever an object of illicit pursuit—not that I doubt Sarah's principles, I know she loves virtue for its own sake; but she is imprudent, and might inadvertently fall into situations, which may ruin her reputation, and perhaps her peace of mind forever. I am going this evening to her house, to remain a week with her, and shall not finish my letter until I retire for the night.

'The veil is at length rent, Sarah can no longer even pretend blindness to the insult her husband has offered her; how she will conduct on this trying occasion, I cannot think, nor can I dare to advise, I can only commiserate her situation, and weep, not with, (for she has not shed a tear,) but for her. My mind is so agitated, and has been since the discovery has been made, that I could not write last night, and even now I hardly knew how to frame my account, for the scene of last evening seems in my memory now as the traces of a horrid vision. But I will endeavour to proceed with some degree of regularity. I have already told you, I was to go to Mrs. Darnley's last evening with a design to spend a week. I had appointed to meet her in a large party, at a friend's home in Berkeley-street, and was to proceed home with her after the party broke up. She was not there when I arrived, but came soon after accompanied by Mrs. Romain. "Where is Darnley?" said I, when she was seated beside me; "he had the head-ache," she replied, "and will not come out to night;" "then why, my dear Sarah," said I, "did you come out?" "Why Anne," she replied, rather petulently, "you know my company affords him no pleasure, his conversation is only fit for the gaming table, the race ground, or a worse place; I cannot, will not listen to discourse so offensive to my ears, so degrading to my feelings; and he will listen to no other." I knew well enough this was the case, and therefore could say no more. She seemed a moment after to recollect herself, and said, "I do not mean to stay late," how-

ever, she got fat down to a commode table, and forgot her good intentions until near one o'clock; I then seeing the pool was out and that she was preparing to join another party, reminded her of the hour. Mrs. Romain had been engaged in a whist party in another room, we now enquired for her, and found she had been sent for above two hours before, a message coming that her child was ill. I must own my heart sunk at this discovery, and I thought a flash of awakened suspicion kindled upon the cheek of Sarah. It was full half an hour before the coach could get up to the door, and even when it did, and we were seated in it, whatever were the thoughts of either, we seemed mutually resolved to refrain them within the bounds of silence; when we arrived at home, just as the carriage drove up to the door, it was opened by one of the maids who was letting a visitor out; this prevented the usual rap at the door. "Where is Mrs. Romain?" said Sarah impatiently, "in the drawing room," said the maid. "How is your master?" "Better I believe, he has been in bed these two hours." Sarah opened the drawing room door, the candles were burning on the table, but the room was empty, "I will go up and see how Dornley is," said she, taking a chamber candle from the servant, "and will see you again for a few minutes before I go to bed." She ran hastily up stairs, the is very light of foot, besides which, the flairs are carpeted, so that her ascent seemed no more than the gliding of a shadow. I sat down by the fire; in less than two minutes she returned, her face pale and positively gasping for breath—her limbs scarcely supported her to the sofa on which I was sitting, on which she sunk almost insensible; alarmed, I rang for water, she swallowed a little, and then speaking with difficulty, bade the servant go to bed, she could endure herself, the maid, and as she knew where to find her night clothes there was no occasion for her to go into the room. The poor girl, who suspected what was the matter, began to speak, but Sarah waved her from the room, with an emphatic "go," and a motion of the hand, which in her carries with it positive command. When the maid was gone, she turned to me, and laying her hand on my arm, said, "Jeffrey is a serpent—Darnley is a wretch." What could I say, I pressed her cold trembling hand and remained silent—"I will not expose the unprincipled woman, nor humiliate myself by reproaching the man who can thus convince me on what a degrading passion his boasted attachment to me was founded. I hardly know on what to determine, but this I believe to be my duty, not to permit Jeffrey to remain another day under my roof. I will go into your room," said she, rising mournfully, "and undress; perhaps I may lie down a few moments beside you." This she did, but neither of us slept I believe for one moment. About eight o'clock we heard Darnley's bell ring violently, he immediately left my chamber without speaking—when it is almost incredible, but yet a certain fact, the treacherous husband had the inhumanity to endeavour to veil his own conduct by arraigning that of his innocent wife. "Where the devil have you been all night, madam?" said he, in a loud imperious tone. "In Ann's chamber." "And what is the reason you did not come to your own?" "Because," she replied, in a steady firm voice, "my place was pre-occupied." "It is a lie," said he vociferously, "but I see your aim; you are jealous, you are envious, but by heaven, if you dare to breath a word."—"Mr. Darnley," said she, "I never loved you well enough to be jealous of you. I told you before our ill-fated union took place, that our hearts could never beat in unison. I am now more than ever convinced of it."—"But pray, madam," said he, "what put it in your head that your place was occupied; which of the cursed meddling servants?" "Neither," said she, "my own eyes convinced me; I came up the moment I returned, and the first thing I saw, was Jeffrey's shoes."—"By the bedside," said he, interrupting her, "and so that is all the reason you have for thinking Jeffrey was in your place; but madam, Jeffrey has twice the tenderness in her nature that you have. When the came home, she found me very ill, advised me to go to bed, made me some wine, brought it up herself, and fearing her shoes might make a noise, put on her soft feet; fat down, and bathed my temples in hot vinegar; but you, madam, are a wife, you could go gallanting about, while your husband was sick at home, but I suppose you found more agreeable company, and employment abroad, than nursing your husband." "If I loved you, Darnley," said she, "what a miserable being I should now be; but thank heaven, that is an agony from which I am spared." She then left him, returned to me, ordered breakfast in my room, and when she heard him go out, went to her own, in hopes of obtaining a few moments repose. I have taken the opportunity to write thus far, but as I now hear her voice, I must conclude. You shall hear from me again soon. ANNE.

BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.]

SATURDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 10, 1803.

[N° XLVI.

BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE :

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MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP—N° XLI.

Quam temerè in nosmet legem sancimus iniquam, Nam vitis nemo sine nascitur.

THE letters which I now present to my readers, being something familiar to each other, one *labbing the folly of Fashion*, the other of *Conceit*, I shall give my next number up to those subjects.

TO THE GOSSIP.

SIR,

MY reasons for addressing this letter to you are, that I hope you will make it public, that I may thereby redress the injuries that have been so repeatedly offered to my beloved Goddess of Fashion. You must, yourself, have been witness to many of the slanders that have been thrown at her, by those tasteless mortals, who, under the veil of fiction, throw their poison without fear of detection; beings, whose views extend no farther than the low appearance of decency, and who in their dress, study only convenience and utility; beings, whose minds never aspire to the sublime contemplation of a pair of Whiskers, or reflected on the unbounded beauty of a pair of naked Elbows; yet all their efforts are in vain; the greater their exertions, the more does she extend her charms; her power increases with their endeavours to destroy it; and so long as the world remains, so long will she be worshipped, and her smiles be courted.

Though you have yourself, in some measure, censured the worshippers of Fashion, yet I cannot but think you will alter your opinion, after hearing the arguments I may offer in their favor. Though the greater part of mankind worship this Goddess, yet the two different ways in which the two sexes pay their adorations, have created much disturbance between them; ridicule has been thrown by each party, and each party have recriminated the same in return. As one of her greatest adorers, I think it my duty to act in her defence, and shall endeavour to shew some of the many advantages peculiar to her worship.

The dress of females has been mostly the object of censure, and some have gone so far as to say, that women would soon get to wear no clothes at all. Now, Sir, if there were nothing but the feeble efforts of modesty to prevent this, I am not certain but it would at some time or other take place; but there are more weighty reasons that will certainly prevent it. Three quarters of the enjoyment of a great part of the female world, is derived from dress: not only in viewing it, but likewise in conversing upon it. In such a state, their sociability would be lost in silence; visiting parties, which now can employ their tongues a whole afternoon on Mrs. A's new gown, or Mrs. B's new bonnet; how Miss C— was dressed in the hall-room, or Miss D—, at the play; would then be obliged to set as mutes, and I fear, in a short time, forget the use of speech!—But you will say, though that which adorns the body be gone, cannot they converse on that which adorns the mind? But here let me tell you, Sir, that such conversation is far below the attention of Ladies of Fashion.

Ladies' Head-Dresses have been much ridiculed; but can the enticing eye of him, who has a real taste for dress, find one single part deserving it? Variety is allowed by all to be pleasing; now, Sir, if the ladies change their bonnets once every week, does it not give very great pleasure to the public eye?—Among the modern improvements of fashion, there are none that *more improve* it than Veils; since

wear them only for convenience, to keep off dust, flies, &c. but the more enlightened, who see in them a greater virtue, wear them for ornament.—How beautiful does the new laid verdant appear, when viewed in a way, thus prismatic and enchanting. I have actually lost my heart by it almost a dozen times, in taking a walk through *Cornhill*, in a pleasant afternoon.

The noble art of Face-Painting, which would seem to merit the admiration of all the world, has not escaped its share of censure; but does any consider it an *object of censure*? certainly none, but those who have no taste for the real enchanting graces of coquetry. This I think is one of the most extraordinary improvements that art has made on nature; if the latter has made the face pallid, the former hereby gives it the most blooming appearance; an appearance that age itself cannot eradicate; though the first glofs may fade, yet it will leave such a beautiful variety of spots and pimples, as will ever after attract the eye of taste.

But among all the abuse that has been thrown at our fashionable Ladies, bare Elbows have received much the greatest part; a sure indication that *men* have not yet discovered themselves of that sense of modesty, almost as unbecoming to them as to the other sex, who have, to their honor, made greater advances in its dissolution. Who is there, that can be infensible to the beauties that play upon the naked corners of a lady's arms; and if some intruding wretch should light upon her gown, how does the charming goose-flesh rise, and add new graces to the elbow; but yet, Sir, there are beings, who can view this with the eye of disgust, and censure them as unbecoming.

The dress of our Beaux, strange as it may seem, has often met the encounter of satire. If such transcendent characters are to become the theme of ridicule, how long can we expect that taste to last, by which our young men make themselves so abundantly accomplished. A young man cannot expect to enjoy the company of fashionable ladies unless he is in the *Parisian style*, as the expression is; he may as well go to market without money, as ask a lady's hand at an *assembly*. Without a pudding on his neck; he must ride in shoes and walk in boots, wear a handsome glove and a taffy ring—a dashing breast-pin, with his bosom plaited, and collar high; thus accomplished, let him compliment a lady on the peculiar beauty and whiteness of her hand, he will be sure to meet an agreeable reception from all the most fashionable ladies.

Whether the above arguments have any weight in your mind or not, I trust, Sir, that you have such a respect for impartiality, that you will give this a place in one of your numbers—by which you will much oblige

Your most obedt. servt.

DASH TIPPY.

TO THE GOSSIP.

DEAR SIR,

PERMIT me to solicit your advice, partly on my own account, and for the benefit of the community at large.—The situation in which you have placed yourself, is one of the most important in life; instructing the young and inexperienced, has ever been considered a noble employment.

I am now about to introduce a young man of my acquaintance, whom I think possessed of a good disposition, and to whom nature has not been very sparing; but from a defect in early education, or some hereditary source, has treasured up an enormous portion of *self-conceit*, a man of consummate vanity. He has often times been in love;—but I do not think him possessed of that delicate sensibility which, in my opinion, is necessary to constitute a real passion. Girls from sixteen to eighteen, are his favourites; innocent and inexperienced, liable to be led into the paths of folly and wickedness. I dare not say what I think has been the case in many instances.

Is it not the duty of man to protect the innocent and most beautiful of nature's works, rather than strive to deprive them of that which is more precious than even life itself, and leave them miserable indeed?—Cold and insensible must be that heart, which can reflect upon such proceedings without remorse.—He vainly imagines, that with a wave of the hand and glance of the eye, no young Miss can avoid being enamoured with his person and accomplishments. But, Sir, it is quite the contrary; nothing is so certain of pleasing, as the appearance of being pleased; attention seldom fails of being returned in its own kind,

and often times forces an appearance of respect, which in reality does not exist. Young people for the most part, especially the *Fair Sex*, are very susceptible of flattery, not diffusing goodwill between it and real esteem.

No man of good sense and principle, I am sure would ever use it. Unfortunately, the person alluded to, possesses this art in a considerable degree. I am aware of this being a difficult subject to answer; but all objections must vanish before your able pen.—Do point out some way you think will be likely to produce a reformation, and you will oblige,

Groton, July 19, 1803.

Your Friend,

JUNIOUS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE ITINERANT—N° XXIII.

"*Jubet bene valere.*" Cic.

EVER anxious for the felicity of my readers, both in mind and body, I am extremely happy in being able to communicate the valuable intelligence contained in the subsequent advertisement of my learned and illustrious friend.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Dr. CHING-CHING-TI-CHING, from *Pekin*, Fellow of the Imperial Medical Academy of China, Second Grand Physician to the Imperial Seraglio, Chief Counsellor of the Emperor's Chief Physician, &c. &c. informs the American Ladies and gentlemen, and particularly those of *Boston*, that after many years spent in travelling through Asia, Europe, and Africa, he has now arrived in America, where he has already commenced to display his wonderful skill in curing all diseases and affections of the brain, be they ever to deperate, or of ever so long standing. He needs no other recommendation than his unlimited success, particularly in Europe; thousands can testify the efficacy of his prescriptions.

HIS MAGNUM IMPERIANUM BRANORUM RESTORANUM, or *Grand Imperial Brain Restorative*, is a sure and infallible remedy for all diseases of the mind. For this incomparable discovery he has obtained the Imperial Letters Patent; and the certificates of the numerous and unprecedented cures performed by it, are comprised in thirteen volumes, folio, which may be inspected gratis. The *Magnum Imperianum Branorum Restorandum* is offered at the low price of Thirteen Guineas a bottle, containing half a pint, with printed directions. Sold only by the Doctor, at his lodgings, No. 83, Cornhill.

Among others, he has already performed the following remarkable cures in Boston, the truth of which, each patient is ready to attest on oath.

Case 1. MISS FANNY FLUITER, had been long in a situation extremely alarming. Her appetite was astonishingly affected, and absolutely insatiable. She was ever longing and crying after the most unnatural food, which she devoured with a surprising greediness, and of which she required a continual supply. She is known to have consumed in one week, besides chickens, pies, sweetmeats, &c. six yards of lustering, five of colenae muslin, four and a half of cambric, five of dimity, six pairs of silk hose, twenty-five yards of fine linen, two pieces of lace, and a quantity of gold, stones, straw, leather, &c.—She was particularly fond of paper, of which she would digest any quantity whatever, and discovered a great partiality to that used for Bank-bills. All attempts to keep these substances from her were ineffectual, and every exertion towards removing the disease proved abortive. By the prescriptions of Dr. CHING-CHING-TI-CHING, she was in a short time rendered perfectly healthy; her mind became calm and easy, and her appetite was regulated, and circumscribed to its proper bounds.—To many, who have conceived the disease incurable, this most astonishing cure will appear impossible; but for the satisfaction of such, he is in possession of numerous depositions on oath, attesting to the above circumstances as well as to the cure, which depositions are open to the inspection of the doubtful, but which are too lengthy to be inserted in the narrow limits of an advertisement.

Case 2. MASTER WILLIAM MUSLIN, from the country, was bred at the plough, till he was sixteen, when he was sent to town, and became an apprentice in an eminent shop in Cornhill. The town air had such an effect on him, that in less than a year his former acquaintances were un-

able to recognize him. He became pale and debilitated, and was evidently in a rapid decline, attended with an alarming mental derangement. His dress, his gait, his manners, were amazingly altered; he was unable to walk without the assistance of a cane or stick. His speech was proportionally disguised; he spoke exceedingly; his sentences were broken and unconnected; he was accustomed to utter, with rapidity and incoherence, the words *talte, beauty, elegance, grace, gentility, theatre, drama, action, emphasis, &c.* with the epithets *angelic, divine, incomparable, charming, delicate, superlative, adorable, enchanting, and many others of the same class.* His dress was ridiculously fantastic, and ever changing. In short, he was evidently *non compos mentis*, and was allowed by all to be in a very dangerous condition.—He was restored to health and reason, by a course of the infallible *Museum Imperianum Branoirum Reforandum*, after taking only twenty bottles. To establish the truth of this, the Doctor has his master's certificate.

Case 3. MR. WALKBACKWARDS had for many years been raving, with the political hydrophobia. This curious derangement, while it excited the mirth of his enemies, earnestly perplexed and annoyed his friends, by whose earnest solicitations the Doctor was induced to visit him.—He is now in a fair way of recovery, to the great mortification of his adversaries.

To these, innumerable others, equally astonishing, might be added, were it necessary.—Letters, post paid, including a ten dollar note, addressed to Dr. CHING-CHING-TI-CHING, M. D.; F. I. M. A. C.; S. G. P.; C. E. P. will be attended to, and the greatest secrecy observed.

Byron, Sept. 5, 1803.

BIOGRAPHY.

THOMAS BECKET.

THE origin and rise of the famous THOMAS BECKET, afterward Archbishop of Canterbury, an extract from *The History of the Life of King Henry the Second*, by GEORGE LORD LITTLETON.

"The Archbishop of Canterbury was treated by the king with great regard, and had a principal share in the administration of government, which he derived by the services he had done that prince in affairs of the highest importance, and by the cordial affection which he bore to his person. He was a man whom experience and knowledge of business had made a minister of state, rather than genius; having parts good enough to be esteemed, and not great enough to be feared, by his master. Yet, had he been of an enterprising temper, he would have given trouble to government: for whatever he undertook he pursued with an obstinate and undaunted resolution; as Stephen found to his cost on some occasions. But being now grown old and weary of faction, as well as disinclined to any quarrel with a sovereign whom he loved, he tried to keep the church and state as quiet as he could; which was all that Henry desired, until, by a continual and insupportable increase of the evils arising from the unwarranted pretensions of the clergy, he was compelled, for the sake of his civil government, to attempt a reformation of those abuses.

On the recommendation of the primate, Thomas Becket was raised to the office of chancellor. This man, the most extraordinary of the age he lived in, and from the singularity of his character (to which there are few parallels in the history of mankind) deserving the notice of all ages, was born at London, in the year eleven hundred and fourteen. His father and ancestors (as he says himself in one of his epistles) were citizens there, who had lived contentedly and quietly among their fellow citizens, and were not the least among them. It seems that his education was intended to qualify him for the church. We are told that during his childhood, his father put him to school in Merton abbey; and when he had attained to manhood, sent him to finish his studies at Paris. After some time he returned from thence to London, was employed as a clerk in the Portgreve's office there, and then introduced to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who finding him a youth of uncommon parts, and being captivated with his graceful and winning address, gave him the livings of St. Mary le Strand and Oatford in Kent, and obtained for him two prebends in the cathedrals of London and Lincoln. These benefices he, probably, held by the pope's dispensation; (for he was yet only in deacon's orders) and desiring to qualify himself for greater preferments prevailed on his patron to find him to Bologna, the most famous university then in the world, especially for the study of the canon and the civil laws, which of all sciences was most likely to procure his advancement, either in the church, or in the state. After residing there a year, he went to Auxerre in Burgundy, where those laws were also taught; and returned into

England no mean proficient in them; but with superior talents for negotiation; which the archbishop discovering, he dispatched him soon afterwards as his agent to the pope, on a point he thought of great moment, namely, to get the legatine power restored to the see of Canterbury. This commission was performed with such dexterity and success, that the archbishop entrusted to him all the most secret intrigues with the court of Rome, particularly a matter of the highest importance to England, the soliciting from the pope those prohibitory letters against crowning prince Eustace, by which that design was defeated. There was great difficulty in conducting this business; for though Eugenius the Second, who then held the pontificate, had quarrelled with Stephen, yet as the election of that monarch had been ratified by the papal authority, it was very prejudicial to the honour of Rome, that he should be declared by the same authority, a perjured usurper. Nor, indeed was it the interest of that see to co-operate, in supporting the pretensions of Henry Plantagenet, against the son of Stephen, if it desired to maintain the encroachments, it had made, upon the rights of the English monarchy, during the reign of his father. And therefore, (as we are informed by an anecdote preserved to us in a letter of Becket) one of the cardinals, who favoured Eustace, told the pope on this occasion, that it would be easier to hold a ram by the horns, than a lion by the tail. The strength and power of Eustace, whose foreign dominions were but small, compared with those of Henry, certainly could not be so hard to contend with, nor was it probable that his authority in the kingdom of England would be so firmly and securely established as Henry's, if the latter should recover the crown of his ancestors. This was a consideration, which it behoved the court of Rome to regard with great attention, before they took any measures to oppose the succession of Eustace; especially, as there was no reason to believe, that the principles and maxims of government insisted into Henry, would incline him to acquiesce in their usurpations. For Becket himself observes, in the above cited letter, that, when he came to the crown, he opposed the liberty of the church, by a kind of hereditary right; his father having resided it in several instances, with remarkable spirit. Eustace then might justly hope, that he should be favoured by the policy of the Vatican; and there was the less probability that Eugenius could be brought to act against him, as Stephen in that conjuncture, had a minister at Rome who had much influence over the mind of that pontiff, namely, Henry de Murdac; to whom Eugenius himself had given the see of York (as I have before related) and whom Stephen, who had long refused to acknowledge him, had now received, in hopes of obtaining a papal bull for the coronation of his son. But the implacable hatred of the pope against him, and Becket's great abilities in negotiation, overcame all the weighty arguments and powerful interest on the side of that prince: which happy success, in an affair of such consequence and so much difficulty, gave Becket a merit, not only to the prelate by whom he was employed, but also to Henry, which was the first foundation of his high fortune. At his return into England, the archbishop conferred upon him several new favours, making him provost of Beverley and Dean of Hastings, which benefices he held together with the former; and just before the death of Stephen the archdeaconry of Canterbury was likewise given to him by the same prelate. But these were only the beginnings of his advancement. For immediately after Henry's accession to the throne, he was made the king's chancellor, at the request of his patron, who thought no dignity or trust above his merit. Nor, in doing this did Henry please the archbishop alone. Becket's promotion must have been extremely agreeable to the English; as he was the first of that nation, since the latter years of the reign of William the Conqueror, on whom any great office, either in the church or state, had been conferred by the kings of the Norman race; the exclusion of them from all dignities being a maxim of policy, delivered down by that monarch to his sons, and founded (as we are told by William of Malmshury) on the alarming example of what had befallen the Danes in England, after the decease of Canute the great. For the English having been suffered, by the indulgence of Canute to retain under him a large share of honours and power, the consequence was, that they soon recovered the government, and drove out the foreigners. Whether the expulsion of the latter were really owing to the cause here assigned, or to their own provoking insolence, may well be disputed: but this opinion unquestionably, prevailed too much in the minds of the Normans, and continued too long. Even Henry the first, who courted the affection of the English, as the chief strength of his government, and in other respects was kind to them, adhered to this maxim, more, perhaps, from an apprehension of offending the Normans, than any jealousy in himself.

Stephen and Matilda seem to have acted on the same principle: so that this dishonourable humiliation and inequality remained fixed on that people, until the auspicious reign of Henry Plantagenet. He was the first who took off; and certainly this deserves to be celebrated among the most memorable and most laudable acts of his life; being that which removed all the appearance of a conquest, and entirely completed the incorporating union between the two nations, which his royal grandfather had formed, but had not brought to full perfection. He might, possibly, be more inclined to favour the English, as by his grandmother, he descended from the Anglo-Saxon kings; but one may better ascribe the kindness he showed them, to large and generous notions of policy, which made him desire to widen the foundations on which the government of England had stood for some time: foundations too narrow for the superstructure of glory and public good, which his noble ambition and extensive benevolence aspired to raise. The work indeed was to him less difficult than it would have been to his grandfather: for England had now (as a contemporary author tells us) not only a king, but many bishops, and abbots, many great earls and noble knights, who, being descended both from the Norman and English blood, were an honour to the one and a comfort to the other. This happy effect of the inter-marriages between the two nations naturally lessened the jealousy, which, for almost a century, had been so strong in the Normans. But a prince of a narrow soul would not have seen the practicability, or comprehended the utility of departing from the maxim his predecessors had adhered to: and it would have been singly sufficient to illustrate the reign of Henry the second, that, by putting an end to this distinction, as well as to that which the fury of civil discord had lately produced, he opened the temple of honour to all merit, called forth every virtue, and every talent, into the service of the public, and made himself the common father of his whole people.

The chancellor of England at this time, had no distinct court of judicature, in which he presided: but he acted together with the judiciary and other great officers, in matters of the revenue, at the exchequer, and sometimes in the counties, upon circuits. The great seal being in his custody, he supervised and sealed the writs and precepts, that issued in proceedings pending in the king's court and in the exchequer. He also superintended all charters, which were to be sealed with that seal. Mr. Madox observes, that he was usually a bishop or prelate, because he was looked upon as chief of the king's chapel, which was under his special care. In the council his rank was very high. It seems that he had the principal direction and conduct of all foreign affairs, performing most of that business which is now done by the secretaries of state. Such was the office to which Becket was raised: but the favour of his master made him greater than even the power of that office, great as it was in itself."

AMUSING.

SELF-LOVE.

In the suburbs of Madrid a beggar, with a most noble air, asked alms. Says a puffer by, *Are you not ashamed to follow that infamous employment, as you are able to work?* Sir, replied the beggar, *I ask your charity, and not your advice; and immediately turned his back upon him with all the dignity of a Castilian.* This beggar was as proud as a grandee; his vanity was easily hurt. *Self-Love* prompted him to beg, and by another kind of *Self-Love* he could brook no reproach.

A missionary travelling in India, saw a faquir loaded with chains, as naked as an ape, lying on his belly, and scourging himself for the sins of his countrymen, the Indians, who had given him some farthings of their coin. *What self-denial is this?* said one of the spectators. *Self-denial?* replied the faquir, *Let me tell you that I whip myself in this world for no other purpose but to whip you in the next, when you will be a horse, and I your rider.*

Those therefore, who maintain that *Self-Love* is the source of all our sentiments and all our actions, have great reason for it in India, Spain, and in all the known world, and as no one undertakes to convince men that they have a face, there is as little occasion to prove that they have *Self-Love*.

INSTANCES OF SENSIBILITY IN CHILDREN.

[Related by M. DE ST. PIERRE.]

I WAS at Dresden in 1765, and happened to go to the Court-Theatre: the piece performed was 'The Father.' In came the Electress, with one of her daughters, who might be about five or six years of age. An officer of the Saxon guards, who had introduced me, said, in a whisper, 'That child will interest you much more than the play.' In fact, as soon as she had taken her seat, she related both hands on

the front of the box, fixed her eyes on the stage, and remained, with open mouth, immovably attentive to the performers. It was truly an affecting exhibition; her face, like a mirror, reflected all the different passions which the drama was intended to excite. You could see in succession, depicted upon her countenance, anxiety, surpris, melancholy, sorrow; at last, as the interest increased from scene to scene, the tears began to trickle copiously down her little cheeks,—accompanied with shivering, fighting, sobbing,—till it became necessary at length to carry her out of the box for fear of her being suffocated. My companion informed me, that, as often as this young prince attended the representation of a pathetic piece, she was obliged to retire before it came to the crisis.

I have witnessed instances of sensibility still more affecting in the children of the common people, because they were not produced by any theatrical effect. As I was taking my walk, some years ago, through the Pré St. Gervais, about the setting in of winter, I observed a poor woman lying along the ground, employed in weeding a bed of sorrel. Close to her was a little girl, of six years old at most, standing motionless, and quite insensible with the cold. I addressed myself to the woman, who betrayed evident symptoms of indiffinition, and enquired into the nature of her malady.

"Sir," said she to me, "for three months past I have suffered very feverishly from the rheumatism; but my disease gives me much less pain than that poor child does: she will not quit me a single moment. If I lay to her, "See, you are quite benumbed with cold! go within doors, and warm yourself!" she replies, "Alas! mother, if I leave you, your complaints will be your only companion."

Another time, being at Marly, I went into that magnificent park, and amused myself in the woods with looking at the charming group of children, who were feeding with vine boughs and grapes, a she-goat, which seems to play with them. At no great distance is an inclosed pavilion, where Louis XV. in fine weather, sometimes went to enjoy a collation. Being caught in a sudden shower, I went in for a moment to shelter myself; I there found three children, who interested me much more than the children in marble without doors. They were two little girls, uncommonly handsome, employed, with regular activity, in picking up, round the arbour, the scattered figs of dry wood, which they deposited in a basket that stood on the king's table; while a little boy, all in tatters, and extremely lean, was devouring a morsel of bread in a corner. Is this the tallest, who might be about eight or nine years old, what she intended to do with that wood which she was so busily collecting?

She replied, "Look, sir, at that poor boy there; he is very miserable. He is so unfortunate as to have a step-mother, who sends him out all day long, to pick up wood: if he carries none home he is beaten severely; when he happens to have got a little, and is carrying it off, the Swiss at the park-gate takes it from him, and applies it to his own use. He is half-died with hunger, and we have given him our breakfast."

Having thus spoken, she and her companion filled the little basket, helped him up with it on his back, and run away before their unhappy friend to the gate of the park, to see if he could pass unmolested.

A STORY OF ANCIENT TIMES.

BRANSTONE, a respectable French author, relates, that in the reign of Francis I. a young lady, who had a very talkative lover, laid her commands upon him, to observe an absolute silence for an unlimited time. The lover obeyed the order for two years! during which space it was thought, that by some accident or other he had lost the use of his speech. He happened one day to be at an assembly, where he met his mistress, who was not known as such, love being conducted in those days in a more mysterious manner than at present. The lady boasted the could cure him instantly, and did it with a single word, *Speak*.—What more could the Pythagorean philosophy have done with all its parade and boasting? Is there a lady now that could depend upon so exact an obedience, even for a single day? But the times of chivalry, in particular, afforded examples, almost incredible, of an attachment carried even to adoration, which the knights and other military heroes of those ages, constantly evinced for their mistresses, to whom, indeed they were, in the literal sense of their amorous professions—the devoted slaves.

ANECDOTES.

A SINGULAR and diverting occurrence took place near *Taunton*, in *Somersetshire, England*. A favorite old hunter, belonging to Joseph Parfley, esq. being locked in the stable, on hearing the noise of a French horn, and crying of the hounds, he began to be very restive; and the officer

going into the stable, judged that the spirited animal wanted some sport, he instantly faddled him, to which he assid a large monkey, and turned him loose, who following the found, joined the pack, and was one of the first in, at the death of poor Reynard; but the amazement of the sporting gentlemen was greatly heightened, by observing the monkey holding the reins with all the dexterity of a true sportsman.

AN English gentleman, a few years since, having attempted in vain to procure from half the taverns in Paris, a real English plumb-pudding, according to his receipt, and having undertaken to procure one, to gratify the curiosity of his French friends, he thought himself of the following expedient.—As the Parisian cooks would exercise their own judgment, adding or diminishing from this rule, he determined to apply to an apothecary, who should make his pudding in a mortar, and weigh every thing with scrupulous precision. He therefore converted his receipt into medical Latin, and his quantities into Troy weight, and signed his prescription with the name of the celebrated John Hunter. The honest Frenchman duly executed his order, which perplexed his professional sagacity not a little. Whether it was for a wound or a disease he could not tell, and was extremely puzzled whether to bottle it, or spread it upon leather. A brother of the pestle, coming into his shop, was appealed to, who, having no small share of the confidence and vivacity of his countrymen, pronounced decidedly, that it was not a cataplasm, but a *remède*, which he had frequently administered in cafes of the *lock-jaw*. The pudding was therefore ticketed *emama*, and the apothecary, who had been enjoined punctuality, made his arrangements accordingly, and was himself the bearer of it, in order to be of use to his patient.

DR. KERRICOTT, of Oxford, a man remarkable for his love of good eating, having discovered a remarkable fine fig upon a tree in the garden belonging to his college, was determined to appropriate it to himself, and for that purpose, (as it was not quite ripe) fastened a piece of paper upon it, on which he wrote, "Dr. Kerricott's fig." One of the fellows of the college observed it, and being a punster, eat the fig, and in its place, wrote on another paper, which he hung there, "A fig for Dr. Kerricott."

MORAL AND USEFUL.

REMEMBER THE SABBATH DAY.

THE great Creator, Preserver, and Governor has appointed one day in seven, for us mortals here below, to devote wholly to him, that we may approach the throne of grace, and make known our supplications to him. But alas! how often do we break that day, which of all the rest, ought to be kept holy; and the breaking of which is expressly forbid in the fourth commandment. It behoves us all, as the subject draws nigh, to examine ourselves, and call to mind the numberless iniquities we have been guilty of, and determine within ourselves (as God shall assist us) in future to endeavour to live more to the honour of our great Creator, Benefactor and Preserver, and always keep in view that we are born to die, and that a few hours, or a few days, nay but a few years, must land us in that world, from whence we never shall return.

SUBSTITUTES FOR THE SUGAR CANE.

SOON after the commencement of the revolutionary war in this country, all commerce with the West-Indies being obstructed, attempts were made to obtain molasses from the stalks of Indian Corn. The corn-stalks, while full of sap, were ground in a mill, like apples, and the sap or juice that was pressed out, was boiled to a syrup of the consistence of molasses. The subsequent supplies of sugar, by the capture of a large number of British West-India ships, prevented this experiment from being carried to any considerable extent. The sugar-maple is the indigenous sweet cane of North America. If this valuable species of trees were to be raised in nurseries and transplanted and distributed over the country, like the apple tree, it might produce vast quantities of sugar. There has been found another substitute for the sugar-cane, which, perhaps, may prove superior to the sweet-marle.

Mr. Athard, of the kingdom of Prussia, has discovered a method of making sugar from the root of the white beet. This process is said to have been already brought to a high degree of perfection in Prussia; inasmuch that coarse sugar, refined sugar, molasses, &c. are now obtained in large quantities from the white beet, and at a much less expence than that of the sugars of India. As beets are easily raised, the time may come, when the farmers in the northern climates of this country, and especially those who live distant from navigation, will supply themselves with sugars and molasses, from the produce of their own fields.—*Ed.*

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.
"Leonora," to "S. G."—A Riddle—and several other Communications, are received.

HYMENEAL REGISTER.



MARRIED—At Raynham, the Rev. James Thompson, of Middleborough, to Miss Debby Wallburn, eldest daughter of Dr. Seth Wallburn.—At Raymond, (N. H.) Mr. John Leavitt, *Æt.* 60, to Mrs. Hannah Shaumon, 74 1/2. In this town, Mr. Nathaniel Clarke, to Miss Rebecca Cooper.—Mr. Francis Anderson, of Belfast, Maine, to Miss Jane Dunlap, daughter of Mr. Andrew Dunlap.

OBITUARY.



DIED—At Newburyport, Hon. Theophilus Bradbury, Esq. late one of the Judges of the Supreme Judicial Court of this Commonwealth, *Æt.* 63. At Litchfield, (Conn.) Mrs. Mary Adams, *Æt.* 105. At Southwick, of the dysentery, five children of the Rev. Mr. Clinton, within the space of five days! Upwards of 30 persons have died of this mortal disorder, in that small town, within a few weeks. *Æt.* The deaths in New-York, the 6th inst. were 11, and 26 new cafes of the fever.

In this town, on Sunday evening last, after a lingering illness, which she bore with patience and christian fortitude, Mrs. Sarah Owen, *Æt.* 63. She was an amiable woman—whose life is severely felt by her children, relatives and friends.

"We miss all this,
All leave ourselves, it matters not where, when,
Nor how, so we die well."
"These flocks of nature are hints
To warn us of our end."

Miss Mary Fowle, *Æt.* 16, of Watertown. We trust she is gone to a better world; and though her stay was short, her loss will long be remembered.—Miss Sarah Smith, *Æt.* 11; unfortunately she was burnt to death, by a lamp accidentally catching her clothes.—Mrs. Mary Miller, *Æt.* 34, wife of Mr. John Miller—Andrew Moore, *Æt.* 2, and 4 mo. son of Mr. Seth H. Moore, present.—Mr. John Freeland, *Æt.* 28.—Mr. Edward Edes, *Æt.* 57; a worthy and much respected citizen. His remains will be interred on Monday, at half-past four, from his late dwelling house, North-Bennet-Street.—Miss Mary French, *Æt.* 6, daughter of Mr. Samuel French—her death was occasioned by eating a quantity of wild cherries that had been steeped in liquor.—Total, for the week ending last ev. 12.

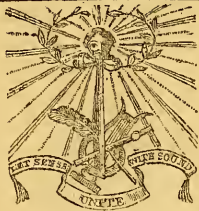
ON THURSDAY NEXT.

WILL be published, and for sale by GILBERT and DEAN, a SERMON, delivered at *Plymouth*, Sept. 4, 1803, occasioned by the death of the Rev. DAVID TAPPAN, D. D. Hollis Professor of Divinity in Harvard College. By JAMES KENDALL, A. M.

Minister of the first Church in that town.

"And is the meek, the humble, the benevolent, the pious, the godly TAPPAN dead! Shall we see his face no more! Must our souls never again be awed and solemnized by the sublimity and fervor of his devotion! Will our hearts be charmed no more by the power and pathos of his eloquence! Ah, no!" "But the excellent, the immortal spirit lives, translated from toil to rest—from faith to vision—from hope to enjoyment—from humility to glory." *Sept. 10.*

POETRY.



For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.
DESPONDENCE.

HOW glorious bright does Phoebus shine,
How gay the rising day appears;
Why, Laura, does thy head decline?
Why are thine eyes suffused with tears?
Yon flow'r perch'd with dew behold,
Its leaves depress'd its head bow'd down;
Chill'd by the late nocturnal cold,
It mourns the absence of the sun.

But Sol ascends his golden throne,
Thepearly drops are chas'd away;
Re viv'd, refresh'd, its languor gone,
Its glowing bosom meets the day.
Ah! I frown the sun will cease to shine,
Declining to the southern sky:
Then will its fading leaves decline,
Then will it wither, droop, and die.

But spring will come, and Sol return,
The flowers will bud and bloom anew;
Then why, my Laura, dost thou mourn?
In what do these resemble you?

'Tis friendship's fun that cheers my breast,
That makes the day or gifts the morn:
Be but its genial beams supprest,
'Tis night—long, dreary, and forlorn.
Spring will return, the chilling frost,
No more shall fetter nature's charms;
But friendship chill'd, effect once lost,
Seldom again the bosom warms.

Sol will again our sky relume,
Fresh verdure shoot from shrub and tree:
The flow'r's their richest tints assume,
But neither shine, or bloom for me.
For me, even youth scarce seem'd to smile,
My prospects dark, my wishes crost;
Onc funbeam cheer'd me for awhile,
That fading, hope itself is lost.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.
EPISTLE TO * * * *.

ALTHOUGH the Muse and I are foes,
I scorn, dear JACK, to write in prose;
And having nothing else to do,
Will bite my pen, and rhyme to you.
'Twill be a year, come next October,
Since FRANK and I, nor drunk nor sober,
But mellow'd with a glass of wine,
Met at a friend's to talk and dine.
While roast and boil'd, and flesh and fish,
Pudding and pie, grac'd every dish,
We prais'd the ancient, frugal feast;
When roots and herbs could please the taste;
The spirits light, and calm the mind;
Extoll'd the times, when coffee, tea,
Geneva, punch, and *cau-de-vie*,
Were yet unknown; when fvain and king
Knelt daily at the sacred spring,
And every morn their breakfast made,
And supp'd, and din'd, on milk and bread.

How easy, as we go along,
To reason right, and practise wrong!
But FRANK, whose wit is never stale,
For every moral has a tale;
And told us, to the purpose pat,
A story of a Fox and Cat—
"These two philosophers"—but hold—
Here, take the story as 'twas told,
"GRIMALKIN, on a summer's day,
With REYNARD sage agreed to stray;

And as, in cogitative mood,
They skim the lawn, or course the wood,
Reflections deep, and morals sage,
The philosophic pair engage—

First REYNARD thus his friend address'd:
'Of virtues which inspire the breast,
'Tis MERCY that adorns us most;
The best, the noblest we can boast.
Pray, is not this reflection true?
Of my decision what say you?'

'Why, truly, looking wondrous wise,
GRIMALKIN to the sage replies,
'With justice your remark is made;
'Tis what I always thought and said.'
"As thus discours'd the generous pair,
A cock's shrill clarion broke the air!
'Adieu to morals,' REYNARD cries—
Seizes the prey—the victim dies;
While a plump mouse, that Puss espied,
Turn'd her philosophy aside." I.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

LINES,

On the late deceas'd Mrs. LYDIA MASON, consort of the Rev.

Mr. THOMAS MASON, of Northfield.

FAIR virtue weeps; her loveliest child has fled;
The accomplished MASON moulders with the dead;
She, who in life the path of virtue trod,
Who lov'd mankind, who glorifi'd her God,
Who for a while to favored earth was given,
Has bid adieu, and died to live in heaven.
That grateful mien now ceases to impart
Her generous, grateful, sympathizing heart;
Those fluent lips no longer will unbind
The sentimental beauties of her mind;
Death grasps the whole; nor tears, nor prayers, could save
The lovely LYDIA from her early grave:
Ungenerous fate; why dost thou doubly dart,
Thy deadly poison in a parent's heart?
Why dost thou make a filter thus oppress'd?
Why cause affliction in a brother's breast?
Could'st thou not stop at dear AUGUSTUS'S* tomb,
And there await this last too sad doom?
Alas! in vain does excellence contend,
When fate has fix'd its deadly shafts to send;
A power unerring points the destin'd way,
And good and bad must each alike obey.

B * * * *

* Mr. AUGUSTUS KENDALL, brother to Mrs. MASON,
who died a few years since at Danvers.

LINES ON A WATCH.

"LITTLE monitor, impart!
Some instruction to the heart;
Shew the busy and the gay,
Time is passing swift away:
Follies cannot long endure,
Life's uncertain—death is sure:
Happy they who wisely learn,
Truth from error to discern;
Truth! immortal as the soul,
And unshaken as the pole;
Such, dull formalities can ne'er enslave;
They smile, whilst others persecute and rave.

THE NOVELIST.

SINCERITY; A NOVEL
IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.

LETTER XIV—ANNE TO ELINOR.

London, March 25, 1778.

DARNLEY'S dinner hour is four o'clock, the usual time for dining with all mercantile persons. Sarah kept her room until near three. Mrs. Romain had never ventured down. Darnley had been out all the morning. I really so much dreaded the general meeting at dinner, that I was almost ill; one moment my blood run cold; another, my face flushed like fire: the least fire below, made my heart beat quick and my whole frame tremble. About a quarter before three, Sarah came into my room; she was dress'd as usual for dinner; and from her countenance, no indifferent person could have judged she had been discomposed: it was marked with a peculiar kind of sadness, which rendered it interesting; but to me, who knew her, the effort she made to conceal her emotions, was very evident. "Ann," said she, "I am determined to see and speak to Jeffrey before Darnley's return—how will it be best? to go up into her room, or send for her into my dressing room?" I gave my opinion for the latter. She thought a verbal message might have a rude appearance, but wrote on a slip of paper;

"Mrs. Darnley requests Mrs. Romain to favour her with a few minutes conversation previous to their meeting at dinner." The maid went with it, and after remaining up stairs about ten minutes, returned with the following answer. "After the suspicions of the night, and the pointed neglect of the morning, Mrs. Romain cannot suppose a personal interview can be desirable to either party; she begs to be excused seeing Mrs. Darnley, and also declines appearing at dinner; Mrs. R. will not intrude in Mrs. D's family, longer than she can procure a lodging."

Sarah's countenance changed as she perus'd this haughty crawl; for the uneven letters betrayed the tremor of the hand that wrote them; she tore off the back of the billet, and wrote with her pencil:

"Madam, a personal interview is not sought from any expected pleasure it may afford, but because I think it necessary to speak a few words to you. I must insist on seeing you; if you cannot come down, I will come to you. S. D."

The fervant brought a verbal message, saying, "as Mrs. Darnley was in her own house, she had a right to go into every apartment, if she pleas'd; therefore, if she insisted on coming up, she, (Mrs. Romain) must submit."

Sarah walk'd once or twice across the room, "Ann" said she, "you must go with me; I hope I shall not forget myself; I hope I shall remember I am a rational being, and a christian, and that though this unhappy woman has injur'd me, I am not myself free from error, and have therefore no right to treat her with unmerciful contempt."

I do assure you, Madam, when the magnanimous woman uttered this sentence, I could not help gazing at her, as a being of a superior order. "Heaven support your good resolves, my dear Sarah," said I, "and was obliged to turn from her, to hide my own rising emotion. "Do not be a child, Ann," said she, taking my hand, "or you will make a fool of me, and I am weak enough already, heaven knows."

I followed her up stairs without answering; she tapped at Jeffrey's door, the little girl opened it, and being extremely fond of Sarah, gave an instant exclamation of joy, saying, "Come in Ma Darny; Lyza glad, Lyza want kiss Ma Darny." I fear'd this innocent prattle would be too much for my friend; but I had judg'd erroneously; she stooped, kiss'd the child, and ringing the bell, bid the maid take her down and give her an orange.

Jeffrey had risen from her seat; I saw from her flashing eye and crimson cheek, that she expected reproaches; but this mild dignified manner, humbled her to the dust; she turned pale, and her eyes were absolutely full. Sarah seated herself, we followed her example; a pause of about a minute ensued, in which period I am not certain but I felt more than either the injurer or the injured. I perceived that Sarah's heart beat high; she struggled for composure; she attained it. "I come not, Mrs. Romain," said she, in a low, but impressive voice, "to recapitulate past events, or to awaken resentful emotions by reproaches. Whatever were the circumstances which took place last evening, I wish them to be buried in eternal oblivion. I am, from a sense of what is due to myself, under the necessity of informing you, we cannot longer both reside under the same roof; but as I do not desire the private concerns of my family, whether pleasant or otherwise, should become the theme of public admiration, I wish the removal to take place as quietly as possible. I do not intend that even the domestics shall know on what account you quit the family, but I must request you will procure a lodging as early as you can. It is for the respectability of all parties, that the subject be not spoken of, and particularly for your interest. You may rest assur'd from me, it shall never transpire, and I can answer for this young lady, that though her it will never be made public; but should such circumstances take place again, I cannot answer for the discretion of others; and you must permit me to say, in that case your reputation will be entirely lost; nor will any woman of character countenance you." "I am sorry," said she, in a tremulous voice, "that any misunderstanding should have wounded your peace of mind."—"Do not labour under a mistake, Madam," said Sarah, "you have not wounded my peace, though I greatly fear you have forever banish'd your own; but let us talk no more, I must request you to appear at dinner, and let our separation, when it takes place, preserve the appearance of good breeding"—so saying, she left the room, and went to her own, where she remained until dinner was served. Darnley felt word he should dine off; Mrs. Romain came down, but we eat little, and spoke less. In the evening, Jeffrey sent for a coach, and having thank'd Sarah for all favours, and received her wishes for her health, went to a lodging.

The next morning her trunks were sent after her; but the occurrences of that day must be the subject of another letter.

ANNE.

BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.]


SATURDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 17, 1803.

[N° XLVII.

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REVISED TO

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MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP—N° XLII.

*Omnibus hoc vitium est contrarius, inter amicos
Ut nunquam imbecani cantere rogati,
Injussi nunquam desistant.*

I RECEIVED a letter the other day, complaining of a young lady, who, after having exhausted a very considerable portion of both time and money in learning the piano forte, and to accompany it with her voice, always had a thousand excuses ready to avoid performing, whenever entreated to do by her friends or visitors. As this comes under the head of *affection or conceit*, I shall include it in this number; though I do not think it necessary to trouble my readers with the letter itself.

Conceit and affection are so nearly allied to each other, that wherever one appears, the other is certainly near at hand. Do any affect to undervalue their own abilities, or do they speak with assumed humility of their own qualifications whether mental or personal, you may be assured in their own conceit they are eminently superior to every one with whom they converse. There are varieties in this species, as well as in every other animal; and though all of the same genus may be classed under different heads, yet whether male or female, affection is the sign by which the concealed being may always be indubitably discovered.

There are, first of Males,

1st. The concealed COXCOMB.

2d. The concealed PEDANT.

3d. The concealed BLADE.

And 4th. The concealed FOOL.

Of Females,

1st. The concealed BUTTERFLY.

2d. The concealed COQUET.

3d. The concealed BELLE.

And 4th. The concealed WASP.

The COXCOMB and the BUTTERFLY may go together; nature cast them in the same mould; and except that they love to hum about and display their finery in the sunshine, fluttering this way and that, to draw attention, sometimes fitting with a whirring noise, directly under the nose of some ready rational being, disturbing his meditations or interrupting his pursuits, as are perfectly harmless, as any other insignificant insect which has neither poison nor sting. They buy the finest clothes they can procure, yet should any one admire the pattern, the cut, the quality or the set of their garments, declare, "They are the frightfullest things ever seen, they are absolutely ashamed to be seen in them." Then they will tell you how much the article in question cost, how mortified Mr. or Mrs. Such-a-one was, that they could not get some of the same; "it is not handsome, they know it is not, but it struck their fancy, perhaps it is their want of taste." Then they will go to the looking glass, if any should be near, adjust their thirteen or tucker, declare they look abominably ugly, and look round with a half smiler to hear you contradict them, which if you should from want of apprehension neglect to do, they will be most amazingly chagrined and disappointed; and in the very next company they mix with, will declare you are the greatest Hottenot they ever knew; that you had no more taste than a savage, and were as stupid as an Esquimaux.

We pass to the concealed PEDANT.—This is a most troublesome insect; it is as stiff as the cost of mail which encases the horn bug. It makes but little noise; sometimes

indeed it will buzz like the drone-bee round the honey, which, though it has neither skill nor industry to make, it often riles, dirts, and destroys. He will chopiclog, or broach deep mathematical questions in a society where his auditors can only gape and stare in return; yet declare, "he is a perfect ignoramus in these things," and beg your pardon for presuming to tell you, what you know *so much better than he does*. While inwardly he exults in his own profound erudition, and wonders how any person can be so pitifully ignorant.

The conceited COQUET, is as troublesome as the foregoing character. She puts her own sex out of countenance, and like the common fly, annoys the other, without power to wound them. She laughs without pleasure, weeps without pain; does every thing by design, yet declares she is the most thoughtless creature in the world; swoons at the sight of a spider on her cloaths, yet is astonished how any body can be *affected*; lays every snare to catch notice, makes herself ridiculous to attract admiration, then wonders how the impudent fellows should dare make love to her! though she would have died with vexation if they had not.

The conceited BLADE and BELLE are as nearly related as the COXCOMB and the BUTTERFLY. They dress to the extremity of the fashion, and have a smattering of all the accomplishments that constitute the fine lady or gentleman, follow their own inclinations in defiance of custom and decorum, affect to dispise the opinion of the world, yet are never more gratified than when publicly applauded; they visit public places when others are about to leave them, talk loud at a play; refuse to dance at a ball, and ridicule all who do; go to meeting sometimes to loll, laugh, and make remarks. The Belle will rank the shop of a tradesman only to give trouble. The Blade will exert her in her mimic *vous ne pouvez pas*, to wink at the shopman, and draw his morning's amusement from her folly. She will protest a pale is a most detestable creature, yet if there is amongst her acquaintances one man more celebrated for his gallantry than another, she will single him out for her chief favorite. He will fall at women, call them *pretty play things, poor souls, silly leads*, interlarding his discourse with anecdotes of the women who have been in love with him, profess that he laughs at and despises the whole sex; when should one of the very lowest order, in rank, in mind, or person, tell him he looked handsome, in such or such habiliments, he would adopt that mode, though the most ridiculous in the world.

The conceited FOOL is consequential, overbearing, unfeeling, and insolent. To the gravity of the elephant, he adds the stupidity and obtusivity of the ass, and with the groveling dispositions of the *jaune*, he affects the commanding majesty of the *lion*. Affectedly solem, proud even of ignorance, impenetrably selfish, and savagely tyrannical, with whom can such a being be classed, but the conceited WASP? Vain of virtue which has never been assailed, the swims with angry flit her airy round; marks her own nest how neat: how free from flaw, and singing in a loud discordant key, flings all on whom she alights.

But there is another class, who are almost nondescripts. I mean your *pretty* men and women, who mince and prink, and amble in their gaits, who seem as if their limbs were held together by filaments of gossamer, who lip, and clip their words, and deign to smile once to show their teeth, but would not laugh outright, or speak loud, lest it should discommode their features, or injure their complexions. And in this class comes our MUSICAL LADY, and I more than half suspect, our CONCEITED GENTLEMAN, complained of by JUNIUS; who loving nothing half so well as themselves; proud of a few shewy externals like the conceited turkey who emulates the splendor of the peacock, expands his tail, erects his varied crest, and at the same time by his awkward strut and loud senseless gobbling, betrays the dung-hill from whence he sprang. Not but that turkeys are excellent meat, very excellent indeed;—and if they knew their place, would be content with being useful, without affecting to be beautiful.

But what has FASHION done all this while? Ah, well aday! poor giddy dame, though I had apparently forgotten her, I am really her friend. For with all her whims and eccentricities, I do very believe, in all civilized communities, she does more good than harm. I would have railled at her absurdities; but I locked round and saw fo

many industrious mortals supported by her fluctuating follies, that instead of railing, I exclaimed, Go on, bright Dolly, proceed; change as befits thy august will, our outward forms; wrap us in the fleeces of Colchis, or shroud us with the muffins of India; strip our arms to the shoulders, and draw up our pantaloons to the armpits; while with folds of fine cambric adorned with needlework, you envelope our throats; let us follow thee in all thy windings, so as the ingenious artificer, with his wife and little ones, may sit down at the table of plenty. To be sure, madam, as winter is coming on, if you could prevail on your fair votaries to cover the feet of the lungs, and shield from the biting air, the elbows, which are very susceptible of cold, and when thoroughly chilled, may lay the foundation for spasmodic complaints, difficult to be removed; it might be of infinite service to the rising generation. As to modesty, decency, and the like, as far as it regards dress—what is modest in one age, is the reverse in the next. I just now cast my eyes on the picture of my great grandmother, who I protest is more exposed in her person, than the most modern belle dressed in fashion's extreme; and yet, be it known unto all, my great grandmother was a very virtuous, respectable matron.—Go to! purify the mind, think more of the inward, and less of the outward man; be really chaste, and leave the semblance to the hypocrite. Remember, the Spartans thought the exposure of the person tended to curb the licentious passions; who shall then dare to blame the women of the present day, who only follow so laudable an example?

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE CONTEMPLATOR—N° II.

*Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward, farther than his nose.* POPE.

AS I was sitting at my window this afternoon, contemplating on the various beings around me, I could not help observing the eagerness with which every person seemed to be pursuing some particular object before him, though all pursued in different directions; the different appearances in their countenances, seemed to discover the sensations most predominant in each one's breast. In some, hope and expectation appeared to keep in company; in others, expectation seemed almost lost, while hope kept up a pretty good pace; but in a third sort, hope was almost left behind, as if the were of no use, and expectation pressed forward in full assurance of soon meeting the desired object.

What, said I to myself, can this grand object be that so attracts the attention of all this multitude? Happiness is an object that seems to have attractions sufficient to draw all mankind towards it; but can that be the pursuit of all this throng, so different in their natures, manners and sentiments, and so various in their proceedings? Does yonder labourer think to find happiness in digging the earth? No, it cannot be; but stop—yes—he will find *his* happiness,—he will have money for his labour, rum for his money, and happiness with his rum.

Can happiness be the object in which yonder beau appears so eager in pursuit? Yes—he hopes and expects to find it; and he will find it, but it will be a happiness peculiar to himself, peculiar to insipidity. His dress is all in style and nicely adjusted; he is now walking towards *Cornhill*, there to display his foppish graces, and win the heart of every coquet he meets. This is the happiness of a beau. What blindness—what weakness—could he see but one inch from his nose, he would then discover that true happiness is not to be found in *fashion or foppery*.

But, said I, if that young man finds happiness in *Cornhill*, why do those two in that tatty gig, ride so desperately through it, as though it were the habitation of pestilence? But that is not the place for their enjoyment; the seat of their happiness lays at *Fresh Pond*, and the many other temples of Bacchus vicinal to this town. There, at the gambling board, pleasure perches on every corner, and should fickle fortune chance to frown, the flowing goblet at once destroys all unpleasant sensations and restores them to their highest happiness.

A young lady was now passing—her countenance, said I, seems to bespeak the anticipation of some near arriving felicity; but from whence is this felicity to come? Does she see some pretty coxcomb at a distance coming towards her, or hear one knocking his club behind her?—No—

there is none—whence then is it to come?—Ah! I feel its source, I see the lovely harbingers of all her joys; she has it in her hand; it is a book,—it is a *Noval*.—She will soon enjoy that happiness peculiar to weak minds, and in-to which, real enjoyments never intrude. She will soon fancy herself in those regions, which lay far beyond the bounds of probability, and to which human nature never ascended. There she will soar with the delusive beings of imagination, until she falls and finds herself still on the earth. How painful must her sensations then be, while she recollects the many hours she has spent in disqualifying, rather than qualifying herself for the performance of those duties that are constantly attending her.

After thus reflecting on the different appearances of this multifarious crowd, I at length concluded, that every one was pursuing after happiness, and that each one took that path in which he thought he could soonest find it. But too many there are, who never arrive at the wished for place; many are deluded into wrong paths by the fascinating appearance of the entrance, and are often detained there by some pleasing impotence too long to arrive at the really happy place.

BIOGRAPHY.

ANECDOTE OF THE DUKE OF SAXONY.

HENRY, duke of Saxony, was by nature fierce and haughty, eager in his pursuits, impatient of disappointment or control. His temper was fortified by a bad education; so soon as he could reflect, he reflected that he was a sovereign; and he was ever soothed in the notions that a prince is above all law; at the same time he was inclining to the principles of justice and honour, where his passions did not oppose; and he had a profound awe for the Supreme Being, which, by his wicked life, deviated into superstition.—The outrages committed by this prince were without end; every thing was sacrificed to his lust, cruelty, and ambition; and at his court, beauty, riches, honours, became the greatest misfortunes. His horrid enormities filled him with suspicion: if a grandee absented, it was for leisure to form plots; if he was submissive and obedient, it was merely dissimulation. Thus did the prince live woefully solitary, in the midst of fenced society; at enmity with every one, and, least of all, at peace with himself; sinning daily, repenting daily; feeling the agonies of reproving conscience, which haunted him waking, and left him not when asleep.

In a melancholy fit, under the impressions of a wicked action recently perpetrated, he dreamed that the tutelary angel of the country stood before him, with anger in his looks, mixed with some degree of pity. "Ill-fated wretch," said the apparition, "listen to the awful command I bear: the Almighty, unwilling to cut thee off in the fullness of iniquity, has sent me to give thee warning." Upon this the angel reached a scroll of paper, and vanished. The scroll contained the following words: "AFTER SIX."—Here the dream ended: for the impression it made broke his rest. The prince awaked in the greatest consternation, deeply struck with the vision. He was convinced that the whole was from God, to prepare him for death; which he concluded was to happen in six months, perhaps in six days; and that this time was allotted him to make his peace with his Maker, by an unfeigned repentance for all his crimes. How idle and unpleasant seemed now these objects, which he formerly pursued at the expense of religion and humanity! What is now the lex of command, which occasioned so much bloodshed? that cruel malice and envy against every contending power? that suspicious jealousy, the cause of much imaginary treason, surges fostered in his bosom, preying incessantly upon his vitals, and yet darlings of his soul? Happy expulsion, if not succeeded by the greatness of alluries, black day air!

Thus in the utmost torment of mind, six weeks and six months, passed away, but death did not follow; and now he concluded that six years were to be the period of his miserable life. By this time the violence of the tempest was over; hitherto he had sequestered himself from mankind, and had spent in abstinence and private sorrow the short time he thought allotted him.

He now began to form resolutions of a more thorough repentance; now was he fixed to do good, as he formerly had done mischief, with all his heart. It is supposed fierceness of his warning had hitherto not left it in his power to repair the many injuries he had committed, which was the weightiest load upon his mind. Now was he resolved to make the most ample reparation.

In this state, when hope prevailed, and some beams of sunshine appeared breaking through the cloud, he addressed himself to his Maker in the following terms.

O thou glorious and omnipotent Being! parent and preserver of all things! how lovely art thou in peace and

reconciliation! but oh, how terrible to the workers of iniquity! While my hands are lifted up, how doth my heart tremble, for manifold have been my transgressions! Head-long driven by impetuous passion, I deserted the path of virtue, and wandered through every species of iniquity; trampling conscience under foot, I surrendered myself to delusions, which, under the colour of good, abandoned me still to misery and remorse; happy only, if, at any moment, an offending conscience could be laid asleep. But what course of happiness in doing good! and in feeling the calm sunshine of virtue and honour! O my conscience! when thou art a friend, what imports it who is an enemy? When thou lookest dreadful, where are they fled, all the blessings, all the amusements of life? Thanks to a superabundant mercy, that hath not left me to reprobation and misery, but hath indulged a longer day for repentance. Good God! the labours of agonizing remorse let me never more feel; be it now my only concern in this life, to establish with my conscience a faithful correspondence: my inordinate passions, those deluding enchanters, root thee out; for the work is too mighty for my weak endeavour. And oh! mould thou my soul into that moderation of desire, and just balance of affection, without which no enjoyment is solid, no pleasure unmixed with pain. Hereafter let it not be sufficient to be quiet and inoffensive; but face gracious to my life thou hast added many days, may all be spent in doing good; let that day be deemed lost, which sees me not employed in some work beneficial to my subjects, or to mankind; that, at last, I may lay me down in peace, comforted, if I have not proved, in every respect, an unprofitable servant."

His first endeavours were to regain the confidence of his nobles, and love of his people. With unremitting application he attended to their good; and soon felt that satisfaction in considering himself as their father, which he never knew, when he considered them as his slaves. He now began to relish the pleasures of social intercourse, of which pride and jealousy had made him hitherto insensible. He had thought friendship a chimera, devised to impose upon mankind; convinced now of its reality, the cultivation of it was one of his chief objects. Man he found to be honest and faithful, deserving esteem, and capable of friendship; hitherto he had judged of men by the corrupt emotions of his own heart. Well he remembered his many gloomy moments of disgust and remorse, his spleen and bad humour, the never-failing attendants of vice and debauchery. Fearful to expose his wicked surmises, and dread every searching eye, he had estranged himself from the world; and what could he expect, conscious as he was of a depraved heart, but a version and horror? Miserable is that state, cut off from all comfort, in which an unhappy mortal's chief concern is to fly from man, because every man is his enemy. After tasting of this misery, how did he bless the happy change! Now always calm and serene, diffusive benevolence guided every thought of his heart and action of his life. It was now his delight to be seen, and to lay open his whole soul; for in it dwelt harmony and peace. Fame became his friend, blazed his virtues all around; and in distant regions was the good prince known, where his vices had never reached. Among his virtues, an absolute and pure disinterestedness claimed every where the chief place; in all disputes he was the constant mediator betwixt sovereigns, and between them and their subjects; and he gained more authority over neighbouring princes by esteem and reverence, than they had over their own subjects.

In this manner elapsed the six years, until the fatal period came. The vision was fulfilled; but very differently from what was expected: for, at this precise period, a vacancy happening, he was unanimously chosen EMPEROR of GERMANY.

MORAL DEPARTMENT.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

If you think the following should be worthy of your approbation, please to insert it.—

FREQUENT application to the duties of Religion, stimulates in us, that degree of humanity, which a benevolence towards our divine Creator dictates.

The man who rises early in the morning, and goes through the exercise of prayer, in his family, before he commences the usual business of the day, naturally feels a gratitude towards his benefactor, which always distinguishes his ambition, in the laudable pursuit, of so lucrative a performance. This man ever feels happy in the pleasing pursuit of religion; order is kept up in his family, and that genuine friendship, which always visits therein, is a happiness cultivated by himself, which is not easily disturbed by the turbulence of others. When the approaching night

appears, and the usual business of the day is suspended, he never forgets to offer up his sentiments of gratitude in prayer, to that Supreme Being, who condescended to be his benefactor through the day, and whom he has reason to think, will be the guardian angel of his family through the night.

If that ambition, we so often furnish to be consistent with worldly affairs, were practised more towards religion, instead of many other superfluous things, it would tend to ripen the mind, and conciliate the heart towards that Supreme Being whom it demands our utmost attention to serve and honour, to obtain eternal happiness hereafter.

USEFUL.

LONGITUDE.

Capt. Matthew G. Groves, of this town, (Boston) has discovered a method of ascertaining the longitude at sea with precision, and upon a principle so simple, that it excites surprise that it was not discovered before. He uses Godfrey's Quadrant (commonly called Hadley's), to which he accommodates a telescope combining the powers of the astronomical and reflecting telescopes, and is enabled thereby to take observations of Jupiter and his Satellites as accurately and readily as on land.—The difficulty hitherto has arisen from the impracticability of viewing the Satellites of Jupiter in a steady position through the action of the ship at sea; this difficulty existed with all the planets visible to the naked eye, until the improvements in the quadrant and sextant, enabled the observer to bring the object to the horizon, by what is called the double reflection. This is the outline of Mr. Groves's new but ingenious discovery, which promises to be of great importance. [Mr. Groves has obtained a patent for this valuable discovery, from the President of the United States, and we understand is now on a voyage to England, to complete his discovery, and to obtain the premium offered by Great-Britain.]

SOME ACCOUNT OF MAKING THE CAUCHOUÉ OR INDIAN RUBBER.

IT consists of a very elastic resin, produced by a tree, which grows on the banks of the river of the Amazons. It grows to a very great height, perfectly straight, having no branches except at the top. Its leaves bear some resemblance to those of the manioc; they are green on the upper part, and white beneath. The seeds are three in number, and contained in a pod, consisting of three cells, not unlike those of the palme christi; and in each of them there is a kernel, which being stripped and boiled in water, yields a thick oil or fat, which the natives use for the same purposes that we do butter. The juice, which is applied to many different uses, is collected chiefly in time of rain, because it flows then most abundantly. They make an incision through the bark, and there issues from it a milky liquor. It is said, that the means employed to harden it, is kept profound secret. Though somewhat thickens, and becomes gradually fluid by being exposed to the air. As it becomes solid, it shows an extraordinary degree of flexibility and elasticity. The Indians make boots of it, which water cannot penetrate: they have a method of smoking them, that makes them look like real leather. Bottles are also made of this substance, to the necks of which are fastened hollow reeds, so that the liquor that is contained in them may be squirted through the reeds by pressing the bottle. One of these, filled with water, is always presented to each of their guests at their entertainments, who never fail to make use of it before eating.

METHOD OF PREPARING COMMON PLAIN ENAMEL.

A MIXTURE of glass, with the metallic calces, composes the substance called enamel. The general basis of the different kinds consists of an equal proportion of the finest lead and tin calcined, or burned together in a kiln, and then sifted to a powder, which is boiled in several waters, pouring off the water carefully each time; this operation is repeated as long as any part of the calx passes off with the water: the remainder is calcined again, and washed in the same manner as before. After evaporating the different waters which have been poured off from the calces, a powder of extreme fineness remains; this, with an equal quantity of crystal flint, and a small proportion of white salt tartar, when powdered, sifted, and well mixed together, is once more exposed to the operation of fire for some hours, and being again reduced to powder, forms the material of common plain enamel, of which all others are made.

DIRECTIONS FOR PURIFYING A LOADED SHIP, WITHOUT REMOVING THE CARGO.

TAKE a cask that will hold 100 gallons or more, with one head out—set it below in any part of the vessel—put into this cask one bushel of unslacked lime—add to this 60

•allens of boiling water, after dissolving 30 pounds of pot or pearl ashes therein—this should be done as quick as possible—then shut the latches, and make the ship tight—in this situation, let the vessel remain until next day, and then discharge the air by means of the Air-Pump Ventilator. By this time the lime will be settled in the cask, and the water or lie, will be very clear—tip it out carefully, and, after drawing the boxes out of one of the ship's pumps, send it through that channel into the pump-well.

[Balance.]

AMUSING.

JUST IDEAS OF FRIENDSHIP.

THE justest idea that can be had of friendship, is, that it is an entire conformity of sentiments joined to a mutual benevolence.

Merit and reason give it birth: the esteem which we have for our friend, and that trust which we repose in him keep it alive; and because it is noble and essentially requires generosity and honesty, it is and hath always been very scarce.

The advantages which arise from friendship are the honourable, the useful, and the pleasing good. For there can be nothing more honourable than to love a man for his own sake, without expecting any advantageous return; nothing more useful than a faithful friend who never flatters us; nothing is more delightful than the conversation of a real friend, and truly its endearments and pleasures are more easily felt than expressed.

The fundamental law of friendship is, that it can only subsist among virtuous persons.

Its first duty is to keep exactly promises, and inviolably all secrets.

Flattery is a great defect in friendship, and shows the want of sincerity of the person that uses it, and his ill opinion of the person whom he flatters.

Honesty, virtue, fidelity are the most essential qualities of a friend, who besides, must be a man of judgment, tender hearted, endowed with an even temper, and as ready to proclaim the favours which he receives, as to forget those which he confers.

With such a friend a very defeat would lose its horror, and only seem a pleasing retirement. How great must then be the happiness of two friends who, free from the hurry of towns, and the hateful clog of business, enjoy the sweets of a well-grounded friendship in a delicious solitude!

LUXURY.

LUXURY has been declaimed against in verse and in prose, for 2000 years past, and it has been always cherishing.

What has not been said of the first *Romans*, when those robbers ravaged and pillaged the harvests of their neighbours; when, in order to augment their poor villages, they destroyed the poor villages of the *Phisians*, and the *Sannites*; those men were disinterested and virtuous! They could not then steal gold, silver, or diamonds, because there were none in the towns which they sacked. Their words and their marshes produced no partridges nor pheasants, and we applaud their temperance.

When by degrees they had plundered and robbed from the bottom of the *Abyssic* gulph to the *Euphrates*, and had sense enough to enjoy the fruit of their rapines for seven or eight hundred years; when they cultivated every art, tasted every pleasure, and made even the vanquished also taste them, they then ceased, it is said, to be wife and good men.

All these declaimers are reduced to prove that a robber ought never to eat the dinner he has taken, nor to wear the clothes, nor to adorn himself with the ring, he has stolen. They must throw all these (his said) into the river, if they would be deemed honest men; rather say, that they ought not to steal. Condemn robbers when they plunder, but do not treat them like fools when they enjoy their good luck. When a great number of *English* sailors had enriched themselves at the taking of *Pondicherry* and the *Horvana*, were they to blame for entering into the pleasures of *London*, as a reward for the hardships they had undergone at the extremities of *Asia* and *America*?

Would these declaimers have all the wealth buried that has been amassed by the chance of war, by agriculture, by commerce, and by industry? They quote *Lacolonon*; why do they not also quote the republic of *St. Mirvino*? Of what service was *Sparta* to *Greece*? Did she ever produce a *Demophilus*, a *Sophocles*, an *Appollas*, a *Philias*? *Luxury* of *Athens* gave rise to men who excelled in every way; *Sparta* had few generals, but much fewer than other cities. But it was lucky, that a republic so small as *Lacolonon* continued poor; we die if we want every thing, as well as if we enjoy all that renders life agreeable. The *Canadian*

favours subsists and arrives at old age like the *English* citizen who has 5000 guineas a year. But who compares the country of *Trospus* to *England*?

Let the republic of *Agoge* and the canton of *Zug* make sumptuary laws; they are in the right; the poor must not spend more than they are able; but I have somewhere read,

*Know, above all, that luxury enries
Large nations, tho' a small one it destroys.*

If by luxury you mean excess, that indeed is pernicious in every way, in abstinence as well as in gluttony, in economy as well as in generosity. I know not how it happens, but in many villages, where the soil is barren, the taxes heavy, the prohibition to export the corn that they sow intolerable, there is, notwithstanding, scarce a husbandman who has not a good cloth linen, and who is not well shod and well fed. If this husbandman should work in a fine coat, white linen, and with his hair curled and powdered, this certainly would be the height of luxury, and impertinence; but should a citizen of *Paris*, or *London*, appear at the play dressed like this peasant, he would be thought ridiculously forbid and unpolished.

*Est modus in rebus, sunt certi denique fines,
Quos ultra citraque, nequit consistere rectum.*

When scissors were invented, which are certainly not of the greatest antiquity, how much was said against those who clipped their nails, and who cut off part of their hair which fell over their noses? They were treated, no doubt, as fops and spendthrifts, who bought at a high price an instrument of vanity, in order to spoil the work of the Creator. What an enormous sin to clip off the hair that God ordained to grow at the end of our fingers! This was an outrage to the Deity. It was much worse when shirts and pumps were invented. It is well known with what fury the old counsellors, who had never worn them, exclaimed against the young magistrates, who came into that fatal luxury.

HUMOROUS MISTAKE.

AN infant was lately taken to be christened at Ringley Chapel, Cheshire (England) when the minister asked the mother to name the child, who answered, "Betty,"—and the young franger was accordingly baptized.

When the parties were leaving the chapel one of the attendants asked the mother, whether she was sure the child was not a lad?—"He is a boy!" with a long interjection, "fo it is!" exclaimed the latter; adding, "I must have it christened *regardless*!" accordingly he ran after the parson, with the little Betty in her arms. The minister wisely and good-naturedly offered to take the child to the clerk, and he might regret it in what name he pleased.—The clerk complied, and very accurately entered it, "Betty, otherwise Peter;" adding, "he couldn't undo what parson had done, but he would try to mend."

ANECDOTE OF DR. YOUNG.

AS the Doctor was walking in his garden, at Welwyn, in company with two ladies, one of whom he afterwards married, a servant came to tell him a gentleman wished to speak with him. "Tell him," says the Doctor, "I am too happily engaged to change my situation." The ladies insisted that he should go, as his visitor was a man of rank, his patron and his friend. As persuasion, however, had no effect, one took him by the right arm, the other by the left, and led him to the garden gate; when finding resistance was vain, he bowed, laid his hand upon his heart, and in that expressive manner for which he was so remarkable, spoke the following lines:

"Thus Adam look'd when from the garden driven,
And thus disparted orders sent from Heaven.
"Like him, I go; but yet to go am loth;
"Like him I go; for angels drove us both.
"Hard was his fate; but mine still more unkind.
"His Eve went with him, but mine stays behind."

SAGACITY OF A DOG.

There is a dog at present belonging to a grocer in Edinburgh, who has for some time amused and astonished the people in the neighbourhood. A man who goes through the streets ringing a bell and selling penny pies, happened one day to treat this dog with a pie. The next time he heard the pie-man's bell, he ran to him with impetuosity, seized him by the coat, and would not suffer him to pass. The pie-man, who understood what the animal wanted, showed him a penny, and pointed to his master, who stood in the street door, and saw what was going on. The dog immediately supplicated his master by many humble gestures and looks. The master put a penny into the dog's mouth, which he instantly delivered to the pie-man, and received his pie. This traffic between the pie-man and the grocer's dog has been daily practised for months past, and still continues. — *Sm. Nic's Philology.*

HYMNICAL REGISTER.



MARRIED)—"At Londonderry, (N. II.) John A. Harper, Esq. of Sanberuton, to Miss Susan Thom, daughter of Isaac Thom, Esq. of the former place.—At Reading, Joseph Cordis, Esq. to Mrs. Elizabeth Spear, both of that place.—At Bath, Mr. John Marsh, to Miss Sarah Treadway."

In this town, Rev. A. McFarland, of New-Concord, to Miss Eliza Kneeland, of this town.

OBITUARY.



DIED)—"At Hingham, Miss Lydia Cushing, *Æt.* 19."

At Middleborough, Rev. Caleb Turner *Æt.* 71. At Newburyport, the Right Rev. Dr. BASS, Bishop of the Episcopal Churches in Massachusetts, *Æt.* 78. His remains were entombed on Tuesday last, when a funeral Sermon was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Parker, of this town.—The deaths in New-York, for the week ending the 10th inst. were 117—66 of the fever.—At Lenox, two Children of Mr. Justus Baker. The house accidentally took fire, while all the rest of the family were absent; and before any assistance came, the poor infants were burnt to death!—At Grafton, (N. H.) a child three years old, of Mr. Francis Smart. He fell into a mill pond while his father was grinding; he then floated twenty feet through a part of the pond and the dam; then passing under the gate he went about twenty feet more through the box spout, and was lodged upon the floats of the tub under the cylinder of a patent tub mill. There he remained, until an elderly brother came from the opposite side of the pond into the lower part of the mill and informed his father; on searching, found him in the mill tub; but in so bruised and mangled condition as to excite the most heartfelt grief in every beholder.—The flesh of one hip was torn in handfuls from the bone—the ribs on one side were laid bare by a gash across them—and the flesh of one arm was torn off the bone from the elbow to the thumb; besides many other wounds. He lived, and had his senses perfectly, until the 7th day; when, calmly calling his elder brother to him, said "Ira, I die"—and, repeating the words, immediately expired.—"At Bath, Mr. Samuel Moody, *Æt.* 72."

In this town, Mr. Jonathan Balch, jun. *Æt.* 30; Capt. Thomas Barnard, *Æt.* 62; Mr. Benjamin Seward, *Æt.* 36; Miss Eliza Roberts, *Æt.* 13; Charles Henry, son of Mr. Moses Poor, *Æt.* 10 mo.—a Child of Mr. James Mills. Mr. Thomas Welch, *Æt.* 69, and 7 others. Total 14.

JUST published, and for sale by GILBERT and DEAN, a SERMON, delivered at *Plymouth*, September 4th, 1803, occasioned by the death of the Rev. DAVID TAPPAN, D. D. Hollis Professor of Divinity in Harvard College. By JAMES KENDALL, A. M.

THE TIME FIXED!

AND if you don't apply in season, blame no one. The 4th class of Hadelly Lottery, commences drawing the 16th of November, and all untold tickets pass into the hands of a company, on the 19th of October, who will raise the price to D. 50. Tickets for sale by Gilbert & Dean.

The Malonic Brethren are respectfully invited to encourage the erection of a Malonic Hall, in a neighbouring town, by voluntary contribution. A Scheme of a Lottery, granted for this purpose, may be seen as above. It commences drawing the 27th inst.

POETRY.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

THE following pathetic Ballad, most powerfully affected my feelings on a first perusal, and when I heard it sung, I was still more pleased; the music is simple, and adapted to the style of the words—may give it a place in your entertaining Miscellany, and permit me through your medium, to recommend it to all your fair readers, who are proficient in the tuneful art. It is published by G. HARPER, No. 6, Franklin-street. AMATEUR.

THE POOR LITTLE CHILD OF A TAR,
A MUCH ADMIR'D SONG.

IN a little blue garment all ragged and torn,
With scarce any shoes to his feet,
His head quite uncover'd, a look all forlorn,
And a cold fony step for his feet,
A boy cheerless fat, and as passengers pass'd,
With a voice that might avarice bar,
Have pity he cry'd, to your bounty be pass'd,
To a poor little child of a tar.

II.
No mother I have, and no friend I can claim,
Deserted and cheerless I roam;
My father has fought for his country and fame,
But, alas! he may never come home!
Pinch'd by cold, and by hunger, how hapless my fate,
Distress must all happiness mar;
Look down on my sorrows, and pity the fate
Of a poor little child of a tar.

III.
By cruelty drove from a neat rural cot,
Where once with contentment we dwelt,
No friend to protect us, my poor mother's lot,
Alas! too feverish the felt!
Bow'd down by misfortune, death made her his own,
And snatch'd her to regions afar;
Distress'd and quite friendless, she left me to moan,
A poor little child of a tar.

IV.
Thus plaintive he mourn'd; when a sailor that pass'd,
Stopp'd a moment to give him relief;
He stretch'd forth his hand, and a look on him cast,
A look full of wonder, and grief!
What! my William, he cry'd, my poor little boy!
With wealth I've return'd from the war;
My sorrows shall cease, nor shall grief more annoy
The poor little child of a tar.

Selected for the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

FLOWERS.

FULL of my theme, with doubtful feet,
I fought the muses' bow'r,
Half hoping, half afraid to meet
Some kind inspiring power:
When fleet along the rising gale
The queen, fair Fancy, pass'd,
And thro' her rain-bow tinged veil
A glance benignant cast:
Then pointing thro' a fragrant glade,
"Come see," she cried, "the train
"Who own, in this secluded shade
"My visionary reign!"
Proud to obey the glad command,
I took, with silent awe my stand:
Meanwhile in many a varying vest
Of mystic texture aptly dress'd,
Ideal myriads seem to rove,
Promiscuous thro' the cultur'd grove;
And each, as inbred impulse led,
From ev'ry flow'r-embroider'd bed.
Some certain plant, whose bosom rose
Significantly, please, chose:
With frank, firm look, and light, tho' steady tread,
Came *Carum* first, and clogg'd a dew-charg'd Rose:
For in the tender Rose might best be read
Her very essence—bloom that gently flows,
Impell'd by gentle breath; prone to dispense
To all, all-sweetness: yet alert to frow,
If rash invasion ruder deeds commence,
That warm retirement points a thorn below!
Retiring from the public eye,
The maiden meek Humility
Was seen to turn with mildest grace,
To heaven her thoughts, to earth her face!
And all unconscious what fair fame
Merit like hers might well assume,

Prefer'd to ev'ry juster claim,
The lowly Daisy's simple bloom.
Some bauble each moment arranging,
Admiring, exploding or changing,
The coquet Affectation shines wantonly by;
On her breast a Narcissus she bore,
As if, with Narcissus of yore,
For a form like her own she could languish and die.

Heedless of the foeman's joke,
Smiling at the ruffian's stroke,
Persevering Patience stood,
Conqu'ring evil still with good,
Binding for her brow the while,
Artless wreaths of Camomile;
Hardy plant, whose vig'rous shoot
Springs beneath the trampler's foot.
Tiptoe o'er the level plain,
Ardent Hope all painting flew,
Prompt her eager eye to strain
Far beyond the present view;
Quick from tint to tint to stray,
She the Primrose held most dear;
Pirl-born of returning May,
Promisef of the future year.

Pure Constancy (whose hallow'd fires
Time dignifies and Truth inspires,
In spite of absence grief or pain)
Approv'd the faithful Marigold,
Whose leaves the Saffron blaze unfold
When first the sun asserts his reign;
Hail his glad progress thro' the day,
Close gradual with his parting ray,
Nor open till he shines again.
Superstition came telling her steps and her beads,
Like Jack-in-a-bush hung all over with green;
Agnus-castus by wholesale she brought from the meads
And stuck, with due care Holy Thistle between:
A chaplet of Monkhood she pluck'd from her head,
And Rosemary sprigs for the graves of the dead.

Ill-nature to a corner stole,
And taught her blood-hot eyes to roll,
As if the *Hyacinth* to blight,
Each flow'r of happier scent and hue
Save poisonous *Aconite*.
Hand in hand, for they never asunder are seen,
All cheerful thro' their features, all easy their mein,
Contentment and Innocence tript it along:
By the delicate Snow-drop was Innocence known,
Contentment took Heart's ease and call'd it her own,
Nor envy'd the gay nor the great in the throng.
The throng!—just hint to wilt conceit like mine;
Why what a wretch had I begun to twine!
Indulgent Fancy's self now whispers in my ear—
"Quit ere 'tis tedious, quit the flow'ry road,
"Nor what was meant a *neggery*, make a lead."

THE NOVELIST.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SINCERITY; A NOVEL

IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.

LETTER XV—ANNE TO ELINOR.

London, April 6, 1778.

THE morning following, the eventful day of which I gave you an account in my last, Sarah appeared at the breakfast table with a pale languid countenance; she had retired early the night before, and I was in hopes, would have obtained some quiet repose—a refreshment which her agitated frame, and tortured mind, seemed greatly to stand in need of. I learnt that Darnley had not been home all night; he had come home early in the morning, and changed his clothes, but told the maid he did not wish to have her mistress disturbed.

"I am afraid," said she, "he fears reproaches, and so avoids his home; but he need not, if he is content to be so silent, I am sure I shall not breach the detestable subject; he is now in the counting-house, has sent me word he is very busy, and will have his breakfast sent thither. What can I do? Some method must be taken to make him banish this fear of again meeting me. I had thought of writing a note, dictated in terms which may tend to a reconciliation; for while he retains these fears of reproaches which conscience tells him he deserves, he will hide them under ill nature; and suspecting I shall accuse him in taunting language, will to prevent it, load me with the most illiberal abuse."

I approved the idea, and she wrote whilst eating her breakfast, the following:

"It is certainly painful to me, Mr. Darnley, to find you voluntarily avoid my society. Perhaps I can divine the cause, and by removing it, the effect may happily cease. You think my sex and situation will lead me, when we meet, to recapitulate some late events, and make disagreeable remarks thereon. Such a recapitulation is by no means necessary. Let us meet as though no such events had ever taken place: let the whole pass into eternal oblivion; trust me, it shall not be my fault if it does not. I hope you will dine at home to day; Ann is engaged, and if you should dine out also, I shall dine alone.

"S. DARNLEY."

This letter was evidently what it appeared to be, the effect of principle; she would perhaps rather have dined alone, than with her husband in his present frame of mind, but she felt it was her duty to endeavour to draw him back to domestic scenes and domestic peace. No answer was returned until past one o'clock, when one of the clerks brought up the following:

"You are very much mistaken, Mrs. Darnley, if you suppose I dread your reproaches; I know with all your boasted forbearance, you dare not utter any, or it is not your regard to me would prevent you; but pray understand, madam, if I am not master of my own house, I am of my actions and person, and shall go out when and where I please, without consulting your pleasure; mind your own business, and don't trouble yourself about me; you have got a comfortable home, and may go out or come in, as you please. But you cannot suppose, after the very polite method which you took to turn Jeffrey out of doors, that I can see you with any degree of temper; and since you have withdrawn from her your protection, I feel doubly bound to afford her mine. She is a woman whom I esteem; she loves me with her whole soul; she has given incontestable proofs, that her affection for me supercedes all other considerations; and had she sooner been freed from her matrimonial shackles, you would never have been the wife of

"G. DARNLEY."

Sarah gave vent to her swollen heart in a flood of tears, when she had purified this unmanly epistle; she wrote a few lines, which, as near as I can recollect, I subjoin:

"That I am your wife, Mr. Darnley, is more my misfortune than my fault. But you are under a mistake, in supposing Jeffrey loves you. No woman can be under the influence of that sacred passion, (whose power I can conceive, though as yet I have never been under its influence) who degrades herself below even the pity of a man of principle, and for self-gratification, plunges the object of her pretended adoration into infamy, by inciting him to repeated breaches of every sacred and moral obligation. You say I have a comfortable home; can that home be, from whence domestic peace is banished? You are your own master!—It is well you are so. Would to God I was a free.

"S. DARNLEY."

He went out at two o'clock; I saw Sarah sinking under her mental sufferings, and put off my engagement to remain at home with her. It was nearly the close of evening, when a message came, saying, Mr. Darnley was going a journey, and desired clothes to be put up to last a fortnight. This was immediately complied with. We went the next day to inquire for Jeffrey, and found they were gone together!—that she passed for his wife in the house where they lodged, and went by the name of Hayley; that the maid and child were left at home; and that they said they were going a tour of pleasure.

They having thus exposed themselves to open censure, I no longer hold myself bound to withhold the whole procedure from you. I intend remaining with Sarah during his absence. She has regained her composure, and mixes again in society; but she assures me, that there is now no tie between Darnley and herself; but the strong sense she entertains of what is due to moral rectitude. How they will behave to each other on his return, I cannot divine.—I have no doubt but he will endeavour to incense her so far, as to make her with a separation; but she will never do that, as there is no state in the world she thinks so humiliating and pitiable, as a woman in a state of separation from her husband; the world ever ready to condemn, does not fail ever to attach some share of blame to the conduct of a wife who is slighted and forsaken by her legal protector.

I was interrupted an hour since, by the arrival of a letter from Scarborough, where my brother has been for some time; he is dangerously ill—I must leave Sarah immediately; she has promised to write often, you shall have copies of all her letters, as she has allowed me that liberty. Farewell. May Heaven bless you, ever prays,
Your friend,
ANNE.

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Vol. I.]

SATURDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 24, 1833.

[N^o XLVIII.]

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THE GOSSIP—No XLIII.

Pejor serpantibus Afris.

TO laugh at and ridicule the follies of the age, or of individuals, is allowable; nay, if done in such a manner as to tend to shame them out of society, it is even laudable; but to laugh at the misfortunes and weakness of our fellow creatures, is mean, detestable and wicked. When I see a young person, whose eye I know to be in full vigour, wear a glass by way of ornament, suspended to his or her neck, by a fashionable ribbon, and observe them with the most affected air elevate it to the level of the eye, while with a slight inclination of the body, they impudently peer into a face they are either predetermined not to know, or to stare out of countenance; I am tempted not only to laugh, but to rail. Such folly is inexcusable, and may be considered as a fair mark for ridicule to aim its shafts at. But when real infirmity obliges the use of glasses, to assist the eye to discover the features of a friend, he must be unfeeling as adamant, and venomous as the serpent, who could dart even a look that might wound the sensibility of the poor sufferer. Of all the afflictions to which human nature is subject, there can be none more deplorable than a weakness, or total suppression of the optical sense. How many dear delights are conveyed to the soul through the perceptive nerve. The works of creation are beheld with rapture; and as we gaze, the mind expanding with sensations of wonder, mingled with pleasure, soars on the wings of gratitude even to the presence of creation's God. True, were we deprived of sight, we could still hear the voice of nature, from every insect, bird, and animal, speaking praise. But what could compensate for the deprivation of that power by which we read the countenance of those we love, and catch from the speaking eye, intelligence the tongue would never give; read in its grave averted glance, reproof, or in its beaming tenderness, applause? There are persons, whose eye-beam can convey to the feeling heart more exquisite pain or pleasure, than it is possible for the tongue to express, whose pure thoughts appearing through those windows of the soul, would stimulate to all that is good and praise-worthy; or appal from all that is degrading to the man of honour and the christian. Yes, there are those whose smallest glance of approbation is of more real value, than volumes of flattery from the tongue of the versatile, or the pen of the parasite. Feeling as I do, how justly to appreciate the blessing of sight, I cannot but reprobate those who ridicule the means science has taught us to use, to strengthen, preserve, or restore it, when in danger of being lost. But I see too much depravity in the world, too daily hear the wretched ridiculed, sneered at, and spoken of contemptuously, that I cease to wonder at any thing—and should I meet misfortune in any shape whatever, I know full well, the cruellest censure, the bitterest railing, the most poignant satire, would follow.—Spirits of christian charity, forgive me, sensible as I am of this mortifying fact. I also know, and soothing to my soul, that knowledge is, ye wofully chosen few, whose hearts are cast in nature's softest mould, you would lament; feel for my sorrows, and even on my frailties drop a tear—but oh! how small your number.

Poor MATTHEW MALE complains, that he is laughed at, and that the weakness of his eyes obliging him to wear spectacles, has subjected him to the ridicule of the ignorant and insensible. My good friend, be thankful it is no worse; for did a derangement in your pecuniary affairs oblige you to ask the assistance of your friends, to help you to find your way out of the labyrinth, into which you had incautiously

wandered, alas! you would find that so far from assisting, they would wantonly strike from your hand the feeble reed of hope that might support you; and as you plunged into the abyss of poverty, laugh aloud, while they bid the bystanders observe your heedlessness, and raise the merit of their own careful pace and firm foothold, by a comparison with your inadvertent slip. But let him who flandeth, take heed lest he fall; and he who seeth clearly, turn from the less lest it blind him; by contemplating the dark shadows in the vale of life, he will find his sight refreshed and invigorated, and by contrasting it with the golden beams which play on the mountain's summit, learn justly to appreciate that bright, pure, mild light, which cheers the intermediate space.

I AM very sorry to learn from my young friend ALONZO, that it is not fashionable for masters of families to take their apprentices to places of public worship with them, or if they do not go themselves, allow them a proper and convenient place in the church or meeting they frequent, where they can pay their adorations to the Giver of all good, and listen to the voice of instruction drawn from the sacred treasury of holy writ. I think every master and mistress of a family is in some measure responsible for the conduct of their domestics and assistants of all kinds; it behoves them to enforce precept by example, and more especially where youth are entrusted to their care, with their minds unformed, their habits and tastes uninvited; and I would advise ALONZO, when he enters on the busy life of life, not only to persevere in a regular attendance on his religious duties, but insist on every part of his family doing the same; taking care that they have a feat in the house of public worship he himself frequents, that he may be an eye witness that they pay the Sabbath proper respect; and let him be assured, a man never looks so respectable as when, at the head of his household, he leads the way to everlasting happiness. His servants rise up and bless him, his friends love, venerate and esteem him; happy are the children of such a father; thrice happy the woman, who shall call such a man husband. For he, who, with his whole heart, loves and worships his Creator, will, in the mildest and most conscientious manner, fulfil all his relative duties of life.

AMUSING.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

To S. G.

STR,

IT is the opinion of many, that to produce a good effect, means which are not perfectly consistent with propriety may be justifiable. I no farther coincide with that opinion, than to believe that the end justifies those means which are decent and honourable, even should they swerve from those customs and forms which confine dependent minds. The system I have adopted for negotiating for a "partner for life," is not entirely new, although a digression from general custom; and we have little reason to believe it has succeeded (a few solitary instances excepted;) still, I believe it a method whereby many happy connections might be formed, where sincerity dwells, and where the advertising candidates "honestly describe their own personal qualifications, as well as situation in life, that those who may be acceptable, may depend upon not being deceived." But alas, where do we find that person who impartially paints the image of his mind? whose eyes are not dimpered with baneful prejudice? his faults, how diminished! how magnified his virtues! Conscious of the deceitfulness of my own breast, I shall with all possible candor and "honesty," give you an idea of my appearance in life, my personal qualifications, and my own ideas of happiness.—Should they meet your views, they may at least produce some further correspondence. A belief that an elegant mansion is not exclusively the abode of happiness, and that costly furniture is not necessary for conjugal joys, LEONORA thinks will be a sufficient check to every extravagant desire of grandeur and show. As for "beauty of person," you appear almost indifferent; LEONORA will but say, she is not toasted by bees, or sought for by fops; and she can safely add, that she is by no means intolerable. Of the endowments of her mind, you will form a better judgment than from her description, when you are informed that her company is rather sought by her superiors in age, in accomplishments and in natural endowments, than by the

coxcomb or spendthrift. You say your partner must esteem that time best spent, which is spent in the company of her husband. How far you will "accommodate yourself to feelings incident to humanity," as it relates to that, must be a subject of future inquiry—but, certain it is, that

"Soft retirement sweetens the return,"

and that love—but why name that tender passion, since love, nor even friendship, which is a cold unfeeling sensation compared with it, is not mentioned in your epistle?—LEONORA believes that true conjugal felicity cannot exist without love.

"Love refines

*The thoughts, and heart enlarges, hath its seat
In reason, and is judicious."*

If in your breast you find a spark of that purest passion which hymenal celebration might kindle to a flame, which would light and cheer the dark and dreary paths of life, avow it through the medium you receive this; or think never again to fear from LEONORA.
Digton, Sept. 7, 1833.

DO AS YOU WOULD BE DONE BY.

THERE are two things in life, which I frequently meet with, and which, as often as they happen to me, give me insupportable pain. The first is, when I see a poor drudge of a waiter made the sport of a company at a tavern, and obliged to submit to the arrogance of every haughty or unthinking fellow, who assumes the authority to abuse him on any little trifling concern. The next is, when gentlemen take upon them to scold and reprimand their servants before any company of visitors whom they entertain. In both those cases, I bring the condition of the waiter and the servant home to myself, and, by my feelings, I find, I could never be able to endure the ill-usage they must so often sustain. To the proud and haughty, whatever I could say on the subject would be of little avail. But I must beg leave to remind the giddy part of men, (who, from wantonness or thoughtlessness, sometimes act against the known humanity of their own minds) that nothing is so mean as to give ill language to any man, whose condition in life renders it unsafe for him to return the abuse; and that nothing can he more ill-mannered, to a company, than to address one's wit to a waiter, when there are gentlemen to converse with in the room. Nor, at one's own table, can any thing be more ill-mannered to guests, than to give vent to one's anger or ill-humour before them; because it must proportionably spoil their entertainment, as they partake of their inviter's concern.

GOD GAVE US PASSIONS, AND AT THE SAME TIME GAVE US REASON.

OUR passions and judgment being equally the gifts of God, I cannot but think it borders on impiety to treat the impetuosity of man's passions, or the dulcet of his judgment, with rictiude or contempt:—It is insuring at God's providence for the unequal distribution he has made. Yet when a man is at no pains to controul his passions, or to improve his understanding, ridicule may be permitted, when it is employed with the well-meaning intent of shaming a person into a reformation of life. I hope never to use it in any other thought. Perfectly sensible of my own defects, I shall never speak contemptuously of other's faults, nor arrogantly attempt to write a satire on the human race. The humiliating idiotism of the once-humorous Dean Swift should serve as an awful example, to deter all presumers to wit from wantonly ridiculing the wonderful works of that Deity, whose designs are unaccountable to us.

THOUGHTS ON BOWING.

ONE day, as I sat resting myself on a stile, with a field of ripe wheat before me, I imagined a man could not take a better pattern for a genteel bow and a handsome recovery, than from one of the stalks as it bent beneath the breeze that blew upon it. The stalk, or body, first inclined, and the ear, or head, next followed its slow motion. The stalk then gently rose again, and the ear recovered in succession. I sat like a king upon his throne, and I could not help fancying, I saw for many of my loving subjects bowing, with addresses, before me. When my readers recollect, that the great Homer himself compares the spears of an army to a field of corn, no less than three different times in his first book of the Iliad, they will readily ferret

Give me for one poor female, which I made of the flanding corn, although reeds have more frequently been used in the like comparisons. But reeds being a little stiff in the back, represent not so properly the easy graceful motions of a courtier's body.

ACCOUNT OF A HINDOO DEVOTEE.
[From Captain Turner's Account of an Embassy to the Court of the Teshoo Lama, in Tibet.]

THE Goebin Prânopce exhibited to extraordinary an instance of religious penance, that I cannot resist the temptation of relating some particulars of his life.

Having been adopted by a Hindoo devotee, and educated by him in the rigid tenets of his religion, he was yet young when he commenced the course of his extraordinary mortifications. The first vow which the plan of life he had chosen to himself induced him to make, was to continue perpetually upon his legs, and neither to sit down upon the ground, nor lie down to rest, for the space of twelve years. All this time he told me he had employed in wandering through different countries. When I inquired how he took the indispensable refreshment of sleep, when wearied with fatigue, he said, that at first, to prevent his falling, he used to be tied with ropes to some tree or post; but that this precaution, after some time, became unnecessary, and he was able to sleep standing without such support.

The complete term of his first penance being expired, the next he undertook was to hold his hands, locked in each other, over his head, the fingers of one hand dividing those of the other, for the same space of twelve years. Whether this particular period is chosen in compliment to the twelve signs of the zodiac, or to the Indian cycle of twelve years, I cannot decide. He was still determined not to dwell in any fixed abode; so that, before the term of this last vow could be accomplished, he had travelled over the greater part of the continent of Asia. He first set out by crossing the peninsula of India through Guzerat. He then passed by Surat to Buffora, and thence to Constantinople. From Turkey he went to Ipahan, and sojourned so long among the different Persian tribes as to obtain a considerable knowledge of their language, in which he conversed with tolerable ease. In his passage from thence towards Russia, he fell in with the Kussaks (hordes of Cossacs) upon the borders of the Caspian Sea, where he narrowly escaped being condemned to perpetual slavery; but at length he was suffered to pass on, and reached Moscow. He then travelled through the northern boundary of the Russian empire, and through Siberia, arrived at Pekin in China, from whence he came through Tibet, by the way of Teshoo Loomhoo, and Nipal, down to Calcutta.

When I first saw him at this place, in the year 1783, he rode upon a pie-bald Tanguin horse, from Dootan, and wore a satin embroidered dress, given to him by Teshoo Lama, of which he was not a little vain. He was robust and hale; and his complexion, contrasted with a long, bushy, black beard, appeared really florid. I do not suppose that he was then forty years of age. Two Goebins attended him, and assisted him in mounting and alighting from his horse. Indeed he was indebted to them for the assistance of their hands on every occasion; his own, being fixed and immovable in the position in which he had placed them, were of course perfectly useless.

The circulation of blood seemed to have forsaken his arms: they were withered, void of sensation, and inflexible. Yet he spoke to me with confidence of recovering the use of them, and mentioned his intention to take them down the following year, when the term of his penance would expire.

Other Goebins assured me, though I could not help doubting the fact, that it is possible to restore withered limbs, thus circumstanced, to perfect use. This is effected they say, though not without great labor and some pain, by means of long continued friction, before a large fire, with a certain ointment which they compound. To complete the full measure of his religious penance, I understand that there still remained two other experiments for Prânopce to perform. In the first of these, the devotee is suspended by the feet to a branch of a tree, over a fire, which is kept in a continual blaze, and waving backwards and forwards, his hair passing through the flame, for one pair and a quarter, that is three hours and three quarters. Having passed through this fiery trial, he may then prepare himself, for the last act of probation, which is, to be buried alive standing upright in a pit dug for the purpose; the fresh earth being thrown in upon him, so that he is completely covered. In this situation he must remain for one pair and a quarter, that is, three hours and three quarters; and if at the expiration of that time, on the removal of the earth, he should be found alive, he will ascend into the highest rank among the most pure of the Yogee (Jugi).

A SOLDIER SHOULD BE BRAVE BUT NOT PROFANE.

AT the battle of Lalet, when the 37th regiment of foot had been three broken and rallied again, and when, at the fourth attack, they were totally defeated, *Dijan*, a French refugee officer, who stood among the last in that regiment, found himself at the side of one Kerr, a bold, intrepid grenadier, whom rejoicing to meet, he instantly accosted in these words, "Bee garre! me be very glad to see you, Kerr: I know you will follow me." "That I will," said Kerr, "I will follow your honour to the bottom of Hell."—"Hold, hold, Kerr, not for fair erider; me will only lead you to de gate, and dere me be obliged to leave you."—"So, a-way they both went over a hedge and ditch, and continued the battle at the side of a Hanoverian regiment.—Though I would wish to banish, as much as possible, from the mind of the soldier, the recollection of his own danger, the want of reflection I would desire in him, is not of that dissolute, abandoned kind, which the grenadier above mentioned shewed in his answer. I would have no man, in a good cause, forget, that he fights in the presence of his Creator; for history shows us, that no armies have been more successful than those who fought under a religious inspiration; nor have any men been possessed of greater bravery in combat than those who had the fear of God constantly before them. We see, indeed, that a want of all religion has often the same effect of rendering men fearless of danger; yet is the thoughtless, mechanical courage of the wicked not always to be relied on; for, if a temporary ray of reason should strike them, they will shudder at death, and the approach of a future retribution. A remarkable instance of this I can give, in another story that at present occurs to me. An English gentleman-traveller happened to be dining at a *Table d'Hotel*, at the Hague, in company with some others, who had been concerned in the Rebellion of 1745. In his discourse at table, he used great freedom with the christian religion, and went so far as to utter blasphemy against his Almighty God. He next attacked the character of the Pretender, and at last became so scurrilous on the subject, that one of the company, no longer able to contain himself, desired him to walk into the garden.—"Now, Sir, said the challenger, your blasphemy against my God, I leave him to punish, for he was present, and did certainly hear you. But for your scurrilous abuse of my prince who is absent, and cannot resent it, I demand instant satisfaction. Draw, Sir, or you shall ask his pardon."—"These words were delivered in a determined manner, that the offending gentleman imagined he heard the voice of an avenging angel, and went to punish him for all his wicked actions. Though a young officer in the army he had often distinguished himself in battle; though he had as often proved his courage in single combat; and though he now drew his sword with apparent resolution, yet his heart failed him on this occasion; and, after a few thrusts, his antagonist disarmed him, and obliged him to beg his pardon.

ENGLISH SAILOR.

THERE is a well-known story of a sailor, who, coming off a cruise with his pocket full of prize-money, admired the Admiral's velvet waistcoat so much, that nothing could satisfy him, until he had one made for himself of the very same stuff. He accordingly inquired for the Admiral's tailor, of whom he went to help ask his visit. The tailor, after having taken his measure, asked him what he should make the back of. "Why, of the same stuff, to be sure!" quoth Jack. "'Tis not usual, said the tailor, to make the back of those rich waistcoats of the same stuff with the front; the Admiral had the back of his made of common cloth."—"No matter for that, quoth Jack; make mine ALL velvet; I'll have no them about me, by G—!" Soon after, when Jack had got his waistcoat on, he met the Admiral in the street; but instead of taking off his hat (for which he felt himself too great), he held his coat-lappets up with one hand, and with the other he clapped his back.—"No sham here, Admiral! no sham about me; 'tis all velvet, by G—!"

ANECDOTES.

A YOUNG man, more noted for vanity than for talents, was boasting that his advantages had been superior to those of other literary men, as he had received his education at two universities, Cambridge and New-Haven; when a shrewd old gentleman in the company remarked, that it reminded him of a calf he had seen, which had sucked two cows. "And what was the consequence?" said the conceited young man. "The consequence was," replied the old gentleman, "that he grew to be a very great calf."

A FELON on his way to execution, at Pendennis Leath, called out to some soldiers, as he passed, to know if they were not militia-men, and some of them substitutes. Being answered in the affirmative, he drolly asked if sister of them

would become a substitute for him, as he did not like so much parade and nonfence, and wished to go another way.

WHAT is the reason, said one Irishman to another, that you and your wife are always disagreeing? Because, replied Pat, we are both of one mind—the wants to be master, and so do I.

MORAL DEPARTMENT.

THE OFFSPRING OF MERCY.

WHEN the Almighty was about to create Man, he summoned before him the Angels of his attributes, the watchers of his dominions. They stood in council around his hidden throne.

"Create him not," said the angel of Justice; "he will not be equitable to his brethren, he will oppress the weaker."

"Create him not," said the angel of Peace; "he will manure the earth with human blood; the first born of his race will be the slayer of his brother."

"Create him not," said the angel of Truth; "he will defile thy sanctuary with falsehoods, although thou shouldst stamp on his countenance thine image, the seal of confidence."

So spake the angels of the attributes of Jehovah; when Mercy, the youngest and dearest child of the Eternal, arose, and clasping his knees, "Create him father," said he, "in thy likeness, the darling of thy loving kindness.—When all thy messengers forsake him, I will seek and support him, and turn his fault to good. Because he is weak, I will incline his howels to compassion and his soul to atonement. When he departs from peace, from truth, from justice, the consequences of his wanderings shall deter him from repeating them, and shall gently lead him to amendment."

The Father of All gave ear, and created Man, a weak faltering being; but in his faults the pupil of Mercy, the son of ever-active and meliorating Love.

Remember thine origin, O man! when thou art hated and unkind towards thy brother. Mercy alone will thee to be: Love and Pity fukled thee at their bosoms.

USEFUL.

TRUTH.

[From EDGORTH'S PRACTICAL EDUCATION.]

HONESTY is the best policy, must be the maxim in education, as well as in all the other affairs of life. We must not only be exact in speaking truth to our pupils but to every body else; to acquaintance, to servants, to friends, to enemies. It is not here meant to enter any overstrained protest against the common phrases and forms of politeness; the current coin may not be pure, but when once its alloy has been ascertained, and its value appreciated, there is no fraud, though there may be some folly, in continuing to trade upon equal terms with our neighbours, with money of high nominal, and scarcely any real, value. No fraud is committed by a gentleman's saying that he is not at home, because no deception is intended; the words are filly, but they mean, and are understood to mean, nothing more than that the person in question does not chieve to see the visitors who knock at his door. "I am, Sir, your obedient and humble servant," at the end of a letter, does not mean that the person who signs the letter is a servant, or humble, or obedient, but it simply expresses that he knows how to conclude his letter, according to the usual form of civility. Change this absurd phrase and welcome; but do not let us, in the spirit of Draco, make no distinction between errors and crimes. The foibles of fashion or folly are not to be treated with detraction due to hypocrisy and falsehood; if small faults are to incur such grievous punishments, there can, indeed, be none found sufficiently severe for great crimes; great crimes, consequently, for want of adequate punishment, will increase, and the little faults, that have met with disproportionate perfection, will become innocent, and comparatively amiable, in the eyes of commiserating human nature. It is not difficult to explain to young people the real meaning, or rather the nonfence, of a few complimentary phrases; their integrity will not be increased or diminished by either saying, or omitting to say, "I am much obliged to you," or "I shall be very happy to see you at dinner," &c. We do not mean to include in the harmless list of compliments any expressions that are meant to deceive; the common custom of the country, and of the society in which we live, sufficiently regulates the style of complimentary language, and there are few ignorant of the world as seriously to misunderstand this, or to mistake civility for friendship.

There is a story told of a Chinese mandarin, who paid a visit to a friend at Paris, at the time when Paris was the seat of politeness. His well bred host, on the first evening

of his arrival, gave him a handsome supper, lodged him in the best bed-chamber, and when he wished him a good night, amongst other civil things, said he hoped the mandarin would, during his stay at Paris, consider that house as his own. Early the next morning, the polite Parisian was awakened by the sound of loud hammering, in the mandarin's bedchamber; on entering the room, he found the mandarin and some mafons hard at work throwing down the walls of the house. "You rascals, are you mad?" exclaimed the Frenchman to the mafons. "Not at all, my dear friend," said the Chinese man, soberly, "I let the poor fellows to work; this room is too small for my taste; you see I have lost no time in availing myself of your goodness. Did not you desire me to use this house as it were my own, during my stay at Paris?" "Assuredly, my dear friend, and I hope you will," replied the French gentleman, "the only misfortune here is, that I did not understand Chinese, and that I had no interpreter." They found an interpreter, or a Chinese dictionary, and when the Parisian phrase was properly translated, the mandarin, who was an honest man, begged his polite host's pardon for having pulled down the partition. It was rebuilt; the mandarin learned French, and the two friends continued upon the best terms possible with each other during the remainder of the visit.

The value of a character for truth should be distinctly felt by children in their own family: whilst they are very young be advised that their integrity should not be tempted; as they grow up truth should by degrees be put in them, and we should distinctly explain to them that our confidence is to be deserved before it can be given: our belief in any person's truth is not a matter of affection, but of experience and necessity; we cannot doubt the assertions of any person whom we have found to speak uniformly the truth; we cannot believe any person, let us wish to do it ever so much, if we have detected him in falsehoods. Before we have had experience of a person's integrity, we may hope or take it for granted, that he is perfectly sincere and honest; but we cannot feel more that *believe upon trust*, until we have actually seen his integrity tried. We should not pretend that we have faith in our pupils before we have tried them; we may hope from their habits, from the examples they have seen, and from the advantageous manner in which truth has always been represented to them; that they will act honourably; this hope is natural and just, but confidence is another feeling of the mind. The first time we trust a child, we should not say, "I am sure you will not deceive me; I can trust you with anything in the world." This is flattery or folly; it is paying beforehand, which is not the way to get business done: why cannot we, especially as we are teaching truth, say the thing that is. "I hope you will not deceive me. If I find that you may be trusted, you know I shall be able to trust you another time: this must depend upon you, not entirely upon me." We must make ourselves certain upon these occasions, how the child conducts himself; nor is it necessary to use any artifice, or to affect from false delicacy any security that we do not feel; it is better openly to say, "You see, I do you the justice to examine carefully, how you have conducted yourself; I wish to be able to trust you another time."

PLAY THINGS.

It is surprising how much children may learn from their playthings when they are judiciously chosen, and when the habit of reflection and observation is associated with the ideas of amusement and happiness. A little boy of nine years old, who had had a hoop to play with, asked, "why a hoop, or a plate, if rolled upon its edge, keeps up so long as it rolls, but falls as soon as it stops, and will not stand if you try to make it stand still upon its edge." Was not the boy's understanding as well employed whilst he was thinking of this phenomenon, which he observed whilst he was beating his hoop, as it could possibly have been by the most learned preceptor?

When a pedantic schoolmaster sees a boy eagerly watching a paper kite, he observes; "What a pity it is that children cannot be made to mind their grammar as well as their kites!" and he adds perhaps some peevish ejaculation on the natural idleness of boys, and that pernicious love of play against which he is doomed to wage perpetual war. A man of sense will see the same sight with a different eye; in this pernicious love of play he will discern the symptoms of a love of science, and, instead of deploring the natural idleness of children, he will admire the activity which they display in the pursuit of knowledge. He will feel that it is his business to direct his activity, to furnish his pupil with materials for fresh combinations, to put him, or to let him put himself, in situations where he can make useful observations, and acquire that experience which cannot be bought, and which no masters can communicate.

It will not be beneath the dignity of a philosophic tutor to consider the different effects, which the most common plays of children have upon the habits of the understanding and temper. Whoever has watched children putting together a dissected map, must have been amused with the trial between wit and judgment. The child who quickly perceives resemblances catches instantly at the first bit of the wooden map, that has a single hook or hollow that seems likely to answer his purpose; he makes perhaps twenty different trials before he hits upon the right combination; whilst the wary youth, who has been accustomed to observe differences, cautiously examines with his eye the whole outline before his hand begins to move; and, having exactly compared the two indentures, he joins them with sober confidence, more proud of never disgracing his judgment by a fruitless attempt, than ambitious of rapid success. He is slow but sure, and wins the day.

A RECENT EXPERIMENT ON PICKLING SEED-WHEAT.

A MAN, in this state, in preparing his feed-wheat for sowing, steeped one bushel twelve hours in pickle, and then rolled it in plaster, and sowed it through the middle of a field containing eleven or twelve acres; on each side of this throughout the field, he sowed wheat that had been rolled in plaster, but not pickled. Soon after the grain began to vegetate, he perceived a striking difference, and that, during the whole growth, the stems of the pickled feed were much superior in thickness and luxuriance.

After reaping, threshing and measuring the grain, and making a comparison between the products of the pickled and unpickled feed, (which was done the present year) the owner has affirmed it as his opinion, that, if he had pickled the whole of the feed which was sown in that field, his crop would have been increased thereby not less than forty or eighty bushels. : : *Flud. Bul. Sept. 13, 1803.*

THE COLUMBIAN MUSEUM,

STILL continues to receive many valuable additions. Those lately added, are an elegant collection of modern and antique BUSTS, which Mr. BOWEN has just received from Paris. They are executed in a masterly manner, among which are the following, large as life, viz. Consul BONAPARTE and Gen. MOREAU, bronzed—CICERO, HOMER, CATO, LAOCOON, and his SONS—DEMOSTHENESE, APOLLO, DIANA, Roman VESTAL, &c.—*Alfo*, ROMEO and JULIET. This historical group, contains four elegant Wax Figures, which Mr. B. has just completed.

FEMALE ASYLUM.

THE BOSTON FEMALE ASYLUM, YESTERDAY celebrated its 30th anniversary. The performances took place at Trinity Church, before a very large and respectable audience. The Sermon by the Rev. Dr. PARKER, was extremely pathetic and appropriate;—and indeed, all the performances gave universal satisfaction. We have not learnt what collections the Society made, but it must have been above five hundred dollars. The ode written for the occasion, will be found in the next page. The Franklin Musical Society performed the musical part, to great satisfaction.

FEMALE FASHIONS.

FOR AUGUST, 1803.—LONDON.

Walking Dresses.—Dresses of plain mullin with a cambric habit skirt; a hullar jacket of blue silk; helmet bonnet of straw, ornamented with a green wreath; nanken shoes.—Plain dress of white mullin with long sleeves; habit skirt of mullin and lace; Leghorn hat; nanken shoes.

Head Dresses.—Hat of white chip, tied down with white ribbons, orange leaves in front. Cap of white net with quillings of net round the front, and ornamented with a fancy flower. Turban of white satin and mullin, with two rows of beads round the front, and ornamented with ostrich feathers. Cap of white lace trimmed with pink ribbon; fancy flower in front. Hat of white chip and lilac crape, turned up in front and ornamented with ostrich feathers. Cap of white lace with a fancy flower. A double front straw bonnet with a dome crown. Dresses hat of blue crape, ornamented with feathers or flowers. Round hat of striped willow.

General Observations.—The prevailing colours are lilac, blue and green. Dresses are made very low in the back, with the waists short. Lace continues to be worn generally. Plain Leghorn hats are at present considered as most fashionable. Cloaks of worked muslin trimmed all round with lace, are most prevalent.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We acknowledge with gratitude, the receipt of a second favour from "H. G. W."—Other favours are on hand.

ORDAINTED.—At Beverly, on Wednesday last, the Rev. JOSEPH EMERSON, to the pastoral care of the third church in that town, in the new house lately dedicated with religious solemnities to the worship of God.

HYMENEAL REGISTER.



MARRIED.—At Charlestown, Mr. William Belcher, to Miss Hannah Bond. At Saco, Mr. Samuel Nye, merchant, of Boston, to Miss Eunice Cutts, daughter of Col. C.

In this town, Mr. William Dimmore, merchant, to Miss Catharine Brown, daughter of the late Mr. Gowen B.—Mr. Samuel Cooper, merchant, to Miss Ann D. Smith, daughter of Capt. J. Smith, of Charlestown.—Mr. Luke Willard, to Miss Ann White.—Mr. William Howe, to Miss Mary Harvey.

OBITUARY.



DIED.—At Philad. John Barry, Esq. for many years a distinguished commander in the navy of the United States. At Deerfield, Mr. Joseph Bernard, of the small pox.—At Trinidad, Mr. Wm. A. Bond, eldest son of Mr. Nathan B. of this town; an amiable and worthy young man. [A friend has favoured us with an excellent character of this young gentleman, which shall appear in our next.]

At Concord, on Wednesday last, Mrs. Lucy Wheelock, the amiable consort of Mr. Jonathan Wheelock, *Æt.* 39. She was an excellent woman; and by a regular display of every moral and social virtue, secured the respect and esteem of all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance.—At Northampton, Gen. Moses Leavitt, *Æt.* 61.—At Brookline, on Tuesday evening last, the amiable and virtuous consort of Stephen Higginson, Jun. Esq.

At Sumatra, Mr. John Vila, *Æt.* 18, eldest son of Mr. James Vila; a youth of the best dispositions, and most engaging manners. Deaths at N. York, 20th inst. 9.

At Buxton, Maine, Miss Appleton, *Æt.* 20. She deprived herself of life, by twisting twenty strands of tow yarn about her neck with one hand, whilst with the other, she held herself up by the round of a ladder. She was found in this situation; and her arm being loosed from the ladder, she fell, and broke one of her legs.—She had been melancholy several months, on account of the doubts she entertained respecting the mode of religion she ought to profess. Her father, it seems was a Baptist, who told her if she did not join the Baptist church she would be damned. Her mother, who was a Congregationalist, assured her that she would be damned if she did join the Baptists. Thus circumstanced, her melancholy commenced, and continued to increase until she strangled herself in despair.

In this town, Mr. Ebenezer Cushing, *Æt.* 68; Dr. Poinsett, of Charlestown, (S. C.) *Æt.* 63; Mrs. Ann Rand, *Æt.* 40; Miss Hannah Hewes, *Æt.* 45; Master John Bull, *Æt.* 16, son of the late Mr. John B.—Caroline Fisk, *Æt.* 8 months, daughter of Mr. Wm. Fisk. Also, six Children. Total for the week ending last evening, Twelve.

THE TIME FIXED!

AND if you don't apply in season, blame no one. The 4th class of Hadley Lottery, commences drawing the 16th of November, and all unpaid tickets pass into the hands of a company, on the 17th of October, who will raise the price to D. 5. 50. Tickets for sale by Gilbert & Dean. Scheme of a Lottery to be seen as above, which commences drawing on Wednesday next. Sept. 24.

POETRY.



AN ODE.

Written by Mr. J. HOMER, jun. for the *Boston Female Asylum*, and sung yesterday, at their 3d anniversary.

WITH hope the founding lyre
The breast may oft inspire,
And rouse to ecstacy the raptur'd soul;
But notes of purer kind
Invite the feeling mind,
Enlivening streams of bliss for *Orphans* roll.
Oft hath the mother trac'd,
With every beauty grac'd,
Its father's image on her infant child;
But angels must approve
The far superior love,
Which sheds on *Orphans* its effulgence mild.
Immortal pow'r's rejoice,
Raise your applauding voice,
Thro' Heaven's high arch of *female kindness* sing;
Departed saints, descend,
Here with your offspring blend,
Borne from celestial climes on seraph's wing.
The golden age, renown'd,
With halcyon bliss was crown'd,
Each field with yellow bending harvests throng;
No widow's plaintive sigh,
No *helpless Orphan's* cry,
Disturb'd the cottage, or approach'd the throne.
But, in *BOSTONIA'S* days,
The noblest meed of praise
Flows from the virtuous and the grateful poor;
Here woman sooths despair,
She hears the *Orphan's* prayer,
And thro' the paths of virtue shall allure.
Now fancy takes her flight
To azure realms of light,
Where love divine enthron'd shall ever reign;
Thence she will'er impart
Her blessings to the heart,
Which feeds the wretched, and allays their pain.
Cherubic choirs proclaim
Their psalms to the name
Of Charity, the friend of human kind;
Who, like the orb of day,
Illumes the star-pav'd way
To thrones celestial, and to joys refin'd.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

THE following lines, occasioned by the death of FA-
VOURITE HORSE, were written some time since; be-
lieving that I was the only mourner, they have slept in si-
lence; but sentiments, avowed in a late number of the *J-
tinerant*, seem to warrant those contained in *Hero's* Eulo-
gium, and therefore a place is solicited for it. Yours,
ZAMA.

DOES nature's God put forth his sov'reign power,
And form the brute so generous, kind and true;
'Tis leave him in death's dreadful-gloomy hour,
To sink neglected as his righteous due?
Can modest worth with seeming virtue join'd
Rise fair to view, then sink again to nought?
Must each domestic virtue be resign'd,
Nor merit praise, nor e'en deserve a thought,
Unless they are found on man, imperious grown,
Because, forsooth, he feels he's Lord on earth?
But stay, vain mortal, call not blifs thine own,
The faithful brute may claim another birth.
Kind Heaven may grant him yet to live again;
To roam in fields of bright immortal green;
'Tis freed from man, from ev'ry toil and pain,
He'll feed on joys, and drink in bliss supream.

And if exalted merit ever claim'd
Another life to compensate for toil;
Then surely *Hero* merits being nam'd,
As one triumphant to a nobler soil.
But should our hope delusive prove at last,
And *Hero* rest, nor ever roam again;
Yet we'll remember all his labors past,
And hail him resting—freed from every pain!

EPITAPH ON A COQUET.

Here, sunk in earth, O justly sunk in dirt!
Lies an unstable, fickle, cold, unfeeling *Flirt*;
Each youth admir'd her, but admir'd in vain;
Her sole delight—to aggrandize her train;
She smil'd on all, to all denied her charms,
'Till death, indignant, snatch'd her to his arms.

THE NOVELIST.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SINCERITY; A NOVEL

IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.

LETTER XVI—SARAH TO ANNE.

London, May 10, 1778.

THE receipt of your letter, which assured me of your health and safe arrival at the end of your journey, was welcome, but I have felt little inclination to write, as I had no pleasant subject to employ my pen. You have engaged me to write all that occurs in regard to Darnley and Mrs. Romain; it is an ungrateful subject, yet when the heart is overflowing with anguish, it naturally seeks relief by pouring out its complaints to one who sympathizes in its pains, and ever was ready to increase and partake its joys. Ah! my dear Ann, how many of the former, how few of the latter have fallen to my share. I review my past life, and strive to recall some pleasing remembrance; but it is in vain; for even in my happiest hours, when the vivacity of youth, united with the ease and plenty which reign'd in my father's house, might have been expected to have crowned every hour with felicity, the unkindness of my aunt, and some other painful circumstances, prevented my youth passing with that hilarity, which in general is the attendant of that gay season. At present, the uncertainty I am in, in regard to the fate of my father, does not a little increase the painful solicitude of my situation. Had he not left England, I should never have been what I am. And indeed, when I dare think of all, I can only wonder how I ever voluntarily put on a chain, which had not even the shadow of a benefit to me. As to Frederick, I am happy which every link was aimed. As to Frederick, I am happy he is not here; were he to return at this period, I know not what would be the consequence; but of this I am certain, he would call Darnley to a very severe account; and I should become the object of public animadversion; perhaps public censure; and certainly (humiliating idea) of public pity. Ann, to be pitied for the neglect of a husband, is something so nearly bordering on contempt, that I think were Darnley's delinquency very generally known, I should wish to shrink into oblivion, and hide myself in the shade of obscurity. But while I am thus blaming Darnley, may not the fault have been in some measure my own? Yes! yes! I feel the fault is mine, and mine be it submissively to bear the punishment. You wonder, perhaps, to hear me thus criminate myself. My friend, was it not highly criminal to promise to love, honour and obey,—when my heart sunk cold in my bosom and refused to ratify the sacred oath? It is true, I have endeavoured to conform to his humour, to make his home the happiest place; but I ought to have known our thoughts, opinions, propensities, and pursuits were so diametrically opposite, that they could never meet in one point. I think it is not improbable he had married a woman more similar to his own disposition, a woman who loving him with her whole soul, would have not discovered his errors, or have been ready to overlook them, he might have had a more respectable member of society; but I have thrown away my own happiness, and embittered his. Why was he so precipitately ardent? And why, oh! why, was I so pusillanimously weak and tame. Had he been at liberty when Jeffrey became a widow, he would undoubtedly have married her, and both would have been saved from that gulph of infamy and perdition into which they are now plung'd. But I forget I have as yet given you no information concerning the time and manner of his return; it was as extraordinary as his departure. After you left me, I remembered your advice, and did not accept many of the invitations that were daily poured upon me; nor could any entreaty prevail on me to stay in a party after the close of evening, lest I should by myself open to the officious attendance of some person whose company might not be altogether pleas-

ing, or proper. My time did not pass heavily: for I knew the necessity of endeavouring to bend my mind to my circumstances; and felt among other things, how happy I was, since free from tender feelings towards the person to whom duty and propriety would direct them, I had not been so unfortunate as to experience them towards any other, for that must be the height of human misery; to be wretched, and involuntarily guilty, to know you daily err, yet feel the total incapacity to suppress that error. From such a state, may Heaven, in its mercy ever protect me. Ardent as my feelings are, what would be my sufferings. I say, the error is involuntary, because I believe it is not in our own power to awaken affection; and if we cannot call it into existence, it follows of course, when accident or an intercourse with a person of similar disposition with ourselves, or whose various attractions have aroused it, it is not in our power to annihilate it. Yet do not misunderstand me, I am by no means an advocate for those who suffer themselves to be hurried away by their passions, and plead an inability to conquer them. No, Anne, this is the spirit of romance and folly. That the emotions of our hearts are not always in our own power, I allow, but our actions always are; besides, I do not think but that those who rush into guilt, and plead love as an excuse, are mistaken in regard to the passion by which they are actuated. Darnley says Jeffrey loves him; he is deceived; I cannot believe it possible for a woman who loves a man, with that pure, yet sacredly tender emotion, which at present I imagine real love to be, to suffer him to degrade himself in the eyes of the world; break the commands of his Creator, and infringe every moral obligation. Nor would she, I am certain, unless self-gratification was the motive, render herself, by a breach of the first great feminine virtue, *Chastity*, an object of contempt to the man she professes to love, and whose affection must in that case form her whole felicity. But how tedious I am, how unwilling to commence the tale you wish to hear; and so it is ever, when we have any thing to communicate that humbles us, and mortifies our self love.

Darnley had been absent nearly three weeks, when one morning, when I defended to breakfast, I perceived him sitting with his back towards the door, reading the paper, apparently with as much *nonchalance*, as if he had been at home all the time, and nothing disagreeable had taken place. I felt an involuntary shudder, and something like indignation arose in my bosom, and burnt upon my cheek—but prudence bade me repress these emotions, and receive him with that complacency, as might make him feel I had forgiven past transgressions, and wished to live in peace.

"You are welcome home, Mr. Darnley," said I, half extending my hand towards him. He arose, took it, with an appearance of cordiality, and saluting me, said, "he was glad to see me look so well. I came into town very late last night," said he, "and would not disturb your repose by knocking you up at three o'clock"—(very confidante all at once, was he not, Ann?) I smiled, and enquired if he had had a pleasant journey? "Yes," was the reply, "only he was detained by some disagreeable business longer than he expected."—We chatted on indifferent subjects during breakfast, with much complacency on both sides; he told me he had invited a large party of gentlemen to dinner—"I will order preparations to be made," said I, "but now I have an opportunity, Mr. Darnley, permit me to mention that our house-keeping bills run very high; the tradespeople want their money; and some of them are quite importunate. I have received no money on that account for some time, and am really entirely out of cash." "You must be very extravagant then," said he, petulently, "how much do you think you owe?" "I cannot tell exactly, but I believe between three and four hundred pounds." "And where the devil, Sarah, do you think I can get three or four hundred pounds; I did not expect you owed more than one." "I am sorry you think me extravagant, but"—"Oh, you have an excuse ready, I dare say; women are never at a loss for that; but I will not be teased and dunned in this manner whenever I am at home. When it is convenient, I will pay the people, until then, they must be patient. There is ten guineas"—continued he, throwing the money on the table; "make the most of it; for I do not know when I can give you any more."

He then took his hat, and went immediately out. I went into the kitchen to give the necessary orders for dinner—as I came up the stairs, I met the head clerk in much consternation; he followed me into the breakfast parlour, and entreating my pardon for the pain he was about to give me; said he was afraid Mr. Darnley was likely to break—fer that bills had been presented the day before, to a great amount; and that he had gone out this morning, without giving any orders how they were to be provided for.

I hear Darnley below—I will resume my pen to-morrow. Adieu, SARAH.

BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.]

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 1, 1803.

[N° XLIX.

BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE :

DEVOTED TO

Morality, Literature, Biography, History, The Fine Arts, Agriculture, &c. &c.

PUBLISHED BY GILBERT & DEAN,

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MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE PASSENGER.—N° I.

AS the coach drove up, in which I was to take passage, it had nearly driven over one of a group of children, who had been gambling with cents, and were now too much engaged in a violent dispute to notice the carriage. There were two ladies and three gentlemen in the stage, whose conversation, as I found on taking my seat, had been upon pefential difeases, and the exertions which had been made to discover and remove their causes. And pray, said an elderly gentleman, to one who appeared to be a citizen, have you a Moral Board of Health in the city? Oh yes, replied the other, it is by their exertions that so much cleanliness is produced, public waggons traverse the city three times a week by their order, to cleanse the streets; our docks are filling up, nuisances of every kind are removed, and even manufactures which require the use of offensive substances, are checked during the heat of the summer months.—You mistake me, sir, said the other, I asked if you had a Moral Board of Health. Did you hear the shocking imprecations which were uttered by those children, some of whom appear to be just emerging from infancy? Did you notice the violence of passion which agitated every muscle, and even deprived them of sense for seeing their danger of being overrun by the carriage? Did you observe that the origin of this infantile mania was Gambling? Are not such spectacles disorders of more alarming import to the moral and physical constitution of society, than any epidemic can be to the natural? It is, continued he, undoubtedly wise in the Body Politic, to guard against the contagion of malignant diseases, by every measure which human reason can suggest, or experience recommend; and hereafter the feeble power of man; for disease and death are held in the control of Him who placed us in this state of being, and little can be done by mortals to counteract the laws of nature, or the edicts of its author; yet as human endeavours are at times permitted to succeed, that little should not be neglected, nothing should be omitted which presents a probability of removing the cause, resisting the effect, or mitigating the distress of pestilence: It is undoubtedly sent, not only as the messenger of death, but as a trial of our fortitude, an exercise of our rational faculties, which shall call upon guard every energy of the soul. In this light I view all evils which we term natural. From natural evils I distinguish all those which originate in the perverseness of human inclination, by the name of artificial evils, because they are the offspring of art, and by art may be multiplied or reduced; they are sown and cultivated by the art of man, by him they are nurtured to maturity, and he is disgusted with the fruit of his labors. Of this truth, we have just seen a demonstration in the rapid growth of evil in the habits of those children, who are but in the early spring of life, when then mull their summer and autumn produce?

But you would not prohibit necessary amusement in the education of youth, said the citizen.

Nor would I prohibit necessary food, replied the other; but he who should exhibit arsenic as food to his children, would be considered as a madman; and permit me to assure you, that arsenic is as feasible an ingredient in the food of children as gambling is to constitute a part of their amusements; one poisons the body and the other the mind; but this difference attends their effect, that this mental poison is infectious, and the other is not.

And how, sir, said one of the ladies, would you prevent

the effects of this poison, or arrest the hand which administers it, since the evil is discoverable at so early a period?

This early discovery, madam, gives the surest mean of extirpation. Could the seeds of those epidemic diseases which infect our cities, be as early discovered, they might be eradicated—or could their remedy as certainly be administered, no city would be deserted in retreating from the contagion. In association and example the seeds of artificial evils are sown: If not extracted on their first appearance, they choke the progress of virtuous and amiable habits, and usurp their place.

Then do you think, sir, (rejoined the lady,) that children may be made what we please by education?

I am of opinion, madam, that no pursuit in life is entirely under the control of man, but that success in some cases, depends in a very great measure on his judgement and exertions, cannot admit of a doubt; and of those cases, the government of youth appears to be peculiarly committed to his charge. I will, by a familiar simile, explain my opinion of the extent of our influence in the formation of the human character, by the adoption of just measures in their proper season. The cultivation of the mind has very justly been compared to the cultivation of the earth; and the comparison appears so just, that the parallel may be traced from the commencement to the termination of the productive season in both. The natural soil has its spring, summer, autumn and winter; so has the mental. The natural has its varieties of fertility or aridity from the most productive to the opposite extreme; so has the mental. In the natural, a crop will arise in its season, whether it be cultivated or not, unless the soil be totally barren; just so is it in the mental. So in both will the product of this crop be useful or pernicious, for want of culture, or heedful and salutary from the care of the cultivator. In both, the produce will be more or less abundant, in proportion to the exuberance of the soil and the assiduity of the hand which cultivates. In both, the utmost care of the cultivator cannot prevent some noxious weeds from appearing, to demand his address in eradicating them. The proper season for removing them is their first appearance, in each case. In both cases tares may be sown by another hand; and justly may we exclaim to either, "An enemy hath done this."

Now it is true the sowing of a light may disappoint the hopes of the husbandman, and notwithstanding his utmost vigilance he may reap chaff; yet this influence is so rare, compared with those in which he rejoices in a full harvest, that the spring never involves him in a doubt whether he had best cultivate his grounds, or reap their fortunate produce in the autumn.

Here the stopping of the carriage interrupted the conversation, which was afterwards renewed, and will be continued in the next number.

FOR THE BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

A CHARACTER.

WITH a form neither too dazzlingly attractive for the security of the heart, nor yet so common as to be viewed with indifference, Elvira unites the ease of graceful movement, with a dignified, yet not repelling aspect, a countenance of the most delicate and animate sensibility, with an air so passive as cannot fail to excite the most lively interest even in hearts that never before palpitated but in unison with the coldest feelings—she has all the appearance of innocence in dress, united with all the meekness and gravity of a Religious Recluse.—Her folded arms, the languor of her dark blue eyes, and the occasional declivity of her head, united with a clouded serenity in her face, indicate to a stranger nothing short of a child of misfortune, or a Religious Enthusiast.—Whether these symptoms of melancholy were caused by misfortunes in early youth, or whether partial nature determined by them to give the most fascinating interest to the figure of Elvira, is unfortunately known only to herself.—It is certain, however, that they cannot be affected, for in her aspect she is uniformly the same, and affectation neither does, nor can exist, without occasionally unmasking.

From this partial description of the person and appearance of Elvira, every one will exclaim, "how grave must be her conversation—no lively repartee, no ironical compliment, no tart reply can proceed from her."—A conclusion would be apparently just, and I own it singular that in reality it is extremely erroneous. That one who

has all the appearance of a child of melancholy, should be gay in her conversation, is certainly uncommon.—But Elvira is the very soul of company, and whenever she leaves a circle that has had time to learn her powers of diverting, the gravity which succeeds to the countenance of all present, could hardly be exceeded by the solemnities of a funeral. She is ever the champion of the female sex, and her powers of ridicule and ironical compliment, when provoked by the men, she makes them feel severely.—She is not, however, fond of this species of declamation, and though conscious of her powers, never commences, but contents herself with parrying the attacks of others.—If therefore the coxcomb's pride be mortified, though the arrow he lies, he must himself have forced her to shoot it.—It is principally owing to her discriminating remarks on men and manners, the wit of her replies in common conversation, and the fund of pleasantry she has ever at command, to which her interesting appearance gives great effect, that the company of Elvira is so much sought after by those who have once been in it. In these particulars, she shines unrivalled. The eccentric ebullitions of her eccentric mind, however irregular and incongruous, always carry with them the faculty of pleasing; so much so, that it would be pleasant to wander from the path of solid reason, into the wilds of her creative fancy. She possesses the rare faculty of extracting happiness from every object, and both the wish and ability to reflect that happiness to others. Fertility of invention, light delicacies of fancy, quickness of conception, and a natural ardour which overleaps all obstacles in pursuit of a favorite object, the possessor is in an eminent degree. Yet with all her talents, she is far from being vain; and the pride she possesses, is only sufficient to maintain the dignity of the female character.—She can adapt her manners to all ranks of company, and he as engagingly affable with the low roofer cottage, as with him whose residence indicates unbounded affluence.—And although she perfectly understands all the forms of etiquette and punctilio, which it is necessary to use in polite society, she shines as equally lustrous amidst the domestic scenes of a family, as she does brilliantly in the ball room. It is almost superfluous to add, that charity, mercy, and all the fine feelings attributed to the female sex, revolve with the utmost velocity in the breast of one possessed of the traits already recited.

Such was the character of Elvira, by nature, at the age of eighteen.—Since that period, either her course of reading, the society she has kept, or a change in her nature, has rendered her a very different, though not a less interesting being.—The difference in her character at that period and the present, consist in the impossibility of a stranger's ascertaining what it is, whether it possesses any permanent and unvariable traits, or whether in her mind she be fixed or flexible, deep or superficial, energetic or feeble. She has it so much in her power to vary her conduct, at pleasure, to appear penitive or gay, that she has probably become sensible of the privilege, and means to make some use of it.—About this diversity in the conduct of Elvira, why she sometimes appears penitive and melancholy, and at others exceedingly entertaining, many opinions have been formed. Some, that her gaiety is forced, and proceeds from the necessities of a mind naturally melancholy. Some, that she is affectedly penitive,—others, that she conceals her real nature, to excite the curiosity of those who become acquainted with her; and others again, that she affects thus in opposition to herself merely out of humour, and to comply with the freaks of an irregular mind.—This, however, is mere speculation; for no positive cause can be assigned. It is however to be further remarked, that there is no medium in her nature—she is either extremely gay or extremely penitive—when gay, she is most laughably diverting; when penitive, irresistibly interesting.

Such are the ingredients, which, however they may claim and be opposed in their qualities, constitute a character that needs only to be known, to have its society universally courted.

H. G. W.

REMARKS.

EVERY body takes pleasure in returning small obligations; many persons, even acknowledge moderate ones—but there is scarcely any one who does not repay great obligations with ingratitude.

We pass often from love to ambition; but we seldom return from ambition to love.

BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.]

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 8, 1803.

[No. L.

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MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP—No XLIV.

Mentio si qua

De Capitulini fortis injuria Petili
Te coram fuerit; defendas, ut tuus est mos.
Mc Capitulini convulsoe usus amioquo
A pueri est, cavendo mo permulta rogatus
Fecit, et insolentis letor quid vovit in urbe;
Sed laxen admovis, quo pacto judicium illud
Egerit. He negre succus lalginis, hae est
Frugis mea.

I HAVE been prompted to take the above quotation for my motto, by a letter I received, signed A. Z. dated Boston, September 1st, 1803. The tale therein related is not singular, and I feel myself obliged to tell A. Z. that to make his letter public would be literally doing, what he to highly, and so justly reprobates. When we hear an absent friend calumniated, I agree with him in thinking it an indispensable duty to defend him to the utmost of our power; but to tell a company of persons who are strangers to the one aspersed, and most probably totally uninterested in the account, that such and such things have been said of him, though you are sure they are falsehoods, your knowledge of the man convinces you they cannot be true, is like a physician administering a large dose of laudanum to repel the poison of arsenic; the knowledge that an esteemed friend had defended him, might alleviate the agonies he endured; but the effect of each would be the same, the patient and the character are both, in the end, inevitably lost. Reputation is so delicate a thing, so easily tarnished, and so hard to be restored to brilliancy, when once a spot is thrown on it, that every attempt to eradicate, serves but to spread the blemish, and make it more conspicuous.

A. Z. is, I think, perfectly right in renouncing the society of men, who could invite a person to their house, to their table, treat him with apparent friendship, and wait for his hack to be turned, assassin like, to stab his reputation; but where would be the use of making this public? It may, (perhaps he will say,) warn others against believing the professions of these seeming friendly persons. He is mistaken; while men can give good entertainments and season the repast they offer their guests with a due proportion of flattery, there will always be plenty of friends, to eat, drink, sing and laugh with them, who the moment they have left the house, will give their character as severe a scrutiny, as their own may experience from their civil host and hostess.

I honour A. Z. for the motive which prompted him to apply to me; he seems to be actuated by the truly christian principle, of "doing as he would be done by." But alas, how few like him would investigate a report, injurious to his neighbour; how few be at the trouble of refuting such a report. Worthy being! may that self-complicity which results from integrity of mind, accompanied by active and universal benevolence, be your reward, your constant companion through life; but pardon me if I refuse your request, and consign your letter to oblivion. Its publication would answer no good purpose; it would only be making certain enemies of those of whose malignity you have had convincing proofs, and (if he is a man of delicate sensibility) wound to the most excruciating degree, the feelings of the very person whom you mean to serve.

Having thus freely expressed my sentiments in regard to

the injury done by those who make a scandalous report public with a view to refute it, I cannot quit the subject, without a few observations on SLANDER and PROCESSING FRIENDS in general.

Slander is a vice with which the female sex have been charged, as praxiding it in a more eminent degree than the men; and perhaps, as far as it regards rivalry in beauty, accomplishments, dress or lovers—it may be justly. But where interest in any mercantile pursuit, or indeed where competition exists even in arts, sciences, or literature, men are as often guilty of it, in as criminal a degree as women. I have myself witnessed the murder of a character from a sly, a wink, which has, perhaps, at a very critical moment, when an advantageous bargain was on the point of being struck, intimated a doubt of the credit of a young trader,—the wink from the next who conveys it, becomes an audible report; the credit of an industrious man is ruined; it is universally believed that he is on the point of failing, when the very man who first coined the idea, and gave it circulation, will avail himself of the opportunity of which he deprived the other; maketh purchase upon credit, till again for ready money, and in a few months breaks to the almost total ruin of many honest families, whose small property, and small gains will not bear such heavy encroachments, as this unexpected bankruptcy will make upon them. While the young man, who from artful misrepresentations, finds his creditors look cold, and under various pretences, refuse him the time necessary for his success, is driven to sacrifice part of his actual possessions, in order to liquidate untimely demands, and with the most honest intentions in the world, finds himself obliged to take shelter under the law, from the impotency of some, and the malevolence of others. His character is most numerically scrutinized; he is blamed for errors, which in his situation it was almost impossible to avoid, and taxed with designs his honest heart could never have conceived,—depressed in spirit, and sunk in the public estimation, he finds it almost impossible to gain even the lowest step on the ladder of fortune, too conscientious to use any mean art to accelerate his ascent, or to push another off that he himself may mount one step higher; he will, in all human probability, remain at its base during the residue of his life.

Yet this man was at his entrance into the world, may, is, to the last moment, surrounded by friends—surely, too, most excellently polite, profiting friends.—Oh how this world abounds with them!—I have seen an author with palpitating heart, read a piece to a friend, and receive the most flattering applause; every period was followed by the exclamation of charming! exquisite! delightful! The intoxicated poet is lifted above the stars, and as he walks home, is scarcely sensible that he still moves on this terrestrial ball, while his obliging friend is laughing at his weak credulity, ridiculing his work, and pointing out to his companions all, and perhaps more than all the faults discernible in this last performance.—The artist will bow, smile and compliment a brother artist, in the most adulating strain; when turning round to an intimate, he will point out how the work might have been better executed, intruding, at the same time, his own superior excellence.—The good natured hospitable being, will shake another by the hand, bid him welcome to his house, load him with civilities, declare when he is gone, he is one of the best fellows in the world; he has a vast esteem for him, he would do any thing in his power to serve him,—but the world does say—and then he goes on to give you such a catalogue of vice and folly, that you stare with wonder and astonishment to think how he could take his hand or admit him to his table—yet he will not scruple to join poor fellows, I pity him;—he is really no better than I, but his own.

There are, too, goddesses, let me ever bow at thy shrine, and worshippers of a temple—did mankind but fully comprehend thy just virtues, half thy beauties, they would not treat thee with the contempt they now do. It is thou who holdest firm the vast system that supports the peace, prosperity and honour of states, nations, and even private families; thou makest the fraternal chain inescissably binding; thou art the grand link to render firm and lasting, the hallowed bands of friendship. Yes, bright Deity, even Friendship herself, unless thou appear at her right-hand to counsel and support her, loses her fascinations. Oh, thou luminary of the world, unfurl thy consecrated banners, stand forth the undaunted champion of Religion and Virtue, lead

forth thy legions, for legions thou hast, who would arm in thy defense; pull off the mask from Vice, shew her in her native deformity, dispel the mists of error, and convince mankind, that to be respectable, to be happy, they must make thee their companion, their guide; the foundation on which to build every present and future hope.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE PASSENGER—No II.

UPON alighting from the carriage, we heard the voice of some persons, apparently engaged in the heat of argument; and on entering the inn, found two men warmly debating upon some of the measures of Congress. By questions which were alternately put from each to the other, it appeared evident that both were ignorant of some of the most important particulars which led to those measures, and rendered them indispensable. The animated countenances of two of my fellow passengers testified the interest they took in the contest, and which, upon returning to the stage, they assumed, and would probably have carried it to an unpleasant degree of irritability, had not the before mentioned elderly gentleman set them right; in a particular, which seemed to damp their patriotism. It seems they had mistaken the subject of dispute at the tavern, and were exalting their oratorical powers on a measure not under the cognizance of Congress.

During the suspension of conversation which succeeded, I fit illuminating on the number and variety of the duties of life, the difficulty of fulfilling those duties, even to our own acceptance, and the heedlessness of those who neglect this first duty of man, to let the government right. My thoughts were naturally led into this train by the judicious remarks which had been made preceding our leaving the carriage, and comparing them with the subsequent controversy. I was contrasting the character of the man who possesses cultivated understanding and an inclination to do good, with that of him, whose untutored mind leaves him nothing to display, but his ignorance, his passions, and his vanity. I was endeavouring to retrace the observations which had been made, on the cultivation of the human faculties; when my reverie was interrupted by the lady before mentioned, who expressed a desire to hear the continuation of them.

Madam, said the gentleman, I feared you might charge me with running down my simile, and would chuse to avoid the charge.

No, sir—but I could almost wish that your simile had not been so fortuitously applicable, because it places the responsibility of parents in a point of view, too striking, to leave me quite satisfied with myself; for I am a parent.

Permit me to assert, said he, that no parent, particularly a mother, can fulfil a parent's duty, without feeling at times, dissatisfied with herself. The task is so arduous, as to leave doubts in the reflecting mind, of the propriety of its own decisions, and it is so important, that only those who are incapable of reflection, can at all times meet their own approbation. I particularize the Mother, because the parental responsibility rests chiefly with her. It is in the spring of life, that those mental seeds are sown, which grow to maturity with manhood. During this early season, children are almost exclusively the subjects of her care; while the management of the sons is partially transferred by degrees to the father, as they advance through the season of domestic government; this is nature's course, nor can it be changed by art, consequently the superior responsibility which devolves upon the mother, is of necessity, and unalienable. Within this period of dependence on maternal care, most of those principles take root, which in time become confirmed habits, and give manhood its general cast.

Do you then imagine, sir, said the lady, that lasting impressions are made on the minds of children, at an age which may be considered as only the first dawning of reason?

Excuse my answering your question with another, said he. Do you imagine that any lasting impressions are made on your garden by the seeds which are seasonably committed to it?

This question, sir, bears its own evidence, and therefore needs no reply; but it is beyond my comprehension how

out fancying he saw his bleeding friend, his distracted mistress, and their heart-broken parents, around his bed, all reproaching him with being the author of their miseries.

RECIPE TO CURE SHEEP OF TICKS.

TAKE one gallon of tar, put it into an iron kettle, over a slow fire, until rendered liquid; then having eight pounds of salt butter liquidated in another kettle, pour it gently into the tar-kettle stirring them well together, leaving the salt of the butter at the bottom, then increase the fire, and make the tar and butter boil together, stirring them all the time; after boiling, pour it into any dish to cool. The next morning the uncton will be of a proper inspissation, and fit for use.

To save a sheep; the shepherd parts the wool with his fingers on the back bone from the head to the end of the tail, then, with two fingers rubs the uncton plentifully on the skin or flesh, so that the ointment may spread by heat of the body two or three inches down each side from the ridge-bone.

The shepherd then parts the wool as before, two or three inches from the ridge of the bone, and rubs the uncton as before in such abundance, as it will spread two or three inches downwards, then continue the same method all round the sheep. The shepherd will save a score of sheep in one day, and the uncton will kill and destroy all ticks, cure and prevent the scab, soften and supple the skin, promote the growth and increase the quantity of the wool. The sheep being freed from ticks will be quiet, comfortable and healthy, whether fat or lean, and whether with a large fleece or not. The expense and trouble is too small to be mentioned, when compared to the profit, advantage and humanity of the action.—the shepherds call O'Sher the following month.

AMUSING.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

"In well-taken when the sexes meet,
Friendship is only then complete;
Blest life is where souls each other draw,
Where love is liberty and law."

TO LEONORA.

MADAM,

YOUR answer to S. G. in a former Magazine, was read by its author with much pleasure and satisfaction. He is led to believe, from the statement you have made of your person and qualifications, that you are calculated to afford that happiness in the married state, which will run parallel with the term allotted us here below. You have been pleased to observe, that the natural blindness of the best of us, as it respects our failings and exalted opinion of our virtues, will not permit our giving a faithful delineation of our real characters. I will not pretend to deny its truth as a general assertion; nor do I wish to impress you with an idea, that I am freer from that failing than the rest of my sex, when I assure you, that after searching my feelings thoroughly, I gave you a true and just description of myself; and as far as I know my own heart, I think I can say in the words of the immortal Shakespeare, that

"In nothing have I extenuated,
Or set down ought untrue."

Your style and manner of writing convince me, that your intellectual faculties have received a high degree of cultivation; and that either in the family or circle, you deserve, and will meet with, the attention and respect due to your exertions.

When I first issued my proposals, I was not sufficiently fawning to suppose that perfection of character was to be found; and it was in consequence of that persuasion, I made the observation of my willingness to accommodate myself to the failings incident to humanity.

I expect not that our life is in pass on in one continued course of happiness and tranquillity; we cannot hope for perpetual sunshine, without a cloud to intervene. I am disposed, however, to receive it as a necessary part of the drama of life; and shall endeavour to submit to it without repining.

It is a fixed opinion of mine, that mutual love is to be considered as a primary object, in rendering the married state happy; nor do I think there is any chance of its felicity being durable without it. It was not because it did not appear of importance I did not mention it, but from a presumption that it would be understood without its being expressed.

I can therefore assure you, that you will have no cause to regret the want of it; and that although it is at present a spark (though not, I hope, a small one) *the torch of heaven will fan kindle it to a flame*; which I doubt not will con-

sume with us like the pillar of fire of old, and be our light through all the dark and gloomy paths of this transitory scene.

I have now endeavoured to, and I hope with success, to answer your several doubts to your satisfaction—I therefore hope, you will explain yourself more fully in a future communication. S. G.

Doston, Sept. 26, 1805.

THE SEVEN SLEEPERS.

[FROM CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.]

AMONG the insipid legends of Ecclesiastical History, I am tempted to distinguish the memorable fable of *The Seven Sleepers*; whose imaginary date corresponds with the reign of the younger Theodosius, and the conquest of Africa by the Vandals. When the Emperor Decius persecuted the Christians, seven noble youths of Ephesus concealed themselves in a spacious cavern, on the side of an adjacent mountain, where they were doomed to perish by the tyrant, who gave orders that the entrance should be firmly secured with a pile of stones. They immediately fell into a deep slumber, which was miraculously prolonged, without injuring the powers of life, during a period of one hundred and eighty-seven years. At the end of that time, the slaves of Adolius, to whom the inheritance of the mountain had descended, removed the stones, to supply materials for some rustic edifice. The light of the sun darted into the cavern, and the Seven Sleepers were permitted to awake. After a slumber, as they thought, of a few hours, they were pressed by the calls of hunger; and resolved that Jamblichus, one of their number, should secretly return to the city, to purchase bread for the use of his companions. The youth—if we may still employ that appellation—could no longer recognize the once familiar aspect of his native country; and his surprize was increased by the appearance of a large cross, triumphantly erected over the principal gate of Ephesus. His singular dress and obsolete language confounded the baker, in whom he offered an ancient medal of Decius, as the current coin of the empire; and Jamblichus, on the suspicion of a secret treasurer, was dragged before the judge. Their mutual inquiries produced the amazing discovery, that two centuries were almost elapsed since Jamblichus and his friends had escaped from the rage of a Pagan tyrant. The Bishop of Ephesus, the Clergy, the Magistrates, the people, and, it is said, the Emperor Theodosius himself, hastened to visit the cavern of the Seven Sleepers; who bestowed their benediction, related their story; and at the same instant peaceably expired.

This popular tale, Mr. Gibbon adds, Mahomet learned when he drove his camels to the fairs of Syria; and he has introduced it, as a *divine revelation*, into the Koran.—The same story has been adopted and adorned by the nations from Bengal to Africa, who profess the Mahometan religion.

ANECDOTE.

WILLIAM PENN and Thomas Story travelling together in Virginia, were caught by a shower of rain and unceremoniously sheltered themselves from it in a tobacco-house, the owner of which, happening to be within it, accosted them with "you have a great deal of impudence to trespass on my premises—you enter without leave, do you know who I am?" to which it was answered no;—"why then I would have you to know I am a justice of peace;" to which Thomas Story replied, my friend here makes such things as these,—he is the governor of Pennsylvania. The great man quickly abated of his haughtiness and invited them into the mansion house; they declined his courtesy, and when the shower was over, they proceeded on their journey.

BURNING FOR WITCHCRAFT.

FIVE women were lately tried at Patna, in Hindostan, on charges of forcery, and being found guilty, were put to death. The governor general being informed of the circumstance, ordered all the principal persons who composed the tribunals to be apprehended, and arraigned before the circuit court of Patna, on charges of the murder of these women, and the court adjudged them to suffer death. It appeared, however, that this custom had prevailed time immemorial; several of the witnesses remembered numerous instances of persons having been put to death by the Bramins for forcery, and one of them proved that his own mother had been tried and executed as a witch—the government therefore pardoned the offenders; but to prevent the recurrence of circumstances so disgraceful to humanity, a proclamation has been issued, declaring that any one forming a tribunal for the trial of persons charged with witchcraft, or encouraging in any act to deprive such persons of life, shall be deemed guilty of murder, and suffer the penalty attached to that offence.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Since our last, we have received the third number of "The Contemplator," two clays from "K***," communications from "G. H. W.," "First Position," "Alonzo," "Dolly," "J***," &c. which shall be duly attended to.

We thank a much respected mercantile Friend, and Capt. JOHN W. ATKINS, for the loan of a file of *London papers*, to August 24, 1805. They are almost exclusively devoted to the affairs of the nation. Similar favours will be gratefully received; and we will thank our friends for the loan of any English publications, which would afford printing materials for our Magazine. It is immaterial whether they are new or old.

HYMENEAL REGISTER.



MARRIED.—At Westminster, (V.) Hon. Stephen R. Bradley, Senator in the Congress of the United States, to the amiable Miss Lucinda Willard. At Charlestown, Capt. Samuel Twycross, to Miss Martha Austin; Mr. Robert Ems, to Miss Martha Hall. At Medford, the Rev. George O. Stuart, of York, Upper Canada, to Miss Lucy Brooks, daughter of the Hon. John Brooks.

In this town, Mr. Francis Bradbury, mer. to Miss Hannah Jones Spooner, eldest daughter of the late Rev. John J. Spooner.—Mr. Francis Welch, mer. to Miss Margaret C. Stackpole, daughter of Mr. Wm. Stackpole, mer.—Mr. Nathaniel Spear, to Miss Betty Hollis.

OBITUARY.



DIED.—At Charlestown, Mrs. Rebecca Putnam, Aet 45, consort of Aaron Putnam, Esq. At Medford, Aet 23 Catharine Rofs, eldest daughter of Mrs. Newton, Aet 23 At Havana, Mrs. Julia Fellows, consort of Nat. Fellows, jun. Esq. and daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Hickson, of this town. At Belisle, Capt. Wm. Russell, Aet 71. At Ward, Dr. Hezekiah Meriam, Aet 100. He has left a widow, with whom he lived in the married state above 78 years.

The fever still continues to rage at New-York and Philad. The deaths in the former city, the last week, were 150; in that of the epidemic.

In this town, the Hon. SAMUEL ADAMS, Esq. Aet 82, late Governor of this Commonwealth, and a great character in our revolution. His remains were interred on Thursday last, with every mark of respect and esteem.—Mrs. Mary Welch, Aet. 70, wife of Mr. John W.—Mrs. Lydia Welch, Aet. 65, wife of the late Capt. Hezekiah W.—Miss Abigail Foxcroft, Aet. 73, daughter of the late Rev. Thomas F.—Miss Betty Hichborn, Aet. 27.—Miss Elizabeth Ridgway, Aet. 25.—Abigail French, Aet. 26, mo. daughter of Mr. Abram F.—a Son of Mr. John Taylor, Aet. 15 mo.—John Vernon Robinson, Aet. 16 months, son of Col. James R.; Miss Polly Davis, Aet. 26—and 7 children under a year. Total 17, for the week ending last evening.

THE MAGAZINE.

A generous price will be given, for a few sets of No's. 16, 21 and 28, of this publication. Apply to the Editors immediately.

Red and Black Writing INK, (the former in bottles of 25 cents each) genuine black Sand, &c. for sale at this Office.

POETRY.



For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

AFFECTED SENSIBILITY—BY A LADY.

A ROSE-BUD overcharg'd with dew,
Its with'ring head reclin'd;
Nigh broken from its parent bough,
The sport of ev'ry wind.

MARIA to the woodbine hower,
With ELLA chanc'd to walk;
Careful she rais'd the drooping flower,
And t'p'd its bending stalk.

"Ah! live," she cri'd, "my lovely rose,
And let your charms expand;
Free to the gale your sweets disclose,
Nor dread the spoiler's hand."

As through the grove at close of day,
MARIA lonely stray'd;
A wretched female cross'd the way,
And thus implor'd her aid:

"In pity hear a daughter's prayer,
In pity haste to save;
ALFRED, my father, bow'd with care,
Is sinking in his grave.

Content, within a little cot,
Which decks you humble vale;
The grateful fong that blest our lot,
Was borne on ev'ry gale.

The lord of these domains one day
Beheld this luckless one;
His bosom justice ceas'd to sway,
And passion held her place.

In vain to win me to his arms,
Each gaudy lure he try'd;
For me his riches wanted charms—
Virtue was all my pride.

Then wild revenge inflam'd his breast;
Beneath oppression's rod
My aged father sunk, distressed,
And hop'd—but in his God.

Heaven knows, my pure unspotted fame
Yet more than life I prize!
Nor will I earn the bread of shame,
No—though my parent dies!"

"Then, gracious hear," said ANNA's prayer—
"If you delay to save,
My father, bow'd with want and care,
Must sink into his grave."

In vain the murmurs of distress
Assail'd MARIA's ear;
What misery would fair express,
MARIA would not hear.

A generous rustic, as he pass'd,
O'er heard the mournful tale:
Borne on the wings of eager haste,
He fitted to the vale.

And as the bounteous dole he gave,
Beneficently smil'd;
Rejoic'd, from lawless power to save
The father and the child.

Shame on those hearts, that never felt
A fellow creature's woes;
Yet tenderly affect to melt,
In pity for a rose!

MARY.

Selected for the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE EMPTY GUN.

AS DICK and TOM in fierce dispute engage,
And face to face the noisy contest wage—
"Don't cock your chin at me," Dick smartly cries,
"Fear not—his head's not charg'd," a friend replies.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

LINES ON THE EYE.

FLUTTERING lovers, giddy boys,
Sighing soft for Hymen's joys,
Would you shun the trickling arts,
Beauty's traps for youthful hearts;
Would you treasure in a wife
Riches, which shou'd last for life;
Would you in your choice be nice,
Here MINERVA's sage advice.

Be not caught with shape, nor air,
Coral lips, nor flowing hair;
Shape and jaunty air may cheat,
Coral lips may speak deceit,
Girls unmask'd would you defray,
Fix your fancy on the eye.
Nature there has truth design'd,
'Tis the eye that speaks the mind.
Shun the proud diddand eye,
Frowning—fancied—dignity;
Shun the eye with vacant glare,
Cold indifference winter's there;
Shun the eager orb of fire,
Glowing with impure desire;
Shun the wily eyes of pride,
Looking coy—to be pursued.
From the jilting eye refrain,
Glancing love—and now disdain;
Fly the fierce satiric eye
Shooting keen severity;
For nature thus her truth design'd,
And made the eye proclaim the mind.

Selected for the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

NO MEDIUM IN MATRIMONY.

TO those whose breasts with quick sensations beat,
The marriage-state is ever more replete
With joys ecstatic, or with poignant pains,
Raging with equal tumult through the veins:
Such feeling pairs can never be at rest,
Supremely wretched, or supremely blest;
Like heavy, dull, and rapid couples, they
"Twixt love and hate ne'er know a middle-woy.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

LOVE to the person is too oft confin'd,
But nobler Friendship enters in the mind;
That to no object settled, prone to change,
Is ever prompted by the wit to range;
This to one steady point directs the soul,
True as the trembling needle to the pole.
The first too oft is like the raging main,
When Boreas bellows with his restless train;
The last resembles it, untrill'd by storms,
When its smooth surface no rude blast deforms.

THE NOVELIST.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SINCERITY; A NOVEL
IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.

LETTER XVII.—(IN CONTINUATION.)
SARAH TO ANNE.

London, July 2d, 1778.

WHEN the soul is oppressed by calamity, how little refreshment does sleep afford; the eyes close, the senses lay dormant; but the soul ever active, finds no repose; it hroods over past or present misery, anticipates future or again realizes past pleasures. Could a rational being for one moment doubt the immortality of that intellectual spark which informs and animates this mass of clay, let him ask himself, and clearly answer this question, why, when excessive weariness, or the natural exhaustion of nature, or the more powerful effects of soporific medicine, has deceased, or suspended for awhile the animated functions, the soul still preserves (if I may be allowed the expression) its elasticity, and bounds with joy, sinks with anguish, trembles with horror, starts with terror, and that in to great a degree, as frequently to force the body to partake its emotions, and laugh, weep, and even give articulation to the impulses, by which it is then actuated? The deepest casuist could not satisfactorily solve the enigma, and yet support the doctrine of total annihilation at the hour of death. And oh, my dear Ann, what a blessing it is to the wretched, that it is not possible for human sophistry to wrest from them that fire, that supporting hope.

I return to the scene I was with my pen faintly portraying, when I broke off to indulge the lassitude of weary na-

ture.—We again joined our party in the public walk, and soon after the orchestra closed, we sat down to supper. Darnley appeared to be in excellent spirits, but I shuddered when I noticed the quantities of madeira he poured down, as a state of ebriation ever rendered him more rude and insolent to me, as he fancied the only way to shew his superiority, and convince the world of his magisterial authority, is to use positive *will*, and *won't*, upon all occasions, without condescending to give any reason why he will or won't.—However, for this time, he was taken up with Mrs. Romain, that I was totally unnoticed. To be sure, Anne, I must acknowledge she appeared in all her fascinations, her dress elegant, her fine eyes and features beaming with animation, her manners all life, all wit and whim, I could not help acknowledging how superior she must appear in the eyes of all beholders, to the dejected, heart-broken wife, who sat beside her. She laughed, sung and displayed all her powers of charming. At a very late hour, the whole party arose to quit the gardens. At the gate were a number of carriages, and we were obliged to walk some paces before we could get to the coach. Darnley led Mrs. Romain, and I was obliged to accept the arm of the young officer, much against my inclination; for being flushed with liquor, I saw he was inclined to be impatient. We had proceeded but a very little way, when I saw a man touch Darnley on the shoulder, and heard Mrs. Romain exclaim, "Heavens, what's the matter?" In a moment, all was confusion. The haliff, for such he proved to be, obliged him to go into a coach which he had ready, and into which I followed him, accompanied by two of the most uncouth, vulgar looking men that ever I beheld. Jeffrey either did, or pretended to faint, as we drove away. We were conveyed to a magnificent house, kept by the man who served the writ; a room was provided, the hostess taking care to assure herself that we had money to pay for it. Darnley threw himself on the bed, and spite of his situation, spite of the dreadful gulph of ruin which now gaped ready to receive him, in less than twenty minutes was in a profound sleep. I traversed the chamber for some time, and called my almost bursting heart, by an uninterrupted flood of tears. About daylight, I lay down for half an hour, but the noise in the house and street, soon chased the slumber that had fallen on my heavy eyelids. I perceived he was awake. "At whose suit are you arrested, Mr. Darnley?" said I. "At the suit of one of your tradesmen, madam," he replied, "I always thought your extravagance would bring me to a prison." "If there is no deficiency but what my thoughtfulness may have occasioned," said I, "the amount of the whole is so trifling, I should imagine it would not be difficult to raise the requisite sum." "But there are deficiencies every where," said he, furiously, "and I must be a bankrupt, house, furniture, every thing must be given up; we must go to lodgings, and God knows how we are to live when we get there." He seemed a little softened at this reflection, and continued in a milder key; "I think, Sarah, you had better go home this morning, perhaps the ruin has not yet reached fo far as a general execution, and you may snatch a few trifles for yourself and me, from the general desolation." "I will take a few cloaths," said I, "but I will not touch any thing valuable; the sale of which, might assist in satisfying the creditors.—As to the future means of subsistence, I have no doubt but some way will open, and you will again see prosperity; I shall be willing to join your efforts." "Oh! to be sure," he cried hastily, "you are very willing, and very able to work, you, who are too proud to fetch water to wash your own hands."—"But I could have done it, Mr. Darnley, and will cheerfully perform that necessary office for you and myself too, since we shall no longer be able to keep a servant; and not only that, but engage in any employment which might be serviceable." "And what the devil can you do?" he replied, "come I wish you would go home." I rang the bell. "What do you want?" said he; "some one to call me a coach." "Why cannot you walk?"—"What, at this hour in the morning?" In this dress—nearly a mile and a half through London streets?" "Aye, there it is, I suppose this is a specimen of your humanity and economy!" "Good heavens, Mr. Darnley," said I, "how can you be so unfeeling?—we are likely to be involved in much actual misery, do not let us augment it by our own fretfulness and impatience. I cannot,—will not walk this morning.—In future, you shall see I can bring myself to submit to every situation in which it shall please Providence to place me." [To be continued.]

APPLY IN SEASON.

TICKETS and parts, in South-Hadley Lottery, which commences drawing the 16th Nov. for sale by Gilbert & Dean. After the 19th inst. all unfold tickets go into the hands of a company, who will raise the price to five dollars and a half. Oct. 3.

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BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.]

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 15, 1803.

[N^o 11.]

BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE :

DEVOTED TO

*Morality, Literature, Biography, History,
The Fine Arts, Agriculture, &c. &c.*

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MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOSSIP—N^o XLV.

*Quidque, aliena capella gerat distentius uber
Taleat?*

EUGENIO was, at the age of twenty-two, left independent master of a very genteel fortune; yet having received a liberal education, and possessing from nature a very brilliant understanding, it was the last advice of his father, that he should engage in one of the learned professions, as it might at once laudably occupy his time, and increase his fortune; so that when he entered into the married state, he might have the means of providing handsomely for an increasing family, and by a proper exertion of his talents, raise him to reputation and honour. Eugenio was what is termed, a very good natured man—easy, credulous, and rather inclined to inactivity. A young man of such a character, with plenty of ready cash, a good house, hospitable table, and a spare room for a friend, was certain of having a multitude of friends ready to share in those comforts. His love of ease led him to a love of reading; and the poets were his favourite studies; from admiring the tuneful art in others, he began to fancy he possessed a considerable vein of poetry himself. It is true he could hit off a song, a rebus, or acrostic, with considerable taste and effect; but the adulation which was offered on the appearance of these poetic trifles, so puffed him up, that he thought nothing was more easy than to write a tragedy, comedy, or heroic poem. It is very possible, had his application to serious study been as great as was his desire of praise; had he written with attention, corrected with care, pursued some regular plan, and been so fortunate as to have had a friend, who would have told him the truth, pointed out his faults, and checked his vanity, without wounding his sensibility, he might in time have arrived at something like excellence. But Eugenio was not so fortunate as to possess such a treasure as a friend of this disinterested nature, who would correct his foibles, at the hazard of being deprived of access to his house, his table, and his purse. His living was expensive, his house always full of jovial and idle beings, who did him the favour to drink his wine, borrow his money, and praise his poetry. But three years slipped away in this manner; and he discovered by the help of some tradesmen, with whom he was deeply in arrears, that his expenses had far exceeded his income, that it was necessary not only immediately to retrench, but also to sell or mortgage part of his estate, in order to the liquidation of his debts. He had not even thought of his father's advice. His friends told him it would be a shame for a man of his genius, to sacrifice his time to the dry study of the law, or with his vivacity and wit, to put on the gravity of the clergyman, and with his fortune it was totally unnecessary for him to enter upon the fatiguing profession of a physician.

He was alarmed at the deprivations foisted a period had made on his patrimony. I will, said he, call in the money I have lent; be more careful in future; get clear of debt, and seriously set about the study of the law. Having made these wife resolutions, he imparted his plan to one of his intimates; at the same time, confiding to him the derangement of his finances. The intelligence circulated rapidly amongst his associates. Eugenio was done up, ruined, all over. He found by degrees his company was less sought abroad, and he had but very few visitors at home. Upon a close examination into his affairs, his alarm became

more serious; for except the money he had lent, which was indeed a very considerable sum, he had but a mere trifle remaining, of the handsome property his father left him. He sold part, mortgaged the rest, payed every one, and with about a thousand pounds in cash, fat out on a visit to a young man whom he had visited from a very painful state of dependence; advanced him a considerable sum to set him forward in business; and by so doing, enabled him to marry the woman of his choice. He was settled in the capital of a southern state, and the good natured Eugenio rejoiced to observe the ease, affluence and plenty, which surrounded him. His house was furnished in the first style; his sideboard elegantly decorated with silver spoons, salvers, cups, &c. and when evening approached, the room was illuminated with spermaceti candles, in superb lustres and silver candlesticks.—Bless me, thought Eugenio, how fortunate Ingratus must have been—and then his bosom glowed with delight, as he reflected that he was himself the founder of his fortune. The wife of Ingratus was a fashionable woman; her person showy, her manners polite, and her dress the model of taste.

"It is very pleasant to me," said Eugenio to his friend, the second day after his arrival, "very pleasant indeed, to find you so well settled, and in so prosperous a way."

"Why, yes," replied Ingratus, "I have done pretty well, considering, but I find it hard work to get my money in; and though my wife's father furnished our house so handsomely, there is always one thing or another one must be buying, to please the women; between you and me, friend Eugenio, wives are very expensive things; house-keeping runs high, and then the article of dress—"I agree with you," said Eugenio, "that house-keeping runs high; but this I do verily believe, had I added the expense of a wife to my domestic arrangement two or three years ago, I should not have been so devilishly out at elbows as I am now." Ingratus, with a look of surprise, repeated in a tone of interrogation, "out at elbows?" "Yes, faith," continued Eugenio, without observing the altered tone and manner of his friend; "I have overrun every thing, and been obliged to sell and mortgage, to make all even, until I have only one thousand pounds, and my wits left."

When Eugenio first arrived at his friend's house, every attention had been paid to accommodate him in the best manner.—The best chamber was prepared for him, the table was served with more than common profusion, and Ingratus was proud to introduce him among his circle of acquaintance, as one of the best fellows in the world; as a gentleman of taste, of wit, of talent, of fortune; for he had not heard that the latter article might have been omitted, without offence to truth.—And even now, when he was better informed, a thousand pounds ready cash, was an object to a young man, who began life on credit, and who with not one farthing of income he could honestly call his own, lived at the rate of five or six hundred pounds a year.—The civilities to Eugenio were therefore continued, until by some plausible pretext or other, five hundred of his last remaining thousand pounds, was drawn from him.—Eugenio, still possessed by the spirit of profligation, had deferred entering his name with a person of eminence in the profession of the law, day after day, until three months glided imperceptibly on, and still he was a visitor at the house of Ingratus.

"I think your friend makes a long visit," said his wife, to him one day.—"I think he does," replied Ingratus, "but you know my dear, we are under obligations."—"That is no reason that he should live upon us," was the answer. Ingratus was of his wife's opinion.—"Have you come to a determination what profession you shall follow?" said he, one morning as they were chatting together.—"I think of the law," replied Eugenio.—"Why you will make it late in the day before you begin; you are now nearly five and twenty, and you must of necessity give several years to study before you can practise; that will bring you near thirty; and let me tell you, my friend, that is a very late period for a man to be just beginning the world."

If my readers are interested in the fate of Eugenio, they will not be displeased to find the sequel of his story in the next number; those who are not, must e'en pass it over, and hope some future number will afford them more entertainment; remembering, by way of consolation, that though we die every day, we are not always served with delica-

ties—but are obliged to be content with humble fare, until time and convenience coincide to offer us varieties and dainties.

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For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### THE PASSENGER—N<sup>o</sup> 111.

THE last number of this paper concluded with the Gentleman's engagement, to describe the manner in which his theory might be reduced to practice, in the management of a family.—He observed, that to fulfill his promise, he must extend his remarks beyond domestic government, where the evil originates, into the public police, where it is matured.

From improper, and inconsistent associations, said he, arise a very great proportion of the artificial evils of life.—From well devised, and rational associations, are derived very many of its enjoyments. In the application of this term, it is not to be confined merely to the association of individuals in society, but will be extended to the objects of our pursuits, and the measures adopted for attaining their end; or, the association of desires and means. For example, a parent is desirous that her child should be early impressed with a love of Truth, and an aversion to Falshood;—at an age when the child is first capable of learning, it is taught by rote to repeat short prayers and hymns, every evening on going to bed;—these hymns inculcate truth; but, previous to committing them to memory, one year at least must have elapsed, in which the child could perfectly comprehend what was said to it, of a threatening nature; through this period, the mother or nurse has threatened the child with punishment whenever it was refractory; this threat we will suppose has been repeated only twice a day on an average, through the year, which you will acknowledge is a very modest calculation;—we will also suppose, that within this term, the promise has once been fulfilled, so that the child understands its import. One morning (previous to the commencement of the year we contemplate) the child happens to be in the room, at the time the chimney sweep descends from his sooty flight; the child runs terrified to the maid, who pacifies him with a promise, which is never to be performed.—Ever after, on every occasion, and frequently without occasion, she threatens him with calling the sweep; this threat, we will also suppose to be repeated twice a day, and never fulfilled.

We will suppose the child to be now three years of age, and that from this time, he parrots his hymns every evening, and hears the same threats every day, until he has completed his fifth year. We will also suppose that he has been checked by his parents, whenever they have discovered in him an inclination to falshood, and that they have endeavoured to implant a principle of truth in his young mind, on every such occasion, which we will say occurs once a week, through the two succeeding years. In repeating his hymns, Truth has been inculcated seven hundred and thirty times; in the admonitions of his parents it has been enforced one hundred and four times, to these sums add one, for the correction which was administered according to promise, and the sum is Eight-Hundred and Thirty-Five times, in which a lesson of truth has been administered to the child. We now calculate the number of falshoods, which have been told him in the three years before mentioned, at the rate of four a day, five a week, and the amount is Four Thousand Three Hundred and Seventy Nine; on comparing these numbers, we find that he has heard somewhat more than five lies to one truth.—Oh! fir, cryal the Lady, don't give those little fibs so harsh a name.

Here the gravity of the speaker's countenance was a little discomposed; with a chastened smile, he asked her if fibs were truths. She replied no. Then, said he, they are certainly falshoods; for the art of man cannot draw a line between one and the other. This single expression, said he, is a striking example, whereby to explain my idea of the inconsistent association of desires and means. You desire to give your child a dignit, at every species of falshood. To produce this effect, you give it the most soft and unoffending appellation possible, lest it should be unpleasant to the ear of your little pupil. In other cases, a discrepancy is often observed, which by its contrast will display the want of it in the above instance. If, for example, you wish to im-







# BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.]

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 22, 1803.

[No. LII.]

BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE :

DEVOTED TO

*Morality, Literature, Biography, History,  
The Fine Arts, Agriculture, &c. &c.*

PUBLISHED BY GILBERT & DEAN,  
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TO OUR PATRONS AND THE PUBLIC.

ONE year has now elapsed, since we ventured to offer to the Public a trifle of amusement, in the form of a *Weekly Magazine*. Young in business, and comparatively ignorant in polite literature, we launched into a dangerous ocean, entreating the learned to assist in lading our little bark with valuable merchandize, and the good-natured to pilot us into the harbour of success. One voyage is completed; we are now preparing to fit out for a second trip, and hope those who contributed to our success in the *last*, will not withdraw their encouraging smiles in *this*. We are promised for their entertainment a "PASSENGER," who has the appearance of being a rational and instructive companion. The prating "GOSSIP," too, who set out, and continued with us during our first adventure, will, we have reason to believe, not forsake us on the present occasion.

BUT while we are soliciting fresh favours, let not our friends and patrons suppose we are ungratefully forgetful of those already received. To acknowledge the patronage and encouragement shewn us, will ever be our PRIDE,—to *deserve* it, our STUDY, and to *experience its continuance*, our HONOUR.

WE beg leave to thank our many valuable correspondents for the occasional assistance they have given to our labours; for the many beautiful originals, and various excellent selections which have been forwarded, and with which we have enriched our Miscellany. We assure our friends, our Fair Patronesses in particular, that to render the Magazine an offering worthy their acceptance; to make it the vehicle of innocent amusement, and moral instruction, shall be our constant care. The Novel of "SINCERITY," which is not more than half finished, and which we flatter ourselves has both interested and entertained them, will be continued in our second volume; and when that is concluded, we have several works of fancy ready, which we hope will afford them equal satisfaction. —The Public may be assured, that every attention shall be paid to the quality of the paper, and the neatness of the printing; and should we be so

happy as to retain their favour, it shall never be said we grew *careless*, and NEGLECTED THE MEANS BY WHICH THAT FAVOUR WAS ACQUIRED.

A Copious Index or Table of Contents, with a Title Page, to the first volume, will accompany the first number of the second.

Those of our Patrons who intend having the first volume bound, will please to send it to the Editors—who will have it executed in boards, with leather backs and corners, and handsomely gilt and lettered, for sixty two cents. Deficient numbers supplied, at four cents each.

Boston, October 22, 1803.

## MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## THE PASSENGER—No IV.

IT is too frequently the case, said the gentleman, that the domestics in a family, have grown up, not to say have been educated, amidst rude manners and corrupt morals. Under restraint, in presence of those they serve, it may be a long time before the heads of the family obtain information of the base examples, which, (when that restraint is off) they are daily exhibiting before the children, who gradually imbibe the pernicious habits of their inferiors, and at an early season become mimics in rudeness and in vice. These habits, which must not be displayed within the observation of their parents, begot a distich to their home, and a desire to be abroad, where full liberty may be indulged, among associates of similar inclinations; and this desire is gratified by the parents, without a suspicion of its origin, or consequences. The evil associations of the street continue adding lessons to those of the kitchen, until some gross misdemeanor awakes the astonishment and regret of the parents, to the exercise of their imagination, in wondering how their children could acquire such habits, and of their judgment, in endeavouring to eradicate them.

This evil, said the lady, is principally owing to the great difficulty of obtaining domestics of good character, and the constant changes which are made in their places of residence; our cities are generally suffering under these complaints, nor can I think of any mode by which they may be redressed.

True, said he, some of the first seeds of moral evil are often sown by those whom we consider as in too low a station of life to have any influence in society; yet their passions and their habits are the only superiors they submit to, from having been under no instruction or subordination; and when at liberty they are governed by those impulses alone, to the great injury of the rising generation, who acquire many unamiable habits from this source. But as in cases of difficulty, I make it a rule never to despair, I have hopes that this evil, which is so generally lamented, will in some future day be redressed, particularly as it appears to me that a variety of measures might be adopted for the purpose, some of which would undoubtedly be effectual.

An involuntary exclamation of terror here transferred the attention of the passengers from the discourse, to a young lady in the coach, who appeared to be near fainting. We were just entering a seaport town, and upon suddenly turning a corner, an object, which was passed unnoticed, or unregarded by the other passengers, had caught her attention, and produced this effect. It was a man stretched at length on one side of the street, with his face partly covered. Why, said one of the passengers, did you never before see a man drunk? I thought, said she, Oh! I thought he had been murdered! A loud laugh ensued—the colour, which by the fright had forsaken her youthful countenance, now returned, and by a delicate suffusion, expressed the mortification which succeeded her terrors. She apologized for the alarm she had given, by informing us, that she was the daughter of a clergyman in a retired part of the country, where she had not been familiarized to those scenes, and that she was now going to pay her first visit to the city, to see a sister who had been lately settled there. She observed that she had been reading in the late papers, numerous accounts of murders which had been committed; that they had made a deep impression upon her mind; and that this unexpected sight, which so suddenly met her observation, had struck her, as one of those shocking instances.

She then enquired if it were possible, that this debasement of human nature by intoxication had become so common a spectacle in our cities, as to pass unnoticed by the traveller, and unregarded by the police or the magistrate. She was informed that it was really so; and further, that it was an evil not so easily to be prevented in a republican government. She replied with an acknowledgement of her total ignorance of the meaning of the term "republican government," and asked if it meant a government which nourished vice.—Nourish vice! a republican government nourish vice! No, Miss! a republican government is the most virtuous of any government on earth, Miss! This was uttered with so much vehemence, by one of the men who had before taken an interest in the dispute at the tavern, that the young lady, fearing she had given offence, apologized by observing, that her question was designed only for obtaining information, without the least distant idea of giving umbrage to any one. Her informant felt not, that his irritability had wounded her feelings, and was proceeding to flow his anger by some unpleasant remarks, when the address of the elderly gentleman was again called into exercise, to restore harmony.

That term *umbrage*, said he, which you, Miss, very properly used just now, reminds me of a humorous anecdote wherein that word makes a conspicuous figure. In a narrative of an overland journey to India, written by Donald Campbell, Esq. I met with the following story.

"During the late American war, about that period when the King of France was manifesting an intention to interfere and join the Americans, a worthy Alderman in Dublin, reading the newspaper, observed a paragraph intimating, that in consequence of British cruisers having stopped some French vessels at sea, and searched them, France had taken *umbrage*! The sagacious Alderman, more patriotic than learned, took the alarm, and proceeded with the paper in his hand, directly to a brother of the board; and, with unfeigned sorrow, deplored the loss his country had sustained, in having a place of such consequence as *UMBRAGE* ravished from it! desiring to be informed in what part of the world *Umbrage* lay. The other, after a torrent of invective against ministers, answered that he could not tell, but it must be a place of importance, said he, for I have often heard it mentioned. They then waited on a neighbouring book-seller, for information, who told them he believed there was no such place, but upon their triumphantly reading the paragraph from the newspaper, he shrewdly told them that he supposed *Umbrage* lay somewhere on the coast of America. They retired partly satisfied, while the arch book-seller spread the story over the city.—The papers were filled with satirical quibbles—caricature prints recorded the patriotism of the magistrates, and a mob at their heels 'huzzad' for the taking of *Umbrage*, until their political zeal was cooled to a temperature more consistent with their information."

By the time the laugh subsided, which had been produced by this anecdote, the stage stopped, to put up for the night.

Selected for the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## ON CEREMONY.

CEREMONY is nothing else than the art of disguising our own faults in compliment to those of others; and the very use of it insinuates that without it, our company could seldom be tolerated, and never esteemed as our own pride desires it should. Hence it is grown into a science, and we make it first the study, and then the practice of our lives; and men are often valued in proportion to this kind of good breeding, even more than for acquisitions of a greater moment. Hence it is, at least, a necessary evil, and should be mingled with our correspondences as the sweetener of life. Among strangers, it is the first step to recommend us to their favour, and make us pleased with their acquaintance: And even where there is the strictest friendship, it is not to be entirely laid aside; neglects in that point, are apt to introduce such freedoms unawares, as are neither forgiven nor forgotten.

Ceremony also serves to mark out the bounds of high and low life, and distinguish all the intermediate spaces. If place and power, birth and figure were not to be adorned with ceremony and pomp, it is probable the vulgar would lose their distance and be looking boldly into the merits of

their superiors; break down the barriers at once, and set the world on a level.

But after all, ceremony must be considered only as the decoration, and not the business of life: It is as possible to be too much in love with it, as too little; and those who devote themselves entirely to it, are seldom fit for any more than the honours of a ball, or a place at a lady's visiting day.

If ceremony in the wife and best of us, serves only to fet a gloss on our conduct; what must we esteem the overflow of it, in those who cannot be ranged with either? Surely it can be thought no other than a sort of courtly hypocrisy; an affectation of humanity that is foreign to the nature of him who wears it, and, of course, a snare to delude the unwary.

There is likewise a false complaisance, which men of sense and modesty are sometimes liable to, viz. agreeing to a wrong sentiment, rather than take the freedom to contradict it; and, indulge the folly at their own expense, which they might as easily cure.

Good manners is founded on this single rule, to bear with the frailty of others, and take care that our own shall not offend; if we should add a grace in doing trifles, and ease in affairs of moment, we finish the gentleman at once, and ceremony can add no more.

S. T. T. B.

## REMARKABLE.

*The following is taken from the London Monthly Magazine. It is believed by some, and doubted by others; and we present it to our readers in the same state in which it was sent to us, by a friend.]*

## SPANISH SALAMANDER.

PARIS has for some days rung with a relation of the wonderful exploits of a Spaniard in that city, who is endowed with qualities by which he resists the action of every high degree of heat, as well as the influence of the strong chemical re-agents. Many histories of the trials to which he has been submitted before a commission of the Institute and Medical School, have appeared in the public papers; but the public wait with impatience for the report to be made in the name of the commission by Professor Pinel.

Until this report, which will contain a variety of details on the mode of conducting the experiments, be made known, your correspondent sends some of the more remarkable circumstances, of which he has been himself a witness.

The subject of these trials is a young man, a native of Toledo in Spain, 23 years of age, and free of any apparent peculiarities which can announce any thing remarkable in the organization of the skin; after examination, one would be rather disposed to conclude a peculiar softness than that any hardness or thickness of the cuticle existed, either naturally or from mechanical causes. Nor was there any circumstance to indicate that the person had been previously rubbed with any matter capable of resisting the operation of the agent with which he was brought in contact.

This man bathed, for the space of six minutes and without any injury either to his sensibility or the surface of the skin, his legs in oil, heated 970 of Reaumur, (250½ degrees of Fahrenheit;\*) and with the same oil, at the same degree of heat, he washed his face and superior extremities. He held for the same space of time, and with as little inconvenience, his legs in a solution of muriate of soda, heated to 102 of the same scale, (261½ Fahr.) He stood on and rubbed the soles of his feet with a bar of iron heated to a white heat, in this state he held the iron in his hands and rubbed the surface of his tongue.

He gargled his mouth with concentrated sulphuric and nitric acids, without the smallest injury or discoloration; the nitrous acid changed the cuticle to a yellow colour; with the acids in this state he rubbed his hands and arms. All these experiments were continued long enough to prove their inefficiency to produce any impression. It is said on unquestionable authority, that he remained a considerable time in an oven heated to 65 or 70 degrees, (178 to 187 Fahr.) and from which he was with difficulty induced to retire, so comfortable did he feel that high temperature.

It may be proper to remark, that this man seems totally uninfluenced by any motive to mischief, and it is said, he has refused flattering offers from some religious sectaries of turning to enliven his singular qualities; yet on the whole it seems to be the opinion of most philosophical men, that this person must possess some matter which counteracts the operation of these agents. To suppose that nature has organized him differently, would be unphilosophic: by

\*As the method of converting the degrees, on Reaumur's thermometer to those on Fahrenheit's is not generally known, we insert the rule; multiply the number on Reaumur by 2½, and add 32 to the product. The heat of boiling water is 212 degrees of Fahrenheit.

habit he might have blunted his sensibility against those impressions that create pain under ordinary circumstances; but how to explain the power by which he resists the action of those agents which are known to have the strongest affinity for animal matter, is a circumstance difficult to comprehend. It has not failed however to excite the wonder of the ignorant, and the inquiry of the learned at Paris.

J. E.

## SINGULAR OCCURRENCE.

ON Wednesday last, as some lads from Beverly were amusing themselves by fishing near Baker's Island, they discovered something struggling on the surface of the water—on a nearer approach, one of the lads took the gaff, and pulled a monk fish into the boat. Its body appearing very prominent, and the lads being in want of bait, one of them undertook to cut the fish open, in order to procure some—when to the utter astonishment of them all, out popped a live bird, commonly called an *Olivifly*. It was too feeble to escape, and the lad secured it, and brought it on shore, where it may be seen at Mr. Whittenmore's tavern, in Beverly.

Salem Reg.

## MORAL AND USEFUL.

## ON MEN OF PEACEABLE AND UNPEACEABLE DISPOSITIONS.

THE man of peace is mild in his demeanor, and inoffensive in his discourse—he appears to despise no man—he is not fond of contradicting and opposing, and is always averse to censure and to blame—he never erects himself into the character of a dictator in society—he never officiously seeks to intermeddle in the affairs of others, nor pry into their secrets; and avoids every occasion of disturbing the good will which men appear to bear to one another.—Opposite to this, stands the character of the man of unpeaceable and quarrelsome spirit; who, himself easily provoked by every trifle, is continually offending and provoking others by the harshness of his behaviour. He is loud in his censures, positive in his opinion, and impatient of all contradiction—he is a busy-body to other men's affairs; descants on their character, inquires into their conduct, and on the authority of his own suspicions, assigns what motives he pleases to their characters. Into the violence of party spirit he never fails to enter deeply; and confidently ascribes the worst principles, to all who differ from him in opinion.

## A NATURAL AND EASY METHOD OF SUCKLING CHILDREN, BOYS TO RENDER THIS DUTY RATHER A PLEASURE THAN A FATIGUE.

SLEEP is essentially necessary to life, and that the stomach should sometimes be at rest, is as essentially necessary to health; both these things the mother and child equally require. Thus the staid part of the business is set aside; for it is an absurd and erroneous custom, after feeding it continually in the day, to keep a child at the breast all night. This counteracts the operations of nature, not only by depriving it of its rest, but also from a constant fullness, the powers of the infant body are prevented from exerting themselves in a proper manner upon the aliment received. Hence the stomach and bowels are enfeebled, and thereby rendered incapable of producing such wholesome nourishment as a child would otherwise obtain from its food; to which grand purpose, sound sleep and abstinence are equally conducive.

On the other hand, the mother, being continually disturbed during the night, is also prevented from assimilating that good and perfect milk, which would otherwise be produced from the food of the day. Hence she becomes ill, grows tired of her task, and the crude milk proves noxious to the weakened bowels of the infant. Thus disappointment and death frequently succeed.

I know it will be urged by some, that it is impossible to keep children quiet and at rest during the night, and that they cry for food. Let them be managed from the birth according to the directions I shall lay down, and then I believe few persons will complain of their being troublesome. One reason why children do not sleep well by night is, that they are indulged too much in the cradle by day, when they should have exercise. Another still greater reason, I am inclined to think, proceeds from pain, occasioned by improper food in the first passages, for I will venture to affirm, that almost every child's bowels, from the present wrong management, are in a state of disease, which too frequently grows up with it into life; and thus in infancy the lurking cause of a bad constitution is oftentimes established.

When their little stomachs, irritated by too large a quantity, and the bad quality of food, become somewhat empty; a pain, probably like what we call the heart-burn, and acidities at the stomach, awakens them from their disturbed slumbers; and these little creatures can then only discover

their uneasiness by crying. Hence nurses, partly for their own quiet, and partly through a mistaken notion that children cry only for nourishment, cram them until they are quite gorged. Such infants eagerly devour whatever is given to them, because the reception of food takes off that too great sensibility of the stomach which caused the pain. A similar effect to this, grown persons troubled with the complaints I have just now mentioned, must every day experience upon taking nourishment; for it always affords a present relief.

Four or five times in the twenty-four hours are sufficient for a child to receive the breast, and let the following rules be nearly observed. About six or seven in the morning, after which the child may be allowed an hour or two of sleep,—again, an hour after the mother has breakfasted—and a third time, if she pleases, before dinner—a fourth time, at five or six o'clock in the evening, being two or three hours after dinner—and, lastly, between ten and eleven, just before she goes to rest.

Now, by these mothers who have servants to take off the laborious part of the management of children, this surely cannot be deemed a fatigue: that the task itself is a pleasure, the fondness of nurses towards children at the breast fully proves; and that it is an indispensable duty, the feelings of human nature explain.

In the early months, sleep may be indulged during the day, but exercise should also between whiles be given to children. As they grow stronger, sleep should be less encouraged, and exercise increased.

As to rocking children, the custom is altogether absurd, it was invented only to lull their attendants to sleep, for which by the bye, they in return suffer. Infants, if well, sleep without this lullaby-labour, and such forced doings generally render them peevish and watchful in the night; which is the most proper time, both for them and their nurses to enjoy their rest.

At the end of six or seven months, when the four first teeth ought to appear, children should be kept awake, and exercised as much as possible; by which time, if managed properly, they will generally gain strength enough to shoot their teeth, and the others will in due course be cut with ease.

It is entirely owing to the weakness of their bodies that children cut their teeth with so much difficulty, and that it is attended with fever, convulsions, and death.

This weakness of body is but little understood; for if a child be bloated with fat, which too generally happens, the parents and their friends call it a fine child, and admire how it thrives. When, alas! that very fat is the disease which renders its constitution thus feeble; for if the butcher did not kill lambs and calves when they become immoderately fat, they likewise would die as frequently as children. Which death may be justly attributed to the preposterous method so generally in use, of giving them too much improper nourishment; and not managing them in other respects, as nature requires, to strengthen the body from the food received.

## FEMALE FASHIONS.

## LONDON.—FOR SEPTEMBER, 1803.

*Promenade Dress.*—Round dress of blue Chambray muslin. A neat cloak of plain worked muslin, with lace let in the back, and trimmed all round with deep lace. Straw hat turned up in front.

*Evening Dress.*—A round robe of white muslin, the waist very short, with a plain hack, the front low; with a lace tucker drawn close round the bosom; turban sleeves.

*Nine Heads.*—1. Turban of blue crape, ornamented with white ostrich feathers.—2. Cap of white lace, with a deep lace border, ornamented with a wreath of roses.—3. Hat of white chip, the front turned up and lined with lilac; the hat trimmed with green, and ornamented with a green and lilac feather.—4. A mob cap of white lace, tied under the chin and trimmed with lilac.—5. Hat of white silk, with a full crown, the front turned up and lined with lilac; ostrich feather in front.—6. A small round hat, turned up on one side.—7. A close bonnet of white muslin, the sides and the top of the crown trimmed with white lace.—8. The hair dressed in the most fashionable style, and ornamented with a madison in front.—9. The hair dressed, with a twist of silver crape.

*General Observations.*—The favourite colours are lilac, green, blue, and white, Spanish cloaks and large handkerchiefs, trimmed all round with broad lace, continue to be worn. Habit shirts of lace and muslin, or of embroidered muslin, are very general for morning dresses; and for evening dress, lace tuckers drawn close to the throats. The dresses are made very plain, and the waists continue to flourish.

AMUSING.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

To Mr. S. G.

SIR,

YOUR's of the 26th, I have perused. So fadden a transition from a cold frolic creature, with a heart apparently unfeeling to the tender impression of love (farther than for convenience sake) to a man with a fixed opinion that there is no chance of conjugal felicity being durable, without mutual love and affection, led me to suspect its sincerity, and to believe that you only excelled in that peculiarity for which your sex are so justly celebrated; namely, inferiority in profusing friendship, and ingenuity in amending unpopular errors. Impressed with those ideas, I resolved in my mind, to resign the controversy to some one whose feelings would admit of love founded on convenience, and friendship with selfishness for its basis; but on perusal, methought I saw an honest heart beat in every sentence. I banished prejudice from my bosom, and exclaimed, why should an individual suffer for the general character of his sex? So saying, I resumed my pen to address you.

Not to confess that the positive qualities of your mind, and your ideas of happy life, as appeared in your advertising epistle, were engaging and calculated to ensure connubial joy and happiness, would be want of candor; of the negative qualities, the principal one was the subject of my former address; your answer to it, I will admit, until personal acquaintance may prove to the contrary.

You observe, your prospects in life are good; wealth is ever subject to decay, but certain it is, that our hopes and prospects fade, and die more easily than wealth (meaning a competency) once attained. Leonora would suggest the idea that something more than the prospect of a sufficiency may be necessary, before one incurs household expenses.

As for the character you sustain in life, Leonora is ignorant. She cannot remain indifferent to it. She is likewise unwilling to ask of you a correct delineation of your character and manners. She now stops her pen, Bill featuring the address on one, whose object is to ridicule; who is void of sincerity.

Adieu, LEONORA.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Messrs. GILBERT & DEAN,

SHOULD you think the underwritten advertisement worthy of a place in your Magazine, by inserting them you will oblige A FRIEND.

ECCENTRIC ADVERTISEMENTS.

WANTED—By an agreeable young lady in the bloom of life, a candidate for matrimony, an accomplished and serviceable partner, as quick as possible; no objection will be offered to his being in company with a handsome and engaging fortune; beauty being richly supplied in this particular, little anxiety will be occasioned as to its being personally otherwise. However, if but barely possessed of a competency, viz. a coach and six, and all things equivalent, he will be cheerfully, and very warmly embraced. For further particulars, inquire ANY WHERE.

WAS STOLEN—a character quite new, it will be useless to any one except the owner. Whoever apprehends the thief, shall receive a handsome reward by

EPHRAIM MISERABLE.

WAS LOST—a character, it is worse for wear, and has been patched in several places. Whoever finds, and will return it to the owner, shall be handsomely rewarded, by SARAH DESTITUTE.

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD.—Was lost, a friend, he disappeared immediately after a jest, and has not been heard of since. Whoever finds the said invaluable article, and will return it, will unfeignedly oblige ISRAEL FRIENDLESS.

WAS LOST—a friend, he disappeared immediately after asking a favour of him. Any person giving information where he may be regained, will be gratefully recompensed; if he speedily returns, no questions will be asked; and if offered for sale, it is desired may be stopped, and notice given to— SARAH DESPAIR.

WAS FOUND—a heart bloated on the one side with vanity, and mortified on the other with pride; the maker's name effaced; the owner may have it again, (it being useless to any but herself,) without proving property or answering any expense, by applying to

ANDREW INEQUIT I.

Boston, Oct. 1303.

EARLY PRINTING.

WHEN first the art of printing was discovered, they only made use of one side of a page; they had not yet found out the expedient of impressing the other. When their conditions were intended to be curious, they omitted to print the first letter of a chapter, for which they left a blank space that it might be painted or illuminated at the option of the purchaser. Several ancient volumes of these early times have been found, where these letters are wanting, as they neglected to have them painted.

When the art of printing was first established, it was the glory of the learned to be correctors of the press. Physicians, Lawyers and Bishops themselves, occupied this department. The Printers then added frequently to their names those of the correctors of the press; and editions were then valued according to the abilities of the corrector. : : : Windsor Gaz.

AN EXCELLENT CUSTOM OF THE SAMNITES.

THE Samnites had a custom which in so small a republic, and especially in their situation, must have produced admirable effects. The young people were all convened in one place, and their conduct examined. He that was declared the best of the whole assembly, had leave given him to take which girl he pleased for his wife; the person that was then declared second best, chose after him, and so on. Admirable institution! The only recommendation that young men could have on this occasion, was owing to virtue, and to the services done their country. He who had the greatest share of those endowments, chose which girl he liked out of the whole nation. Love, beauty, chastity, birth, and even wealth itself, were all in some measure, the dowry of virtue. A nobler and grander recompense, less chargeable to a petty state, and more capable of influencing both sexes, could scarcely be imagined.

The Samnites were defended from the Lacedæmonians: And Plato, whose institutes are only an improvement of those of Lycurgus, enacted very near the same law.

MONTESQUIEU.

CAN'T PLEASE THE LADIES.

"Want is the scorn of every wealthy fool,  
And wit in rags is turned to ridicule."

IT has ever been my wish to please the ladies; but I find by experience that it is a difficult office—however, the bigger fool, the better liked. I was in company one evening with a fine parcel of ladies—very handsome girls to be sure—should have spent the evening very agreeably, had not Miss Simper got mixed with me—said I was a curs'd ugly fellow—I did not mind that—but "dash it on, kept moving"—the girls kept cutting their eyes at me—that wasn't more than I expected—I liked that—but whispering I do detest—curs'd bad practice among the ladies to be sure—I am us'd to such kind of treatment—so don't mind it. In came Miss Snarl—fine girl—with dark eyes—skin white as a lily—rosy cheeks—smiling countenance—just in the fashion—I lik'd that—I was very polite—had as many motions as if I had been in a ball-room.—I run on for about an hour with a great many borrowed expressions—I heard her whisper to one of the girls—he is sensible—I lik'd that—so dash it on, kept moving—happen'd to cast my eye at Miss Simper—the look'd very mad—I lik'd that—so mov'd my chair close up to hers—the mov'd off—so did I—I lik'd that—girls all sociable but Miss Simper—he was curs'd mad to be sure—I told her she was handsome—the lik'd that—this looks something like a whale.—A boy came about with tea—I lik'd that—took a cup—was very polite—much like a dancing-master—let the cup fall—curs'd clumsy fellow, whisper'd one—down, whisper'd another—I did not like that. Went home—curs'd my want of politeness—and went to bed—swore would not go among the girls this year. TOMMY SNICKER.

ANECDOTES.

DURING the retreat of the British army in Holland, while the men were bounding through the mud in a road uncommonly bad, a corps of the guards was much scattered, when the commanding officer called out to the men to form "two deep;" "D—e!" (thous a grenadier, from between mountains of mud) "I am too deep already; I am up to the neck."

IN an engagement in Holland, a colonel asked one of his lieutenants for a quid of tobacco. It was in the very heat of the combat, and a cannon ball carried off the lieutenant in the act of presenting it. "I must be obliged to you then," said the colonel, coolly, turning to another officer, "for you see our friend is gone away with his tobacco box."

A SHERIFF's officer has lately written a treatise on electricity.—These gentlemen may themselves be classed among the natural philosophers, by possessing the singular property of shocking every body they touch.

BOSTON THEATRE.

ON Monday Evening, the celebrated tragedy of JANE SHORE. Duke of Gloucester, Mr. Prigmore; Lord Hastings, Mr. Barrett; Belmont, (his second appearance) Mr. Cox.—Alecia, Mrs. Powell; and Jane Shore, Mrs. Barrett.—To which will be added, the celebrated comic opera, in two acts, for the second time here, called, THE TRIPOLITAN PRIZE; or American Tars Triumphant.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE EDITORS have of late, been somewhat remiss in noticing the numerous Communications with which they have been favoured. It was ever a painful task to reject, and still more painful to condemn—yet this was a necessary mortification, for it ever appeared to them, that contemptuous silence, in such cases, was more humiliating, than even severe satire or ridicule; and it has been a general opinion among authors, that they would rather be abused unmercifully, than totally overlooked.—We have beside us, at this present moment, an immense pile of Epigrams, Sonnets and Rhapsodies, of all sorts; some of which have infinite merit, and others devoid of either rhyme or reason. Very many of these, it will be impossible ever to admit.

We are sorry to be under the necessity of omitting the GOSSETT this week; we shall continue the story of EUGENIO, in our first number of the second volume with pleasure.

HYMENEAL REGISTER.



MARRIED—At Littleton, Mr. Josiah Crosby, jun. of Littleton, to Miss Etty Hartwell. At Charlestown, Capt. Thomas Brown, to Miss Emma Keys.

In this town, Mr. John M'Ehroy, to Miss Mary Low; Mr. Norman M'Leod, of South-Carolina, to Miss Elizabeth Vinfon.

OBITUARY.



DIED—At Nantucket, Mrs. Anna Gardner, widow of Capt. Alexander Gardner.—In North-Carolina, Mr. Charles Jordan, Et. 114. Hunting was his favourite amusement, and only four years since, he killed two deer at a shot!—At Newport, Geo. Gibbs, Esq. At Pepperblough, Mrs. Elizabeth Cutts, wife of Thomas Cutts, jun. Esq. At Charlestown, Mrs. Abigail Bradish, Et. 89;—Mrs. Abigail Cutler, Et. 35, wife of Mr. Samuel Cutler. At Malden, Miss Mercy Merchant, Et. 76. At Taunton, Miss Frances Maria Fales, second daughter of Samuel F. Esq. At Dedham, Mr. Isaac Greenough, Et. 74, formerly of this town.

At Concord, (Mass.) Brigadier General Colburn. His funeral will be attended with military honors, on Monday next.

In this town, Mr. Peter A. Von Hagen, Et. 49, professor of music, and a worthy honest citizen. His funeral will be to-morrow afternoon, at 4 o'clock, from his late house, near the Mall.—Mr. Josiah Skinner, Et. 21—James, Et. 3, son of Col. Wm. Scollay—Abigail, Et. 17, daughter of Mr. Peter Clark.—Mrs. Hannah Whiting, wife of Mr. Samuel Whiting—Miss Mary White, Et. 68—Miss Mary McDeux, Et. 30—Miss Deborah Burges, Et. 26—Mr. Isaac Young, Et. 39—and three others. Total 12, for the week ending last evening.

POETRY.



For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

MONODY,

TO THE MEMORY OF

EDWARD EDES, ESQUIRE,  
WHO DIED SEPT. 8th, 1803.

SHALL monumental busts arise  
To deck some hero's sanguine fame?  
Shall trophies charm the curious eyes,  
Rear'd but in mockery of a name?  
And all this vain parade of show  
Tell that some monitor lies below?

Yes—let them rise—let pension'd barsds  
Lament in flattery's vernal lays;  
Time with unalter'd truth awards  
The equal meed of well earn'd praise;  
In vain shall splendid vice perfume  
To gild ambition's treacherous tomb;  
No bribes can bid the incense burn  
Round titled frailty's wintry urn;  
Ohlivity's secret canker steals  
To blot the useless name, which vice reveals.

But to the good, the wife, the great,  
No terror fends impending fate;  
Though no bright fair their steps attend,  
No public glory crown their end,  
Theirs is the fame, that charms the good,  
"The still, small voice of gratitude,"  
Love's sacred tear, religion's prayer,  
And all that lifts the soul, and soothes despair.

Such be thy praise, lamented ENES,  
Dear be thy memory to the just;  
Silent in life, thy generous deeds  
Embaln with fragrant sweets thy dust.  
They breathe in every form confess'd,  
They live in ferrow's grateful breast.

Friend of the poor—thy cheering voice  
Could hush the trembling orphan's sigh,  
Bid the faint heart with hope rejoice,  
And teach the righteous, how to die:  
Oft has the perith'd world of grief  
Found in thy smiles its with'd relief,  
Oft bleeding misery learn'd to bleis

The hand, that clos'd the wounds of deep distress.  
Nor less shall friendship fondly own  
The hours of bright, domestic ease,  
When all the parent's virtues flourish,  
So mild to win, so form'd to please:  
No fairer boon can mortals know,  
No richer blessing Heaven bestow.

And are these scenes forever fled,  
Where oft my soul with cares oppress'd,  
Indulg'd the social joys, which thee  
Delicious sunshine thro' the breast?  
Ah, soothing scenes! ah, happy hours!  
Sweet, like a meteor from the sky,  
No more I hail you, gentler powers;  
The form has pass'd—the ruins lie.

O'er the sad wreck'd unfeeling passions prevail,  
And to the startled soul unfold the painful tale.  
Yet, faint'd shade, though pity mourn,  
With fond remembrance o'er thy doom,  
The wreaths, that shade thy honor'd urn,  
Shall live in hope's perennial bloom;  
And while the muse her homage pays  
In humble, not unallow'd lays,  
While rapt affection loves to trace  
Each favorite look, each social grace,  
Heard from the heavens the voice of peace,  
Shall bid each anxious murmuring cease;  
Blest are the dead, whose souls are pure,  
Their sufferings past—their glory sure.

Selected for the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.  
IMITATION OF MODERN POETRY.

[By Dr. JOHNSON]

"HERMIT hoar, in solemn cell,  
" Wearing out life's evening grey,  
" Smite thy bosom, sage, and tell,  
" What is bliss, and which the way?"  
Thus I spoke; and speaking, sigh'd;  
Scarce repress'd the starting tear;—  
When the smiling sage reply'd,  
" Come, my lad,—and drink some beer."

ON EQUANIMITY.

IN grief, dependance; levity, in joy,  
The mind's composure will alike destroy;  
If we are too dejected, too elate,  
Or in a profligate, or distreful state,  
We lose the moral balance in the breast,  
And Peace no more builds there her downy nest.  
When fortune wars her most alluring face,  
We oft are melted in the soft embrace;  
Which gives us up to sorrow and to shame,  
For dim is then bright Reason's friendly flame,  
And oft when frowning fate is most severe,  
By strength of mind its horrors disappear.  
The various shocks of fate, however rude,  
Are all to be overcome by fortitude.  
An even temper is a coat of mail,  
'Gainst which no darts, but those of death, prevail;  
The mind collected, ready and serene,  
In ev'ry gay, in ev'ry gloomy scene,  
The common ills of life with firmness bears,  
Nor sinks beneath its pleasures, or its cares.

EPIGRAM.

LONG since, it has been justly said,  
"A silly fopling has no head."  
But now, as modern fashions go,  
Nor head nor body has a DEAN!

THE NOVELIST.

For the BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SINCERITY; a NOVEL

IN A SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.

LETTER XVIII.—SARAH to ANNE.

London, August 1st, 1778.

TWO small rooms, up two pair of stairs, at a Stay-Maker's in Greek-street, Soho, with a privilege of cooking our dinner in the kitchen, belonging to the family, is become the residence of your friend. I have no servant, Darnley cannot afford to keep one; and I think you would laugh, could you take a peep at me in a morning, and see me bustling about, getting breakfast, sweeping the rooms, &c. &c. I am awkward enough, Heaven knows; and as to cooking, I make but a poor hand at it indeed. Darnley, who loves good eating as well as any man I know, fumes and frets; well, he really has cause—but I intend to try my best, and learn all the profound mysteries of roasting, boiling, stewing, frying and broiling; then the compounding of puddings, pies and rich fauces. I beg your pardon, I forgot we shall have but little to cook; and therefore a very slight degree of knowledge in the culinary art, will suffice.—Now, my dear Ann, do not think it an affectation of fortitude, for it is not so; but I do assure you, if it was only for myself, I could be as happy in these small apartments, and even with our confined income, as ever I was in my life. I am not debarred the use of my pencil, or pen—to be sure, I miss my piano, but I have my guitar, which, together with my watch, half a dozen chairs, a small carpet, a bed and furniture, were sent to my lodgings by one of Darnley's creditors, the morning after he was set at liberty. I say, if it was only myself—but Darnley is so mortified if any of his acquaintance call in (for we are feelingly convinced that the word *friendship*, is not to be found in a fashionable vocabulary.) I am not mortified when these flutters, from motives of curiosity, or any other as powerful, come in to stare, sneer and take an inventory of our poor furniture; I feel no independent of them, and am so indifferent about their opinions, that I care not what they think or say. There are not more than five persons in the world, whose good or bad opinion is of the smallest consequence to my peace of mind; but of those few, I am tenaciously proud; a word, a look of approbation from one of whose judgment and sincerity one can have no doubt, is more soothing to the mind, more gratifying to one's self-love, than the most labor'd panegyric from those accustomed to praise indiscriminately, without being able to assign a reason for so doing. But, my friend, though I feel

inclined to make the best of my situation, there is one very important circumstance, which renders it impoible to be entirely easy. I could be content with a little, but how is that little to be obtained; some method must be struck out; for, besides that, I think it the height of dishonesty to be running in debt when there are no probable means of discharging those debts—and Darnley never fits down to meat, without reckoning how much it costs, and how soon our slender finances will be exhausted; yet he cannot refrain himself from his nightly visits to the tavern, and from thence, often to the Theatre. As to visitors, I am resolv'd not to encourage any, by persevering in the resolution of not returning any visits that may be paid me; though I imagine I need not trouble myself upon that score, as we have no longer the means of offering them the sumptuous dinner or nightly revel. When I reflect on the short period that has elapsed since my marriage, I cannot help considering it as a harassing, disturbed dream, from which I would gladly awake. Would to Heaven that I could do so—but no! the feverish slumber must continue, and I must be hurried from one scene of terror to another without cessation, until the torpor of death seals up each active sense.

I was interrupted just as I finished the last sentence, and who do you think it was interrupted me? my aunt Vernon. "Mrs. Darnley," said she, "I am extremely sorry to see you in such apartments, and I am come to endeavour to persuade you to separate yourself from Mr. Darnley."—"Then pray, Madam," said I, gravely, " spare yourself the trouble, for it would be to no purpose."—"You are very positive, Sarah," said she, "one would think you could have no great predilection for a man who has used you so ill, has run through all his property, and made himself a beggar." "I had very little predilection for him, Madam," I replied, "when in compliance with your advice, and that of my other friends I married him, he was assiduous then.—If I bound myself by a sacred oath at that time, contrary to my own better judgment, to share his fortunes, be they better or worse, I will not now, in opposition to my sense of duty, forsake him in the hour of humiliation."—"But the world says he prefers other women to you."—"The world is officiously meddling."—"Well, you ever was so self-opiniated, so headstrong, Sarah!"—"Had I been properly so, on a certain occasion, aunt, you would not have been under the necessity of making that remark now. But setting that aside, suppose I was willing to separate myself from Mr. Darnley, how am I to exist in this state of separation? What can I do? Who will employ me? What friends have I, to countenance and protect me?"—"The reflection was so cutting, my dear Ann, that I could not refrain my tears, and to my great mortification, before I had dried them, Mr. Darnley entered the room."—"What, telling over all your grievances, Sarah?"—"said he, with a sneer.—"No, he is not," replied Mrs. Vernon, "he is offended because I have been advising her, as your affairs are so embarrassed, to try to do something for herself, and for you to get some employment; and in short, for you to live apart."—"I think your advice very good, Madam," said Darnley, with the utmost indifference.—"I believe I could get into a counting-house; but merchants do not like to employ married men, lest their expences exceeding their income, might tempt them to be dishonest."—"I beg, Mr. Darnley," said I, "that I may be no hindrance to your getting employment; I am willing to provide for myself if any means can be pointed out;—but while I do nothing to forfeit the title of your wife, to you I must, and will look for protection; as for the rest, I will relieve you from the trouble of providing for my necessities; I thank you, madam," turning to my aunt, "for having pointed out a plan which I own I never should have thought of adopting; but I perceive you are better acquainted with Mr. Darnley's disposition than I am." Mrs. Vernon was disconcerted, she took her leave in a few moments; and then Darnley, by way of apology, began talking of the expences of house keeping and how cheap a single man could live, &c. &c.—And will you believe it, I pleaded affection to me as the motive which led him to wish a separation, as he could not bear to see me employed in the servile duties of a family. I had no patience to hear him.—Love me! No—he does not, and I am convinced ever did!—I shall look round and try to find employment of some kind; when I have, you shall again hear from me.

SARAH.

LOTTERY AFFAIRS.

TICKETS; halves, and quarters, in the 4th class of the SOUTH HADLEY LOTTERY, price five dollars, fifty cents; for sale by GILBERT & DEAN. The drawing commences on the 16th of November, on which day the price will be raised to six dollars. A handsome prize (10,000 dollars) may now be obtained by fortune's favor;—and there is no better method to obtain it, than by courting her smiles—for she is a droll creature. Oct. 22.









